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THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

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THE YOUNG JACQUELINE KENNEDY

CONDENSED BOOK BY MINI RHEA

WHICH MAN SHOULD I MARRY?"

TOO PRETTY TO BE FAT- She Lost 100 Pounds

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL JANUARY, 1962

VOL. LXXIX NO. 1

219877



NANCY DUGHI



JANE GOODSELL



MINI RHEA

JOURNALITIES

In "Strait Passage" (page 34) NANCY DUGHI, an American girl living in Morocco, relates the fictional troubles of Cammie Singer, an American girl living in Morocco. The resemblance ends there. Cammie, bride of a handsome Muslim, can't adjust to his world of harem and purdah. Nancy, married to a U. S. Government employee, speaks French and Arabic and feels very much at home in Sidi Slimane, where the Dughis now live.

"I live in Portland, Oregon, with one husband, three daughters, two goldfish and a cocker spaniel," reports JANE GOODSELL. "My husband, Jim, is editor of a weekly newspaper. My daughters are Ann, Katie and Molly. Carlotta is the cocker spaniel. The goldfish are named Frank and Bradley to give my husband an illusion of male companionship—although, for all we know, they may be girls too." Her column begins this month on page 52.

"Once upon a time there was an Inquiring Camera Girl who fell in love with a handsome congressman . . ." We all know how that story ended. MINI RHEA, the Philadelphia dress designer who was Jacqueline Kennedy's dressmaker before her marriage, tells the little-known beginning of that storybook romance on page 36. What kind of customer was the First Lady? "Ideal," says Mini Rhea. "Her fashion sense is flawless."

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

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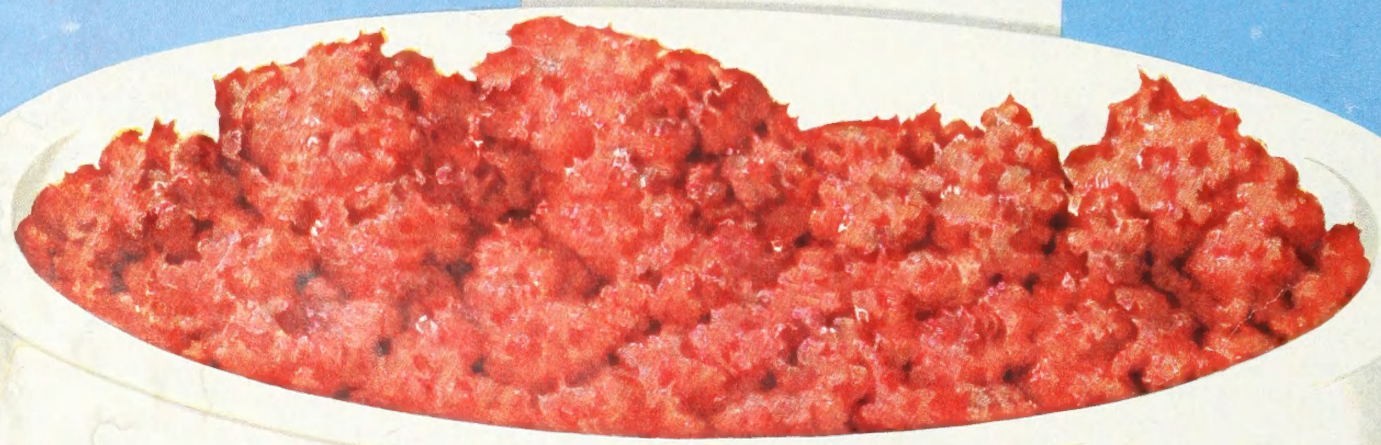
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OUR READERS WRITE US

LET'S ABOLISH TEENAGERS!

Dear Editors: The world may be full of a number of things, but my segment has become so overcrowded with swarms of immature beings known as teenagers that I haven't been able to get a glimpse of much else. If I pick up a magazine intending to escape from the clamor for an hour, I often find I have a choice of reading about teenagers or the problems of the teenagers. Radio broadcasts are mostly what the teenager prefers to hear; television is doing its dead-level best to bring adults to the teenage point of view.

I, for one, can hardly wait for the revolution.

El Paso, Texas — Betty Pierce

● *We would abolish indiscriminate use of the word "teenager." It might speed up the revolution.—ED.*

HE SAID IT

Dear Editors: Many years ago, Dr. Woods Hutchison wrote in his column in the *Journal:* "There is latent in every human being a germ of imbecility which develops and grows when one becomes a parent." My mother used this quotation to explain any parent's peculiar behavior. It should be boxed on every page of advice printed for women!

Levant, Kansas — Stella Keck

WHAT SAY, A.M.A.?

Dear Editors: Among the top six countries where infant-mortality rates are lower than the U.S., I note that three—Norway, Sweden and England—have "socialized medicine." You report that not one state within the U.S. can match Sweden's low rate. Yet the American Medical Association claims that we will inevitably lower our standards of medical care if we adopt any form of socialized medicine!

Mrs. Peter F. Crosby
Cazenovia, New York

DR. ADAMS HELPS

Dear Sirs: The articles by Dr. Clifford Adams (*Making Marriage Work*) are great contributions to the public welfare. I read them and often find suggestions that help me counsel quarreling married couples. I have also known many estranged from their mates to become reconciled after reading these articles. (I was a circuit-court judge for ten years.)

Miami, Florida — Ross Williams

THE DEFENSE RESTS

Dear Editors: Those women who are competing with men in the business world know the value of feminine traits; many a housewife apparently does not. She putters around the house in her nightgown until noon and even goes shopping with her hair in rollers, poorly applied makeup and half dressed (usually wearing tight-fitting pants of some sort). Fortunately for her, slovenly appearance and laziness are not grounds for a divorce. The typical suburban matron has turned into a slob. If you feel that word is unjustified, I beg you to look and see for yourselves.

Baldwin, New York — Jane T. Bejsovec

● *We don't dare—too busy reading our mail.—ED.*

PEACE CORPS, U.S.A.

Dear Editors: There is a Peace Corps right here in the United States that could be a powerhouse. There are 54,000 foreign students in our colleges—and half of them will go back to their native lands harboring a grudge against the United States. Our own college students are too busy to pay much attention to them. They sit off by themselves in classroom, library and dining room.

Foreign students are clannish—yes—clannish like wallflowers at a dance. But not many of them would turn down friendship, if it were offered. Visiting Joe's home in Springfield or Hackensack could be the memorable event in any foreign student's stay here.

Ann Arbor, Michigan — Carol Spicer

ARE WE IGNORANT OF CANADA?

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Are your readers aware that Canada is over 800,000 square miles *larger* than the mainland U.S.? That the Canadian climate, racial groups and ways of living are, in general, the same as those in the U.S.? That we do *not* have snow in July? That over 95 per cent of us have never seen an Eskimo? That we are, in fact, almost a "twin" to the U.S.?

We Canadians know about Broadway, the Rose Bowl, Miami Beach and San Francisco smog. How many of you know about Yonge Street, Calgary Stampede, the Okanagan Valley, the Plains of Abraham, or a chinook?

I plead that the American woman educate herself and her children about Canada. In years to come, she may need the strength and courage of her Canadian sister.

Sandra Robertson
Queenstown, Alberta, Canada

WHERE'S PAPA?

Dear Editors: Much of the unhappiness of wives, as well as juvenile delinquency in homes that supposedly "have everything," is often caused by the absences of the husband. He is too busy with business-related activities. Or, when he is at home, he's tired or preoccupied. Can't business be confined to the hours generally set aside for business without jeopardizing a man's career?

Mercer Island, Washington — M.W.

HELP YOUR FIRST-GRADER

Dear Editors: Dr. Spock's article on preparing children for school is excellent, but as a former principal I would add a few more words for mothers of children entering first grade. Here are four ways to help a child get ready:

1. Teach him to listen.
2. Help him to follow simple directions.
3. See he gets twelve hours of sleep.
4. Teach him to take care of his possessions.

Velma W. Hendrickson
Lynbrook, New York

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Behind the façade of education in many city schools are crime, frustration and despair.

false education for many slum children?



AL FRANCEKEVICH

BY DR. JAMES BRYANT CONANT

One needs only to visit a slum school in a large city to be convinced that the nature of the community largely determines what goes on in the school. The community and the school are inseparable. For example, I have walked through school corridors in slum areas and, looking into classrooms, have seen children asleep with their heads on their hands. Is this situation the result of poor teachers without either disciplinary control or teaching ability? No; the children asleep at their desks have been up all night with no place to sleep or else have been subjected to incredibly violent family fights and horrors through the night.

Checking into one case, a principal reported that after climbing six flights of a tenement he found the boy's home—one filthy room with a bed, a light bulb and a sink. In the room lived the boy's mother and her four children. The social attitudes found in this kind of slum neighborhood are bound to affect the atmosphere of the whole. As one Negro teacher said to me, "We do quite well with these children in the lower grades. Each of us is, for the few hours of the school day, an acceptable substitute for the mother. But when they reach about ten, eleven or twelve years of age, we lose them. At that time the 'street' takes over. In terms of schoolwork, progress ceases; indeed, many pupils begin to go backward in their studies."

It is after visits to schools like these that I grow impatient with both critics and defenders of public education who ignore the realities of school situations to engage in fruitless debate about educational philosophy, purposes, and the like. These situations call for action, not hairsplitting arguments.

Let me describe a slum that might be in any one of several of the large Northern cities I have visited. The inhabitants are all Negroes and many of them have entered the city from a state in the deep South anytime within the last month to the last three years. Often the composition of a school grade in such an area will alter so rapidly that a teacher will find at the end of a school year that she is teaching few pupils who started with her in the fall. The principal of one school told me that a teacher absent more than one week will have difficulty recognizing her class when she returns.

Mothers move with their offspring from one rented room to another from month to month, and in so doing often go from one elementary-school district to another. I write "mothers" advisedly, since in one neighborhood, by no means the worst I have seen, a questionnaire sent out by the school authorities indicated that about a third of the pupils came from family units (one hesitates to use the word "homes") which had no father, stepfather or male guardian.

The condition in one such neighborhood was summed up by a principal of a junior-high school who said even he was shocked by the answers to a questionnaire to the girls which asked what was their biggest problem. The majority replied to the effect that their biggest problem was getting from the street into their apartment without being molested in the hallway.

The women, on the whole, work and earn fairly good wages, but the male Negro often earns less than the woman and would rather not work at all than to be in this situation. As a consequence, the streets are full of unemployed men who hang around and prey on the girls. The women are the centers of the family and as a rule are extremely loyal to the children. The men, on the other hand, are floaters, and many children have no idea who their father is.

One often hears privately even in the North that it has been clearly established that a colored student on the average is inherently inferior to a white student. No such premise has been clearly established, and in my view the difficulties in obtaining evidence that would clearly establish or, for that matter, clearly negate such a position are virtually insurmountable. However, it *has* been established beyond any reasonable doubt that community and family background play a large role in determining scholastic aptitude and school achievement.

Let us examine the situation in an *all-white* slum in a city of considerable size. Perhaps the greatest handicap to good schoolwork is the high mobility of the population in the neighborhood. It is not uncommon in such a school to have a turnover of the entire enrollment in one school year. A careful study of a group of fourth-graders of one such school showed that their average achievement level was a full year below their grade placement—a typical situation in any slum area.

What the teachers in this school have to contend with is shown by a report from the principal, who writes:

"Absentee owners rent property by single rooms or small so-called apartments of two or three rooms to large families. . . . Such conditions attract transients (who either cannot or will not qualify for supervised low-income housing), the unemployed, the unskilled and unschooled, and the distressed families whose CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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♥ 9 5 2
♦ Q J 5
♣ A K 8 2

WEST
♠ A J 8 4 2
♥ 1
♦ 7 6 3 2
♣ 10 6 5

EAST
♠ 10 9 5 3
♥ 7 3
♦ 10 9 8 4
♣ 9 4 3

SOUTH
♠ 7
♥ A K Q J 10 8 6
♦ A K
♣ Q J 7

North-South vulnerable
West dealer
The bidding:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
Pass	1 ♣	Pass	2 ♥
Pass	2 N.T.	Pass	3 ♥
Pass	4 ♥	Pass	7 ♥
Double	Pass	Pass	7 N.T.
Double	Pass	Pass	Redouble
Pass	Pass	Pass	

East opens the ♦ 10

It is estimated that in all expert games, only one slam out of twenty-five which have been reached voluntarily on constructive bidding will be doubled by the opposition. Now this is not to say that anything like twenty-four out of twenty-five bonus assignments are actually fulfilled. It is doubtful that any team in the world has a batting average of better than 80 per cent on its slam ventures. We're quite satisfied if six out of ten of our "big ones" come in.

It is a very rare thing, however, for two first-class partners to go down more than one trick on slam bids (not counting freaks, of course, where the initial lead can be ruffed). Hence defenders properly refrain from cracking these premium commitments, on the theory that the percentages are decidedly against such drastic action. Aside from other vital considerations, the double often gives away valuable information. Even apparently sure trump winners have been known to vanish when subjected to a masterful attack. Here the fellow who doubled seven hearts, and then seven no trump, was a high-ranking player. Yet on this particular hand he looked worse than a beginner. To add to his chagrin, at least fifty kibitzers witnessed the fiasco.

South's bidding pyrotechnics were both very good and very bad. It is possible (we don't know) that he and his partner were not employing an ace-locating convention. If so, he didn't have this means of determining whether North's original call included two aces. Obviously, a four-no-trump bid on the third round (instead of the wild plunge to seven hearts) would have told South that an ace was missing. Then he could have contented himself with a juicy small slam in the major. It must be admitted that with West's invaluable assistance and East's blind flying, South made a far greater killing. Indeed, this was one of the greatest steals since the Brink's robbery, and it didn't require a bit of early planning.

When South heard the totally unexpected double of seven hearts, it didn't take him a moment to recover from the shock. He was certain that his left-hand adversary held an ace. He could not possibly hold a trump trick (bear in mind that North had raised to four hearts). Once that was decided, it was a routine matter for South to get the ace holder off the lead by returning to no trump, first mentioned by North. This switch saddled East with the lead and put her to a terrible guess.

Though it is true that North's club bid reduced the guess to no more than a fifty-fifty chance between unbid spades and diamonds, this surely was a great deal better than virtually conceding defeat by allowing West to open that ace under his thumb.

South's redouble might be termed dubious, but it actually was sound according to the percentages. He realized that his partner might have opened a bit light, but also knew that North never "psyched." He probably held the spade king, in addition to the ace and king of clubs. Therefore the contract did not figure to go down more than one trick—an additional 200 points—whereas if East guessed wrong at trick one, there was an excellent chance of making the 440 extra points that would accrue to seven no trump redoubled, instead of merely doubled.

West's double was ghastly. It met the fate it so richly deserved. Poor East pondered and fretted and then studied some more. Completely in the dark, she finally led the ten of diamonds, top of her sequence. With that, the lights went out!

Perhaps it can be argued that the spade suit should have been led. It is interesting to report, however, that one of the topflight woman bridge players in the country failed to come up with the right answer. The hand was a crucial one played in a national championship. For obvious reasons, the names of the participants cannot be revealed.

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.

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202. THE KENTON TOUCH: STAN KENTON. Twelve stirring themes by Stan and his ablest abettor, Pete Rugolo: *Minor Riff, The End Of The World.*



179. RED NICHOLS. "Red" and the Five Pennies serve a musical menu a la Dixieland. *Hear Ja-Da, September Song, Ballin' the Jack*—11 others.

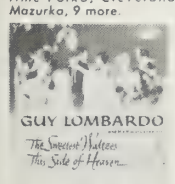
195. SWINGIN' DECADE. Glen Gray, his Casa Lomans recreate the swingin' sounds of Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, 11 others.



227. HARRY JAMES blows, and the Music Makers follow in big band style. *Blues For Sale, You're My Thrill, Just For Fun, Willow Weep For Me,* more.

133. LES BROWN: DANCE TO SOUTH PACIFIC. Broadway's greatest show hits—styled for dancing. *Bali Ha'i, Some Enchanted Evening,* lots more!

257. SATURDAY NIGHT . . . POLKA! Ray Budzilek recorded in person. *Ice Cubes And Beer, Springtime Polka, Cleveland Mazurka,* 9 more.



192. GUY LOMBARDO. The master of melody plays beloved favorites in three-quarter time: *Beautiful Ohio, Alice Blue Gown,* 10 other waltzes.

316. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You,* more.

355. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched,* 8 more. All with Billy May strings.

115. SOUNDS OF THE GREAT BANDS. Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans recreate the sound of Gene Krupa, Tommy Dorsey, Glenn Miller, others.



189. FOUR FRESHMEN AND FIVE GUITARS. Way out—but good! Imaginative stylings of *The More I See You, It All Depends On You, Nancy,* 9 more.

346. DON BAKER. SOPHISTICATED PIPES. Thrilling organ arrangements of top hits: *Slaughter On Tenth Avenue, Veradero,* more. (Stereo Only)



134. Hollywood Bowl String ENSEMBLE. Felix Slatkin conducts "Strings by Starlight" . . . works by Tchaikovsky, Bach, Grainger, Borodin, others.

173. SABRE DANCE. The Hollywood Bowl Symphony under Newman plays exciting dance suites by Khachaturian and Kabalevsky.

199. KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Haul Away Molly Dee, Goober Peas, A Worried Man,* 9 more.





348. PEGGY LEE. OLÉ ALA LEE. Sultry swinging Latin singing. *Olé! Just Squeeze Me, Fantastico, Love And Marriage,* more.

PAUL WESTON



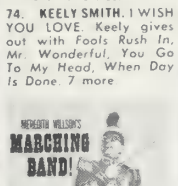
142. PAUL WESTON. A new album of "Music for Dreaming". *Hear Laura, Out of Nowhere, My Blue Heaven,* nine other favorites.

344. PEE WEE HUNT'S DANCE PARTY. Have a real ball! *Hear Oh!, Moonglow, It Had To Be You, Bill Bailey,* 8 more Hunt hits.

327. FREDDY MARTIN. SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES. 22 sentimental favorites, including *Diane, Johnson Rag, Whispering, Charmaine, Paradise.*

225. GLEN GRAY. SOLO SPOTLIGHT. Memorable Casa Loma Stylings of *Golden Earrings, Blue Star, When I Fall In Love,* 9 more favorites.

74. KEELY SMITH. I WISH YOU LOVE. Keely gives out with *Fools Rush In, Mr. Wonderful, You Go To My Head, When Day Is Done,* 7 more.



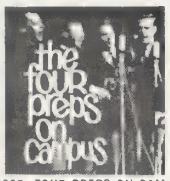
165. MEREDITH WILLSON'S MARCHING BAND. Here are 16 rousing and thrilling marches, including 6 great original marches by John Philip Sousa.

138. I GET A KICK OUT OF PORTER. Joe Bushkin plays Cole Porter classics. *Begin The Beguine, Night And Day, Let's Do It,* 9 more.

295. ANNA [redacted] ALBERGHETTI. WARM AND WILLING. *Hear: Non Dimenticar, Porgy, Anema E Core, Cuban Love Song, Sorrento,* 5 more.



254. HAPPY CHA CHA CHA. 12 Latin favorites get special spice by Laurindo Almeida's guitar. *Luna De Miel, Pica Pau, Club Caballero* and others.



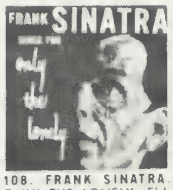
333. FOUR PREPS ON CAMPUS. A real hot best-seller! *Heart and Soul, Swing Down Chariot, Tom Dooley,* 16 more! Recorded *LIVE!*

373. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL. George Shearing Quintet plays—Nancy Wilson sings: *Blue Lou, Inspiration,* 10 more!



212. SOLD OUT: The Kingston Trio in superb vocalisation of *Carrier Pigeon, Bimini, Don't Cry Katie,* plus 9 more selections.

340. WANDA JACKSON. THERE'S A PARTY GOIN' ON, and you're invited! *Lost Week-End, Man We Had A Party, Bye Bye Baby,* 9 more.

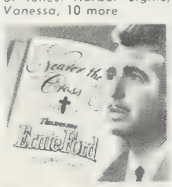


108. FRANK SINATRA. ONLY THE LONELY. *Ebb Tide, Spring Is Here, Goodbye, What's New, Blues In The Night,* 7 more great hits.



1. GERSHWIN. His most famous works—*Rhapsody in Blue* and *An American in Paris* Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.

127. JOE "FINGERS" CARR AND HIS SWINGIN' STRING BAND. A cheerful nosegay of tunes: *Harbor Lights, Vanessa,* 10 more.

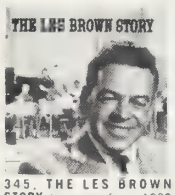


105. TENNESSEE ERNIE sings inspiring hymns with beauty and reverence: *Now the Day is Over, Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me,* ten other favorites.



260. NAT KING COLE. BALLADS OF THE DAY. The King sings 12 big all-time hits! *Angel Eyes, Return To Paradise,* 10 more. (Monaural Only)

194. DAKOTA STATON. MORE THAN THE MOST. Here's "blues" dressed up in style! *Love Walked In, It's You Or No One,* 10 more torrid numbers.



345. THE LES BROWN STORY in songs from 1939 to today — *Leapfrog, Romona, Mexican Hat Dance, Lover's Leap,* 8 more.

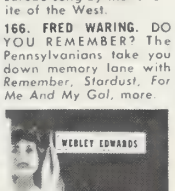
251. VIENNESE WALTZES. Franck Pourcel conducting *Emperor Waltz; Artist's Life, Wine, Women And Song, Tales of Vienna Woods,* 6 more.

217. THE SONG IS JUNE. June Christy sings ten of her greatest hits including *The Song Is You, The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else,* others.



241. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

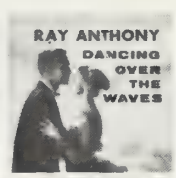
166. FRED WARING. DO YOU REMEMBER? The Pennsylvanians take you down memory lane with *Remember, Stardust, For Me And My Gal,* more.



146. FIRE GODDESS. Webley Edwards plays Hawaiian chants and songs. Exotic music and exciting sounds from authentic Island instruments.

326. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI leads the London Symphony in Ravel's *Rhapsodie Espagnole;* Debussy's *Nocturnes.* "Impressive, Dazzling . . ."

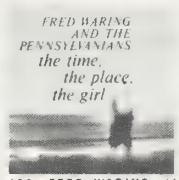
265. BELLS ARE RINGING. Dean Martin, Judy Holliday. Movie soundtrack. *The Party's Over, Do It Yourself, Just In Time,* more hits.



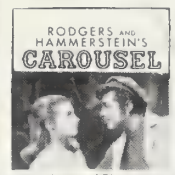
139. DANCING OVER THE WAVES. Ray Anthony and orchestra at their danceable best. They play *Dancing Over the Waves, Intermezzo,* 10 others.

347. LES BAXTER'S WILD GUITARS. Exciting, unusual sound! *Sabre Dance, Tico Tico, Desilusao, Brazilian Slave Song,* more.

169. SAM BUTERA. THE BIG HORN His sax and The Witnesses meet old favorites head on in *Hey There, La Vie En Rose, Too Young,* other hits.



198. FRED WARING. If you've the time, the place, the girl—Fred's magic with chorus, orchestra make your dreams come true. 12 "greats."



102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing *If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone,* others.

103. JONAH JONES. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH in a swingin' new set of tunes: *Just A Gigolo, A Kiss to Build a Dream On,* ten others.

220. BAKERS DOZEN. Don Baker at the organ in 13 tasty pastries, including *Granada, Two Guitars, Willow Weep For Me, Riders In The Sky.*

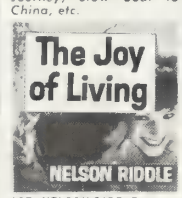


352. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Her greatest album yet. *If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up,* 10 other fabulous song stylings.

359. DICK SINCLAIR. POLKA PARADE. Straight from TV's happiest show. *Jolly Coppersmith, In The Alps, Sugartime,* 12 more.



188. KAY STARR. Kay swings through a dozen great songs: *Night Train, Lazy River, Sentimental Journey, Slow Boat to China,* etc.



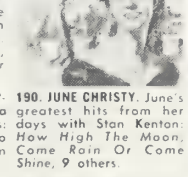
135. NELSON RIDDLE. Zestful songs about the joys of living and loving: *Isn't It A Lovely Day, You Make Me Feel So Young,* 10 others.

144. SLEEP WARM. DEAN MARTIN. Dean sings and Frank Sinatra conducts the orchestra in "sleepy" tunes: *Sleepy Time Gal,* 11 more.



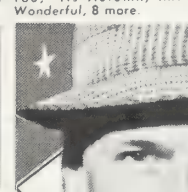
297. BAND OF THE IRISH GUARDS in stirring renditions of *Trumpets Wild, Ouvre Ton Coeur, Thunder And Lightning Polka,* other concert pieces.

328. COME TO THE FAIR. Tennessee Ernie Ford recorded *LIVE* at the Indiana State Fair. *Sixteen Tons, Your Cheatin' Heart, Bill Bailey,* 8 more.

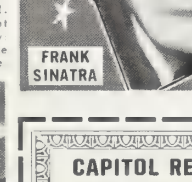


190. JUNE CHRISTY. June's greatest hits from her days with Stan Kenton. *How High The Moon, Come Rain Or Come Shine,* 9 others.

226. BOBBY HACKETT. EASY BEAT. Bobby's horn blows easy listening. *Take The "A" Train, Embraceable You, 'Tis Autumn, Mr. Wonderful,* 8 more.



FRANK SINATRA



152. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!



356. GERMAN BEER-DRINKING MUSIC. A foaming stein full of Walter Schacht's brass band, groups and soloists in 12 numbers. (Monaural Only)

342. JUDY! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT. Judy Garland sings: *If I Love Again, Old Devil Moon, Alone Together, Who Cares?, Yes,* 6 more "greats."



197. PHIL NAPOLEON. His Memphis Five in a dozen "red hot" Dixieland specials: *Creole Rag, After You've Gone, Wang Wang Blues,* etc.



236. TOMMY SANDS. Love songs never sounded so inviting as Tommy caresses. *I'm Confessin', My Happiness, That Old Feeling,* 9 more.



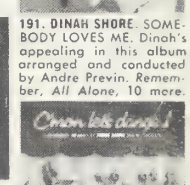
185. LOVE IS THE THING. Nat King Cole spins 12 love songs smoother than silk. *It's All In The Game, At Last, Love Letters,* more of your favorites.

149. DINAH, YES INDEED! Dinah Shore sings golden melodies. *Falling In Love With Love, Where Or When, Love Is Here To Stay, Yes Indeed,* 8 more.

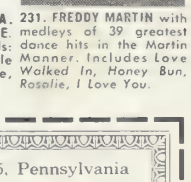
370. JEANNE BLACK. A LITTLE BIT LONELY. Her debut album, with big hits: *Lisa, He'll Have To Stay,* and 10 more.



351. THE GREAT JIMMIE LUNCEFORD. Authentic recreations by BILLY MAY: *Charmaine, Ain't She Sweet, For Dancers Only,* more swingtime favorites.



191. DINAH SHORE. SOMEBODY LOVES ME. Dinah's appealing in this album arranged and conducted by Andre Previn. *Remember, All Alone,* 10 more.



231. FREDDY MARTIN with medleys of 39 greatest dance hits in the Martin Manner. Includes *Love Walked In, Honey Bun, Rosalie, I Love You.*

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Rita Hornak, of Granger, Texas, thought she weighed "only" 250 pounds. But her doctor's scales said 300!

TOO PRETTY TO BE FAT



Too fat to get a job or a date.

By DAWN CROWELL NEY BEAUTY EDITOR

Here is twenty-two-year-old Rita's story as she told it to us:

I was ten years old when I discovered that nobody—but *nobody*—can resist razzing a fat girl. Even the priest who had married my parents had *his* comment to make when later he saw me for the first time. "Why, look at her," he declared in amiable amazement, "she's built like a battleship!" I can't remember exactly what I weighed at that age, but it was enough to cause my school-desk chair to crack beneath me. I sat all day, hoping the moment would never come when I would have to tell my teacher.

I was the target for all the "fatty-fatty-two-by-four" rhymes ever invented. My nickname was Baby Blimp. The other kids used to imitate my waddling walk. When my older sister was nervously preparing to introduce the family to her first serious beau, I overheard her remark to mother, "Can't we hide Rita someplace?"

I was too fat to be athletic in school, and since I was not required to be active in gym, I sat on the sidelines. One day, though, our eighth grade had a picnic which included rowboat rides for groups of four students per boat. It looked like such fun, I decided to go along too. When I got into a boat, a teacher told me apologetically but firmly to get out, explaining that I threw the boat dangerously off balance. So out I climbed and, in tears, watched the others row off.

In high school I was occasionally invited to take an automobile drive with friends. However, any notion that I was one of the crowd was promptly squelched by such remarks as, "Rita, you sit up front so the bumper won't drag"—or, if I sat in back, someone would giggle, "Isn't the car rear dragging?"

Mother's attitude about food confused me. "If you don't eat you'll get *sick*," she would admonish, heaping extra helpings on my plate. And, on the other hand, she'd often scold: "Rita, you *must* try to slim down."

I *did* try to diet during my early teens, but I became so discouraged when I didn't turn from ugly duckling into swan overnight, I'd give up. As luck would have it, my two sisters could eat all they wanted and stay slim. My brother got fat, but the Air Force straightened him out by insisting that he lose 50 pounds as soon as he joined. I just kept gaining and gaining.

The refrigerator was my home within a home. When I was teased or scolded, I went to the refrigerator. When

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

BEFORE		AFTER
5'4"	Height	5'8"
300	Weight	150
42"	Bust	36½"
33"	Waist	25"
56"	Hips	40"
24½ pattern (expanded)	Dress Size	14



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116. Also: And This is My Beloved, Blue Gardenia, etc.



111. "Their finest . . . both performance and recording" — HighFid.



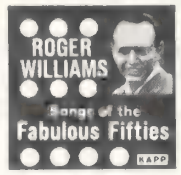
117. Also: You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to, etc.



65. "Audience was beside itself with pleasure" N.Y. Times



23. Just Because, I Walk the Line, Jealous Heart, 9 more



12. Secret Love, Mr. Sandman, Blue Tango, Too Young, 8 more



107. "Probably the finest dramatic soprano" — Time



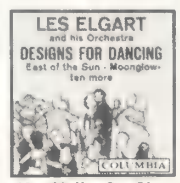
30. Misty, Gone With the Wind, How High the Moon, 6 more



108. "This makes all previous recordings sound mild" High Fid.



64. "A complete joy . . . new-minted freshness" — High Fidel.



49. Stella By Starlight, East of the Sun, Moonglow, etc.



112. "Glowing intensity, snap and brilliance" — High Fid.



119. My Blue Heaven, Sleepy Time Gal, At Sundown, Dixie, etc.



115. Superb performance of this enchanting ballet score
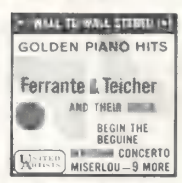


43. My Little Grass Shack, Song of the Islands, 12 in all



85. Anything Goes, Ballad, Let's Fall in Love, etc.



109. "Very highly recommended" — Amer. Record Guide



118. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Exodus, 'Til, etc.



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"Columbia," "Epic," Marcas Reg. © Columbia Record Club, Inc., 1962 3



Also: I'm in the ood for Love, How gh the Moon, etc.



3. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.
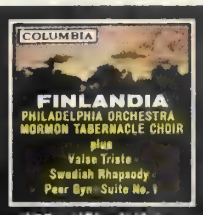


98. "Extraordinarily beautiful... brilliant, silvery"—N.Y. Times



4. Also: Singin' in the Rain, Hello! My Baby, Ida, etc.



7. California, Avalon, Moonlight Bay, 15 favorites in all



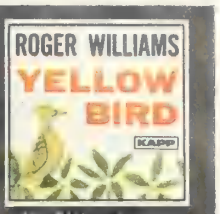
102. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming"—Hi Fi Rev.



61. All the delightful music from the year's gayest comedy



10. Also: Arrivederci, Roma, Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.



11. Rigi, An Affair to Remember, Greensleeves, 12 in all



3. "Gleamingly beautiful, full of color"—N.Y. Times



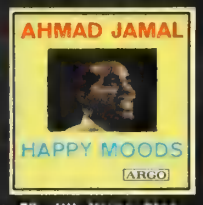
1. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.



2. Also: Somebody Loves Me, Thanks for the Memory, etc.



17. "Champion blockbuster movie" —The Music Reporter



82. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more



91. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.



92. The Bonnie Blue Flag, Battle Cry of Freedom, Dixie, etc.




93-94. Two-Record Set (Counts as Two Selections) The Mormon Tabernacle Choir; Ormandy, The Philadelphia Orch.



8. Don't Bame Me, More Than You Know, For You, 12 in all



53. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph"—Kilgallen



21. Also: Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, etc.



22. Also: I've Told Every Little Star, Black Magic, etc.



5. Mack the Knife, Kiss of Fire, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all



6. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.



67. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



59. "Hilarious . . ." —L. A. Examiner. Not available in stereo



62. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.



9. Clementine, My Grandfather's Clock, Drink to Me, 9 more



69. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.



95. "Fierce impact and momentum" — N.Y. World-Telegram



15. When I Fall in Love, I Understand, Song is Ended, etc.



17. There Goes My Heart, Love Walked In, Call Me, 9 more



13. Also: So Close, Hurtin' Inside, So Many Ways, etc.



73. Cathy's Clown, A Change of Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.



28. Ohio, They Say It's Wonderful, The Sound of Music, etc.



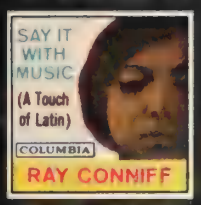
86. "It swings, it's full of excitement" —Downbeat Magazine



101. "The most exciting reading I've ever heard"—High Fidel.



25. I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, Serenade, 12 in all



26. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.



19. "Lighthearted, winning informality" —HiFi Stereo Review

99. "A performance of manly eloquence" —New York Times

77. Take Five, Three to Get Ready, Everybody's Jumpin', etc.

58. "Comic genius... continually hilarious"—HiFi Review

54. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

[illegible]. A masterful account of this masterwork"—Hi Fi Rev.

81. Dark Eyes, Two Guitars, Hora Staccato, 14 in all

121. The symphony is "exquisitely played" — High Fidelity

75. Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Funny Valentine, 10 more

96. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

24. Also: Rawhide, Wanted Man, The 3:10 to Yuma, etc.

100. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid.

31. Clap Yo' Hands, But Not for Me, Man I Love, plus 9 more

71. Also: Billy the Kid, Running Gun, In the Valley, etc.

72. Also: Streets of Laredo, Ride, Cowboy Ride; El Paso, etc.

63. Also: Tony Bennett — Smile; Vic Damone — Gigi; etc.

90. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

120. Remember, Till We Meet Again, Now is the Hour, 9 more

41. King Kamehameha, Blue Hawaii, Across the Sea, 9 more

110. "Ormandy has wrought a small miracle"—HiFi Review

37. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'Bout Me, 9 more

36. Taking A Chance on Love, South of the Border, 10 more

29. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

30. Romance, Theme from The Apartment, Love Affair, 9 more

27. Never Let Me Go, Jungle Fever, Down By the Riverside, etc.

88. "The recording is nothing less than perfect"—Hi Fi Rev.

60. "Best new comedian of the season" —Playboy Magazine

51. Includes stereo balancing test and book — STEREO only

11. Also: Love is a Random Thing, Are You Certain, etc.

114. "Serkin forges through both with brilliance" N.Y.Times

55. "A hit of [illegible] proportions!" N.Y. Daily Mirror

45. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

84. Here's jazz at its best. Limehouse Blues, Wabash, etc.

106. "Superbly played, exciting"—Amer. Record Guide

76. Fire Ball Mail, John Henry, Reuben, Sally Ann, 8 more

34. Chinney, Perfidia, Jungle Concerto, Poinciana, etc.

104. "Dynamic fourth and evocative fifth" —Amer. Rec. Guide

29. When I Fall in Love, Like Love, I Love a Piano, 9 more

47. One Mint Julep, Rib Joint, Mangos, Pink Lady, 7 more

78. Bye Bye Blackbird, Walkin', All of You, etc.

49. Fandangos, Sevillanas, Alegrias, Tanguillos, 8 more

97. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet at the piano"—N.Y. Times

SINK OR SWIM

IN THE WORLD OF NEW YORK FASHION

With no money, but "scads of beaux" to advise her, Carol Breckenridge launched her own business overnight.

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

In a corner of her sunny studio in mid-Manhattan, Carol Breckenridge's tumble of dark hair is bent over her drawing pad as she makes working sketches of clothes designs. On her lap are piled cottons in luscious clear colors of lime, citron, melon and turquoise. Her pencil sketches of blouses and skirts are no more than three inches high; and indeed, in her size-seven bare-armed dress Carol looks like a little girl drawing clothes for her paper dolls.

On her white desk the turquoise phone rings constantly. If it's a friend or a date, she speaks in a soft, offhand little voice; if the call concerns business, her tone is crisp and decisive. "This is Carol Breckenridge, of Merri-Carolle, speaking." Merri-Carolle is the fashion-designing firm she launched last January. In its first year of operation her accountant estimates she will gross upwards of $20,000.

Carol, who just turned 27, is a specialist in sportswear separates for children and juniors. Clothing manufacturers pay her a fee of $200 a week apiece to design for them. Her weekly income in the past year has varied from $175 (rock bottom) to $800. "This sounds like a lot of money, but Carol is just learning the difference between gross and net," comments the young vice president of an advertising agency who lent her money to get started.

During her first six months of operation, Carol took in $10,000 in fees, an excellent start for a free-lancer in the fashion field. However, expenses gobbled up $8000 of this, leaving her only $2000 for living expenses. ("Why, I spent a hundred dollars just on things like wastebaskets and curtain rods," says Carol, shocked.)

But having weathered the expense of setting up shop and buying equipment (dress forms, cutting boards, sewing machines and a $325 room air conditioner), Carol's overhead will not rise appreciably in the future. Her payroll of four helpers runs around $300 a week. As the business expands, she will be able to afford larger quarters and more helpers.

Before she became a free-lancer, Carol earned $600 a month as a designer and spent all of it on herself. But during her first six months in business she paid herself only $350 a month. She has cut her expenses to the bone, spending only $15 a week for food, and walking instead of taking taxis. Still, over the six months' period she accumulated $500 in unpaid bills, "mainly for clothes and doctors' bills."

However, her credit is excellent and when she urgently needed $1000 recently for business obligations, a leading New York bank was sufficiently impressed with her potential to lend her the money, with fifteen months to repay, on practically no collateral.

"In the next few months, Merri-Carolle will either fold up or turn into a very lucrative business," believes her young CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



A perfect size seven, Carol often models her own "beautifully pure" sportswear in clear Caribbean colors.





"How much?" asks Carol, who sees a thousand new fabrics a week, can choose instantly.

SINK OR SWIM CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

accountant, who charges Carol half price for his services. He urges Carol not to sell any shares in the corporation. "You want all the gravy, don't you? You've had all the headaches, haven't you?" he asks. "Yes," replies Carol feelingly.

Her most harassing financial problems concern clients who are slow to pay and clients who hire her for only a few weeks at a time. Then, to meet her payroll, she must quickly hustle up new business. She feels that three months is the least amount of time in which she can do justice to a new client. "Clothes designing is not a stop-and-go thing; it takes a lot of mental effort and time," says Carol with fierce professional pride. Manufacturers, hiring her for a few weeks, and pressing her almost at once for finished samples, don't always appreciate her groundwork, she feels: miles of walking up and down Seventh Avenue; midnight hours spent at her desk with the phone silent as she sits with closed, weary eyes visualizing color and fabric combinations.

"Oh, well," comments a male friend condescendingly, "what does Carol have to lose? She's talented. Her clothes sell. She can always close shop tomorrow and go to work for somebody else."

But Carol, who has worked for a dozen or so fashion houses, with staffs of designers, CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

"MY OWN BUSINESS ON A SHOESTRING"

"I have so little time to design," frets Carol. A good dancer, skier, she walks ten miles daily. She collects kids' books, plays chess "to forget my worries."





New Slenderline napkins . . . slim, compact, comfortable

Now Kotex brings you Slenderline napkins. So slim they stay comfortably smooth and flat—so compact they shape to your body contour. A new moisture-proof inner shield gives you even better protection.



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Kotex is confidence



Carol is proud of her cooking; here serves ten p.m. dinner of her beef stroganoff to date, Chris Taylor, and friends.

Carol dates a circle of bright young executives. "I want to be a designer and I want to have six children, too," she says.



SINK OR SWIM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

hates "the company conference table" and "working through channels." She says, "I must be free to express myself in my own way. I know I'm the best sportswear designer for juniors and children in New York City. I've had five hard years of struggle, but now finally I'm on my way!"

In the past, Carol seldom bothered to find a new job before walking out on one which displeased her. Now she is discovering that being her own boss means freedom to pay for her own mistakes. It also means four people (of whom she is very fond) on the payroll, dependent on her for their living.

"Considering how little I knew about managing money, I'm amazed I've done as well as I have," remarks Carol, sitting at her desk in a hyacinth-blue sheath which emphasizes her petite 5'2" figure and enormous blue-gray eyes. "I *hate* this!" she adds, biting her fingernails over the weekly payroll as she consults a raft of charts showing Social Security and Federal and state withholding taxes.

Carol's studio-apartment is a fourth floor walk-up at 133 East 36th Street, in the pleasant Murray Hill section of New York. On the first floor lives a fashion model with her infant and live-in maid. Mell, the *Herald Tribune* cartoonist, has his studio on the next floor. Carol pays $200 monthly for the top floor, using the large sunny front room for her studio. The kitchen and bathroom, both closet-size and windowless, lead to the small living and bed rooms, decorated sparingly in Early American and Toulouse-Lautrec.

Carol's incredibly complicated day starts around 8:30, when she crawls out of her studio couch. Although she eats a sketchy breakfast of fruit juice and coffee, and spends little time making up her pretty face, it usually takes her an hour and a half to "get going." She dates almost every evening, choosing from a group of six or seven young executives-on-the-rise in their late twenties or early thirties, Ivy Leaguers "old enough to have a sense of direction." According to her "most romantic" beau, a Phi Beta Kappa who went through college on a scholarship, "Carol's beaux are all semimillionaires who went to Princeton." He adds gloomily, "When you date Carol, you're just a digit. Men have spoiled her rotten." This date almost always arrives at Carol's door bearing a single red rose. Then he generally waits an hour for her to get ready. She once kept him waiting two and a half hours while she pondered what to wear to meet his mother.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

NEW WISH-BONE LOW CALORIE



Flavor so delicious, only your figure will know they're low calorie

Now Wish-Bone brings you 2 new dressings that do your weight watching for you—the first low calorie dressings with the superb flavor of the regular kind. That's because of Wish-Bone's skillful way of removing 90% of the calories while retaining all the flavor of regular dressings. The garlic-touched Italian is filled with zesty spices, the savory French-Style is piquant with crushed herbs. The Italian dressing has only 1 calorie per teaspoon (no more than you get from unsweetened lemon juice), the French-Style has only 2. Yet they're rich-tasting and smooth . . . no need to shake them before pouring. Try both these flavorful new Wish-Bone Low Calorie Dressings for really satisfying salads the whole family will enjoy.

"I'm a good cook."

And she is! Carol Breckenridge thinks cooking should be creative to be fun, and manages to give a dinner party every week from a corridor kitchen. Her ways with food are as imaginative as her use of fabric and trimmings in the workroom. But her 6½′ x 5½′ kitchen has very little counter or storage space, and a single-basin sink. Also, the kitchen is a passageway from the living room to the bathroom and the workroom. So Carol limits her guests for sit-down dinners to four, uses a plug-in cooker in her workroom or living room to ease the kitchen bottleneck, relies on do-ahead recipes. Beef Stroganoff is a favorite. She also does "a lot of chicken things," like the Japanese chicken casserole. The recipe came from a Japanese girl, and Carol changed it to suit her own taste. Carol says, "Most of the time I just cook out of my head and taste things. That way, cooking's fun."

PHOTOGRAPHS BEN SOMOROFF



Career-girl hostess Carol feeds her friends in the workroom, as here, on her living-room floor Japanese style or at a window-side table. Her party menus are planned with drama in mind.

Carol's three-flights-up renovated apartment in a New York brownstone has one new electric circuit, dedicated to the air conditioner! The old network of wiring for lights and outlets is woefully outdated and Carol must allocate current carefully or fuses blow. It's a paradoxical situation, for in rented apartments any improvements to the electrical systems are things "you can't take with you." That means Carol can use only one plug-in cooking appliance at a time. Her favorite is a white ceramic utensil on an electric base, which is pictured with her here. She says, "The whole thing is so easy to clean—and I like its looks!" The utensil, being made of durable material developed for missile nose cones, can be used separately, under a broiler, in an oven, or with its own handle on top of a stove. Pictured with Carol's foods: other devices to complement wee kitchens.



McCormick and Schilling seasonings make good cooking so much easier – because there's real, full, honest flavor in every last pinch. You could probably season a dozen dishes with a penny's worth – but oh, what priceless *flavor magic* you're adding!

Broiled Chicken
Marinate chicken in a mixture of ½ c. oil, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. Black Pepper, ¼ tsp. Onion Salt, ¼ tsp. Poultry Seasoning and 2 tsp. salt. Broil. Brush with remaining marinade or butter.

Herb Chicken
Dredge chicken in ¼ c. flour seasoned with 2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. Black Pepper, ½ tsp. Paprika and ½ tsp. Herb Seasoning. Brown in 4 to 5 tbsp. hot butter. Sprinkle over pieces of chicken 2 tsp. Instant Minced Onion, ½ tsp. whole Thyme and ½ c. liquid (wine, stock or water). Cover. Cook slowly 45 min.

Chicken Oriental
Season chicken with salt and Black Pepper. Dredge in flour. Place each piece of chicken in a square of heavy aluminum foil. Combine ½ c. melted butter, 2 tsp. soy sauce, 2 tbsp. pineapple juice, 2 tsp. Instant Minced Onion, ¼ tsp. Ginger and 1/16 tsp. Cardamom. Spoon over chicken. Seal piece of chicken tightly in aluminum foil; place on baking sheet. Bake 1 hr. 30 min. in 375°F. oven.

Fried Chicken Curry
Golden and crisp! Flour chicken in a mixture of ⅓ c. flour, 2 tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. Black Pepper, ¼ tsp. Onion Powder and 2 tbsp. Curry Powder. Pan fry in 1 c. hot fat. For curry sauce drain fat; add 2 to 3 tbsp. of the curry-seasoned flour. Let bubble 1 min. Add milk.



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NEW YORK WORKING BEAUTY

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

BY BET HART

"My mother used to tell me, 'The girl in the red dress has the best time at the party,' and it's true! I always feel brighter, gayer in red." Carol Breckenridge's fashion philosophy, fashion gaiety are typically Barbara J. So is her ability to reap the most fashion for the fewest $'s. (Reasons for making her our Barbara Journal this month, as well as our How America Spends Its Money, page 16, heroine.) The red dress and matching jacket were designed by her for a New York manufacturer. Carol added two bright cover-ups. The designs stem from Carol's theory: "I think a wardrobe can consist of a few simple dresses, several jackets to wear over them."

Red hopsacking dress with a V-shaped yoke is typical of Carol's love of "the simple, wear-almost-anywhere dress." The price, $25.00, includes its own matching jacket shown on Carol at left below.

Double-breasted jacket and dress combined make a pretty costume look. Here, Carol adds a scarf. Jacket is reversible. Other side: bright red and white stripes.

Bright red, white and blue cardigan: "No one could ever feel uncheerful in this! In the summer, it would be a wonderful combination over a white dress too." $5.95.

Carol, always on the lookout for beautiful prints, thought this flower print unusual and gay. Cut like a shirt, it can be worn under or over the dress. $4.95.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW









HOW TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL IN PRACTICALLY NO TIME!

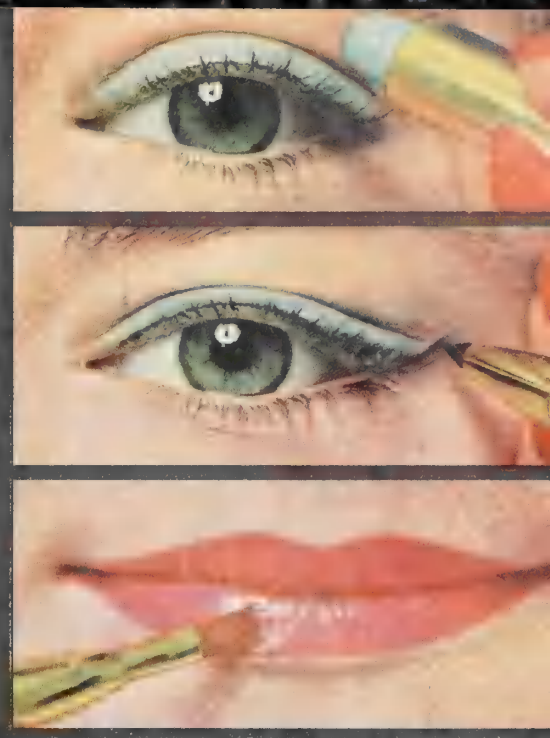
As with fashion $'s, Carol Breckenridge makes the most of her limited beauty time. "In the morning I spend about five minutes on makeup." Carol uses a beige tone foundation (a medicated one she's found to be best for her oily skin), a light dusting of matching powder, black mascara, dark brown eyebrow pencil and clear red lipstick. "Eye makeup is my favorite, but in the morning there's just not enough time. For evening, I spend a few extra minutes applying eye shadow, green or turquoise, and a black eye liner." Carol's thick, dark hair has a slight curl, "but not enough to go without a permanent. If I have one every four months, then have my hair done once a week, I don't have to set it every night."

Carol applies eye shadow, then blends it gently across lid with finger. "Green is my most becoming color, but sometimes I experiment with other colors."

"The easiest way to apply an eye liner is to hold lid taut; draw a thin line close to the base of the lashes. Extend line upward at outer corner." Carol uses black eye liner, then applies black mascara to lashes.

"A lipstick brush is the best way to achieve an even line, but it was the hardest makeup trick to master." Carol starts from the center of the upper lip, carefully follows the outline of her mouth to corner. After upper lip, she outlines lower, then fills in. Here she "retouches" with brush.

Carol has her hair set on rollers for the soft, casual effect she likes. "It's a hair style that's easy to care for, that takes a minimum amount of time. Lots of brushing keeps it in shape."



By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph. D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

WHICH MAN SHOULD I MARRY?

"I am 29, the mother of daughters 10 and 9, and have been divorced for six months. I have a job I like and John contributes to the girls' support, so we're all right financially. I miss John and am terribly lonely, but we could never have made a real go of it. We were both selfish, and he expected to make the decisions. I was used to having my own way (I guess my parents spoiled me) so we often clashed and quarreled bitterly. We separated several times before the divorce, then would try it again, with no improvement.

"He was inconsiderate in big things and little—never bothered to let me know if he was going to be late for dinner, never had time to help me around the house because he was tinkering with his latest sports car.

"Our marriage was hopeless, but I don't want to go on living this way. I've always liked men and enjoyed their attention (this was one of the things that irritated John) and I'd like your views on the kind of man I should marry. Right now I'm dating two men to whom I'm attracted, and both are seriously interested in me.

"Bob is my age, never married, handsome and full of life. He's very possessive and likes to dominate. Mark is older (35), has been divorced, is rather quiet and unassuming, and usually lets me have my own way. Also, he seems crazy about my girls.

"As for me, about all I can offer is myself and my love. I'm not much of a cook or housekeeper, but I like working and having my own money. I don't think Mark would object to my working, but Bob might—he's a lot like John and he wants to be the boss.

"I think I could love and marry either of these men, but both are settled in an agreeable way of life and they would expect me to adjust to their habits and routine. Do you think I can? I think a woman should follow her husband's lead, but I don't think he should force her to lead his life. I don't want a man who resents giving up his freedom (John did, and Bob might) or who criticizes my little faults without trying to understand them. I want him to help but not to direct me.

"I can marry either one. Which do you think will make me happier?"

Without more information than Laura's letter provides, we can't tell her which man to choose. Instead, we suggest that she postpone any decision until she has done some serious, honest thinking about her own qualifications for marriage to any man. It is not just a question of which man will make her happy, but whether she can make a man happy. Has the failure of her first marriage taught her anything that will help her in her second? Judging from her letter, Laura is not yet ready (though she is willing) to marry again.

Though Laura doesn't actually say her husband was to blame for the failure of her first marriage, she does emphasize his faults, while mentioning her own only incidentally. She was spoiled by her parents, likes and possibly encourages the attentions of other men, is a poor housekeeper, insists on her own way, expects a man to tolerate annoyances without complaint.

There is no indication that she is prepared to make concessions, or that she appreciates the reciprocal nature of the marriage relationship. Both Bob and Mark may have the qualifications of a good husband, but neither can make her happy (nor can any man) until she recognizes and prepares to assume her responsibilities as a wife.

The high remarriage rate of divorced women shows that many of them have no difficulty finding a second husband. But the fact that the divorce rate of these women is 60 per cent higher than among women married for the first time is certainly associated with failure to be a good wife the second time, or with lack of wisdom in choosing a second mate. Laura, or any other divorcee considering remarriage, might well ponder these questions about her proposed husband:

Do I love him? Has he the traits, qualities, personality and character that will through the years foster affection? Encourage companionship? Inspire respect and admiration?

Is he stable and dependable? The divorced wife may still bear emotional scars from her first marriage. If her new husband is well adjusted and reliable, her adjustment to her second marriage will be facilitated.

Can he provide me with security? If the first two questions can be answered yes, he can probably provide emotional security. But, as in a first marriage, economic security must also be considered—his job history and prospects, his resources and the like. If he is unwilling to discuss these matters, she should be wary.

Has he my first husband's faults? Students of marriage have often noted that many divorced persons select a second mate who possesses the same shortcomings as the first. Though no man is perfect, a divorced wife should avoid a man afflicted by the same faults she found intolerable in her first husband.

Will he make a good father? This question is important when a couple plans to have children, is doubly so when the wife had children by a former husband.

The best advice I can offer Laura is to pay more attention to the kind of person *she* should become and less (for the present) to the kind of man she should marry. When she has matured and is able to accept, understand and fill the role of wife and helpmate, she will then be able to make an intelligent choice of mate. But any commitment now—only six months after the divorce—is almost certainly premature.

IS MARRIAGE BASED ON SEX?

"Though a mere man, I have read your *Journal* page for several years," a recent letter says. "But your recent article *Do All Men Want to Be Married?* takes a prize. Higher education must be quite a thing when you write, 'Particularly should a girl be on her guard if a man's interest and her appeal to him center around sexual motivation.' I am surprised that you, of all people, would suggest that sexual motivation is a bad thing! Do you really believe the attraction between men and women is something else than good old sexual desire? Come, sir, your education is indeed showing!"

A second man writes: "I feel any really good marriage has to be built on a mutually strong sex desire. My first marriage, when I was only 21, didn't work out because my wife was cold and indifferent. I took my time about marrying again, and dated my present wife for two years before we married. Now we have had ten very happy years together. We like the same things and do everything together. But I know this marriage would have failed like the first if she and I hadn't loved each other in every way. If we hadn't felt the same way about sex, neither of us would have been satisfied in marriage."

This marriage counselor would be the last person to minimize the importance of sexual attraction in bringing two people together and making marriage work. But it should not be the primary or exclusive reason for marriage. A normal person, under appropriate circumstances, might feel physical response to any one of scores of individuals of the opposite sex. But he or she might be able really to love only a few of the many that, on first acquaintance, seemed to be attractive and appealing.

A man and a woman can be attracted to each other for many reasons. Similar standards and ideals, common interests, affection and admiration, confiding and sharing, and mutual goals are important elements in genuine love. A desire to please each other and willingness to compromise and co-operate are often much more crucial to marriage happiness than strong sex urge.

Although the writer of the second letter values sexual adjustment very highly, his own statements show that his successful marriage is based on other elements. "We like the same things . . . we do everything together . . . she and I love each other in every way." When a couple can say this and, in addition, have a satisfying physical relationship, they can look forward to many years of happiness in marriage.

There is little doubt that lack of good sexual adjustment can place a severe strain on any marriage. Any wife, whether a bride of six months or a matron of several years, should be concerned if her physical relationship with her husband is unsatisfactory either to him or to her. Refusing to face the problem certainly postpones any solution and often worsens the situation.

Sexual motivation is *not* a bad thing any more than is its expression and fulfillment in marriage. But any man or woman who marries only because of sexual attraction is simply asking for trouble. Unless there are other ties in the marriage, physical compatibility alone will not bring enduring happiness. At most, the sexual relationship constitutes no more than one third of a husband's happiness and one fourth of a wife's happiness.

ASK YOURSELF: Why do I want to marry?

Have you ever stopped to think why you wanted to marry? Nearly all women have a desire to marry but few of them have ever put into words the reasons behind their wish. Read the following statements carefully and check the *seven* that you honestly think were the most important in your desire to become a wife.

I WANTED TO MARRY:

1. *To develop my personality.*
2. *To be like other girls.*
3. *To please my parents.*
4. *To relieve my loneliness.*
5. *To get away from an unhappy home.*
6. *To escape the clock-and-job race.*
7. *To become less restless and more stable.*
8. *To express my deepest feelings.*
9. *To make some man very happy.*
10. *To have a husband to love me.*
11. *To fulfill my emotional needs.*
12. *To have a home and children.*
13. *To love someone quite devotedly.*
14. *To have companionship and sharing.*

Whatever your seven reasons for marriage, at least five of them should be found among statements No. 8–14. Our research shows that happy wives check these as their main motives for marriage. If three or more of your checks were among statements 1–7, there is a definite possibility that you do not yet fully appreciate the true meaning of marriage.

DO YOU AGREE?

"Do you favor New Year resolutions?"

Yes. When thoughtfully conceived and sincerely motivated, resolutions always have merit. But share them with a friend who will encourage you to maintain them.

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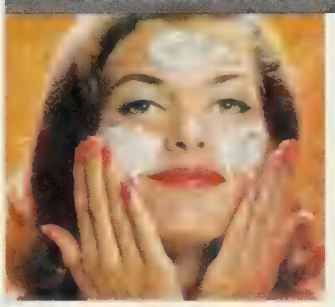
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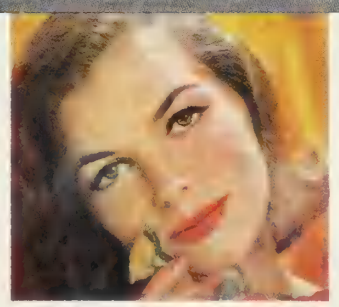


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2. Cleans up dry skin

Softens like cream, but it's never greasy. Doesn't clog pores. Helps skin stay moist, as only a moisturizer does . . . leaves your skin "cream-soft," but so fresh and clean.



3. Cleans up blemishes*

Helps clear skin because it's medicated. Five medicinal ingredients help heal blemishes fast. Noxzema helps "wake-up" a dull, lifeless complexion to new glowing vitality.

*surface blemishes

SHAPING THE '60's...

Modern research techniques that encourage the most thoughtful response were used in this probing *Journal* study by Dr. George Gallup of the young American woman's mind. This creative-age group—16 to 21—spans the final years of high school through college, and includes some women who are working and some at home. About 23 per cent are employed, 23 per cent in high school, and over 50 per cent in college. None are married; and those questioned do not include the lower third in education and income. In following issues, Gallup polls will reveal more attitudes and ideas of these inventive and spirited young women. What do they most desire? What do they ask of the future?

...FORESHADOWING THE '70's

Young people, on the verge of life, about to create careers, families, inventions, new ways of living are already beginning to shape the '60's, to forecast the '70's.

Women, soon to be wives and mothers, homemakers and innovators, here reveal their thoughts, plans, ideas, desires—spiritual and material.

In this burgeoning group, our exploding population will soon reach new heights. By their very numbers, by their vitality and creative energy, by their unorthodox thinking, their new and old beliefs, their doing and redoing, they will determine much of the direction of our world to come.

Astonishingly conventional in unexpected areas, surprisingly honest about sex and marriage, young women in this *Journal*'s nationwide depth study predict, in fascinating ways, the attitudes of tomorrow's citizens, opinion leaders, money spenders.

Almost all our young women between 16 and 21 expect to be married by 22. Most want 4 children, many want 5. (In their minds, the population is still exploding.) They want to work until children come; afterward, a resounding no!

They feel a special responsibility for sex *because* they are women. An 18-year-old student in California said, "The standard for men—'sowing wild oats' results in sown oats. And where does this leave the woman? Sexual intercourse isn't a game. It is intensely sacred and meaningful for both men and women." Another student: "A man will go as far as a woman will let him. The girl has to set the standard."

"My moral code is what I live by and is a necessary part of life. If I break it, I would be taking a part of myself away," an 18-year-old said. Another: "I do not feel women should 'experiment' before marriage. I don't feel it is as serious for men. However, after marriage it is definitely out! Both parties should remain faithful."

Few of the young women who spoke so openly to our interviewers agree with the college freshman who said, "Sex is fun, so why stop it for one and not the other? There should be no double standard. Be honest; both men and women enjoy it."

But a pretty college sophomore in the South said, "I do not condemn a young man who indulges in premarital relationships. However, a woman is not only taking a terrific chance, but she is also forgetting the responsibility she has to her future husband and children."

Although the mothers and grandmothers of today's young women pretended, in their day, that premarital sex did not exist (or were stopped by the conventions of their upbringing from acknowledging it), today's young woman speaks out loud and clear: "I definitely believe that a young woman should remain virginal until marriage, but I don't feel a young man should. A man needs a way to relieve his frustrations. I also believe that one partner in marriage should have some experience, and it couldn't be the female."

But a 17-year-old, about to be graduated from high school, represents a more widespread reaction:

"It never seems to harm a boy's reputation, but a girl's reputation is ruined. I think boys should establish a standard as well as girls."

Unorthodox and frank as many are, by far the preponderance of the young women revealed themselves as cherishing the custodial tradition in guarding marriage and the child.

THEY DREAM OF MANSIONS

However unconventional they can be in their attitudes toward sex, many of the same women become unexpectedly conventional when questioned about their dream house:

"I would like an eight-room, two-story colonial home: living room, dining room, kitchen, den and bath downstairs; master bedroom, guest room, two other bedrooms and bath upstairs. I would like the house to be white with a large front porch with four large white columns. I would like a drive that makes a semicircle and I would like to live in the country. I would like a typically

colonial living room with an enormous fireplace. I would like a pine-paneled den."

Another described almost the identical house, only she located it in Hawaii and added a balcony, marble floors, a recreation room, crystal chandeliers, and a swimming pool "oval shaped and not too large."

More often, though, our women are satisfied just to have the white colonial with Early American furniture without additional embellishments. Though they often describe this same house, a large number insist that, to be a dream house, it must be located on a hill with acres of land overlooking a lake.

Others are startlingly specific: "I want a house 1250 square feet." . . . "I want a split-level brick with four bedrooms with French Provincial cherrywood furniture." . . . "My dream house is 64 feet long and 23 feet high." . . . "I'd like a built-in oven and range, counters only 34 inches high with Formica on them." . . . "The draperies will be green, ivory, beige and brown."

And a few are eloquently undemanding: An 18-year-old said simply, "My dream house is going to be a home, a houseful of love and happiness and health." From a 19-year-old student in Philadelphia: "A home is as lovely and comfortable as the people who live in it. The furniture matters little." A California girl almost "me-too'd" her: "A house is not a dream home until it has been lived and loved in."

Many reveal a knowledge of furnishings and decorating, designing and planning that would rival some experts'. Left standing almost alone, however, was the 20-year-old secretary who said, "I really haven't a definite dream house. It depends on the man I marry and what we can afford." And a college sophomore: "I have little desire to own a home after I am married. I intend to live in an apartment house, preferably in Manhattan."

BUY AND BUY

New forms of buying will grow up around the changing needs of our young women who already spend billions. New merchandise will evolve as they choose small families or large, small houses or large, small cars or large. By the books they read, the churches they believe in, the ideals they follow, the trails they blaze in living and thinking, they inevitably will set the pace for the future.

Many indications of these changing buying habits are built into the specific descriptions of every girl's dream house at the end of this report. Many more less specific indications are revealed by their changing preferences in foods, clothes and cosmetics.

Their husbands will be well fed. But better than half indicate he'll be on "meat and potatoes." A stirring 46 per cent, though, plan to serve much better food, in different and more interesting ways than in their own families' homes. They are more gourmet than their mothers, are more diet-conscious, more

DONN



"Four children for me, or maybe five."



"A wife earning more than her husband damages his ego."

WILCOX



"After marriage is the right time for sex."



"I expect to work before children, but not after."



"I will not live in a development."



"I hope I am married at least by 22!"



"I'll cook better than mother."

SCHREIBER



"Men dress too sloppily!"



"When I marry I want to go down the aisle with a clear conscience . . . but I think that a man should know the ropes."

HENDERSON



"Colonial for me, with white pillars . . . and sliding glass doors onto a patio."



"A woman has a right to expect her husband to be as chaste as she. Men aren't as incapable of controlling their emotions as they would have us believe" . . . a 20-year-old girl.

experimental, more exotic, have more knowledge about nutrition.

Money, only "fairly important" to most of these young women, is not expected to be a problem in their marriages. Only one in five thought it might be. At the same time, a third of them say money is a source of trouble in families they know. Still more say mother should (and their mothers *do*) have a lot to say about how it is spent.

If there's wealth, a surprising number appear to revise that affectionate old adage: "What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own." If they married a young man who was wealthy, most young girls felt *he* should share his wealth with them. However, if they had money in their own name, they were not as certain they should divide it equally with their husbands.

In any case, most women would be uneasy about having more money than their husbands, especially a larger salary than his if they were working. They feel it would injure a man's pride, lessen his sense of importance. A few said a wife with a higher income than her husband would be "too independent, too dominating."

NOT READY TO GO STEADY

Relatively few of our young women are engaged and only 22 per cent "go steady." Those remaining (over 65 per cent of the age group) who are not yet pinned to or pining for a particular young man make it abundantly clear that they do not plan to grow old as anyone's maiden aunt. Only 1 per cent even considered that they might never marry.

Even the most dedicated career-bent girl insists she will have her man and her job and her home. Most,

Jacqueline Kennedy was named the best-dressed woman in the world. Next were Princess Grace,



PIX

however, would quit working when they have children.

Like our own "How America Spends Its Money" career girl this month (page 16), those who plan to continue their careers—come home, husband or high water—are concerned about the scarcity of trained, competent women available to manage their homes and their children while they are at work. They believe such a kind of occupation should be developed and honored and not considered "menial." They would pay such women on an average of $50 for a 40-hour week and think that the full expense for home help to enable trained mothers to continue working should be allowed as an income-tax deduction.

DO WOMEN DRESS FOR WOMEN?

More than half of our young women say they dress for men, not for other women. And the older our young woman gets, the less she's concerned with the turn of a hem than with the turn of a him.

At the same time, one out of three was firm in suggesting that a single standard should exist in dressing too! If women dress for men, why, they ask, shouldn't men dress for women? They are not satisfied with men's dress; they are definitely critical of it, in fact. They feel men should dress with much more care and neatness; more style and formality; more color and variety.

But our single girls are equally critical of their married sisters. A whopping 89 per cent of them declare that women who stay at home are not as careful about the way they dress and look as they should be. And most add that women CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Loretta Young and Queen Elizabeth. All have been subjects of recent Journal biographies.



ENGSTEAD



"There will always be a double standard, but I hope to teach my sons the value of sex with love and the lesser value of sex for its own sake" . . . a teenage college sophomore.



AL FRANCEKEVICH

Would you marry a man you had known only a few hours?





On sunny afternoons like this, while the rest of Madrid is still asleep, I come here early, where I can sit and watch for the post office to open while I have my coffee. This is the heart of the city, this little coffee stand, with its tables under shade trees, its well-mannered waiter and its view of the post office. At this hour all the Spanish are in siesta-darkened rooms, and only the tourists and I are here.

Two years ago, when I first came to Madrid, an American girl, especially a blond one, was so rare that the college students from the downtown campus followed me down the José Antonio whenever I went shopping. I used to pick up my mail at the American Express and the single clerk there would look up and smile and start thumbing through the S's just as I approached. But now there are three clerks handing out the mail; they have no time to be friendly; and I find it hard to believe them when they tell me that there is nothing for me in that swollen packet of mail they flip through so disinterestedly. So I have my letters sent to the Spanish General Delivery, where I can peer down at the file box to make sure for myself that there isn't a "Singer" among all the "Sanchezes" and "Salvadors."

Madrid's post office is more impressive than the one in New York City. It is taller and grayer, and full of colonnades that make shadows and angles worthy of a cathedral. It has a clock which is not always right and which seems to give little inspiration to the doorman. He opens the post office at will: five minutes, ten, even twenty minutes past the hour.

Therefore I now sit across from the post office at this sidewalk café where I can't see the doors, but where I'll know they are opening by watching the black blotch of the porter's cape melting into and being absorbed by the gray shadows of the stone building. All the dreams I had when I first came to Spain have now faded and telescoped themselves down to this one hope: that the letter will arrive saying that I have a teaching position at home, in America, saying between the lines that all is forgiven; I'll forget, or will be able to talk lightly about, all that has happened—grandpa, Spain, Tangier . . . and Joseph.

There are many things which I am glad my grandfather never knew. The greatest of these is that it was his money which sent me to Africa. He would not have liked it had he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

By NANCY DUGHI

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL. © 1961 BY NANCY DUGHI. "STRAIT PASSAGE" IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY COWARD-McCANN, INC.

He gently
touched my face
with his hands.
"You aren't playing
games with me,
are you?"

Strait Passage

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

By MINI RHEA
WITH FRANCES SPATZ LEIGHTON

Jackie's Washington newspaper column posed questions designed to have a certain effect on a certain congressman. Example: "Can you give any reason why a contented bachelor should get married?"

THE YOUNG JACQUELINE KENNEDY AS I KNEW HER



I was home at last! How proud I was to direct the placement of my bronze plaque—"Mini Rhea, Custom Dressmaker"—beside the doorway of 1820 35th Street, N.W., a typical flat-front Georgetown house. Someday, perhaps, someone will put up another sign there: "Through this door passed Jacqueline Kennedy."

But what a strange chain of circumstances led her to this door.

I was working as a dressmaker in a sewing-machine store four or five blocks from the White House. But I almost muffed my big chance, which came in the form of a rotund maid who spoke with a Slavic accent. She kept seeking me out and asking me to come with her to the "madame" because "The madame will be so grateful. The old regular dressmaker, she die." I kept telling her that I was too busy to go.

Finally I did promise to come see her "madame." Thank the dear Lord I did, because "madame" turned out to be one of the leaders of Washington society. And she and her friends gave me enough work to get started in my own shop. A long line of people eventually led me to Jacqueline Bouvier.

First I met Mrs. Neill Phillips. She recommended me to five friends—Mrs. Walter Lippmann, Mrs. Ella Burling, Mrs. Curtis Munson, Mrs. Blair Childs and Mrs. Arthur Krock. Mrs. Krock, wife of the famous *New York Times* political columnist, in turn recommended me to a friend of hers, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss. And Mrs. Auchincloss eventually recommended me to her daughters, Caroline Lee and Jacqueline Bouvier.

My Georgetown shop was the beginning of a wonderful new life. Rarely have I met a woman so sensitive, attractive and kind as Mrs. Auchincloss. She shopped in Georgetown, but lived in nearby McLean, Virginia. She liked my work and her stamp of approval sent many of her Georgetown friends to my shop. Though I worked hard, the relaxed atmosphere surrounding these charming women made it all seem like play or a pleasant hobby.

I kept hearing about Jackie from her mother for several years before I set eyes on her. Jackie was here; Jackie was there. She was at the Sorbonne; she was at George Washington University. She was vacationing in New York, in Florida, in Europe; I decided she must keep her bags packed at all times.

Mrs. Auchincloss was so happy, in 1951, when she told me that her daughter had just won *Vogue*'s coveted Prix de Paris. The winner was entitled to spend half a year in France, working on the Paris edition of *Vogue*, and a half year as a junior editor on *Vogue* in New York.

I was amazed to learn a little later that, because she had already spent a year studying at the Sorbonne, Jackie had decided not to take the year's job with *Vogue*. Had she accepted, it would have put her directly into the fashion field, just as it had twenty-three other young women then on the staff of *Vogue* or the other Condé Nast publications who had been previous winners of the Prix de Paris. I was even more amazed when Mrs. Auchincloss told me she wanted to bring Jackie in to meet me, so that I could work with her on some of her fashion ideas. Me, working with a prizewinner in fashion? It made me nervous even to think of it.

Mrs. Auchincloss put me at ease. She said, "My daughter likes to design her own clothes and I know she would love to work with someone like you who could help her with them."

I waited nervously for the prizewinning fashion expert to come in. She had made her appointment by telephone and as soon as I heard her voice my mind flashed the signal "Finishing school." Many of my customers had gone to finishing school, but this voice had something besides the perfect tones, soft modulation and self-confidence of private-school training. The added ingredient was gentleness—even on the telephone she sounded warm and kind. And she sounded in a hurry, something my finishing-school products never admitted.

It was a Saturday and I tried to get my daughters from underfoot, but fourteen-year-old Sylvia and twelve-year-old Jimi could almost smell excitement and gravitated to it like moths around a flame.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

EUROPEAN



Jackie, named Debutante of the Year in 1948, attended a friend's debut in 1951 accompanied by Peter Vought.

A JOURNAL COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED BOOK
COPYRIGHT 1961, FLEET PUBLISHING CORP. FROM THE BOOK,
"I WAS JACQUELINE KENNEDY'S DRESSMAKER,"
SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY FLEET PUBLISHING CORPORATION, NEW YORK.



UPI

"Inquiring Camera Girl"— Jackie waded into a rooftop pool to photograph the feeding of goldfish.

the kind monster

There's nothing so explosive as a woman with a dream, unless it's a family who insist on making it come true. A very special story for women who don't always recognize their own charm.

By CATHARINE BOYD

Virginia had had just about enough of this 900-calorie-a-day liquid-diet bit. Not only was she confronted with vanishing waistlines every time she turned on TV, but most of her figure-conscious friends had taken to quaffing the stuff for lunch, and as far as she was concerned the whole idea was nauseating. Just the sight of that frothy richness in a glass aroused her indignation—why, it didn't even leave room for the satisfaction of self-denial! There it was, contrived to appear like a lovely double-rich chocolate-ice-cream milk shake! Of all deceitful things.

Her own way of dieting was certainly wiser—one drop of cream in her coffee instead of two, and thin marmalade on her toast instead of butter. How was a woman expected to clean a three-bedroom house with nothing but liquids sloshing around in her stomach? Or hang out a wash for five people every Monday? Oh, Mondays!

"Vee, you don't eat enough," Dix had scolded her just this morning. "You worry me. I've got enough to worry about at the mill."

"Everything I eat turns into fat," Virginia explained helplessly. "I have to think about my figure, Dix."

Dix had smiled. "Let me think about it. I like it fine."

She sat down now to read the morning paper, a pleasure she dearly enjoyed—it was less than two months since Winkie, her youngest, had started school, and up until then she'd depended on Dix for her news.

Her reading finished, she went to the range and made butterscotch pudding and poured it into custard cups. She never made one for herself, just three for the children, who ate lunch at home.

She absently scraped and ate the pudding left in the pan, scarcely more than a spoonful. Then she got out last night's lamb bone and cut off the scraps of meat for the dog, nibbling a few of the tender pink bits as she worked. Lean meat was one of the very best things for losing weight. *Oh, how good it would taste dipped in mayonnaise!* She sighed.

Virginia imagined that there were women all over the country right this minute eating Danish pastry, and waffles with bacon and syrup, and day after day all she ate was one slice of toast with marmalade. And still she could hardly get into a size 16, unless it had a full skirt. True, nobody seemed to notice. Dix still hustled home every night full of fun and flattery, and Bo herded Cub Scouts in every

CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

Mary had

doused the pillow

with perfume,

Bo offered his hamsters,

and Winkie brought

a small, damp bouquet.

"All this fuss and

not even a decent fracture,"

Virginia said.



EATING IN NEW YORK IS AN ADVENTURE

Journal food editors have to visit New York's famous and fabulous restaurants—it's their job! Discovering delicious new dishes; coaxing cuisine secrets from some of the world's most distinguished chefs, enjoying the special charm each restaurant offers—what is more exciting? To share in these delights you don't have to come to Manhattan. Travel instead through these pages, as our editors visit eight of New York's great restaurants, find in each a special recipe for you—foods simple, sumptuous, mysterious, all conveying the wonder of New York, its gift of good food. Bon appétit!



Editors Peter Briggs (center) and Kathleen Snead (right) enjoying dinner at O. HENRY'S.

O. HENRY'S
FOR '90's GAIETY

One of New York's newest steak houses is O. HENRY'S in Greenwich Village (6th Avenue at West 4th Street), whose sawdusty floors, chopping-block tables and straw-hatted waiters give it the look of a turn-of-the-century butchershop (which it once was). Two of the four rooms, all Tiffany-lamp-lighted, were originally walk-in refrigerators. For *décor*, their cooling coils, meat hooks and trolleys were preserved and painted. The hub of O. HENRY'S is an open red hearth where melt-in-your-mouth steaks are charcoal-grilled the way you want them. O. HENRY'S is one of the few open-every-day restaurants. Although its two-A.M. closing (three on Sunday A.M.) and moderate prices make it an actor's haven, O. HENRY'S has a fond uptown, out-of-town following.

Vito Di Lucia, owner of O. HENRY'S, appeals to steak-potato-and-salad lovers by offering all three, plus an appetizer and a gentle dessert.

Shrimp Cocktail with Remoulade Sauce
Sirloin Steak Baked Potato
Mixed Green Salad with Roquefort Dressing
Rum-Raisin Ice Cream with Black Cherries

THE MAKING OF A GREAT STEAK

O. HENRY'S has no special hints for broiling steak—theirs simply go from cooler to charcoal to table. "The secret of a good steak," says Vito Di Lucia, "is the meat itself. We buy the best choice and hang it in our own walk-in cooler for ten to fourteen days so that it's perfectly aged for broiling." O. HENRY'S most popular steaks are 1¼" thick sirloins for one or two and clubs, almost 2" thick. Each is grilled to order—14 minutes per pound for rare, 17 for medium, 20 for well done. Every steak comes to you sizzling, with a baked potato and salad.



For atmosphere and excellent food, Editors Berenice Connor and Conrad Brown pick "21."

"21"
FOR ELEGANCE

Through the Iron Gate at 21 West 52nd Street walks a clientele of artists, writers, dukes, princesses, showfolk and plain folk, too, who come and come again for the excellent French-American cuisine and relaxed camaraderie. Be sure to dress well, for "21," with its dark-paneled walls, fine Remington paintings, Sheffield and sterling, is luxurious. For more than 30 years *spécialités* have been served, including bear and venison in season. A popular dessert, says "21" Executive Director Peter Kriendler, is Frozen Soufflé with Hot Strawberry Sauce. Although "21" finds room for "old friends," visitors with reservations are welcome. Peter Kriendler maintains that a hearty meal is best when followed by a delicate dessert like Frozen Soufflé.

Here is the menu he would plan for this dessert:

Prosciutto with Sliced Fresh Pear or Figs
Turtle Soup
Duckling Bigarade with Wild Rice
Peas Étuvé (steamed with lettuce)
Cold Oyster Bay Asparagus Vinaigrette
Frozen Soufflé with Hot Strawberry Sauce

FROZEN SOUFFLÉ WITH HOT STRAWBERRY SAUCE

SOUFFLÉ:

1 pint vanilla ice cream
2 macaroons, crumbled
4 teaspoons orange juice or Grand Marnier
½ cup heavy cream
1–2 tablespoons chopped toasted almonds
1–2 teaspoons confectioners' sugar

Soften ice cream slightly. Stir in the crumbled macaroons and orange juice or Grand Marnier. Whip heavy cream until thick and shiny. Fold into ice-cream mixture. Spoon into a 3-cup metal serving dish or mold. Sprinkle surface lightly with almonds and confectioners' sugar. Cover with saran. Freeze until firm, about 4–5 hours or overnight. Bring the frozen soufflé to the table on a serving dish. To unmold, wrap the serving dish for 4 or 5 seconds in a towel wrung out of very hot water. Loosen the edge with a spatula and turn out onto a cold platter. Makes 4 servings.

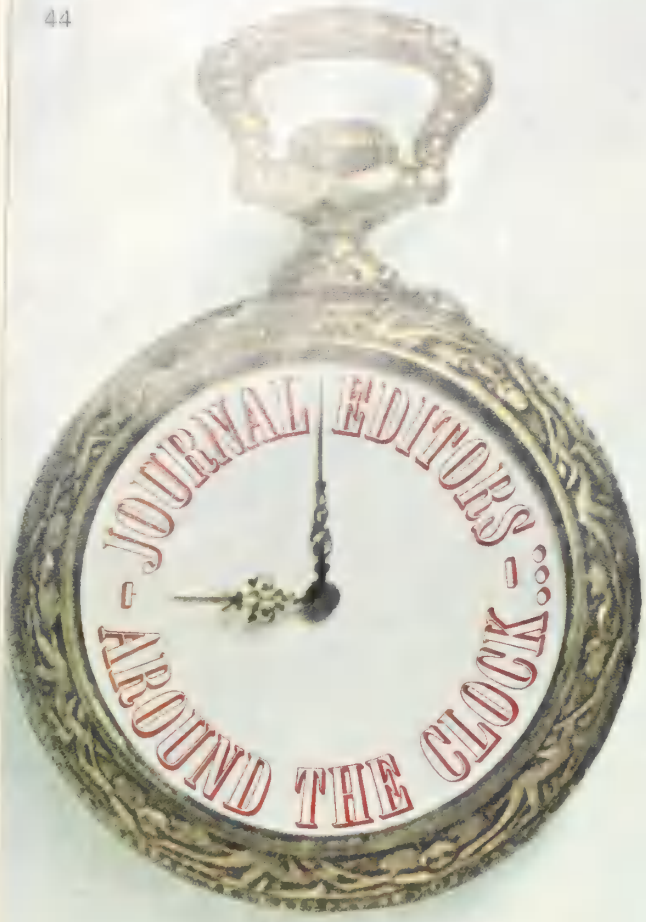
HOT STRAWBERRY SAUCE:

1 pint fresh strawberries, washed, hulled and cut in half, or 1 (10-oz.) package frozen sliced strawberries, thawed
Sugar to taste
4 teaspoons orange juice or Grand Marnier

Mix this sauce just before serving. Put berries in a saucepan with sugar added to taste (about ¼ cup for fresh berries, less for frozen berries) and simmer until soft but not mushy. Remove from heat and stir in juice, or Grand Marnier if you prefer.

Note: You may use the 1-pound container frozen whole strawberries if you wish. If so, double the amount of orange flavoring suggested here.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60



By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

The four young JOURNAL editors you see on these pages are typical of the career girls who flock to New York every year in search of fame and fortune. Whether their talents are literary or artistic, their jobs in fashion or publishing, clothes are one of the things uppermost on their minds. To be well-groomed and well dressed takes time and careful planning. These girls live in a goldfish bowl morning, noon and night, but they also live on a budget. Designs that lend themselves to change (the skirt that can be worn with a variety of blouses or the suit that changes its neckline with the season) are the most popular; the colors are chosen strictly for their becomingness.

Eugenie Thayer, a talented young writer, has the figure of a fashion model: tall (5'8½"), slim (24" waist) as well as graceful. Her clothes are simple and casual, and when she entertains at home she most often wears a long skirt like the yellow wool one she is wearing in the picture. With it she is wearing a yellow silk crepe blouse and an avocado-green cummerbund. The shirt, Vogue Design No. 5213. The skirt, No. 5420.

PIN BY SCAASI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO BODI









The Pattern Department's own Natalie Schram has the advantage of previewing all the lovely next season's fabrics and yarns long before they are seen in the stores, thus helping to predict what you will be wearing three months from now. Natalie favors unadorned simplicity and you see her wearing a putty-beige sleeveless crepe dress with a box-pleated skirt topped by a matching wool cardigan.The jacket is bound in the dress fabric. Vogue Design No. 4327.

BAG BY ARTBAG CREATIONS

Carol Gaffron, a bride of less than a year, covers a variety of press parties and reports what is new and interesting. Here you see her leaving an early morning breakfast show wearing a lovely cherry-red coat designed by Guy Laroche, over a slim black wool-jersey dress included in the pattern. Her flowered carpet bag picks up the red of the coat, and her beige breton is by Emme. Coat, Vogue Design No. 1088.

BAG BY RICHARD KORET

Bet Hart, whose day may take her to Seventh Avenue to select clothes for Barbara Journal, to a well-known beauty salon to check the model's coiffure, and on to Central Park with a photographer for a location shot. She adores suits and can wear them belted because of her 22" waistline. Bet's blue wool suit shown here buttons to the side and has a removable scarf collar. In the spring Bet will change to a polka-dot scarf and make a matching blouse. Vogue Design No. 5428.

BAG BY BARBOUR BELT BY BEN KING

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 78

MATINEE AT THE MET

By
WILHELA CUSHMAN
FASHION EDITOR



Coming at the right midwinter moment, fashions to put the glint of spring in the eye of the wearer: new colors and stunning combinations, dresses that are nothing if not provocative, suits that dash to the best luncheons and to box office afternoons. Dare to think of black satin with baby-blue flannel, of a pale pink coat over a sea-green print! These and all the other show-stoppers are January-to-June fashions.

Left: Pale, pale wool has the coveted serene look—the simplest dress with a string-tie sash and little collarless jacket with scroll facing, from the new young custom-order collection by Donald Brooks.

Below left: About-to-be femme fatale black satin dress turns ingenue with a baby-blue flannel jacket, also Donald Brooks custom order; worn with bright turquoise earrings, smooth little black satin bag.

Below center: Three that will shine out in any scene: the pale gold wool suit with the bow jacket, beautiful and happy for months to come, by Alvin Handmacher; the early-bird silk in a glow color with a print overblouse by Leonard Arkin; the wool stole dress by Mollie Parnis, a flash of ravishing pink-red with a pretty terrific silhouette, for luncheon or late-day.

Below: Two vivacious wools that go everywhere, winter North or South: the blue wool sashed coat dress by Mollie Parnis; the chamois-colored wool overblouse dress by Larry Aldrich, worn with furs.







...AND BLUE WOOL, MOLLIE PARNIS; BY MARC ROVEN; THE GOLD AND DIAMOND PINS WORN ON THE HAND-... BY DAVID WEBB; AND THE DIAMOND-ASS-RUBY PIN ON THE PINK-RED WOOL; SABLE BY LEO RITTER. ... THE BLUE WOOL, LEONARD ARKIN; PALE GOLD HANDMACHER; BY GOLDEN; PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA BY MARK SHAW.

Opposite: A coat-and-print costume with pure feminine wiles, for all-out important afternoons only, pink wool with pure silk and matching straw hat by Christian Dior, N.Y.; also an instant hit, and more round-the-clockish—the almond-green wool suit with a printed blouse by Alvin Handmacher; beauty of a bag by Jacamo, multicolor pin by Lilly Dache.

NO CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS ACCEPTED

Examine Your Tickets Before Leaving The Window
As No Mistakes Will Be Rectified Afterwards.
No Tickets Exchanged Or Money Refunded.
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR RESERVATIONS LEFT AT THE BOX OFFICE

PACKAGED FOR A CRUISE.



THE PERFECT LITTLE SIX-PIECE WARDROBE!

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN FASHION EDITOR

The young, the going idea is to travel as light as possible. The one-suitcase theory—keep it small, mixable, pleasurable. We are showing you how five fashions plus a cape (not a coat, mind you) can cover every blessed trip minute, looking different and delightful.

Left: Clever smocked dress in an incredibly pretty print can turn up any hour of the day, by Anne Klein. Sharp pink sings out as the predominant color, but look—also blue, green and orange. Letter-flat envelope bag (from Shangri-la), pearls by Imperial.

Top left: Possibly the most notable takeoff traveler in this tripping world is the three-piece knitted suit. This one in bright navy and white with the new short cardigan look, by Kimberly. Note: ingenious young traveler chooses a cape in nubby natural tweedy linen by Ellen Brooke to go over everything. The great go-with-its: big red leather bag, jersey beret, surah scarf.

Top right: The patchwork bathing suit is . . . shall we say, deceptively simple? Matching beach coat is lined with bright orange, both by Jantzen. And now it's the thing to wear beads with bathing suits (these are from India); and a heart-shaped bag in straw

Below left: Little pink linen that goes out nights—the princess silhouette with a smooth young curve and a shoulder bow, by Anne Fogarty. It's a day dress, too, worn with a sweater and the straw bag. New bangles are enamel, pink and blue, by Sandor Goldberger.

Below right: Cheers for the three-piece linen suit in red, white and blue, best mixer you could take; both overshirt and jacket go also with shorts and slacks. By Toni Owen. Wear a gold bracelet, shortest gloves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HELBURN









They stood at the harbor's edge, bewitched by the boats and the bells and the wind coming clean and cool off the blue water.

By JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY

The Amstel Hotel in Enkhuisen is on a quiet street just off the waterfront. It is small and unpretentious; its rooms are large and airy, and clean as the Dutch make things clean.

As is true of many of Holland's hotels, the Amstel has an old-fashioned billiard room, dark-paneled, lit only by the glare of the tin-sheathed white lights that hang over the smooth green cloth.

Many years ago Herbert Henry Gresham II also had a billiard room, in his Hudson River house a few miles north of Tarrytown. It pleased him to teach Arabella, the youngest of his daughters, to play.

"Grace is so pretty that nobody's ever going to notice her startling lack of brains," he said to the wide-eyed little girl who was too thin and too tall. She was listening to him very intently, the way she listened to everything this hearty, mustached, impatient, lovable man said. He chalked his cue briskly as he talked. "Get the chalk on evenly and you won't miscue. Heloïse can make the boys laugh, so *she'll* be all right. But I believe you may need a few extra things going for you, little Belle."

They spent many Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the billiard room. He taught her to bridge firmly with her left hand, to stroke as smoothly as a piston, to draw and to follow, and to use English. She learned to play the diamonds, and he even taught her the most spectacular stroke, the massé. All in all, Arabella became quite decently proficient.

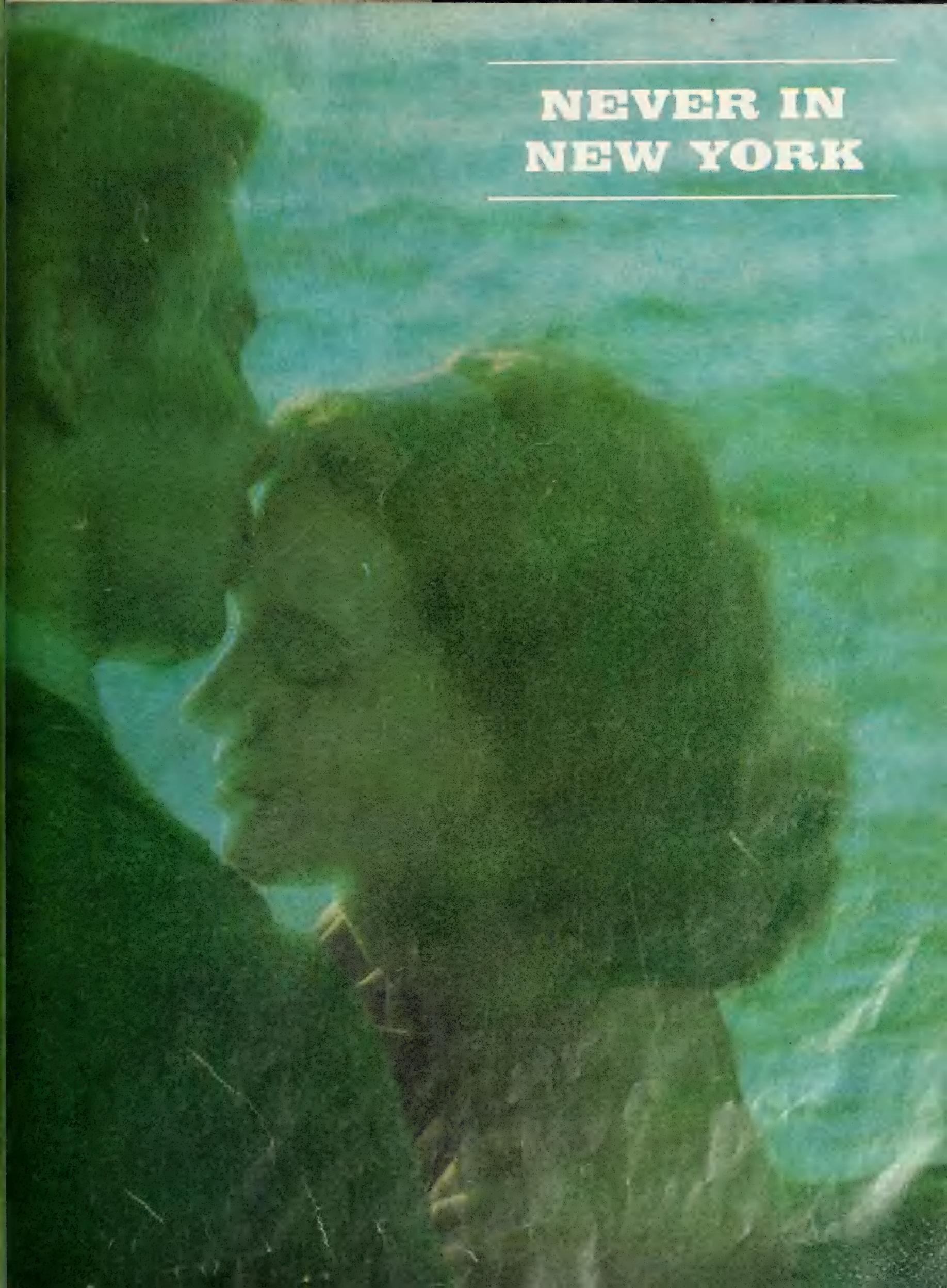
And now, at twenty-five, she was sitting in the lounge bar of the Amstel Hotel, a small glass of chalky-tasting *genever* in front of her. Her face was too thin for beauty, but far too alert for plainness; her legs were a little too long, but they were good legs; and her eyes were remarkable, wide-set, always candid, frequently merry. She was having a late-afternoon drink while she waited for her cousin, Lily Lodge, to come back from exploring the town. Lily was a boisterous games mistress of a girl, Arabella's age. She and Arabella complemented each other very successfully, the slender, quiet brunette and the romping blonde.

Arabella sipped at her *genever* and thought about noisy New York, so impossibly far away from her now, as she sat in this little glade of Old World serenity. Even the dust motes moved gently in the single shaft of sunlight that streamed down on an old oak table that held a burnished silver platter.

Malcolm wouldn't like it here, thought Arabella idly, staring around the room, and then looking out the window at the harbor. A small sloop, under power, its sail furled, was making its way slowly along the mole out to the open water of the IJsselmeer. Its helmsman, a pipe in his mouth, was slumped comfortably in the cockpit, one CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

"We're drifters, you and I," he said slowly. "And each of us is about to drift out of the other's life and into the wrong life."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY MAISEL


NEVER IN
NEW YORK

By JANE GOODSELL

LOVE in a nutshell

Do you need romantic advice? Are you puzzled? Bewildered? Perplexed? Bring me your little problems. Don't be embarrassed. There is no problem so simple that I can't make it complicated.

Q. How can I be sure of marrying the right man?

A. Bless your heart, dear, you can't. Marrying a man is like having your hair cut short. You won't know whether it suits you until it's too late to change your mind.

Q. Don't you think it's terrible the way some people marry perfect strangers?

A. There's nothing wrong with marrying a perfect stranger. It's imperfect strangers that cause such nasty shocks.

Q. What qualities do you consider important in a marriage partner?

A. Strength of character, good looks, a sense of humor, a pleasant disposition, financial security, good family background, intelligence, sensitivity, emotional maturity and a sparkling personality.

Q. Gee, I don't know anybody like that.

A. Me either.

Q. Then you think a girl should settle for less than her ideal man?

A. Ask yourself this: If you did find an ideal man, would *he* marry *you*?

Q. My boyfriend says he fell in love with me at first sight, but he can't analyze his reasons. Can you?

A. Not exactly, but I suppose they're like his reasons for ordering the sirloin tips on the businessmen's lunch. It just happened to appeal to him.

Q. But he proposed to me the first night we met, without knowing anything about me. I can't understand that.

A. Neither can I, but males are baffling creatures. A man will spend months of research before deciding which kind of car to buy, but he'll select the mother of his children without even kicking the tires, so to speak.

Q. What do you mean by *that*?

A. I certainly don't mean what I think you think I mean. Shame on you! All I'm saying is that a man should at least find out the name, age and cereal preference of the woman with whom he'll be eating breakfast for the next thirty years or so.

Q. I am an eighteen-year-old girl with a 36-23-34 figure, and my hair is naturally curly. My problem is that these three boys want to marry me, and I don't know which to choose. Percy is tall and good-looking and a smooth dancer, but he can't seem to hold a job. Ken has gobs of money and a white sports car, but he's two inches shorter than I. Jack is the one my mother wants me to marry because he's older and well established, but our horoscopes conflict. Which boy should I marry?

A. If I were you, I wouldn't marry any boy who'd marry a girl as silly as you.

Q. Do you believe in love?

A. I think love is wonderful, amazing, miraculous, sublime and the cat's pajamas. But what *is* it? It's a whole lot harder to diagnose than mononucleosis.

Q. If two people enjoy doing the same things, isn't that a good foundation for marriage?

A. What things? Dancing divinely together? Walking in the rain? Sharing a passion for pepperoni pizza? None of these activities will occupy much of your time when you're married. Now, if you can paint a garage divinely together or weed a garden in perfect unison, you might have the makings of a good marriage.

Q. I am a girl of 23, and frankly I'm worried. I've never met anybody I want to marry. How can some girls fall in love with such impossible men?

A. Because men are the only other sex there is.

Q. Am I correct in assuming that you believe in a long courtship?

A. I never said any such thing!

Q. You did too! You said that people should know something about each other before they get married.

A. Did I say that? Well, I take it back. I haven't any opinion on the subject. I know a couple who rushed off to a justice of the peace the moment they discovered they both got goose pimples when they heard Ella Fitzgerald's recording of *I've Got You Under My Skin*. They'd known each other barely six hours. Last week they celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary, and they still hold hands at the movies. I know another couple who went together three years before getting married. They were ideally suited in every way. Even their mothers liked each other. Yet barely a month after the honeymoon they were consulting a marriage counselor.

Q. Then you don't think it's important to marry somebody with whom you have things in common?

A. Not especially. Once you get married, you'll have plenty of things in common: the car keys, a joint income-tax return, leaky faucets, monogrammed towels, the morning paper, the leftover meat loaf in the refrigerator and a dog that needs to be taken for a walk.

Q. Didn't you and your husband have anything in common when you got married?

A. Yes. We both liked to read an obscure poet whom practically nobody else had ever heard of. I can't remember his name.

Q. Don't you think it's romantic to be a young man's first love?

A. It's a lot safer to be his last love.

Q. What about the sex problem in marriage?

A. Sex isn't a problem. Sex is—well, it's sex.

©1961 BY JANE GOODSELL

Q. Do you believe in marriage manuals?

A. I don't believe in any kind of manuals. All books that contain directions of the Step 8 (see Fig. 8) type make me nervous. The two most helpful books in marriage are a cookbook and a checkbook.

Q. Don't you believe that an unsuccessful sexual adjustment can ruin a marriage?

A. Lots of things can ruin a marriage, and sex is one of them.

Q. What are the other things?

A. Reading in bed. If one person can't sleep with the light on, and the other can't go to sleep without finding out why the inspector said "Aha!" when he noticed that the corpse had a shirt button missing, there's trouble ahead. The daily paper can ruin a marriage. Some men can live with a woman who cuts out recipes, and some can't. Food can wreck a marriage. If a corned-beef-and-cabbage man marries a woman who feeds him creamed tuna and stuffed-prune salad, he's likely to go home to mother. Metabolism can cause trouble. If a wife wakes up wide awake, and her husband wakes up still asleep, mornings around their house will be pretty awful. These things cause more marital friction than infidelity. Now will you stop pestering me about sex?

Q. I am a girl of seventeen who's madly in love with a boy of eighteen. Our parents think we're too young and too poor to get married. I don't think money is important when two people love each other. Don't you agree?

A. Yes and no. Money isn't important as long as you have enough of it.

Q. What do you mean by enough?

A. That's hard to say. Another woman's mink can make you feel awfully poor.

Q. Do you think it's possible to reform a man?

A. It's possible. The odds are about equal to your chances of finding a pearl in an oyster.

Q. Don't you think that successful marriage is based on mutual compromise?

A. Yes. I'll tell you how it works. You both want to go to a movie, but he wants to see *The Guns of Navarone* and you're dying to see *Fanny*. So you compromise by going to a Russian movie with English subtitles, which neither of you wants to see.

Q. Whatever happened to sentimental love? People aren't as romantic as they used to be.

A. People never *were* as romantic as they used to be. You've been reading love stories, haven't you? If Romeo and Juliet had lived to celebrate their first anniversary, they'd have had their differences too.

Q. What is your definition of an ideal marriage?

A. An ideal marriage is when—I mean it's one in which two people love, cherish and encourage each other through all the troubles caused by their marriage.

Personality Rooms In New York



By Cynthia Kellogg interior decoration editor *Remember "Auntie Mame" and her fondness for spectacular decorating schemes? She inherited this taste from her creator, Patrick Dennis, author of "Little Me," who supervises the decorating projects in his own home. To accommodate the family heirlooms, he had the one-story living room in his town house enlarged into a dramatic two-story one. Its Second Empire style harmonizes with the piano, chairs, and a pair of urns on the mantel, all part of a thirty-six-piece set of furnishings ordered in Paris in 1860 by one of Mrs. Dennis's forebears.*

Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Dennis



The grandeur of New York's gaslight era lives on in the brownstone parlor of architect Edward Durell Stone, who designed, among other buildings, New York's Museum of Modern Art, the American Pavilion at the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels, and the United States embassy in New Delhi, India. Mr. Stone preserved the 1875 mahogany paneling and restored an old-fashioned grace to the room with velvet draperies, crystal lighting fixtures and Victorian chairs. New notes are a marble floor, a lean modern sofa, and a coffee table for which Mrs. Stone made the mosaic top. The end tables are brass trays from Lebanon on ebony stands. Reflecting the family's varied tastes are modern sculpture and ancient Oriental art.

Mr. & Mrs. Edward Durell Stone



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST BEADLE

The prettiest rehearsal room in New York is an enclosed terrace in the penthouse home of musical-comedy actress Mary Martin and her producer husband, Richard Halliday. Inspired by a breathtaking view of Manhattan and the East River, Miss Martin practices her enchanting songs with the help of a tiny piano, just out of sight at the left. Striped ticking slipcovers, finished with lots of ball fringe, create a feminine, countrified setting that seems miles away from the bustling city below. The color scheme combines Miss Martin's favorites: blues, in fabric, vinyl floor and decorative objects; greens, in plants that thrive behind the glass walls. Practical notes are white glass tops placed on the coffee and end tables.

Mary Martin & Richard Halliday





The Rooms America Loves

By H. T. WILLIAMS, DESIGNER

America is color-conscious. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the dramatic decorating schemes now sweeping the country. One vivid pattern, perhaps a dazzling accent rug or a gay fabric on upholstered chairs, can set the exciting color pace in a room. ★ The *favorite color schemes* of the thousands of visitors to New York's National Design Center, where 200 manufacturers of luxury furnishings show their wares, are blue laced with green and purple; yellow spiced with orange and red. The *most popular furnishings* at the center represent a tasteful wedding of traditional and modern styles. ★ The rooms shown here and on the following pages are the *Journal*'s interpretation of these important decorating trends. The rooms indicate that, whatever your budget, you can bring the "news" into your home, for they show the latest designs in furniture, floor coverings and fabrics, available across the country at all price levels. ★ The favorite floor coverings offer you a range from the spectacularly ornamental rugs and vinyl tile to plain, but rich, carpet in multicolor tweeds. The popular wall coverings—gay papers, vinyl or glass-fiber sheeting that imitates fabric, brilliant paint—could brighten one wall or a corner in your room. ★ The current furniture crop is a decorator's dream—so many styles are available that you, as the decorator, can easily suit your special tastes and needs. Traditional styles are the most popular and the favorite way to use them is to mix them with modern designs. As shown in the *Journal* rooms, you

The Journal's beautiful "blue room" might be the color scheme of a Matisse painting come to life. It takes its color cue from the jewel tones of the area rug, with the individual colors repeated in upholstered pieces. Favorite ideas illustrated here are ornamental architectural details—a fireplace with a flue faced in mosaic and a wall covered in zebra-wood paneling that is actually a fabric-backed veneer to apply to a wall like paper. The curio cabinet, which is popular today for displaying collections of art objects and books, is represented by a matched pair of walnut cupboards with "chicken wire" doors. Accessories stand out importantly—a brass dictionary stand, lamp bases with gilded metal flowers, a pair of paintings behind them, an antique barometer. This room, from New York's National Design Center, is on view at the center for one month.

The Rooms America Loves

could combine imaginatively, lushly comfortable upholstered sofas and chairs with classically simple modern desks, tables, storage pieces, making a place for music with a handsome record player or piano. ★ The most popular accessories look important. You can use many together—ornate lamp bases, copies of sculpture, paintings. Arrange objects, with favorite books, on the shelves in bookcases or room dividers for touches that reflect your personality.



The Journal's "yellow room," decorated with new furniture from stores, fits in a small, stylish piano and screens the dining area (above) with a divider to show off books and bibelots. A washable glass-fiber wall covering repeats the accent color in main living area (right). The practical vinyl floor is a major decoration. The streamlined dining furniture, with its graceful oval table, was chosen with an eye to durability as well as limitation of budget.

Right: As bright as a Van Gogh picture, this popular scheme is carried out with a tweedy rug, richly upholstered sofa-bed, armchairs covered in a splashy floral, glass-fiber draperies with a filigree design. The high-backed chair with an ottoman makes a bold accent. A stereo cabinet is the sofa end table. For a list of stores displaying adaptations of this "Yellow Room," see page 64.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SILVA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

TOP OF THE SIX'S
FOR CORDIALITY

One of New York's loftiest restaurants, TOP OF THE SIX'S (666 Fifth Avenue) offers a dazzling skyline view by day or night. Opened in 1959 by the Stouffer Corporation, it features a moderately priced cuisine which manager E. L. Lamb calls "American with a French accent." TOP OF THE SIX'S serves three meals a day (except Sunday) on a reservations-only basis: lunch, dinner and late supper (10 P.M. to 1 A.M.). All dishes, including specialties like Plantation Fried Chicken with Virginia Ham, are prepared by women trained to reproduce recipes created by company home economists. *Décor* is French Provincial (Watteaux hang in the gallery), but its understated elegance makes you feel at home. Although 1700 dine here every day, TOP OF THE SIX'S extends to each its own brand of graciousness.

E. L. Lamb would surround crispy-creamy Plantation Fried Chicken and Virginia Ham with color and flavor contrasts to make the meal memorable:

Hot Crab-Meat Balls en Brochette

Plantation Fried Chicken with Virginia Ham

Vegetables of the Day

Tossed Salad with White French Dressing (a boiled dressing)

Chocolate Soufflé

PLANTATION FRIED CHICKEN WITH VIRGINIA HAM

VIRGINIA BAKED HAM:

- 1 Virginia-cured ham
- 2 cups apple cider
- 1 pound dark brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 2–3 tablespoons cider (or sherry)

Soak ham in cold water to cover for 24 hours. Change the water twice during this period. Drain. Place ham in a large kettle. Cover with fresh water and add cider and half the brown sugar. Cover and simmer for 3½ hours. Turn the ham every 30 minutes and add water so that ham is always covered. Remove cover and cool ham in broth for 3–4 hours. Remove skin and excess fat, leaving about ¼" fat layer on the ham. Score fat with a knife in 1" squares. Place ham in a shallow pan. Add ham broth to a depth of ¼". Mix remaining brown sugar and mustard with cider to make a paste. Pat onto the fat. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 300° F., for 1½ hours, basting frequently. Cool ½ hour before carving into very thin slices.

CHICKEN GRAVY:

- 6 tablespoons chicken fat or butter
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups chicken broth
- Salt to taste (remembering the ham is very salty)

Heat chicken fat or butter in a saucepan. Stir in the flour and add chicken broth gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until smooth and thickened, with no taste of flour. Add salt.

FRIED CHICKEN PARTS:

- 3 pounds broiling-chicken parts (breasts, legs and thighs)
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- ½ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Fine dry bread crumbs

Wipe chicken parts with a wet cloth and then dry very thoroughly. Mix egg, milk and salt. Dip chicken parts into egg mixture and drain off excess. Roll in bread crumbs to coat lightly. Let stand 30 minutes to dry. Then fry in deep fat or in shallow fat in an electric frypan, 375° F., until golden. Remove and drain on paper toweling. Pour chicken gravy into a 3-quart shallow casserole or baking pan. Arrange chicken on top. Cover loosely. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour. Remove cover for last 10 minutes of baking, to crisp crust. To serve: Place thinly carved slices of Virginia ham on a platter and arrange chicken, with its gravy, on the ham. Garnish with crisp water cress and a glazed peach half.

THE COACH HOUSE
FOR AMERICANA

Though just eleven years old, THE COACH HOUSE (110 Waverly Place) occupies the ground floor and hayloft of the old Wanamaker Estate's carriage house and has the same dimly lit horse-and-buggy-days charm. Its proprietor, Leon Lianides, is an engineer turned restaurateur whose feeling for food dates to his boyhood. He lived on the Greek island of Corfu, where his mother, grandmother and aunts worked kitchen miracles. Mr. Lianides likes to cook, has taught the art of the cuisine, and may be credited with creating COACH HOUSE specialties. His moderately priced lunch and dinner menus offer not only American favorites, including chicken potpie and honey-dipped ham steak, but also Continental classics like Fish Stew Mediterranée; and from farther East, shish kebabs and *moussaka* "because," Mr. Lianides explains, "we do get people here from all over the world."

Leon Lianides places *moussaka*, a food of many flavors, many textures, in its perfect menu setting:

Fresh Mushrooms à la Grecque (marinated in herbs and oil, served cold)

Moussaka

Fresh Garden Mixed Salad with Coach House Dressing

Crackers and Cheese

MOUSSAKA

A most delicious dish, made with sliced eggplant, ground meat skillfully spiced, topped with a light béchamel sauce, dusted with Parmesan cheese and baked to a delicate golden color. This dish must be prepared and baked at least eight hours before you wish to serve it. Reheat in individual portions.

To prepare eggplant:

- 1 eggplant
- Salt
- 3–4 tablespoons butter or cooking oil

Wipe plant with a damp cloth. Cut off stem, then slice into rounds ¼" thick. Salt each round lightly and stack in a colander. Put a plate or aluminum foil on top of eggplant and weight down. Let stand 2–3 hours to extract liquid. Then rinse each piece under cold running water and dry thoroughly on paper toweling. Heat a little butter or oil in a large heavy skillet and brown the slices, a few at a time. Drain on paper toweling. Add a little more butter or oil before each addition of eggplant.

To prepare meat filling:

- 1 tablespoon butter or cooking oil
- 1 large onion, peeled and chopped
- 1 small clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ¾ pound ground lean beef (round) or ground lean lamb
- ⅓ cup canned tomato sauce
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar and 2 tablespoons consommé (or 3 tablespoons red wine)
- 1 small piece bay leaf, crumbled
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Heat butter or oil in a skillet and sauté onion and garlic until golden. Add meat and break up with a fork. Stir in liquids and seasonings. Simmer, uncovered, over low heat until liquid has been absorbed.

To prepare béchamel sauce:

- ¼ cup butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- Dash nutmeg
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Melt butter in a saucepan; stir in the flour and add the milk and cream a little at a time, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until thickened and smooth. Mix in seasonings. Add sauce to eggs, beating well, and return mixture to saucepan. Cook and stir over very low heat until mixture is very thick. Do not allow to boil. Cool a little.

To assemble moussaka:
Grease an 8"x8"x2" baking pan or casserole. Arrange half the eggplant over the bottom of pan. Spread meat filling on top evenly. Cover with remaining eggplant. Pour béchamel sauce on top, spread to cover eggplant. Sprinkle with Parmesan. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 40–45 minutes or until the surface is faintly golden and "puffed." Remove from the oven and allow to come to room temperature. Cover and refrigerate overnight or for 8 hours. Cut into 9 squares and use a broad spatula to transfer each piece to a shallow baking pan, which has been slightly moistened with a little chicken broth. Heat in a very slow oven, 250° F., for about 45 minutes. Makes 9 servings.

CHAUVERON
FOR GOURMETS

If you've a fondness for French cuisine, reserve a table for a luxurious lunch or dinner at CAFÉ CHAUVERON (139 East 53rd Street). Opened in 1957 by M. Roger Chauveron, whose French restaurateur heritage dates to the seventeenth century, this small restaurant is the talk and toast of gourmets. Its *décor*, with red carpets and white walls forming a backdrop for Parisian tableaux, was designed by M. Chauveron. In the kitchen, windowed for all to see, one dozen chefs create Provincial specialties: *Pâté*, *escargots farcis*, duckling *en casserole*, and a chocolate mousse whose secret M. Chauveron will swap only for "a recipe for making $1,000,000 in ten minutes." Brush up your French (the menus are *en français*), then prepare for an eating adventure *extraordinaire*.

Roger Chauveron, by designing a meal in the elegant French manner to enhance his savory Duckling en Casserole, excites the adventurer, delights the gourmet:

La Terrine de la Maison Truffée

Vichyssoise Chauveron

Duckling en Casserole with Peas

Mixed Salad aux Fines Herbes

Macédoine of Fruits

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

SOUP'N CHIPS



Great Idea: Pass the soup tray! Such an easy way to entertain—soup 'n chips. Heat up Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup, for instance. This creamy blend of vegetables tastes so good with crisp chips. Or try Campbell's Tomato Rice Soup. Rich and red with pieces of tomato and long-grain rice, it's a friendly soup with potato chips, corn chips, any kind of chips. Children's parties, grown-up parties . . . mid-morning snacks or good-night-caps . . . any time someone's hungry . . . just pass the soup tray!



M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

DUCKLING EN CASSEROLE WITH PEAS

2 (6-lb.) ducklings
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup butter
16 small white onions, peeled
¼ cup chopped very lean bacon
1 small head leaf lettuce, shredded fine
1 bay leaf, crumbled
1 sprig fresh parsley or ½ teaspoon dried parsley
1 sprig fresh chervil or 1 teaspoon dried chervil
4 cups consommé
2 tablespoons sweet butter
1–2 tablespoons flour
1 or 2 cans (1-lb.) petite peas, drained

Wash ducklings and pat dry. Rub the outside with salt. Prick the skin well all over. Place ducklings on a rack in a roasting pan. Roast in a very hot oven, 450°–475° F., for about 1 hour, pricking the skin frequently with a sharp fork to make sure all the fat drains out. Pour out the fat as it accumulates in the pan or it will smoke. Meanwhile, heat the butter in a skillet and brown the onions slowly. Add bacon and lettuce and stir until lettuce wilts. Now add herbs and consommé, bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer 2–3 minutes. Transfer ducklings to a casserole, add onions and consommé. Cover and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 30–40 minutes or until ducklings and onions are tender. Remove ducklings and onions and keep warm. Rub sweet butter and flour to a paste and stir into the sauce. Add peas. Bake 10 minutes more or until sauce is thickened slightly and peas hot. Replace ducklings and onions. Serve from casserole. Makes 4–6 servings.

PIERRE GRILL
FOR INTRIGUE

Beneath bustling Fifth Avenue at 61st Street is the quiet of the PIERRE GRILL, where curry has been cooked and served with ceremony for 16 years. Chef Reaj Ali prepares each—chicken, lamb or seafood—reverently, knowing when to add a subtle touch or an honest dominance. His secret: curry powder plus cumin, coriander and cinnamon in perfect proportion. The drama of each curry dinner extends from creation to table-side service where East Indians in native dress ladle steaming portions to your plate, then add a sprinkling of grated coconut, parsley, thinnest orange-rind slivers, chutney. Make a reservation for lunch or dinner (moderate to expensive), then join the curryphiles at the PIERRE where East meets West in the serving of India's traditional dish.

Emil, maitre d'hôtel of the PIERRE GRILL, believes that cool-to-the-palate foods make the best dinner companions for spicy Lamb Curry:

Cherrystone Clams

East Indies Lamb Curry with Condiments and Saffron Rice

Mixed Green Salad with French Dressing

Green Mint Sherbet

EAST INDIES LAMB CURRY

3 pounds lean lamb shoulder
½ cup butter or cooking oil
3–4 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
4 onions, peeled and chopped fine
1 bay leaf, crumbled
1 teaspoon cinnamon
5–6 cloves
1 tablespoon salt
2 tablespoons curry powder
1 tablespoon paprika
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon powdered cumin
1 teaspoon powdered coriander
2 ripe tomatoes peeled, and coarsely chopped
1–1½ cups water (about)

Trim all fat from lamb and cut into 1" cubes. Heat butter or oil in a 3-quart kettle. Sauté garlic and onions until golden. Add bay leaf, cinnamon and cloves. Cover and cook for 5 minutes. Then add meat and cook, uncovered, over medium heat, stirring constantly until most of the water from the meat has steamed off, and the liquid in the kettle thickens slightly. Stir in the remaining ingredients, adding water barely to cover the meat. Cover kettle and simmer until meat is fork-tender, about 1 hour. Makes 6–8 servings. Serve with Saffron Rice.

SAFFRON RICE

1 tablespoon saffron
1 cup cold water
½ cup butter
3 cups long-grain rice
1 teaspoon salt
1 onion, peeled and finely chopped
3 cups boiling water

Soak saffron in cold water for about 2 hours. Melt butter in a 3-quart kettle. Stir in rice, salt, onion and then strain in liquid from the saffron. Cover and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 30–40 minutes or until rice is very dry. Stir occasionally with a fork. Add boiling water and stir. Cover and bake for 15 minutes more. Then remove from heat and keep covered in a warm place. Makes 6–8 servings.

If you're planning a New York trip—actual or armchair, you might like a list of *Journal* editors' favorite restaurants. For a free copy, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Miss Jean Anderson, Ladies' Home Journal, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N.Y.

FALSE EDUCATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

breadwinners have either just been committed to prisons or mental institutions or who have but recently been released. The only possession most of these families have is children. . . .

"In such an environment all forms of evil flourish—the peddling of dope, drunkenness, disease, accidents, truancies, physical, mental and moral handicaps, sex perversions involving children. . . .

"These problems directly affect the child's health, attendance, emotional and personal adjustment, his learning and his progress (or lack of it) in every respect. In all probability at least one half of our children will be school dropouts."

According to a special study, in a slum section composed almost entirely of Negroes in one of our largest cities a total of 59 per cent of the male youth between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one were out of school and unemployed. They were roaming the streets. Of the boys who graduated from high school, 48 per cent were unemployed in contrast to 63 per cent of the boys who had dropped out of school. In short, two thirds of the male dropouts did not have jobs and about half of the high-school graduates did not have jobs. In such a situation, the pupil may ask, "Why bother to stay in school when graduation for half the boys opens onto a dead-end street?"

A youth who has dropped out of school and never has had a full-time job is not likely to become a constructive citizen of his community. Quite the contrary. As a frustrated individual he is likely to be antisocial and rebellious, and may well become a juvenile delinquent.

The adverse influence of the street is largely a consequence of gangs of such youths, out of school and unemployed. I doubt if anyone familiar with slums would deny that if all the male youth by some miracle were to find employment the social climate would change dramatically for the better.

Boys brought up in slum neighborhoods are conditioned to street life with all that this life implies. Out of work and out of school once they turn sixteen, these youths behave in ways that may have serious political consequences; similar behavior of youth in small cities would be far less serious. It is a matter of geography in the last analysis. Three factors are significant: first, group size (the larger the group, the more dangerous); second, the density of the population (the number of frustrated youths per block); third, the isolation of the inhabitants from other kinds of people and other sorts of streets and houses.

The building up of a mass of unemployed and frustrated Negro youth in congested areas of a city is a social phenomenon that may be compared to the piling up of inflammable material in an empty building in a city block. Potentialities for trouble—indeed, possibilities of disaster—are surely there. From my study of the special educational problems facing school boards, administrators and teachers in the big central cities of our largest metropolitan areas—especially New York, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia and St. Louis—I am convinced we are allowing social dynamite to accumulate. In some slum neighborhoods over a half of the boys between sixteen and twenty-one are out of school and out of work. They are roaming the streets.

Many of these live in areas now designated as "culturally deprived" or "culturally different," but in my youth they would have been more simply designated as "slums." In particular one finds large Negro neighborhoods and often somewhat smaller areas made up entirely of Negro slums. One gets just so far with a discussion of the urban problem and unemployment and then runs into a set of roadblocks set up by the leaders of the Negro communities and their friends. It is considered illiberal, if not reactionary, to use the phrase "Negro slum." Indeed, it is difficult if not impossible to get statistics about school enrollment and employment in terms of the categories "white" and "Negro." I understand the reasons for the erection of this roadblock, but I suggest that in the interest of the Negroes themselves it is time to remove it. The urban problem is in part a Negro problem. We do not facilitate its solution by trying to find phrases to hide this fact. How can we improve a situation if we are deprived by terminology from knowing what the situation really is?

In some of the schools in the slums, one finds today an incredibly large percentage of pupils who may be properly designated as slow and very slow learners. For the many slow learners, it may actually be worse to stay in school and endure constant academic frustration than to leave school and to find a satisfying job, if such a job can be found. Boys in this group have much more difficulty finding a job than girls. I am not impressed by the holding power of a school as a criterion of its quality, but neither am I impressed by the argument that a boy who fails to get along in school ought to drop out. It all depends. The situation in which a boy drops out of school only to roam the streets is quite different from the situation in which a boy drops out and finds satisfactory employment.

In the slum school, the development of reading skill is obviously of first importance. The earlier the slow readers are spotted and remedial measures instituted, the better. In spite of the Herculean efforts which are being made, there are many ninth-grade students in certain large city schools—in some as many as a half—who are reading at a sixth-grade level or lower. Because of the high family mobility, very few of these youth have had the advantage of the special attention given to reading in the lower grades in the same city. In one school I visited, the teachers felt that the only way to improve the reading of the children in the first three or four grades was to do something with their mothers. One of the troubles is that when the children leave the school they never see anyone read anything—not even newspapers.

In St. Louis, school administrators feel that pupils with reading difficulties ought to be caught early, certainly prior to the fourth grade. In the first three grades learning to read is perhaps the major occupation of the pupil. Commencing in about Grade 4, reading becomes a tool for learning. Consequently pupils who have not sufficiently mastered reading skills have ever-increasing difficulty with textbooks in different subject areas. In 1953, the St. Louis elementary schools organized special groups called "Rooms of Twenty." In these groups were placed third-grade pupils who showed that they would have difficulty in the fourth grade. Especially competent teachers were assigned to these rooms and were given a free hand to develop skills in reading, spelling, oral and written language, handwriting and arithmetic. Studies show substantial progress, and, more important, pupils in these special classes more than hold their own in later schoolwork after a maximum of one year in the special class.

For those whose reading difficulties are even more acute in Grades 4 through 6, there are five reading clinics in the city. I was highly impressed with what I saw in these reading clinics. The administrators of the program believe that even the slowest readers, leaving aside the mentally retarded, can be brought up to at least the sixth-grade level. This means the ability to read with comprehension the front page of a newspaper, or, more specifically, the Gettysburg Address, at the rate of about 200 words a minute.

In some Northern cities, political leaders have attempted to put pressure on the school authorities to have Negro children attend essentially white schools. In my judgment the cities in which the authorities have yielded to this pressure are on the wrong track. Those which have not done so are more likely to make progress in improving Negro education. It is my belief that satisfactory education can be provided in an all-Negro school through the expenditure of more money for needed staff and facilities. Moreover, I believe that any sense of inferiority among the pupils caused by the absence of white children can be largely if not wholly eliminated in two ways: first, in all cities there will be at least some schools that are in fact mixed because of the nature of the neighborhood they serve; second, throughout the city there ought to be an integrated staff of white and Negro teachers and administrators.

To insist that such solutions cannot be acceptable and to assume instead that the schooling of Negroes can be satisfactory only if in each schoolroom there are present some white children is to take an extremely defeatist view of Negro education in the large cities. The proposal to move any appreciable number of white children by bus into what are now Negro schools or to move all the Negro children in a Negro neighborhood into what are now white schools presents a transportation problem that is quite insoluble. An examination of the geography of the Negro and white sections of the large cities makes this evident. If some children are to be transported, the question arises which children and how many. I am not discussing here what seems to me to be a separate question; namely, the crossing of school-attendance lines when waves of population movement create overcrowded conditions in one attendance area and vacancies in another. Nor am I justifying the gerrymandering of attendance lines; such a procedure amounts to



JAMES BRYANT CONANT

This author's crusades for educational reform have added to his reputation as a distinguished educator. For twenty years president of Harvard, Dr. Conant served as high commissioner for and ambassador to West Germany from 1953 to 1957. Upon his return he accepted a Carnegie Foundation grant to make an extensive evaluation of American high schools. "False Education for Many Slum Children?" (page 6) is an excerpt from *Slums and Suburbs*, the third book to result from his continuing study.

separating pupils *solely* on the basis of race and is the equivalent of the *de jure* segregation rejected in the Supreme Court decisions of 1954 and 1955.

I know the argument is being made that crossing attendance lines should be permissive and without cost to the city and that the refusal of this right is a psychological blow to the pride of the members of the Negro race. But the reason for demanding such a privilege is the allegation that education in an all-Negro school to which pupils are not assigned *solely* on account of race is inherently inferior. Once this allegation is granted, the foundation for improving Negro education in the large cities is undermined. Since I believe the evidence indicates that it is the socioeconomic situation, not the color of the children, which makes the Negro slum schools so difficult, the real issue is not racial integration but socioeconomic integration.

Put another way, if there is no inherent difference in potential ability, and if educational opportunity is equal, the poor achievement of the children in both the Negro and the white slums which I described earlier may be ascribed to their depressing cultural and socioeconomic backgrounds. One might argue, therefore, that all slum schools ought to be integrated with schools in economically favored areas. If the body politic through its school board once sets out on a course of neighborhood desegregation, a good case can be made for transporting *white* children from slum schools to schools in high-income residential districts and vice versa.

Much as I admire the comprehensive high school in the town with one high school and see it as an instrument of democracy, it seems impossible for school authorities in a large city to create artificially a series of such schools. If a policy were to be adopted that, as an ideal, every neighborhood school should have a widely heterogeneous school population represented by all socioeconomic backgrounds, school administrators would be forced to move children about as though they were pawns on a chessboard.

Antithetical to our free society as I believe *de jure* segregation to be, I think it would be far better for those who are agitating for the deliberate mixing of children to accept *de facto* segregated schools as a consequence of a present housing situation and to work for the improvement of slum schools whether Negro or white. The problems in these schools are far more difficult to solve than in other schools; larger and better staffs should be available, more money is required. It is my firm belief that actions based on the premises I have outlined are in the best interests of the Negro and of the nation. Through the existence of at least some mixed schools, integrated teaching staffs and increased expenditures in slum schools, I suggest that the education of Negroes in Northern cities can be made satisfactory and their status improved

Another necessary step in upgrading the status of the Negro in the North is to take drastic measures to eliminate racial discrimination by labor unions and employers. Racial discrimination makes unemployment chronic for the Negro male, North and South. Racial discrimination on the part of employers and labor unions is certainly one factor which leads to the existence of so many male Negro floaters. What is almost terrifying is that the number of male youth in this category is increasing almost daily. Federal funds are necessary to open up employment on a nondiscriminatory basis.

Vocational-training programs should be related to the employment opportunities in the general locality. If high-school pupils are aware that few, if any, graduates who have chosen a certain vocational program have obtained a job as a consequence of the training, the whole idea of relevance disappears. Vocational training which holds no hope that the skill developed will be in fact a marketable skill becomes just another school "chore" for those whose interest in their studies has begun to falter.

It is not often realized to what degree certain trades in many communities are closed areas of employment, except for a lucky few. A boy cannot just say, "I want to be a plumber," and then, by doing good work, find a job. It is far more difficult in many communities to obtain admission to an apprentice program which involves union approval than to get into the most selective medical school in the nation. One vocational instructor in a city vocational school, speaking of his course in a certain field, said he had no difficulty placing students in jobs outside the city. In the city, he said, the waiting list for those who want to join the union is so long that unless a boy has an inside track he can't get in. In another city, I was talking to an instructor about a boy who in the twelfth grade was doing special work. "What does he have in mind to do when he graduates?" "Oh, he'll be a plumber," came the answer. "But isn't it almost impossible to get into the union?" I asked. "He'll have no difficulty," I was told. "He has very good connections."

To improve the work of the slum schools requires an improvement in the lives of the families who inhabit the slums, but without a drastic change in the employment prospects for urban Negro youth, relatively little can be accomplished. Our large city educational problems must be analyzed in far more detail than in the past and with a far greater degree of frankness. Neighborhood by neighborhood we need to know the facts; and when these facts indicate a dangerous social situation the American people should be prepared to take prompt action before it is too late.

END



A breakfast so good, you'll eat it the night before!

BACON LOGS

Bacon Logs are as easy as rolling off a you-know-what to fix. Just cut French Toast into strips—and in between them, and on top, place sizzly slices of Armour Star Bacon. Then—pass the Log Cabin Syrup that adds the crowning glory.

Armour Star Bacon: Only *one* out of 3 bacon sides rates the Armour Star. And of that prize side, 25% is carefully trimmed away. Only the meaty *center-cut* is quite good enough for Armour Star—the bacon the butcher brings home.

Log Cabin: Open it. Tip it. Watch it pour—slow, shining, mellow. This is the syrup with the real maple flavor. It is the final, topping touch that makes a Bacon Log be moist and sweet with goodness, that makes it be a Bacon Log, in fact.



...AND EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S IMPORTANT

Here's a suggestion that could make your next health examination the most *complete* one your physician has ever given you.

Your doctor, of course, has many diagnostic instruments and laboratory tests by which he can check the state of your physical health. But he has no way at all of knowing what's on your mind or what is bothering you—*unless you tell him.*

A frank talk about any worries, pressures, fears or frustrations—no matter how trivial they may seem to you—can be as important in an appraisal of your health as anything your doctor may detect with instruments or tests.

That's because emotions that are "bottled up" account for many physical complaints—including headache, backache, digestive troubles and certain disorders of the heart.

So, whenever you have a check-up, be sure you tell your doctor about any situations you may be up against—at home or at work—that keep you worried, tense or anxious. He will welcome your frankness in discussing such problems. The more you tell him about yourself as a person, the more he can do for you as a patient.

Putting together the results of the tests he makes, his findings as he examines you—*and what you tell him*—your doctor gains a unique understanding of you as an individual whose physical make-up and reactions, whose personal problems are never quite like anyone else's. And this knowledge of you as a person deepens with each check-up you have.

Then, too, these check-ups give your doctor a chance to uncover early signs of some illnesses—often before there are symptoms—and while possibilities for successful treatment are best.

Are you in the habit of having regular health examinations? There's no safeguard you can take that's more important to your physical *and* emotional health—*now and in the future.*

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NEVER IN NEW YORK

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casual hand on the tiller. He was an old man, and he looked supremely content with everything—his pipe, his boat, his harbor.

Malcolm would say these people needed shaking up, thought Arabella, amused at the thought that anybody could imagine that old fisherman needed anything at all, and then slightly appalled at herself, for Malcolm was, after all, her fiancé, and it was hardly right to be amused at his set and proper ways.

Malcolm would say a town like this needed modernization, needed a few people with some gumption, went on the little voice in Arabella's head, mocking the humorless young man who sat in an air-conditioned office high in Radio City, bossing a select group of equally young men in very conservative suits. Malcolm was a consulting engineer, extremely well paid, and as predictable as a sundial.

Well, so much for Malcolm for now, Arabella heard the wicked voice say.

Arabella! she said to herself reprovingly, and ordered another *genever* from the bartender, who smiled at her like Father Christmas as he brought it.

Arabella and Lily had been in Holland for almost a month. Their freighter had landed them at Amsterdam, and after a few days in that lovely city they had set off across the countryside in their rented English car, going where they chose, bound by no schedules.

"I find the whole idea of this trip rather ridiculous," Malcolm had said, a couple of days before they left New York. "Why you take a freighter, when there are planes; why you insist on charging off into the unknown when you get to Amsterdam, instead of making a regular set of hotel reservations; why you chose Holland at all, instead of the south of France, or Rome ——"

"I'm going to love Holland," said Arabella stubbornly.

"It isn't as if you *had* to go by freighter," said Malcolm. "It's not as if you were *poor*."

"What on earth does money have to do with it?" asked Arabella, genuinely surprised.

"Money is very important," said Malcolm solemnly. "And so are the appearances it helps you keep up. Never forget that."

"Yes, dear," said Arabella, kissing him on the cheek. He smelled faintly of bay rum, and his eyeglasses were polished to a high glitter.

"I know this is going to be quite a lark for you and Lily, but don't stay completely out of touch."

"You write me lots of nice long letters," said Arabella. "American Express in Amsterdam will know where to send them."

"And you'll surely be back by the end of June?"

"How could I not be?" Their marriage had been set for the end of July, and she would need at least a month for everything.

"Be sure to boil all your water," said Malcolm.

"Yes, dear," said Arabella. "And I won't take any candy from strangers."

"I should say not," said Malcolm.

So far Arabella had not boiled any water.

Lily came into the lounge bar as if she were plunging into surf. "This is a *darling* town," she said. "And the two most *enchanting* men just went into that little room over there." She pointed to the door to the billiard room.

"You see enchanting men the way some people see spots," said Arabella. "In front of your eyes, all the time, everywhere you go."

"You're just saying that because it's true," said Lily. "What's that you're having?"

"*Genever*."

"Chalk dust," said Lily scornfully. "I'm not going to sit here and drink chalk dust. I'm going to watch those two play billiards."

"Billiards?" said Arabella. "I know lots about billiards."

"Then come *on*," said Lily. "What are we waiting for?"

"Malcolm wouldn't like it," said Arabella.

"I don't think even Malcolm could object to your kibitzing a small billiard game," said Lily. "It's not as if we were sitting at some sidewalk café with roses in our teeth, winking at everybody."

"All right," laughed Arabella.

They walked across the lobby and down the short corridor to the billiard room. The two men, engrossed in their game, did not look up. The older one, in his late twenties, was perhaps six feet tall, with a lean, aquiline face. His companion, a few years younger, was short and round-faced and cheerful-looking. Both of them were wearing good sports jackets and slacks. Their faces were burned the same shade of copper.

"You take Gregory Peck," whispered Lily. "I'll settle for Humpty-Dumpty."

"Sh-h-h," said Arabella, blushing. "They'll notice you."

"You bet they will," said Lily.

They sat down on two of the high, armed stools that lined the room, and watched the white and red balls spin over the dark green surface of the table, clicking sharply as they touched.

Five minutes went by; the men kept their eyes fixed on the table.

"I'm going to take drastic action," murmured Lily.

"What?" asked Arabella.

"This," said Lily, falling gracefully off her chair with a crash that was audible for blocks.

WHERE YOU CAN SEE "THE YELLOW ROOM"

Attractive adaptation of The Room America Loves (page 58) will be on display this month at the following stores:

JORDAN MARSH CO., Boston, Mass.
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YOUNKERS STORE FOR HOMES, Des Moines, Iowa
ROBINSON FURNITURE, Detroit, Mich.
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FAMOUS-BARR, St. Louis, Mo.
WOODWARD & LOTHROP, Washington, D.C.–Chevy Chase, Md.

It broke up the billiard game, the ice and, to a certain extent, Lily, who landed a lot harder than she had planned to. The men dropped their cues and ran to pick her up. Humpty-Dumpty (who turned out to be Dirk Stuss), surprisingly strong, lifted her as if she were a sack of feathers and popped her back into her chair while Mr. Peck (Pieter van Goort) fanned her briskly, and Arabella ran out to the bar in search of some restorative spirits.

Pieter was not too far gone in his fanning to notice the way she ran, and how prettily she bounced, this way and that, and presently he was fanning with one hand and smoothing down his unruly hair with the other. When Arabella returned with the whisky and soda Pieter smiled at her in a very friendly, direct manner. "So quick you are," he said, taking the glass to hand it to Lily.

Arabella smiled at him politely. A little vein began to pulse in her throat.

"Have a peppermint," said Pieter, reaching into his pocket.

Arabella fleetingly—very fleetingly—conjured up the admonitory image of Malcolm. He wagged a phantom finger at her from three thousand miles away.

"Thank you very much," she said, taking the candy from the strange man. Malcolm vanished.

"They are not like your mild American peppermints," Pieter said. "These have fire and bite to them."

"You knew I was American?"

"Oh, yes." Pieter smiled. "Dutch girls run only with their feet. English girls run with their feet and their shoulders, so. American girls run with everything. A most delightful habit."

Malcolm immediately appeared again in Arabella's mind, shaking his finger with redoubled vigor. "*Do not let this strange man talk to you about your 'everything,'*" said Malcolm sternly.

"Isn't that fascinating," said Arabella. "It never occurred to me."

"There is no reason why it should occur to a girl," said Pieter. "Only to the happy spectator."

"Has anybody had supper?" asked Dirk.

"I'm *famished*," said Lily.

"That is easy to do something about," said Dirk.

"If you will permit us," said Pieter.

They permitted them, in the tall-ceilinged dining room, where the tablecloths were snowy, the chairs comfortably deep, the silver heavy and the food unbelievably good, from the crisp smoked eels on through the rare beef to the cheese, creamy and yellow beneath its shiny red rind. They found out that Pieter was a lighting expert in Amsterdam's flourishing theatrical business, and that Dirk was in the theater, too, as a rehearsal pianist who was in the process of becoming a composer.

"I play tinkle-tinkle songs in expensive theaters, and my own songs get played in dark little cellars but it is not really so bad," he said. "The people in the cellars are much smarter, even if they don't have any money."

After supper, Dirk and Lily went off to the hotel's main lobby, from which the imperiously gay sound of accordion music was already floating.

"They dance and sing here every Wednesday night," said Dirk. "It is one reason we came."

Pieter and Arabella were left alone.

"Aren't you going to finish your billiard game?" asked Arabella.

"Dirk has other things on his mind."

"I'll finish it with you, if you like."

Pieter smiled tolerantly. "I never met a girl who could play billiards," he said.

"You've got a lot to learn," said Arabella "Twenty-five points, three-cushion?"

Pieter's eyebrows went up. "You're serious," he said.

"I should say so," said Arabella, with a glint in her eye that was half fun, half stainless steel. "Let's go."

"Absolutely," said Pieter.

He watched her select a twenty-two-ounce cue from the bin—a billiard player's cue. She hefted it, rolled it gently on the table to test its straightness, and then chalked it evenly, allowing herself an inward smile that was a sentimental salute to her father. Pieter watched these maneuvers appreciatively

"No quarter," he said.

"I hadn't intended giving you any," said Arabella.

On the few occasions when she and Malcolm had played billiards—now and then, at a party at some particularly large New York house, they had discovered a table—he had been easy to beat, and had become touchily irritated at his ineptness, for Malcolm did not believe in being inept at anything. She had eventually stopped trying to play with him.

Pieter was obviously going to be a very different cup of tea. He played with cool, casual recklessness and his skill was immediately apparent. He took her own skill for granted after the first ten minutes, and they played for a couple of hours, alone in the billiard room, with the accordion music and the laughing shouts of the dancers in the other room a perfect counterpoint for the cathedral hush of their own setting.

There was something almost hypnotic about the game, as the balls traced and retraced their pure straight paths across the velvet, and cigarette smoke drifted up to swirl lazily under the white lights. They talked in casual murmurs, sometimes almost too low to catch, and they found out a great deal about each other. Arabella discovered that Pieter was strangely shy beneath a bantering exterior, that he was essentially a lonely stranger to almost everyone, adrift in a sea of acquaintances who neither touched nor were touched by him. He in turn discovered that Arabella was proud, sentimental, stubborn, caught in an unconsciously cruel family vise between a prettier sister and a wittier one.

All this they learned while they played two twenty-five-point games of three-cushion billiards. Arabella finally put down her cue, as Pieter ran out the last game.

"There," he said, smiling at her. "Thank you. You're good."

"You're very welcome," said Arabella, smiling back. "You're better."

"You should see my father," said Pieter.

It was as if they had been to the depths of the sea, and had only now come back to the firm sand of the shore. The room, and the night itself, suddenly snapped back into focus. They heard the clamor of the accordion, louder than before.

"Let's go see what everybody else is doing," said Pieter.

He reached out for her hand, and she gave it to him unhesitatingly. This evoked Malcolm again. "*Holding hands?*" he inquired mildly. "*It's just as if he were my brother.*" explained Arabella. "*I suppose it's all right, then,*" said Malcolm.

"Come on," said Arabella. They went hand in hand to the music and the laughter.

Later that night, much later, Arabella stood by the window of their hotel room and looked out at the silent, moonlit harbor. Lily was taking a noisy bath, splashing and scrubbing and singing to herself. It was a song that the accordion players had been working on for hours, in deference to her nationality.

"*You harr my sawnshine,*" sang Lily vigorously, "*my honly sawnshine* ——"

"You'll wake everybody up," said Arabella over her shoulder.

"Maybe I'll wake *you* up, huh?" said Lily. "Boy, were you ever lost in a dream with that character. You should have seen your face. Not that I blame you."

"Nonsense," said Arabella, still looking out at the harbor.

"What were you *doing* all that time?"

"Playing billiards. He's quite good."

Lily appeared in the bathroom door, wrapped in a giant towel, her hair every which way, her eyes aglint.

"My guy was absolutely scrumptious on the piano," she said, fluffing her hair and yawning. "Come on to bed, dreamer. You don't want to be all sleepy-eyed in the morning."

"I just want to watch the harbor a little while longer," said Arabella.

"We *do* have a breakfast date with Dirk and Pieter."

"There's certainly no harm in eating a meal or two with a friend," said Arabella, partly to Lily and partly to Malcolm.

"Whoever said there was?" said Lily.

The four of them had breakfast together, a large, merry breakfast, and then Dirk and Lily went off in the English car while Pieter and Arabella strolled aimlessly around Enkhuisen, along the waterfront to listen to the gulls scream over the sturdy fishing boats, down shady cobbled streets. Enkhuisen is always full of the sound of bells, and their sweet silver clangor heightens and enriches an atmosphere that is already quite heady enough. It is rather a dangerous city for two young people to stroll through on a balmy June afternoon, particularly two young people who are engaged to two other young people. As Arabella had Malcolm, so Pieter had Saskia.

"What's she like?" asked Arabella.

They were standing side by side on a granite block at the harbor's edge, bewitched by the boats and the bells and the strong hot sunlight, and by the wind coming clean and cool off the blue water.

"Saskia?" said Pieter slowly. "She's a photographer's model. Tall; not quite as tall as you. I've known her since I was ten. Brown hair, laughs a lot."

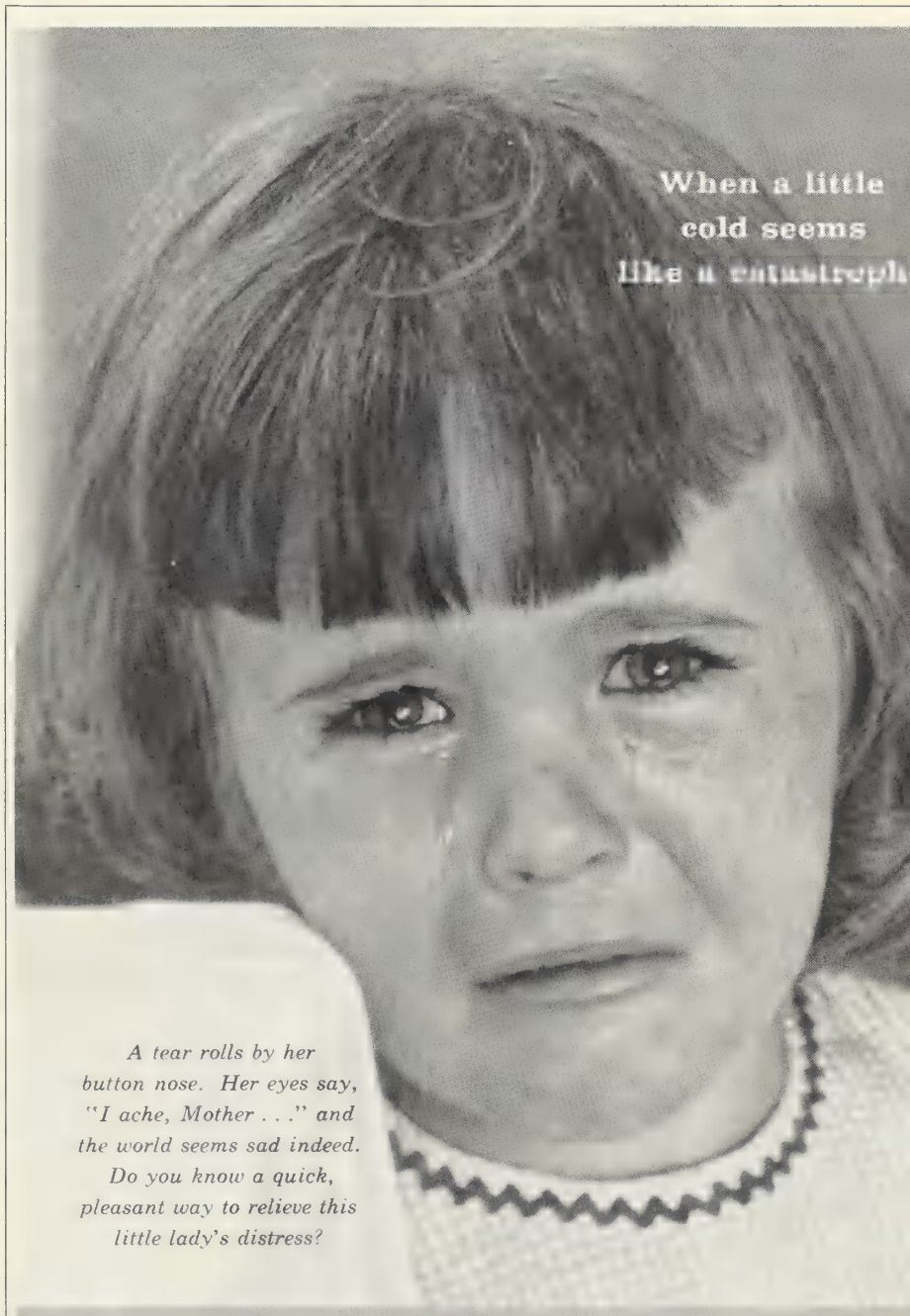
"Is she pretty?"

Pieter looked at her, in the eyes, and smiled gently. "Very pretty," he said. "Now we will go play some more billiards."

That day, and the days that followed, the billiard room came to be a kind of sanctuary for them, a cool oasis after the warmth of the streets, a place to talk, to laugh, to sip at the small glasses of *genever* that Father Christmas brought in from time to time on his black tin tray, smiling, crinkling his old eyes. It was "their" room, and they guarded it against invasion very successfully, haughtily staring down the few hapless tourists who wandered into it, and then laughing like schoolchildren after the enemy had been routed.

At the end of the week one of Malcolm's letters arrived; it was the third one Arabella had received. He had dictated it in his office, and it was immaculately typed on stiff, expensive bond paper. He hoped she was well, that she was having a good time, that she was remembering to boil her water; he himself was in good health, and very busy with four new contracts, so busy that he would have to close now, he missed her, he would see her very soon, love, Malcolm.

Arabella read it in her room after breakfast, and stared at it thoughtfully for a number of seconds before slipping it back into its envelope.



A tear rolls by her button nose. Her eyes say, "I ache, Mother . . ." and the world seems sad indeed. Do you know a quick, pleasant way to relieve this little lady's distress?

Help her! Give the one aspirin children's doctors recommend 4 to 1 *over any other brand*

Relief for her can be sure and quick, with St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. It's the aspirin made *especially* for childhood miseries —for the distress the hardiest youngster feels when she has a cold or fever.

Notice each tablet is tiny. Has 1¼ grains—the exact dosage doctors favor for children. That means you can give aspirin to your child just as the doctor orders. And in a form kids readily accept. Youngsters don't balk at taking St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. They like its special blend of pure orange flavor—and its soft, creamy grit-free texture. And, of course, this aspirin has a safety cap that discourages opening by children, but that *you* can open easily.

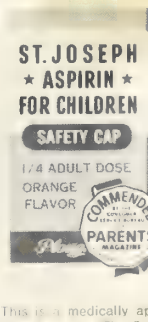
Is it any wonder that doctors prefer an aspirin that's exactly suited to your child's needs? Prefer it so overwhelmingly, that in a nation-wide survey, children's doctors recommended this aspirin 4 to 1 over any other brand!

When you go shopping be sure to look for, and insist on, the best—St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. Accept no other.

• • •

WHY SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE THE BEST, TOO?

For yourself, get regular 5 grain St. Joseph Aspirin. Its Triple-Aid Action works wonders for the relief of pain, fever, headachy tension.



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proved aspirin. The firs
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Bebetine Fo
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FIFTY YEARS AGO

IN THE JOURNAL

The sensation of January, 1912, was the self-starter in cars, eliminating the hand crank. New Mexico became the forty-seventh state and movie audiences sang *Alexander's Ragtime Band* between films. Silk stockings were replacing cotton among working girls and steel-ribbed corsets began to lace in the front.

"Some states require no marriage license and girls of thirteen can marry with ridiculous ease," claims Editor Bok in the January, 1912, *Journal*.

"Pay for everything as you buy it," a financial expert advises a family with an average income of $1200 a year. "A telephone in the house is fatal if you wish to economize."

"How can I prevent chest colds?" asks a reader. . . . "Blow soap bubbles."

"May I properly wear two wedding rings? I am a widow about to be married again," says Sue. . . . "Highly improper."

"How can I make my hair wavy?" asks a reader. . . . "You may dampen your hair with quince seeds before rolling it, but I know of no way to make straight hair curly," replies the beauty editor.

"Is there anything quite so senseless as a feather duster? It raises the dust from one spot so that it may settle in another," believes editor Bok.

"When traveling with young children, take along some black court plaster for mending holes in the knees of their black stockings."

"A true saying: The easygoing person always makes the road harder for someone else."

Sewing men's shirts: "To make a good-fitting man's shirt is an accomplishment men appreciate as heartily as good cooking."

"Introductions are not usually made in public vehicles or on the street."

"Hundreds of hardworking, self-denying young couples are living on $12 a week, and happily too."

"Eggs should not be given to a young child more than twice a week."

"Small pieces of soap may be rubbed on a vegetable grater or run through a food chopper to make shavings for dishwashing."

"Mother's Good-Time Dress: a tunic of King's Blue Chiffon over lustrous dark blue satin."

"Elevate your flour barrel from the floor to keep dampness from collecting at the bottom."

"Everything all right?" asked Lily.

"Sure," said Arabella. "Fine and dandy."

"Let me give you one quiet word of warning, honey," said Lily. "This is a very romantic little village, but this is just one short week out of a whole lifetime. You'll be back in Westchester before you know it."

"I know," said Arabella.

"And once you *are* back in Westchester, and happily married off to Malcolm, and knee-deep in the PTA and everything, you won't think about Enkhuisen at all."

"I suppose not," said Arabella.

"And now that I got *that* off my chest, I'll race you downstairs," said Lily. "You know who's waiting for us."

"Idiot," said Arabella, sprinting for the door.

They all went out in a chartered *lammerack* that day, a fine, broad-beamed hausfrau of a boat, with leeboards and a great carved tiller and a cockpit roomy enough for a dozen. A captain and one crewman came with the boat, both of them mustachioed old Dutchmen with seamed faces and enormous hands. They powered out past the mole into the sparkling, shallow IJsselmeer, and then the Dutchmen winched up the heavily patched mainsail. The *lammerack* quivered gratefully and tucked her head down and drew smoothly away from shore.

"Like it?" asked Pieter. He had been very quiet up to now.

"It's wonderful," said Arabella.

"You're leaving tomorrow," said Pieter.

"Yes," said Arabella. "But we don't have to talk about that now."

"Of course not," said Pieter.

He reached over and tucked her loose scarf tightly around her neck.

"So you don't take a Dutch cold back to America with you," he said.

Lily was sitting across the cockpit from them, her head on Dirk's shoulder.

"What's the matter you don't take care of *me* like that, huh?" she said.

"It is part of my plan that you *do* take a cold back," said Dirk. "Every time you sneeze you will think of me. Atchoo; good old Dirk. Atchoo; good old Enkhuisen."

"I do like a sentimental man," said Lily.

They had an excellent lunch out of a hamper that Pieter had brought—thin little chicken sandwiches on brown bread, black olives, stuffed celery, the ever-present cheese, and cold Dutch beer out of beaded bottles. On the way home, after sunset, as the *lammerack* moved with slow, ponderous grace over the dark water toward the distant, winking lights of the harbor, they sang, songs like *Alouette* and *Tipperary*. The captain dug into his pea jacket for a battered old harmonica and played them the one American sailor song he knew, the sweetly sad *Shenandoah*. They sat very still as he played it, and it was as if the harmonica were the only sound on earth, just that and the gentle swish of the water.

"We'll have one last game," said Arabella, when they got back to the hotel. She managed to keep her voice tolerably calm.

"By all means," said Pieter, in a curiously flat tone.

The billiard room was empty. They played more slowly than usual, more carefully, studying each shot, chalking their cues with extra solicitude. The hypnotic spell of the game and of the room itself was stronger than ever, and although they talked very little, the very silence was vibrant with tension.

"You *do* have to go back," said Pieter, when the game was at last over. More than a statement, it was a question, a plea.

"Yes," said Arabella. "I do have to."

Malcolm appeared, for the first time in days. Arabella's image of him was crystal-clear. He smiled at her sturdily, and then drifted back into the recesses of her mind. The procedure took less than two seconds.

"And I have to go back to Amsterdam," said Pieter. "Holidays don't last forever, not even the best ones." He hesitated. "You know, we're drifters, you and I," he said slowly. "And each of us is about to drift out of the other's life and into the *wrong* life, from what amounts to sheer inertia."

"Sh-h-h," said Arabella.

"It's true," said Pieter fiercely. "Terribly true, and you know it. I couldn't say this if you didn't know it."

He flicked off the lamps and they stood there in the gloom, with only the light from the hall to show what was in their eyes.

"Arabella," he said.

"Even if you were right I'd have to go," said Arabella sadly.

"I'll come back here on Saturdays," said Pieter, in a tone that was reflective, almost matter-of-fact. Arabella put the tips of her fingers on his lapel. "It's not a bad drive from Amsterdam, an hour tops. And I'll pretend you're just down the hall, and you'll come in any minute. You've just been powdering your nose, that's all."

"Sh-h-h," said Arabella again. "There are lots of billiard rooms in Amsterdam."

"No haunted ones. Good-bye darling."

"Good-bye. Good-bye," said Arabella.

"I don't want to go through this again," said Pieter. "I won't see you in the morning."

"It's been a lovely week," said Arabella.

"Yes, it has," said Pieter. "It has, you know."

"I don't know where all this luggage *comes* from," said Lily. "It's like hamsters."

She was standing helplessly in the middle of a litter of suitcases. Arabella was at the window, looking at the sunlight on the water, at the gulls, the fishing boats and the weather-beaten old houses that fronted on the harbor. On the street in front of the hotel a child ran laughing after a loping dog. The sound of bells filled the morning air.

"If you're not going to help me pack we're never going to get away," said Lily. "Come on now. I think you've had too big a dose of this town."

"Maybe so," said Arabella.

"My poor old pool shark," said Lily. "You really got bitten pretty badly, I guess."

"I'll live," said Arabella.

"Pull yourself together, girl," said Lily. "When we get home you'll be so busy getting ready for the wedding that you won't know which end is up. *And now will you help me with these bags!*"

Their freighter was due to sail from Amsterdam on Saturday night. A few hours before sailing Arabella and Lily sat over coffee at a downtown sidewalk café in Amsterdam. Arabella was restless and moody, tapping her fingers on the marble tabletop, while Lily was abubble at the thought of getting home.

"*Brother*, will I be glad to see New York again!" said Lily. "Just to walk up seedy old Broadway at eight o'clock at night, and smell the popcorn and blink at all the lights and know I'm on my way to a good show ——"

Arabella had been staring into her half-empty coffee cup, thinking of the billiard room, and the solitary player, for this was Saturday night. And now, as if the cup were a dark crystal ball, Malcolm appeared there.

Arabella looked him in the eye thoughtfully. She thought of a number of things: of Westchester, of security, of a tidy life. And then she thought of bells, many echoing bells, dark green cloth, a lovable wide boat. *Shenandoah* sounded in her mind; the harmonica was piercingly sweet.

Malcolm's latest letter was in her pocketbook. It was exactly like all the letters that had preceded it, terribly correct, terribly dull.

I'm sorry, Malcolm, said Arabella to herself. *But you won't have any trouble finding a much better girl than me.*

"No," she said aloud.

"No what?" said Lily.

"I'm not going back with you."

"But everything's on the boat already!"

"I've got traveler's checks," said Arabella, standing up.

"But Malcolm ——"

"I'll write Malcolm," said Arabella. "I'll write you too. I'm going to get out of here before I have a chance to change my mind."

She ran out into the crowded street before Lily could do more than gasp. There was a taxi on the corner, a square old black cab. The driver was reading a newspaper by the light of the street lamp. Arabella got in. The leather of the seat was worn and brown, and there were fresh flowers in a little vase by the window.

"Can you run me up to Enkhuisen?" she said.

"*Enkhuisen?*" he said incredulously.

"An hour tops," said Arabella. "I have that on the best authority."

He shrugged a these-crazy-Americans shrug, and turned on the ignition.

It was a little after ten o'clock when they drew up to the Amstel Hotel. As Arabella entered the lobby, Father Christmas's eyebrows went up in pleased amazement. Arabella put a finger to her lips to hush him, and walked down the corridor to the billiard room. There were lights on inside, and she could hear the occasional click-click of the balls.

Pieter was in there alone. Arabella stood in the doorway for a few seconds and watched him. Finally he looked up.

"I've just been powdering my nose," said Arabella softly.

Pieter didn't say anything for a few seconds; he just stared at her.

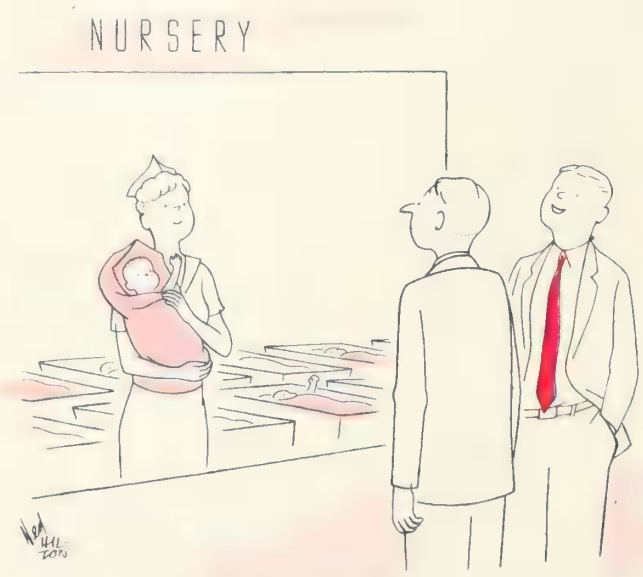
"I couldn't stand thinking of you here alone," said Arabella. "I know how crazy this is."

"I told Saskia good-bye," said Pieter. "I had to."

Arabella nodded.

"There are so many things to say," said Pieter. "Get a cue, why don't you."

Arabella went to the bin and took out a cue, and rolled it on the table to test it. And as she looked across the familiar green cloth at Pieter, the only sound in the billiard room was the beating of her heart. END



"I can foresee it now—the world crisis, the emergency meeting in Washington, the calm, sure voice of our first woman President."

THE KIND MONSTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

afternoon to eat her cookies, and Mary thought all her clothes were beautiful enough to borrow; indeed, she was apt to be hugged and kissed by any one of them at the most unlikely moments. . . . But they would notice one fine day, all right, when she walked downstairs in a size-12 sleeveless sheath!

She straightened the living room quickly, and scooped up the last few salted peanuts in the candy dish before she washed it. *Some people eat salted peanuts by the pound!* Then she put the first load of laundry into the washer, and got out her dust mops. She hesitated over the thought of a frosty soft drink, and finally she opened a bottle and carried it upstairs with her. She didn't have to drink it unless she got terribly thirsty.

When she carried the second basket of laundry out to the high back stoop at noon, the school bell was ringing in the distance; she'd just have time to hang up the clothes before the children trooped home. She poised on the top step over the cellarway as she always did, and reached to pull in the line. Someone had left a large gray rock on the edge of the step, but she paid no attention, and when the line came in faster than she expected she leaned out to slow it down.

From that point on it was hard to tell what happened. Her foot must have struck the rock and toppled her forward, a damp pillowcase flapped against her face, she grabbed blindly for the railing and missed, and with a wrench one leg caught behind the other and she crashed to the ground.

She sat there stunned for a moment, astonished; she thought how surprised her eyes must look, her mouth hanging open. But then her jaws clamped together with pain; she had never felt anything like it. It felt like blow after blow of a machete against her knee, and each blow spread a wave of dizziness through her until she could not hold on, and she floated off in a faint.

She opened her eyes to see Bo staring over the railing.

"Hey, what're you doing down there?" he asked with nine-year-old interest.

Mary appeared beside him, already munching an apple. "What's the matter with mom?" she asked, and then she swallowed hastily, and bolted down the steps.

"Don't call me *mom*," Virginia mumbled, and fainted again.

How Dix got home from the lumber mill so fast she'd never know, but he was there to ride in the ambulance with her, leaving Mary and Bo and Winkie (wailing) on the sidewalk. As soon as the intern gave her a shot of something she drifted into a helpless nimbus of surrender. She allowed them to lift her body from stretcher to table to stretcher, feeling with wry objective humor like a hot dog being rolled from bun to bun, until finally she lay on a high white bed in a small green room, and a nurse pulled the sheets up over her and closed the window.

"Get a good night's rest, dear," Dix said, clasping her hand. "They'll ship you home tomorrow."

"Oh, sure," Virginia said groggily. "Dix, wait a minute! There's an envelope of money for the milkman, stick it in an empty bottle. . . . And darling, *please*, don't let Bo wear his cowboy boots to school."

"Take it easy," Dix said. "I was a sergeant in the Army, remember?" He gave her a wide reassuring smile and closed the door as he went out.

She fell back drowsily and closed her eyes. Come to think of it, Dix looked like a sergeant: square and straight-backed, bushy eyebrows, heavy jaw—but he never lost his temper or raised his voice. All he did to keep the children in line was growl a little. How sweet he was!

She wasn't really aware of the cast until the following morning, but when she looked down under the sheet, why, there it was, a solid-concrete post from her hip to her ankle! She could barely see her five pink toes beyond the edge of plaster curving over her instep.

"Well, how long?" she asked Dix when he came in to see her.

"Oh, a month," he answered calmly. "Could be more. We'll take it a day at a time."

"*In bed?*" she asked, astounded. "Couldn't they give me a walking cast, for mercy's sake?"

"Doc says a pulled tendon's tedious to heal. He wants you immobile."

"All this fuss and not even a decent fracture," Virginia said, and smiled a little. "Poor Bo! What's dramatic about a pulled tendon?"

She rode in the ambulance again that afternoon, and the orderlies carried her into the house through the garage, up the stairs to her room. Mary had made her bed clean and doused the pillow with perfume; Bo had spared her his cage of hamsters for company; and Winkie finally pattered in, muddy and damp from the woods, with a bunch of bittersweet for her dressing table.

"Now kids, listen to me," Dix said in his growling voice. "Your mother will run this house by remote control; we're taking orders. O.K.?"

They nodded O.K.

"Mary can manage the cooking," Virginia said. "She's almost fifteen. And Bo can do the yard—only don't dare touch that rotary mower unless daddy's home, understand? And Winkie—well, Winkie can carry me things, can't you, dear? Tomorrow I'll want my knitting bag and writing paper and lots of things. . . . I'm tired tonight." Her voice went suddenly wispy. "I'll try not to bother you much, you're all so good."

They lined up to kiss her.

"Don't worry, mother, I love to cook," Mary whispered. "Lots of girls get married when they're fifteen."

"Oh, yes, lots of them." Virginia smiled. "Thank you, honey. . . . Have you got eye shadow on?"

"I only borrowed a touch," Mary said, and quickly made room for Bo.

"If anything happens your leg don't heal, it's all right, mom," he told her bravely. "We'll make out. . . . Boy, do you smell like ether!"

Then Winkie stood on tiptoe to kiss her, looking a little lost. She was only six, after all, and frail as a sprite. She had always been more dependent than the others, wanting the toothpaste squeezed on her brush, and someone to lace her shoes.

"You can still do my back buttons, can't you, mommy?" she begged. "I'll let you cut out my new paper dolls if you want."

They trailed downstairs, and Dix stayed to lower the window blinds, and gave her one of the purple pills the doctor had left.

"What a life!" he teased, though his voice was husky. "A month to relax in bed! Some people have all the luck." He leaned over and kissed her. "I'm terribly sorry, Vee. I'll do my best. You've got the phone right by the bed; you can always call the office."

"—— so good," was all Virginia could say.

By the time they brought up a cup of tea she was sound asleep.

The first few days were like a special vacation, in spite of the ache inside the large white cast the children christened The Monster. So many flowers arrived Mary ran out of vases, friends stopped by day and night, the telephone rang. After school Bo brought a stream of small boys in to admire her cast (by some mysterious route that escaped his father) and Virginia let them all sign their names on it with a ball-point pen.

"We thought at first she'd broke her back or something," Bo admitted importantly. "We might have to wheel her around in a chair the rest of her life! It's only a pulled tendon. Like when your muscle goes ri-ii-ii-ip."

Friends brought her books and spray cologne, and a smorgasbord of delicacies arrived from neighbors; the children were so stuffed with cupcakes, potato salad and pie that Mary didn't have to turn on the range.

But the active evidence of concern naturally dwindled, and by Saturday when the weekend started the family was on its own.

The children brought up the morning tray: a pot of coffee, half a grapefruit, and one piece of toast with thin marmalade.

"That doesn't look like much," Bo said unfolding her napkin. "How about a chunk of Mrs. Gaines's fudge cake?"

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Virginia knew all about Mrs. Gaines's fudge icing, the glossy swirls so thick you had to use a fork.

"Mommy hardly eats anything for breakfast," Winkie said.

At noon Dix had them working in the garden, so lunch was late: a bowl of chicken broth, three crackers, and a little canned applesauce.

She heard Winkie's shrill voice in the kitchen: "Don't make a sandwich! Mommy never eats a thing for lunch, you know she doesn't!" She thought if they brought up a sandwich she might eat half. Even peanut butter.

During the afternoon she asked Bo restlessly if there was any orange ice in the freezer, and he came back with a grape popsickle instead, and even though she didn't care for grape she ate it so she wouldn't hurt his feelings.

"Got any bedsores yet?" Bo asked. "How's your back?"

"Oh, now, honestly, Bo! I've only been in bed a couple of days."

"Well, you'll probably get them," Bo assured her. "Better watch it."

Mary made what she called goop for dinner—hamburger and tomato soup laced with orégano—and Dix made one of his fine green salads and that was all. Virginia could smell bread toasting, and she knew there must be some fudgecake left, but when they asked her anxiously if she'd had enough she said of course. They all knew she had the appetite of a bird.

That evening Virginia felt irritable for the first time. She told Dix she wished he'd bring home some chewing gum, and she asked Mary and Bo to please take their Scrabble board and their bowl of popcorn someplace else.

By Monday morning the pain in her leg had edged away, and The Monster was simply a cumbersome appendage, as though somebody had hinged a log to her hip.

The house was very quiet with the family gone. The windows were closed and a captive bee buzzed faintly against the screen. A spigot dripped, and an impudent rumbling sound began in her stomach.

Virginia was hungry. She thought she had never been so hungry in her life. She wondered if there was any cheese in the refrigerator, the crumbly kind. She thought about the pretzels in the kitchen cabinet, the can of salted cashews. She stared at the box of chocolates on top of her bureau; it might as well have been in Zanzibar. Besides, she seldom ate candy.

There was half a cup of cold coffee still on her tray, so she gulped it down. Then she drank the bit of cream left in the tiny pitcher, and shoved the tray aside.

You're being silly, she told herself. *Think about something else. I wonder what Mary intends to fix me for lunch.*

Virginia soon settled down to a daily routine. She started knitting a vest-type sweater for Dix; she mended and read and used the new push-button control for the TV.

The mornings she spent making careful lists for every member of the family. She made notes about taking clothes to the cleaners, sorting the linens, bringing in firewood, where to store empty jelly glasses and when to take the dog out. But most of all she enjoyed the grocery lists.

Every evening Mary sat down with her after supper and planned the next day's menus, adding things to the list for Dix to take marketing Friday night. Once in a while a friend did a little extra shopping for her, and one day she asked for a bag of corn chips just for herself, to keep by her bed. She had a delightful time nibbling all afternoon, but when they were gone she did not know what to do with the bag.

They'll think I'm a pig, a whole bag of corn chips all by myself! she thought, overcome with guilt. *They'll think I deserve to be fat! And it isn't true! All I deserve is sympathy, for heaven's sake; I haven't eaten a decent meal in ages, like other people.*

She wrung the bag frantically between her hands, and finally reached over and stuffed it under her mattress.

Filled with remorse, she asked for one meat patty that night instead of two, although to tell the truth she could have eaten three. There really isn't much nourishment in corn chips.

"How is your mother eating?" she heard the doctor ask Mary out in the hall, after one of his visits.

"Oh, everything on her tray!" Mary said cheerfully.

"Remember she's totally inactive," the doctor warned. "Her appetite may fail. Just see that she gets her vitamin pills, she'll be all right."

"Vee's never been a heavy eater," Dix explained. "Gains weight on nothing. No desserts or gravy, things like that."

"Just as well," the doctor said, and tramped downstairs.

Dix knows the things I have to do without, Virginia thought gratefully. *Dix understands. I think I miss hot homemade biscuits most of all. White and fluffy with butter melting on them. Oh, what I'd give for one hot biscuit! I haven't eaten a good hot biscuit for years.*

"Mary!" she shouted, and rang her little brass bell. "Mary, dear—my throat's so dry. Aren't there any fruit drops I can suck?"

"I'll go look in a minute," Mary promised, and wandered into the bathroom.

"Are you in my cosmetics again?" Virginia called.

"Not really, mother," Mary mumbled, as though she were putting on lipstick. "I hardly touched a thing." She came back past the bed smelling strongly of rose hand lotion. "Toby's taking me to the movies, daddy said I could go. I wish I could borrow your blue scarf for my hair."

"Don't you always borrow it?" Virginia smiled. "How about my scarab bracelet and my purse cologne? And better take my wrist watch so you'll be home by eleven." She gave her a pat. "What are Bo and Winkie doing, dear?"

"Bo's next door at a Cub Scout meeting, and Winkie's toasting marshmallows over the stove. Daddy's doing his checkbook."

"Send Winkie up to see me," her mother said.

Mary forgot the fruit drops, but presently Winkie trotted in with a burned marshmallow on the end of a stick. Virginia popped it into her mouth, smacking her lips loudly for Winkie's delight. It was perfectly delicious, in spite of the char.

"Why don't you make me another one, darling, you're so smart?"

"I would, only that was my last one." Winkie sighed.

By the end of the second week Virginia had finished all but the sleeves of Dix's sweater, and she decided that this was a fine chance to rearrange her untidy recipe books. So she sat for several days surrounded by notebooks and filing cards, and copied and clipped and pasted, and when she came across a favorite recipe she would read the list of ingredients over several times, as thoughtfully as though she were reading a poem, imagining how they tasted. Melted chocolate . . . brown sugar . . . walnuts, chopped . . . trim with rosettes of whipped cream, whipped cream, whipped cream.

I don't know what's the matter with me, she thought, almost in tears. *I'm so ashamed! It must be because I'm idle; downstairs I always was busy. Maybe I used to pick up a snack now and then to keep me going. But surely not enough so that I'd miss it!*

She tried not to think about food at all; she really tried. And there under her soft blue blankets, not even able to reach the box of cough drops on Dix's dresser, you might think her world was bounded by other things. But every TV program she watched was sponsored by cake mix or pizza or pork and beans, and every magazine she opened was crowded with full-color photographs of glorious stews and cream pies and jellied salads. Her mouth watered willfully for the strangest things; even canned peaches, which she disliked intensely, began to look sweet and golden in their succulent juice.

Sometimes in the mornings when she was alone she wondered wildly if she might somehow struggle out of bed, coaxing The Monster along, and find a half-eaten candy bar in Bo's room, an apple in Winkie's. She never was wild enough to think she could make the stairs.

Strangely enough, as the weeks wore along the days seemed to pass more swiftly. Virginia made a game of living by the clock, saving certain rewards for certain hours; it was amazing how many pleasant occupations were within reach of her arms! In fact, she knew by the end of the first month she'd never have time to finish all the projects she'd started, and some, like the language records, there was no use beginning.

Her leg gave her very little trouble, and she no longer suffered sharp hunger pangs, so she was reasonably content. When she thought about food the actual fragrances and flavors became fantasies, like inaccessible riches, to lust for a little and let pass hopelessly by.

It was a matter of some chagrin that the rest of the family also seemed remarkably content. There was seldom a crisis that could not be solved from the bedside. Virginia was not inclined, for instance, to make an issue of Mary's light-fingered freedom with her possessions when Mary was running her kitchen with such commendable patience. Nor would she fuss with Winkie when socks didn't match or sash ends hung forlornly.

And in return, not one of them disputed her ultimatums, as they might have done if she were well. The house had never been calmer.

At the end of five weeks the doctor was due for his Monday-evening visit, and he had promised her a decision about removing the cast. Virginia could think of nothing else all day, and the thing that worried her most was whether she'd lost any weight. Goodness knows, she'd been dieting for years off and on, and scarcely lost an ounce. It simply wasn't her nature. There was no way of telling her present weight, lying here in bed, though her ribs felt a little leaner. If she could only get to the bathroom scales!

When Winkie came home from school before the others, her mother called her upstairs.

"Darling, are you big enough to bring me the bathroom scales?" she asked, and Winkie lugged them into the room and laid them on the floor.

"What are you going to do?" Winkie breathed. "Gee, mommy! How will you get The Monster back in bed?"

"You'll have to help me," Virginia said. "It's important."

She swung her left leg out of the bed and flexed her foot gingerly, and then she carefully maneuvered The Monster to the edge of the mattress and lowered it half an inch at a time till her bare toes rested on the platform of the scales. She then told Winkie to stand in front of her and firmly grasped her shoulders, and just for a second she released her grip and glanced at the dial. Then she sat back against the edge of the bed, exhausted.

"Now you must help me lift The Monster," she said, and began to be frightened, for it seemed an impossible task, and Winkie was only a baby.

"Don't worry, I can do it," Winkie said brightly. She got on her knees and put her two small arms under the cast and raised it slowly, using her shoulders to hoist it onto the bed, and then she busily tidied the covers and smoothed the pillow, and finally she hugged her mother a moment, resting her head on her chest.

"I didn't know you were such a big girl, Winkie," Virginia said, thoughtfully stroking her hair. "Who's been lacing your shoes?"

"Who do you think? *Me*," Winkie said. "I have to find my own socks and clean my own nails and even part my own hair. I have to do everything."

"That's funny, I thought somebody else ——"

"I don't know who." Winkie patted the lace on her mother's bed-jacket collar. "When can you put my boots on for me, mommy?"

"Maybe I'll let you do it for yourself," Virginia said, and her voice caught a little.

Three pounds less, the scales had said, a miserly three pounds less. No, that wasn't right; the cast weighed something. What did it weigh? With modern techniques only four or five pounds? *Eight pounds lost altogether, let's say. After all I've been through! You see how it is?*

She was so discouraged she left her dinner tray untouched, and when Bo brought the doctor upstairs she greeted him languidly, heavy against her pillows.

"I sure hope the greengang hasn't set in," Bo told the doctor.

"The *what?*"

"The greengang people get underneath casts that smells so bad."

"Good heavens," his mother said faintly.

"Get out of here!" the doctor said.

He made his examination, and chatted a while, and then he said he would send an ambulance for her in the morning, and it was possible she'd be out of her cast by noon.

"Doctor—will you do something for me, please?"

"It all depends."

"Don't tell Dix, don't tell anybody, let me surprise them?" she begged. "Let me be downstairs in shoes and a dress when they come home?"

TEN

By HAROLD WITT

Moppet of metamorphosis, she's
ten,
a long-haired Alice impish in the
water
at an edge of breaking, like a
changing wave—
leap while you can, my green and
dimpled daughter,
this restless ocean easier than love,

Each lace she's jumping like a rope
of days,
earth's curving motion turning with
the sun,
times her taller, in the rhyming
foam
she's almost Helen for whom cities
burn.
The sculptured boys are riding
toward her name.

Lithe in light through tides on
boards of balance
they're gliding toward the shallows
where she's young,
amorphous mergirl not yet turned
to woman;
behind her lying brilliant on the
sand
her fluttering cousins dry their
gorgeous wings.

"Why not?" The doctor smiled. "You're entitled to that."

Virginia hesitated. "And will you tell me . . . what does a cast—a cast like this one weigh?"

The doctor ran his hand over it reflectively, feeling the depth of the edge. "Maybe we overdid it a little, heavy-handed. Could be fourteen pounds."

"*Fourteen pounds?*" Virginia gasped. "Fourteen pounds!" And her face broke into a smile so glowing her cheeks turned pink and her eyes squeezed shut and she scarcely heard the doctor when he left the room.

She kept her secret when the family left next morning; Dix planned to pick the children up at five in the afternoon.

When The Monster was gone, and her strange white leg neatly strapped, she put on her dress, the flowered silk she'd bought just before the accident. It was so loose she had to make a new hole in the belt with her nail file. The sleeves drooped, and you could hardly tell where her hips were under the folds of the skirt. She could not believe it; she stared until she could not stand up in front of the mirror any longer.

She sat knitting in the living room while she waited for the family, the cuff of the last sleeve of Dix's sweater, and once in a while she sucked the tip of a knitting needle dreamily.

All right, so I "pieced" between meals, she admitted. *But I never realized . . . almost twenty pounds' worth! Now I'm out of the habit, I won't start again. Maybe I'll eat a little more at mealtimes. It really isn't fair to worry Dix.*

She heard the car turn into the drive and both doors slam, and the two children galloped up the front walk, with Mary and Dix behind. They came into the hallway, and she stood up shakily. Winkie raced to hug her, but the others just stood there.

"Mother, sit down," Mary said, alarmed.

They went to her timidly and patted her shoulders and her hair and kissed her cheeks and stood back and stared at her one after the other. She couldn't imagine why their greeting was not more joyous. After five weeks of good cheer and coddling and loving laughter, now that she was well, they appeared to be mortally stricken.

She heard them whispering together in the kitchen, and Winkie, who refused to budge from the footstool beside her, rested her elbows on her knees and stared at her solemnly and said:

"Mommy, how old are you?"

Dix came and helped her out to the table for dinner, and when they bowed their heads to say grace she could feel the tears behind her eyelids, overwhelmed to be with them again, where she belonged.

"See, she's crying," Bo said. "That's a sign."

"I made chicken salad, mother," Mary said. "And homemade frozen biscuits. I hope you can eat something."

"Eat? Of course I can eat!"

"You don't have to if you don't want to, you know," Mary said kindly. "You don't look very well."

Virginia's eyes widened. "What do you mean?"

They all began to tell her at once.

"You—you're just so *skinny* ——"

"Maybe she has some ravishing disease," Bo said.

"You—you look so sad!" Winkie started to cry.

"Shut up, all of you!" Dix growled; but his face, too, was white with concern.

"Well, just because I lost a little weight," Virginia floundered. "For heaven's sake!"

"A *little* weight!" Dix said, and the children began their condolences again till their father brought his fist down on the table. "Vee, you listen to me! I've had all I can take of this dieting nonsense! Now you're back on your feet I won't put up with it another minute. Why, you look as though I couldn't afford to feed you! I never had any use for scrawny women, they depress me, and I don't care what it says in the fashion magazines! You start putting some meat on those bones right now!"

So this was the glorious promise of romance that a slender waistline offered! Put some meat on your bones.

"Gee, when I hugged you you were all knobby," Winkie wailed.

Virginia sat back in bewilderment and dismay. Was it possible a size 16 was a nice mother size? At least for her? Was it possible Dix liked the kind of woman who had a little something here and there to pinch? In all her plump, full-skirted years she had never had a complaint.

Was it possible she might be able to eat a *biscuit?*

"I guess my appetite will improve now I'm back with you," she said softly. "Dear, will you serve?"

They all relaxed and set about the business of eating, and when Bo passed the plate of golden biscuits Virginia paused only a moment before she took one.

Mary reached over and put a second one on her plate. "Eat two, mother," she said. "They're good for you."

"Pass her the butter," Dix said firmly.

Winkie broke open a biscuit and spread butter on it, and held it out to her mother. Virginia looked at the crumbling goodness in the offering hand and whispered "Thank you," and she was aware of a warmth and enormous relief as though it were not just the weight of the cast that was gone.

"We'll have your mother back in shape in no time," Dix chuckled.

"Look, she's pink already!" Mary cried, laughing, and Virginia smiled with unimagined bliss, biting into the biscuit. END

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

Not anything melts hearts faster than a big snowstorm.

Most women have a deep respect for the fancy bath towels in the bathrooms of other women; they know how long they've hung there.

Babies have had to be guarded against "fallout" since time immemorial. The old way was to tie them in a high chair with a diaper.

When it comes to germ prevention, the newer the parent, the longer the boiling point.

Teaching a child good manners is a day-to-day practice. He doesn't stay taught anymore than an apple stays polished.

A mother was taking her young son to be registered for kindergarten. "It won't take long," she told him reassuringly. "All we have to do is give the lady your name."

"But if you do that," he said beseechingly, "what name will I use?"

Progressive education should mean the kind that advances directly from misdemeanor to punishment.

Every little girl should have a grandmother to drink afternoon tea with, and chat, and be a lady with.

Overheard—one twelve-year-old to another:

"He's queer; know what I mean? Kind of quiet."

"I thought I might as well break the bad news right off," explained a young mother, "so my ad read, 'Mother of five needs help.'"

"Did you get any?" asked her neighbor.

"Not any help, but I did get sympathy. Two other mothers of five children called to tell me they felt sorry for me."

Changing economy: Prices that once seemed appalling now seem appealing.

According to one doctor, there are three safe ways for a man over forty to get a path shoveled through snow to his door:

Hire a young boy next door.
Get a power shovel.
Let his wife do it.

One young bride prefers to pay cash for all her purchases. "A check," according to her, "is fantasy money, and can be spent as easily as money in a dream."

SINK OR SWIM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

While Carol is "getting going" in the morning, her loyal staff unlocks the studio at 9 A.M. and starts to work. Carol's cutter (and vice president of Merri-Carolle) is a lanky young Scotsman, in narrow charcoal slacks and pullover, with a chestnut forelock hanging over his kind, warm brown eyes. Jon MacLain, who was educated in Switzerland and New Zealand, is also a music arranger and has danced in Broadway musicals. At the start of each working day he looks hopefully on his cutting table for some new sketches from Carol. "Sometimes there are none, and sometimes there are eight," he says philosophically.

Jon improvises paper patterns from Carol's tiny working sketches, "trying to keep all Carol's bezazz," he says, then he cuts the materials. Three dark-skinned young women, an American Negro, a Puerto Rican and a Panamanian, work quietly and cheerfully at three machines, stitching together the pieces. If things go smoothly, each girl can finish two garments a day. These are called samples which the manufacturer then mass-produces and sells.

Sometimes Carol's clients want a garment redesigned, or done in a different fabric; often there are last-minute delays in getting a material from the mill; helpers have a way of getting sick, and sewing machines can break down. A normal five-day week for Merri-Carolle means producing twenty new garments (blouses, skirts, pants, shorts, and occasionally children's dresses), and normally pressure runs high.

When Carol finally appears in her studio at around 10 A.M. with a percolator of strong black coffee and five cups, the phone has rung possibly twenty times; calls she must return. Jon is having trouble with the neckline of a blouse. Muriel, the New Yorker who wants to be an independent designer herself someday, feels the pockets on a wool skirt should be redesigned. At such moments, Carol's temper is apt to flare.

"I'm very strong-willed," she admits. "I know exactly what I want and I don't want anybody changing it."

She finally agrees about the bias-cut pockets, which sag. "The wool is inferior," she shrugs. Her clothing accounts are in the moderate-to-better price bracket and she cannot use the finest wools.

Carol tries to brighten her workday with a certain amount of whimsy. Lord high commissioner of the studio is her charcoal tomcat Patrick, who plops himself into salesmen's sample cases and steals the girls' tuna sandwiches. The dress forms are Carol's "children" and are referred to by name: Nicole Pennsylvania Show (a character from one of her favorite children's books), and Prudence, Penelope, Philomena and Phoebe. Carol's bedroom is full of stuffed animals (her mother sends her more each Christmas) and children's books which she used to read one evening a week to sick children at New York Hospital (now she doesn't have the time). Winnie-the-Pooh is her "all-time favorite book."

Jon MacLain feels that Carol's creative talent springs from this whimsical, childlike side of her nature, "like a wintertime bush bursting into bloom. She has a sense of wonder, as in a child to whom life is a delightful garden. It's too bad," he adds, "that she can't devote *all* her time to just being creative."

Everyone agrees that Carol's greatest appeal lies in her little-girl quality. Says her former roommate, a leader in the New York Junior League, "Carol's skis are bright red and small, like a child's; at Sugarbush you can always spot them among hundreds leaning against the lodge. And when Carol puts them on she looks like a little snow bunny going down the slopes—but believe me, she's *intrepid!*"

Carol's unusually large and beautiful blue-gray eyes with thick black lashes often have the open expression of a child, both trusting and vulnerable. Sometimes they have the pleading look of a child treasuring a forbidden lollipop. "She lives in a make-believe world where evil doesn't exist—she's Peter Pan," says a friend. "How long will she stay this way in the hard-boiled world of the garment industry?"

Carol herself wishes she had more time to be purely creative. But many times a day she must stop and walk the five long blocks crosstown to the garment district in New York's teeming West Side. In the street she wears dark glasses, ground to her prescription, winter and summer. "If I seem slightly balmy, it's because I'm nearsighted," she explains with a smile. She "hates" regular glasses, preferring to "go around in a daze."

Once in the garment area among throngs of men bargaining on the sidewalks, Carol's expression stiffens. "You *like* this print, Carol?" one of her clients questions her. "You don't feel maybe it will die on the racks?" Mopping his brow, with a placating smile, "Oh, you're crazy about it? *This* print?" The argument rages for ten full minutes; he talks louder and rougher, Carol remains quiet and adamant. She wins.

"Manufacturers always want you to design something unique and exciting for them," explains Carol. "Then, if you do, they're scared to death of it, afraid the buyers—who in turn don't want to stick *their* necks out—won't touch it. So there it is, a vicious circle. Of course," she adds, "when my name is as well known in sportswear as Toni Owen or Bonnie Cashin, *anything* I design will go."

In her sharp, clicking French heels, Carol hurries from one fabric house to another, seeing as many as a thousand new materials a week. "It's very different designing sportswear for a Miami firm, or a New England one, or for the Fifth Avenue shops," says Carol, who has designed successfully for all three. On dog days in August she considers next spring's cottons; in April she's making Christmas clothes. After working out "a color story," she shops for matching thread, buttons, braid and zippers. She placates her present clients while interviewing possible future ones; time must also be found to see her lawyer (a personal friend), her hairdresser, her accountant, her banker and her doctor.

Carol, who suffers from vague aches and pains, feels she has "a mild case of mononucleosis. But my doctor doesn't even listen to me anymore; he just gives me some pills and penicillin."

According to a beau, "Carol thrives on crisis. If there isn't enough drama or excitement in her business, she gets a terrible pain or runs a fever. As soon as business is terrible, she feels fine.

"Carol's day is a mighty wave that gathers momentum until it spills into half the night," he adds. "She makes dates for seven, but she's never ready until eight-thirty. Once she kept the guests at her own dinner party waiting for an hour and a half."

"I'm learning to organize my time better," comments Carol. "Also, I've quit sounding like a career girl on dates. Men resent it, I find. From nine to five I'm a businesswoman; after that, I'm a woman."

Says a male friend who knows her well, "Carol not only has an overriding desire to be a business success, she also wants to be a devoted, loving, successful wife. She's terribly intense about her career, but equally intense about her personal life. She's an idealistic person and feels deeply—a sincerely charming woman."

Comments an "old pro" in the garment industry, a top textile designer who helped Anne Fogarty achieve recognition, "Carol's not strong on experience, but she's got guts and self-assurance and versatility. She's smart enough to make time for a personal life too."

Every Friday afternoon is "get Carol ready for the weekend" at her studio, which everyone enjoys. Then Jon presses her Jeanne Campbell raspberry linen and the girls take up or let down hems and do her mending. In the summertime, she attends house parties at Westhampton or Sea Girt, where she needs clothes for sailing, tennis, swimming and dancing; in the winter she joins groups of well-attired friends at Vermont ski resorts. She also needs several evening gowns for the big social affairs of the New York season, such as the Junior League Mardi Gras Ball, and cocktail dresses for hotel dining and night-clubbing.

Carol buys most of her clothes these days for lack of time to design and make them. "I start trying on the $15.95 dresses in the bargain basement and usually end up paying $50 or $60 upstairs," she admits. She believes in having many simple sheath dresses with lots of jackets to mix and match. Her general rule is "not to pay over $100 for any one item." She owns no hats, few shoes, but plans to buy "at least four pairs of stretch pants to go with my red skis" at $50 a pair.

Carol admits to luxurious tastes. "I could live on raw oysters and chocolate mousse," she sighs. For the first eight years of her life she lived in a Spanish-style mansion in Coral Gables, Florida, where her parents kept a cook, butler and nursemaid. Carol was a ravishing beauty with enormous eyes and pigtails thick as rope. "Sweet and determined," says a close relative. "She always managed to get her own way." Carol looks back on her childhood as "idyllic"—a lovely round of sun-kissed days between the cabana and the beach, the country club, and summers at Asheville, North Carolina.

Everything changed with the coming of World War II. Her handsome father gave up his highly successful real-estate business and went into the Army Air Corps as a colonel. The family soon sold their Florida place and moved north to be near him; Carol entered the seventh grade of Saint Agnes's Episcopal School in fashionable Alexandria, Virginia.

Carol's father emerged from the war broken in health, and money thereafter was scarce. "I learned to design and sew through necessity," explains Carol, "since we could no longer afford the clothes I wanted." At thirteen, she took a course of sewing lessons, won first prize for a dress she designed and made. During her high-school years, she and her mother turned out dozens of bouffant strapless ball gowns with "yards and yards" of petticoats and hoops. "Carol never wanted to wear any evening dress more than once," her chic mother recalls. Upon her graduation Carol's wealthy, social classmates voted her "best dressed" with the "best eyes" and the "most manpower."

She was also a top student. Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke and Sweet Briar all offered her scholarships; Carol chose the last offer because it was the biggest. However, in her sophomore year she decided to leave college and marry a Washington and Lee graduate, her brother's former roommate at Hill School. Since her parents could not afford to give her the kind of wedding she wanted, Carol worked from Christmas (when she became engaged) until June at clerical jobs to pay for a store wedding gown and a champagne reception for a hundred. The groom's family gave the couple a new car and they honeymooned at The Cloisters at Sea Island.

Carol was 19, her husband 22. Tensions appeared right from the beginning. "We were too opposite temperamentally, and too young to know how to handle this," Carol says now. While her husband served a two-year stretch as a Navy officer, with Boston as his home base, Carol worked and saved $500 to take a year's course at the Modern School of Fashion and Design in Boston. At this point she had no thought of a career, but soon became intrigued with the idea of doing fashion design.

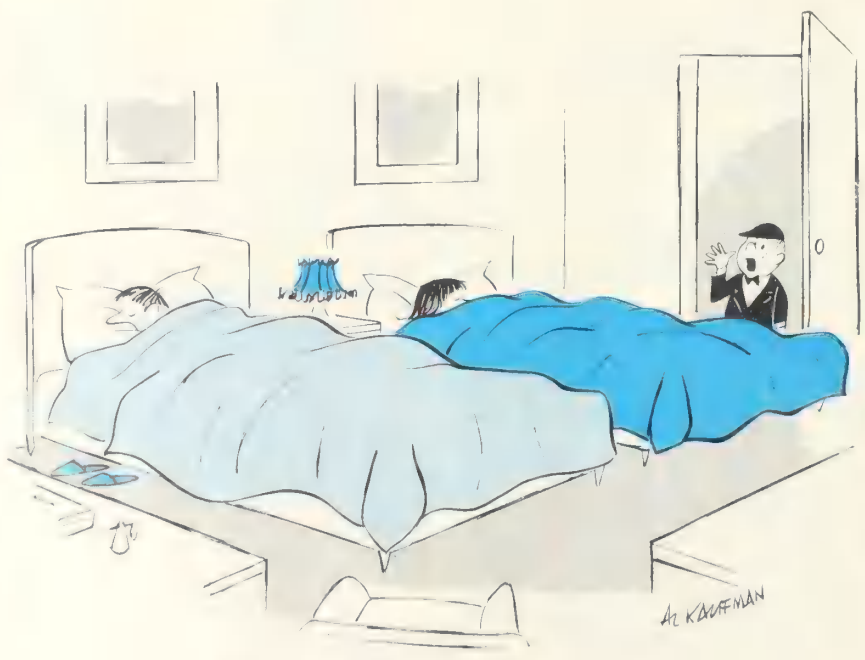
In 1956 her husband returned to his former job with a New York bank. He wanted to live in the country; Carol wanted to live in New York City. They compromised on a charming converted carriage house in Mt. Kisco and Carol commuted to New York where she assisted an independent woman designer. However, the marriage did not improve. Carol consulted a psychiatrist and a marriage counselor. Then one day, after three and a half years of marriage, she walked out.

After a quick Mexican divorce, she was on her own in New York. She borrowed $250 from a friend, bought herself a new wardrobe, and rented a garden apartment near Gramercy Park. A bleak and discouraging period ensued as every day she followed job leads in the garment district with her portfolio of fashion sketches. A department-store buyer helped her find her first job designing for preteens. This was temporary and after two months she was again among the unemployed, living on peanut-butter and grilled-cheese sandwiches. Soon, however, through her older brother, who had been coxswain on the Brown University crew, and her school and college friends, she began having house-party and dinner dates.

Only struggling firms were interested in hiring a young girl with just one year of fashion school and no commercial experience. Carol turned down offers when the surroundings were "grubby" or the line "shoddy" or when "the owners had designs on me other than designing." But her faith in herself never wavered. When through a family friend she gained an interview with Helen Lee, No. 1 designer in the children's field, Carol did not hesitate in turning down an offer as assistant designer to Miss Lee. "If I'd had any sense!" Carol says now. "I wanted to be a full-fledged designer, not just an assistant."

Finally she became an assistant designer at Kate Greenaway's, where she stayed a year, gaining invaluable experience. Then she was lured away with the promise of a top-banana title. After "three hot grubby months" with her new employer, she quit. For the next two years Carol flew from one payroll to the next, always searching for room to express herself and always moving up in prestige and salary. She was earning $150 a week as top designer for a pants outfit when she decided overnight to quit and free-lance.

"Carol came to ask my advice about starting her own business," says a handsome account executive. "She was, as usual, impatient, illogical, and bubbling with enthusiasm. She didn't have money put away for personal expenses, let alone for business capital." He



"Who's gonna drive me to Sunday school?"

obligingly lent her $400, however; another friend lent her $200.

Carol was then sharing a $220-a-month apartment in the East Eighties with a Wellesley girl. She hunted around for a studio, finally found for $85 a month "a dark old loft full of mice" in a factory building on 39th Street. Next she found two children's-wear accounts willing to pay her a total of $350 a week for three weeks' work. She began asking around about a good cutter, found Jon MacLain through her hairdresser. Jon moved his own sewing machine into Carol's loft and the two of them started making children's clothes.

In the following weeks Carol bought five secondhand dress forms, rented two more sewing machines and hired two more helpers as she acquired more clients. A lawyer friend helped write her contracts and offered to help her incorporate for the modest fee of $150. By the time the warm spring weather came, Carol had found her present studio-apartment; her staff had shaken down to a congenial set of people, she had four paying clients, and she had paid off her business loans from friends. Suddenly she felt very tired. On an impulse she flew to St. Thomas for a week's vacation, the first she had enjoyed in four years.

The Caribbean junket "did me a world of good—every creative person needs lots of new experiences and sights," says Carol, but her business nose-dived. When she returned, her four clients had shrunk to one. This client was paying her $175 a week on a yearly basis; her weekly payroll alone was $220. For a period of five weeks Merri-Carolle went through a bad slump which was, in part, seasonal. Carol also had the expense of moving into her present quarters the early part of June. Her savings evaporated, and although by midsummer she had four clients again, she needed $1000 to meet urgent business obligations. This she managed to borrow from a leading bank; quite a feat, for as her accountant says, "Banks don't lend money on personal ability or even genius. They want loans secured with sound collateral." Carol's only collateral consists of her furniture and wardrobe. She has no savings or insurance (other than health) and her jewelry was lost on her last moving day.

Almost half of the $10,000 Carol earned in fees during her first six months she paid out in payroll. She spent roughly $900 for office rent and for renting machinery and another $800 in supplies, hardware and petty cash. Dues and subscriptions came to $78, as did fire, theft and liability insurance. Smallest item of expense was $10 for advertising. "When you're just starting out in designing, the best advertising is word-of-mouth," she's found.

On paper, Carol's prospects look bright. If she had four steady clients hiring her services on a yearly basis for $200 a week, her yearly income would be $41,600. Her accountant estimates her expenses would be no more than $20,000, giving her a profit before taxes of $21,600.

The biggest "if" in this rosy picture is steady clients. In the garment industry, which is notorious for its ups and downs, today's steadiest customer may be bankrupt tomorrow. There is also Carol's temperament to be considered.

"It's nice to have the security of a yearly contract," she says, "but such a client can get awfully possessive." According to her cutter, "Carol's personality demands spreading out to stay fresh."

Carol feels that New York is "the only place" for a fashion designer to get ahead. But when she gets married and has children (she wants at least six) she also wants a country place (for skiing) and a seashore place (for summers). Her studio is only a block away from Sniffen Court, an alley of ivy-covered elegantly converted carriage houses which carry a high-rent tag. "Now *there's* where I'd like to live!" exclaims Carol.

She doesn't want to marry an artist. "That would be too much like marrying *me*." She would like a husband who is a lawyer, business executive or from the financial world. "I'm an emotionally volatile person, so I need someone who's sensitive to my needs but steadier than I am." To such a steady character, Carol plans to bring whimsy, a sense of beauty, and as much devotion as she can spare.

"Some women are born to be homemakers," Carol believes, "but when a woman's creative, she should express herself, for the good of the world *and* herself." Just recently the Merri-Carolle label was added to a new line of children's sportswear. Once her trade name is established, Carol plans to hire enough hands to keep her business going, while she devotes only a few hours each day to designing. That is, if her business survives the first year. If she gets enough clients, if she can repay the bank every month on time, if her health holds up—there are a dozen "ifs." But she's determined to stick out the first year, at least, sink or swim. END

HOW CAROL BRECKENRIDGE SPENDS HER MONEY MONTHLY

Taxes, state and Federal	$ 42.00
Food	60.00
Housing (Most of Carol's rent, phone and electricity is charged to business)	71.00
Clothing (including laundry and dry cleaning)	42.00
Medical (doctors and dentist)	20.00
Transportation (weekend trips)	20.00
Contributions	5.00
Advancement (reading)	20.00
Personal care (hairdresser, cosmetics)	20.00
Entertaining	15.00
Other goods and services (tobacco, incidentals, gifts)	35.00
TOTAL	$350.00





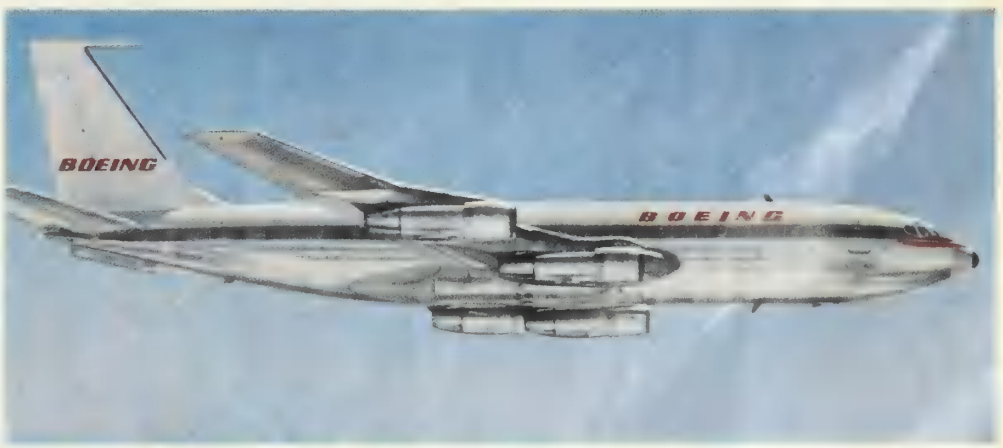
Mrs. Nola Kirkpatrick recently took her first trip by Boeing jet. She says . . .

"Only one drawback. The trip's too short!"

"I went by Boeing jetliner to visit my son and grandchildren," says Mrs. Kirkpatrick. "The flight was simply wonderful—every minute of it. It was so quiet and smooth I could hardly believe we were moving. And everyone was so pleasant and helpful—the stewardesses and everyone I met. There was only one drawback, the trip was such fun it was much too short! Before I realized it, we were half way across the country. I can hardly wait for my *next* trip by Boeing jetliner!"

More than 6,000,000 women have already flown by Boeing jetliners. Boeing jets are the most proved, most popular jetliners in the world.

These airlines offer Boeing jetliner service: AIR FRANCE • AIR-INDIA AMERICAN • AVIANCA B.O.A.C. • BRANIFF • CONTINENTAL EASTERN • EL AL • IRISH • LUFTHANSA NORTHWEST • PAKISTAN • PAN AMERICAN QANTAS • SABENA • SOUTH AFRICAN TWA • UNITED • VARIG *and* WESTERN. *Boeing jets go into service later with:* CUNARD EAGLE • ETHIOPIAN PACIFIC NORTHERN *and* SAUDI ARABIAN.



BOEING Jetliners

LONG-RANGE 707 • MEDIUM-RANGE 720 • SHORT-RANGE 727

SHAPING THE '60'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

do not dress as well after they are married as they do before. Yes, say 65 per cent, women should have a firm budget for clothes after they are married. Our young unmarrieds have confidence in their own taste; only about a fourth seek family help in selecting clothes now.

Dr. Gallup's trained and seasoned researchers expressed considerable surprise at just how beauty-conscious this young American girl is. She devours beauty news and tips—and overwhelmingly (88 per cent) relies on magazines for them. Fully half of this enchanting age group say that they do not make the most of their looks, that they need still more help and advice and eagerly seek it.

Lipstick is standard equipment; after putting lipstick on, the girls begin to differ. Three fourths of them use mascara on dates, but less than half use it every day. Over half put their best face forward on an evening out, which requires face powder, eyebrow pencil, spray net, eye shadow and base makeup.

MEN, MORALS AND MOTHER

When asked what was the most important influence in forming their moral and ethical codes, a surprising 13 per cent said books. The more expected answers—home, 64 per cent; and church, 45 per cent—were followed by friends, 26 per cent; and school, 14 per cent.

However consistent most of them were in endorsing a high moral standard they varied widely in defining just what it was. Certainly the great majority agreed with the 19-year-old attending school in Washington who said that happiness was possible only if you followed a strict moral code. A few qualified this reply slightly. "Happiness comes from a *fairly* strict moral code, not a *very* strict one," a lively Georgia beauty said.

Many others feel that a moral code is a matter of one's own conscience. "I can be happier because I know I have done nothing to be ashamed of," an Omaha college freshman said. "Break a moral code," a twelfth-grade student declared, "and you have to live with yourself and no one else."

Closely allied were those who stated that a high ethical standard was a matter of self-respect. "If I can't respect myself, I can't expect others to," said a college junior.

A chin-up, master-of-my-own-fate attitude was expressed by a number of respondents—typically, a college senior from Virginia: "Nothing is wrong except as you believe it to be so. Your happiness depends on whether you live up to your *own* moral code."

No one endorsed this attitude more enthusiastically than a 21-year-old who said, "It all depends on the individual. Some can be happy with no moral code, others must be straight as an arrow."

"True happiness comes from within a person and is usually *not* a result of adhering to society," a Florida college freshman said. Others: "Happiness is something you must work out for yourself." . . . "Happiness is gained by making someone else happy."

More often than not, the basis for a code of living was the Ten Commandments ("No one can be genuinely happy unless he centers his life about Christ and His teachings") and the Golden Rule; while, occasionally, "social pressure" ruled one's standards. "Society makes a strict moral code, and if you don't abide, you are an outcast," said a 20-year-old from the far West.

Those who rejected *any* code at all scarcely amounted to a respectable statistic, but a few did. "Happiness can be destroyed by a strict moral code or a very prudish society which forces people to repress the physical aspects of an otherwise happy emotional relationship"—this from an 18-year-old college girl.

A Southern girl, the same age, said, "I wouldn't be happy as an extremely wild girl, yet I see nothing wrong in smoking, drinking, petting." An outspoken Californian: "As long as a girl doesn't get pregnant, then why worry?" And a college junior from Brooklyn: "A strict moral code can prove frustrating."

To quote only a few others who spoke for the overwhelming majority: "If I took part in anything immoral, I'd not be able to live with myself or face others." . . . "It means peace with oneself and with God." . . . ". . . the joy of knowing you are doing the right thing." . . . "It gives one inner satisfaction, besides aiding society." . . . "Your marriage will hold more excitement."

SHOULD THERE BE A DOUBLE STANDARD FOR UNMARRIED MEN AND WOMEN?

Few girls would have anything to do with less than an uncompromising stand against the double standard. More often than not, it was characterized as immoral:

"Social and moral law doesn't approve of sex before marriage for either men or women."

"It is disgraceful, shameful and disgusting."

"If there have been previous relationships on either side, I think the possibility of a successful marriage could be greatly impaired."

"The reason for not entering into a premarriage act should not be because something might happen, but rather a thought of keeping your body pure for the one you marry."

"A man or woman should not do whatever they want. What would the world come to?"

"I believe the Ten Commandments. I don't follow them always, but I do believe in them. There is nothing in them which gives opposite rules for the opposite sexes."

"Sex should be looked upon as a sacred thing. Men and women, if engaged or going steady, should discuss just how far their physical entanglements are to be involved."

"I feel that each should have the same standards, because it is just as wrong for one as it is for the other."

"No matter how much in love the couple are, they should not go as far as having a sexual relationship. I believe a girl would lose her self-respect and the one she loves."

"God set down His commandments for one as well as the other. I want to think and know that the man I marry has high moral standards and has lived up to them."

"Absolutely not. This 'double standard' goes against the laws of God and man. Furthermore, the problems it claims to solve would not actually be solved. The fear of pregnancy and the satisfaction which would never be fully attained would cause this frustration."

"Although the woman actually is the only one who will bear a scar before her marriage

AS CAROL BRECKENRIDGE SEES THE '60's

1. *Do you expect to marry again?*

Yes, eventually, but I've not yet found the man. Twenty-five is the right age for a girl to marry, I think, because by then she's developed her own interests and personality. If she waits too long, she becomes too independent and loses some of her femininity. Femininity—to a man—means pliability. Men get set in their ways after twenty-five, too, but then nobody expects a man to be pliable.

2. *After you get married, do you plan to work outside the home?*

Absolutely. A job keeps a woman vital and interesting, since the demands on a housewife are less than they used to be. A wife can enrich her own life as well as her husband's and children's with an absorbing outside job.

It is possible that you might receive a larger salary from an outside job than your husband. Do you feel this might make problems in your home life, or do you feel it wouldn't make much difference?

I'd rather not try this. A man's ego depends to a large extent on his earning power. Ideally, woman's pay should be extra money for work she enjoys; the man should be the chief family support.

3. *Do you expect to continue working outside the home after you have children?*

Yes, definitely. I would not want to design my fashions in my home because I want it separate and private. Work is more refreshing if you have some place to go to and come from.

4. *Many women who have children wish to hold well-paying jobs, but have no one to take care of the children or manage the home while they are at work. Do you think it would be a good idea to train young women, who are not yet married, to go into these homes of working mothers and take over the responsibilities?*

Absolutely! I always had a nurse as a child. My mother played with me and disciplined me, but we weren't together every minute of the day. If a woman is so constructed that to make her home happy she must have a career, then I believe she should. I think it works out better if both parents work. There is less parent-child tension. I would have a hand in the discipline—immediate disciplining should be done by the nursemaid. And I would rather have the father do the major disciplining. It's traditional.

Do you think many young women would be interested in doing this type of work?

Very few people today take pride in cleaning house or caring for children because the work is put on a domestic rather than a professional basis. Someone should start a nationwide campaign: "There *is* pride and status in housework!" This work needs to be *re*-presented! These people are so important, they have such responsibility, you count on them for so many things, they *advise* you, you are a confidante.

5. *How many children would you like to have?*

I have six children's names picked out, but am beginning to think I would settle for four.

6. *Would you plan them?*

Yes, two years apart.

7. *Do you approve or disapprove of birth control?*

Approve.

Should it be legal to provide birth-control literature to those who wish it?

Yes.

8. *Do you think there should be a "double standard" in respect to sex—as between young unmarried women and young unmarried men?*

I don't believe in sexual freedom before marriage for either men or women; but since a young man is supposed to have his fling, and isn't as emotional about premarital sex as a girl, the consequences for him are less serious, whereas for a girl it often means heartbreak. However, very few young men today object to marrying a girl who isn't a virgin, provided she hasn't been promiscuous.

9. *Suppose a man who happens to be wealthy gets married; should his wife have an equal right to spend his money? How about a woman who happens to be wealthy; should her husband have an equal right to spend her money?*

My first reaction was that a man would and should put his money into the common pool, whereas the woman should hang on to hers. On second thought, I think each of them should keep their money, but not be stingy with it.

10. *As you look at your married friends, how important is money to a successful marriage?*

I'm not aware of much dissension over money, and among my friends it's seldom discussed.

11. *Again thinking about families you know, is there much disagreement over money problems?*

Women seem to have an equal voice with men in spending family income, among my acquaintances.

12. *Do you think that money is likely to be a big problem in your own married life?*

I would definitely discuss with my future husband how we're going to handle money so as to prevent

if she is promiscuous, it is just as important that a young man does not go wrong."

"I feel both the male and female should be pure before marriage. They can both learn together; neither needs previous knowledge."

"Our country is getting carried away with the idea that 'nothing is good unless it has sex.' This is very obvious of today's movies, books, and so on."

"A man doesn't want a used woman when he is married and a woman doesn't want a used man."

"Having free sexual life, I feel, cheapens a basically lovely part of life. It takes the emphasis off love and places it on sex for the sake of sex."

"My boyfriend and I have, together, developed a wholesome attitude to sex and an understanding for the well-being of both of us which deepens our relationship. He demands nothing from me which is against my principles, and I, in turn, give him my respect and devotion."

THERE WAS VARIETY TO THEIR REASONS:

"I greatly respect the man who combines sex with the love that comes in marriage and refuses to seek it elsewhere. Though there will always be a double standard, I hope to teach my sons the value of sex with love and the relative lesser value of sex sought for its own sake."

"I think that young unmarried men and women should have a good deal of respect for sex. I know a few girls who 'had to get married' and most of their marriages just didn't work out."

"I know I don't want my husband to have been with anyone else before. I think this should be a part of marriage, with each of the partners discovering each other, and not having had previous relations."

"Some people give the argument, 'Would you buy a pair of shoes without trying them on?' My answer to this is, 'Would you buy a pair of *used* shoes and pay full price!' "

MANY ENDORSED THE SPECIAL RESPONSIBILITY IN SEX THAT IS A WOMAN'S:

"One of the greatest things a woman can give to her husband is the virginity proof that she hasn't loved anyone as strongly as she loves him."

"Girls especially should have a great deal of self-control, seeing quite a few boys don't."

"Emotionally, most women desire to give themselves to only one man."

"A woman has much more to lose than a man if she does not live by a stricter moral code."

"Quite often, it is only the moral standards of women which prevent more immorality than already exists."

A LARGE NUMBER OF YOUNG WOMEN WERE OPENLY OUTRAGED BY A DOUBLE STANDARD THAT DISCRIMINATED AGAINST THEM:

"It is unfair that a woman is not respected for having affairs and men get away with it."

"Men assume the right to sully other young women, yet they want to marry a virgin."

"This serves to degrade the women while the men are free to flaunt around gaily without the least bit of responsibility."

"The consequences of sexual freedom are—rightly or wrongly—less severe for a man. However, a man who is lax in sexual behavior implies the existence of a woman who is similarly lax."

"Most women are gullible and will, sooner or later, fall for a line. This always hurts the girls but never the boys. This is neither fair nor right."

"The man has come to regard the whole matter much too casually and he can't understand why the woman can't dismiss the consequences just as easily. You feel really lucky when you run into a guy who has decided to keep that standard for himself, regardless of his opportunities."

"A woman has every right to expect her husband to be as chaste as she. Men are not as incapable of controlling their emotions as they would lead women to believe."

"A boy wants his bride to be a virgin and a girl feels that her husband should be one also."

"No unmarried man who has had an affair should think lower of an unmarried woman who has also had an affair."

"The notion that men need experience is a lot of bologna. Nature should be able to tell them what to do on a wedding night if they are innocent."

THOUGH MANY PROTESTED THE DOUBLE STANDARD WAS UNFAIR, SOMEWHAT FEWER FELT THAT SEXUAL EXPERIENCE WAS PERMISSIBLE, EVEN NECESSARY, FOR MEN:

"Young men should not be condemned for relieving their feelings with women who are paid for this job. The men suffer no consequences."

"I suppose as a woman I should condemn the double standard, but I frankly don't mind it. Experience on the part of the male often makes for a less traumatic wedding night. Allowing the female the same privileges would, however, serve only to break down our family as a social institution."

"Woman has an unwanted pregnancy to fear. Men are innately prone to want variety, should therefore get varied experience before marriage, so will settle down after marriage."

"Since there is a difference between man and woman, there should be a difference in the standards in the unmarried woman and unmarried man. The woman should be sweet and innocent and watch her morals. The male has the right to run around and be what he feels."

"There isn't as much significance attached to the purity of the boy. And in most cases, I believe a little premarital experience doesn't hurt, and sometimes helps."

"Girls definitely should not exercise the same 'freedom' as young men, but the decision must be their own and not one made by society, church or elders."

DI PIETRO



For Carol's complete story, see How America Spends Its Money on page 16.

wrangling later. Joint bank accounts get into a mess, I think. Separate bank accounts are better, even if hers includes only a household allowance. This gives her a chance to save for presents or special needs. Who actually writes the household bills is unimportant. Some couples I know never write a check above a certain amount—say $100—without consulting each other first.

13. *Do you choose your own clothes? Do you have an allowance? Or earn your own money? Does your mother agree with your choice?*

I earn my own money and buy my own clothes. My mother dresses very smartly and we have the same clothes tastes.

14. *Do you think women dress as well after they get married as they do before? Do you feel that a woman should have a definite budget to spend on clothes after she is married?*

A housewife with a young husband can rarely afford to dress as well as she did when working. However, she should realize that her looks can be an asset to her husband. She needn't be extravagant, but she should always try to look neat and well put together and *never* be seen in stained or sloppy clothes or hair curlers—ugh! People judge her husband by how well she looks. Also, her husband likes to feel proud of her appearance. How much she spends on herself depends on how the family needs stack up against her needs—which, however, shouldn't be neglected.

15. *Would you like to see the men you know take more care in the way they dress? In what ways do you think they should dress better?*

Women are generally better dressed. Most men pay little attention if their socks and ties and shirts clash. With more neatness and better color co-ordination, they would look immeasurably better.

16. *What beauty aids do you use? Daily? For a big date? Do you feel you make the most of your looks, or do you wish you had more help and advice?*

I use no face creams. During the daytime, a light foundation, powder, lipstick, eyebrow pencil and mascara. For a big date I add an eye liner and eye shadow. I'd like to be able to afford facials.

17. *What are your four favorite items of food right now?*

Chocolate mousse, raw oysters, a raw banana spread with peanut butter and mayonnaise (from my childhood), and New York hot dogs sold from an outdoor cart, served in a warm roll smothered with hot relish and sauerkraut.

18. *In general, how would you rate the meals at your house? After you get married do you expect to serve better or different food?*

I'm a good cook and eat a well-balanced meal even when eating by myself; no changes anticipated.

19. *Would you describe the kind of house you would like to have after you get married? That is, your "dream house."*

A very large two-story house on a dune by the sea with a very large porch. Sunken bathrooms with mosaic tile (real) and heated towel racks. Music everywhere—a central record player and speakers in every room. The living room would have a simply enormous walk-in fireplace with lots of cushions in front (I love to sit on the floor). Off-white walls; antique furniture mixed with modern, lots of yellow, burnt orange and persimmon. Beamed ceiling. A glass wall overlooking the sea. Contemporary paintings; very colorful. A big exquisite chessboard with exotic chess pieces, like buffalo horn on alabaster.

20. *Just in general, would you say you are more religious than your parents, or less? Would you say that religion is a great help to you in your daily life?*

I'm not any more or less religious than my parents. I attend church infrequently—the last time was a year ago when my father died. I found the church service a comfort at that time. I believe in a Divine all-powerful Being and a pattern to life, but religion is not a daily help to me. Whenever I take an airplane, I say a short prayer on takeoff and on landing, and that's about the extent of religion in my life.

21. *What has been most help to you in establishing your own moral and ethical code? Books? School? Church? Friends? Home?*

My father taught me honor and integrity by his example and with many talks. Both my parents, being Southern, were highly emotional on the subject of Negroes, and intolerant toward them, an attitude my brother and I do not share at all. Perhaps this was rebellion on our part, or perhaps it's just because our generation today is basically tolerant, and this is something we learn at school and from one another.

22. *To what extent does happiness depend on following a strict moral code?*

I believe that a good life brings its reward in happiness, but I also think you have to be wily and smart. Why be naïve? Most of the businessmen I deal with are quick to press an advantage and you learn to play according to their rules. If it's a question of being spit upon or doing the spitting, I don't intend to be on the receiving end. In the garment industry you've got to tread on a few toes occasionally to survive, but I don't believe in inflicting serious damage.

REGIONAL RECIPE SEARCH

Do you have, in your family, a recipe you *know* is representative of the food eaten in your community? One, perhaps, that is based on an especially delicious local product? Regional cookbooks are filled with "traditional" recipes that often ignore truly regional cooking. Did you know that the colorful dishes of Greece and Portugal are a part of our New England heritage? Many cities in this part of the United States have citizens of Greek and Portuguese ancestry. Across the country in the state of Washington, the Eskimo, the Japanese and the Chinese have long influenced the food habits of the people living there. It has been difficult to pin down actual regional foods, as separate from just traditional foods. The *Ladies' Home Journal* would like to know what the people of each region consider their *own* recipes. So, region by region, we are asking you to join our Regional Recipe Search—by sending us recipes you know belong to your section of the country; recipes that reflect the character of its people, the climate and the produce of the land. We are beginning with six states in the Southeastern section. Next month we will ask for recipes from another section, until all fifty states have been heard from.

Ladies of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee—do you have a favorite family recipe? One that belongs strictly to your section of the country? Will you send a copy of it to us? Mail it before the end of **JANUARY** 1962. Write on one side of the page only, and print your name and address on the back. We cannot return it, so do not send us your original! At a later date these recipes may be used to make a booklet on regional cooking in the U.S.A. Some may be used in *Journal* regional food articles. For each recipe we print in the *Journal* and the booklet, we will pay $5.00 for entire publishing rights to it. Mail your recipe to: Ladies' Home Journal, Regional Recipe Search, P.O. Box 3068, Grand Central Station, New York, New York.

"It is more important for the woman to maintain her chastity because that is the only thing she has to give her husband after taking his name, freedom and the rest of his life."

SO FEW THEY WOULD HARDLY COUNT SUPPORTED GREATER SEXUAL FREEDOM FOR MEN AND WOMEN THAN OUR SOCIETY CONDONES:

"Why should girls have to save themselves for their husbands? Possibly a marriage could be more successful if both mates knew the ropes."

"The idea of the girl being 'allowed' to pet, then *no further*, is a ridiculous notion of preserving virginity. I'm sure that the girl that has full relations with a partner with whom mutual respect exists and 'loses' her virginity is no less desirable."

"Women have an equal right to sexual happiness. The double standard leads to hypocrisy and guilt and sexually inhibited females."

"First of all I believe everyone's sex standard should be his own. Sex is a physical necessity to some girls more than other girls, just as it is to some boys more than others. 'How far' someone should go is a decision which must be reached by oneself."

"I believe that young couples anticipating marriage should under law live as man and wife for a maximum period of one year. They should know within a few months if they are suited to live together for the rest of their lives."

WHAT KIND OF HOUSE WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE IN?

If there is a woman in America who is unsure of her answer to that question, she is scarce. Dream-house definitions ranged from the fluffy-ruffle school ("I want a Cinderella-type house with fluffy ruffled curtains and a baby-doll bed with a canopy") to the rarer ("I would like one of those exotic houses up on stilts among the trees."). A number of women began with a dreamed of feature, which a house, eventually, would be built around: "A daylight basement to be used for both projects and parties." . . . "Sliding glass doors onto a patio." . . . "Exposed beams" . . . "Danish furniture"..."Music piped into every room"... "Planned so you don't have to walk through the living room to get to the bedrooms."

One of the most frequently mentioned single features was the heart of any home: the kitchen. Again and again the girls demanded a bigger, brighter and better-equipped kitchen, usually, than their mothers': "The kitchen must be sizable and readily accessible to the dining room" . . . "Large and sunny with a built-in stove" . . . "A terrace adjoining the kitchen so I could watch the children and keep up with my housework" . . . "Spacious and bright with the smells of fresh-baked cookies" . . . "Paneling with built-in stove, oven, washer and dryer" . . . "Lots of space and cupboards, white with a large circular table and captain's chairs."

A number of others set location before all other considerations: "I would like to live in a suburban area, near a city of approximately 100,000 population. This would give cultural opportunities and yet a feeling of not being hemmed in." Or, often: "Somewhere in Suburbia." And a young lady from the Middle West: "I would love to live on a farm of 1000 to 1500 acres."

Not untypical was the thoughtful 19-year-old from Massachusetts: "I would like to live in a growing suburban community with a progressive school system and facilities for cultural growth and entertainment, adequate shopping district, tree-lined streets, and playgrounds for younger children. I would not wish to live in a development."

Not even a house was big enough to deny woman the right to change her mind: "Depending on my mood, the home could range from contemporary to Cape Cod to Grecian," said a pink and lovely Vermont beauty. "I have two dream houses," said a petite Michigan girl, only 16 years old; "one for just after I am married and one in, say, five years or so."

A few of our young ladies took to heart the lessons learned from observation: "Our living room has to be planned to the very inch. I've had a father who constantly brings home things that don't fit in." One or two anticipated problems: "I want the walls to be painted in colors of my own choice, *not* my husband's." Only one expressed a grim sign of the times: "I want a good tight home with a basement which can be converted into a bomb shelter."

And so few they scarcely deserve representation: "As long as it's easy to keep clean and has a kitchen with a refrigerator and an oven and running water, I don't care. In fact, the refrigerator and oven are not really necessary."

One 18-year-old was not going to carry a mop all day: "I want it to be reasonably messy. I don't mean dirty. I mean *lived in*." She wasn't alone: "I can't be comfortable in a house where everything is in its place."

A SWEET LITTLE NEST

These, all in their way, are exceptions for most of our girls fairly burst out with their complete dream-house descriptions. Often eloquent, sometimes touching, and always thoughtful, they show how deeply important to a woman is her house.

"I have always imagined my dream home to be an old-fashioned type of home, located in a quiet rural area. I have always dreamed of it being on a hill with a lot of land where my children could play. I must add a large porch

THE NEW MARCH OF DIMES
NF
THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION

where my husband and I could sit and watch the children while we discussed our problems and joys alike."

"I would like a lot of finished wood for warmth and beauty. I would use Mincan inlays for hardware, and Danish furniture, mostly by Hans Wagner, along with American antiques. My living room would be long with a high ceiling of exposed beams. I would have a large fireplace on one wall, with a lot of copper and brass around and on the face of the fireplace. I would have Moroccan carpets, with some areas in cinnamon tones. My kitchen would be very like old Virginian ones—fireplace and oven."

"My dream home will be out of the city yet in communication distance. One entire wall of its spacious living room will be glass overlooking the broad and colorful Platte Valley near Omaha. The home will be made of weathered stone and shingles. It will have a flat roof, sloping up over the hill and be braced with beams diagonally against the hills. The materials in the living room will be natural and rustic and dark in color. The floor will be large flagstones. The walls of pine or stone. One wall will be fireplace. Copper and gold fixtures will be found throughout the house."

"Should be away from the road on a big hill with a beautiful green yard and a white fence around it. The living room should have a gold rug and walls with a white couch (sectional). Love big potted plants at the side of a very large fireplace. A stereo adds pleasure. The house should have lots of lights inside and out. A patio entered by glass sliding doors would add to the home."

"As to height and all that jazz, I can't make any definite statements. I would like to live in a penthouse apartment, furniture in Early American or Japanese décor. Special features are too numerous to mention, but come and see my place! You'll be mad about it!"

"A large colonial home, set back with a large, green pine-covered yard. I want stables in the back and lots of acreage. I want about 12 rooms, including: a large dining hall with beautiful chandeliers, winding staircases with the 4 bedrooms and 2 baths upstairs, and the den and another bathroom downstairs. The living room wouldn't be real big, but it would be furnished elegantly with either Early American or French Provincial. It would have thick wall-to-wall carpets as would all the rooms except the kitchen and bathroom."

"My dream home will be in the country on a little hill surrounded by many trees. We will have about 15 acres of land for raising horses. My home will be an old two-story brick-and-redwood style. Inside, it will consist of old furniture and be very European in atmosphere. Old paintings and art objects, from Europe, will be scattered throughout."

"After I get married, I trust that the house my husband has designed will be somewhat circular or round. I would like to have a large round back porch. The height will be between 38 and 46 feet. I want the living room about 50'x70' with sweeping draperies. I hope to have either a large basement for the children or a spare room for their recreation activity."

"We would prefer a big house on the tiptop of a hill, so we could watch the night lights. This would not have to be an exquisite house, but a fine home, maybe an old, old ivy-covered place with tall round pillars and a circular drive. A gold-and-white bedroom has been our dream for two years. A lavender living room with space as the most enhancing spectacle. I wish my old 'mansion' to be two stories high with a half story for a third floor, with small bright rooms and long hallways. In our home we'll need many fireplaces because we so love to sit and look at the flames."

"I don't want sharp or dark colors in my house in any form, but light, airy colors. Also the décor and furnishings would have to be of the type of materials that are easily adaptable to children, *not* so that the children I plan to have would have to adapt themselves."

"The living room would be fairly large with a fireplace, my furniture would be colonial, and there would be paintings on the walls, flowers in the vase, my children's pictures hung proudly for everyone to see. There would be few, if any, knickknacks. The color scheme would be warm, but cheery."

"My home will be a ranch-type house. It will be one floor, very big and done in ranch-type furniture. It will be on about four or five acres with horse stables, swimming pool, tennis court and a pond next to my big circle drive with the fountain in the middle."

"I would like a stone, split-level home on the top of a hill near the ocean on either coast, San Francisco or somewhere in Maine. A glass wall the entire length of the house facing the cliff, set a great distance back from the road. Would furnish in Danish modern. A conversation pit in the living room with large brightly colored cushions, probably in shades of blue, green, turquoise, brown and pink-red. Large stone fireplace in the living room/family room. I would like a studio on the top story with skylights, as I paint and write."

"I would just like to have a plain little house and a white picket fence around it. I would like to live in the country. In the living room, I would like old-fashioned furniture and a big bear rug."

"My dream house is in the country or the suburbs. It is on a river or lake where the family can swim in the summer and skate in the winter. Somehow, I hope it is also accessible to the cultural advantages of the big city. The style of the house is big, friendly, open—homey."

"I would like to live in a cottage by the sea—white frame with blue shutters, roof, and flowers in the front yard. A swing on the front porch. The interior would be warm, done in shades of green, yellow, blue."

Research often confirms what common sense tells us. We already know a lot about the women of America; 20 per cent of them are *our* own women, *Journal* women. Being *Journal* women, they are younger and better educated than women who do not read the *Journal*. They have more children and more money; they dress better, read more and better literature, and cook better.

Forgive this self-admiring glance, but, after all, we're only admiring you who hold this magazine in your hands—and, we hope, in your hearts. END

HE YOUNG CQUELINE KENNEDY— S I KNEW HER

NTINUED FROM PAGE 36

"Who is coming?" they demanded.
"Just a girl who won a prize on a fashion agazine. You wouldn't be interested," I d them. "Now you two go outside or up-airs, wherever you want to be. Scoot."
The girls had orders to stay out of the living om when I was fitting a customer because it o served as my fitting room.
Jackie came dashing in, laden with dresses, hion magazines and a sketch pad. She was gracious as her mother, as she explained t the ready-made dresses needed some erations. After showing the dresses to me, brought out her own skĕtches—if they uld be called sketches. "Squiggles" would more appropriate.
"Mother recommended you highly, Mrs. hea, and said you'd be able to understand at I want," Jackie said with a smile, looking it shy and uncertain.
"Well, I'll do the best I can," I said. "I have eeling I can learn a lot more from you than u can from me. *You* won the prize."
"Yes, but *you* do the actual doing," she d.
We talked about what she had done to win *gue*'s Prix de Paris. I was amused to learn at her mother had first talked her into enter-g the contest and then had helped talk her t of accepting the prize.
"Of course I made up my own mind," she d, "but I have spent a lot of time abroad. s time I settled down and thought about ing something constructive. And I do get ely for the family when I'm away so long."
"But it's a career," I said. "It's a chance to ve a wonderful career handed to you on a ver platter."
"Oh, I've had the experience," Jackie said. hat was t'rrific"—she pronounced it as if ad no *e*—"but I don't know about making areer of fashion. It's more of a hobby."
Her voice was even more unusual, now that eard it without the distortion of the tele-one. It had a liquid sound, like water cas-ding. And it had a sound of suppressed ghter, as if any moment she might break t into ripples of hilarity.
As Jackie went behind the screen to change o one of the dresses she had brought for modeling, I thought how surprised she uld be if she knew how much I already knew out her and the other members of the family, tle things I had learned from her mother and her customers who were her friends.
Just as there was a *Compleat Angler*, to my ind Mrs. Auchincloss was, of all my cus-mers, the *Compleat Mother*. Without in the ast smothering them, she took an intense terest in her children and gloried in each of eir triumphs, small or large. It was her sense humor which helped her with the problems adjusting the home life of three separate ts of children. First there were Jackie and e, the children of her first husband, Jack uvier, for whom Jackie was named. Then ere were Janet and James Auchincloss, the ildren of her second marriage; Tom, Nina d Hugh Jr., the children of Hugh Auchincloss his two previous marriages.

ackie seems to have been the most colorful ild of the family and had, in 1948, been med Debutante of the Year by Cholly nickerbocker, the society writer. He had mmented that Jacqueline Bouvier was the st debutante to deserve the crown since it d been worn by Brenda Frazier a few years rlier.
In her old pictures debutante Jackie had rn her hair like Brenda Frazier's, parted on e side and pulled flat across the top of her ad. But as she came toward me, I noticed e had graduated to a more casual feather t. Though she was tall—five feet seven—it oked properly proportioned and individual-ic.
She had a figure like a model, long and lean. knew that once she had been chubby, but one could accuse her of that now. Her neck s swanlike—a portrait painter's delight—d she held her head high.

"How would you like this fixed?" I asked and found that Jackie wanted her waist nipped in more and the bustline emphasized.
Next I got ready to translate her sketch into a gown. She explained exactly what each squiggle meant—a seam here, a swoosh of the skirt to the back, and a tricky banding there at the top of the bodice. Soon I found myself caught up in her enthusiasm and telling her, quite excitedly, how the dress could be made.
I asked her to remove her dress and slip so that I could make my muslin pattern. Then it was Jackie's turn to be surprised. "How in the world do you do that?" she asked.

I had developed my own technique for giving a dress perfect fit. This was to make, first, a muslin skin-tight covering on the person I was fitting. This established the figure in all its proportions. Then I cut out in muslin the pattern of each dress.
"This is how I know what I'm doing when I cut into the material," I said. "And I see that you really know good material." She had brought some beautiful heavy white embroidered satin.
"It came from France," she said, smiling at my appreciation.
I tried to determine the color of Jackie's eyes. They looked light brown, yet they had other colors in them, too, and seemed almost hazel. Later I was to see them described as anything from light brown to gray-green.
"Where did you get your training in dressmaking, Mrs. Rhea?" Jackie asked.
"I didn't. I've never had a course, but I'm not proud of it. Actually, the only training I've had is a course in hatmaking which I took a few years ago. I had a notion I might like to go into the hat business."
"Well, if you had, I wouldn't be here," she said emphatically. "I can't get excited about hats. They complicate a costume and take away from the look of unity."
"You hate hats?"
"No; that's a strong word. Let's say they're fine for church."
I continued to pin the muslin in place. While working, I commented on how lucky Jacqueline was to have a figure like a model right out of a Parisian salon.
I was amazed to learn that she didn't think she was perfect or ideal, and in fact was quite critical of herself. She wished her feet were smaller, her waist slimmer, her bust larger and her face more oval. I felt like spanking her. Here she stood—the most beautiful girl who had walked through my door, and she was beset by small dissatisfactions, just like anyone else.
"If I had your face and form I think I'd head for Hollywood," I said.
"Or home," she said, laughing. "I'm late."
At least, I thought, *this girl will never be conceited.* I unpinned her and when she returned, dressed again, I noted her poise and perfect carriage. *This is the secret of elegance*, I thought. The important thing is to present a picture of confidence and serenity to the world.
I asked Jackie to sign my guest book. She wrote in a strong, artistic hand, "November 3, 1951. Jacqueline Bouvier, Merrywood, McLean, Virginia, WO-4020."
As I saw her gather up her things and leave as quickly as she had come, I thought, *This girl is unusual. This girl, I hope, will come often.*
A familiar pattern soon evolved: Jackie would dash in and show me a design. "I have a t'rrific idea for a gown. I think it should have this kind of a top," she would say as she pulled out a mere suggestion of a sketch. "The skirt should be like this," she would add, doodling with her pencil. "You understand, don't you, Mrs. Rhea?"
And of course I did. Between the two of us we would soon crystallize the idea of how the dress should be made. Jacqueline shared my love for fabulous materials and colors. Frequently she brought me materials that had come from abroad and together we would work out a design.
She wore a lot of black in suits and daytime clothes, but not for evening. Pink—hot pink—was her favorite color, to match her lipstick. I noticed her beautiful, long eyelashes. Her complexion had a transparency; it was so perfect and her skin tones were warm, blending well with her chestnut-brown hair. The pink she liked so well did the most for her coloring. She was a joy to work with, for she could look at something and make a quick decision—yes . . . no . . . a little higher . . . an inch more to the right.
Other customers would sometimes come back endlessly, complaining, "It still isn't right. I think I want it this way instead." But not Jackie. She would say, "It's t'rrific!" It was her special expression.
The way muslin could be used to decide exactly what cut looked best fascinated Jackie. One day, muffled in muslin, she experimented with necklines and shoulder lines.
"I definitely look better with this sleeveless effect," she said, looking in the mirror.
"Yes." I saw what she meant. "It's a pity the style isn't that way for daytime."
Jackie got a magazine from her stack of things on the couch. It was my first good look at a French fashion magazine.
"Look in here, Mrs. Rhea." She flipped open a few pages. "Look at the variety. You'll find almost any look you want. Why can't you wear a sleeveless dress for daytime?"
"I don't know why," I said. "It just isn't being done."

THE OVERGROWN MEADOW

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

I'm sorry, ma'am, I've been so long
About getting here with my mowing machine,
But it's just as well
I waited a spell.
Now the birds have finished their nesting.

I saw two quail come out of your field
With little ones like soft bumblebees;
The song sparrows used
Those cedar trees;
And meadow larks built in the wood-grass.

As I leafed through the magazine, amazed at the galaxy of clothes the French were wearing and the extreme look of French dresses, Jackie stood working with the muslin, determining how deep an armhole should be cut.
"Yes," she said, "I like the slim sleeveless look. I think the shoulder should come about here." She pointed to the tip of the shoulder bone. "And I think it should barely cover the neck bone here," as she ran her finger along the ridge of the bone.
Some time later, she ordered such a dress for daytime and I remember I suggested a little jacket to cover her arms.
"No, that would be losing the whole point," she said. "I'll just have the dress."
Even in November, 1951, when Jackie first came to my shop, I noticed that she seemed to ignore the fads of the moment. Her hair never looked harshly pulled back, as was the fashion of the day, with nary a curl on the forehead; Jackie would try to soften her forehead line. Choker beads, tight around the throat, of two, three and even four strands, were almost a uniform; Jackie never wore them, preferring the more dignified look of a longer single or double strand of pearls. Somehow, in following her own thinking, she seemed always to be a little ahead of fashion's decrees. Some people are fashion followers. Jackie was never intimidated into wearing what others were wearing. Some sixth sense told her where fashion's trend was leading.
Maybe, in studying the French magazines, she was guided by instinct to know which of the styles would survive. I don't know. But I soon realized that, if I saw some new idea on Jackie, I would eventually find it becoming the accepted mode.
And, because of Jackie, I began buying French fashion magazines myself. *L'Officiel* was one of her favorites and *L'Art et la Mode*. I also got one named *Femina luxe*. It was an expensive habit, because these magazines in America cost something like $10 an issue. It was a blessing that they did not come out monthly, but only for each season.
Jackie would try to talk me into studying French. "You could make it a family affair and just talk French at the table." She told me how she had got practice in conversation at home where, at certain meals, if you forgot and spoke a word of English you had to forfeit a coin. I determined I would study French one day—and I'm still determined.
I noticed that Jackie backed away from certain colors—green, gold, yellow and brown. She liked white, beige and black, pale yellow and, of course, pink—the brighter the better.
I nearly always wore red dresses on bad-weather days to lift my own morale and that of my customers. Jackie said once, "I love to see you in red. It does something for my spirits on this foul day." She told me how it had depressed her as a child to have to wear a school uniform with its sameness of color.
The major problems Jacqueline had in dressing were her wide, wide-set eyes and the rather square cut of her face. Because of these features she had to avoid square necklines, square shoulders, and squarish hairdos which would make her eyes look still farther apart and her face more squarish. The wonderful thing about Jackie's eyes was that, with the right hairdo, they were her most exciting and beautiful feature and set her completely apart from everyone else. If any one feature made her memorable, it was her lovely brownish-hazel eyes. She needed and used a slanting or irregular line in her hairdo or dress. Sometimes she achieved the off-center effect merely with a brooch on the shoulder.

I'll never forget the experience I had with one of Jackie's dresses. It caused me to look on her more as a friend than as a customer.
It was in early December when she rushed in with a sketch, yards of bright pink peau de soie and yards and yards of silver braid. The braid was on two big spindles. Her design, as we finally worked it out, called for a strapless dress, very fitted, with a very full skirt and a difficult design of braid sewn in absolutely straight lines all over it. Jackie needed the dress for a special occasion and I promised to have it finished in time for her to pick it up the morning of the event. Suddenly both of my daughters became ill with a virus infection. I remember I was sewing on the braid the night before the dress was due, with the dress draped over the ironing board. The silver lines stretched on endlessly. Before my weary eyes the pattern looked like a maze from which I would never find my way out. The glitter of the silver played tricks with my eyes. *Why, oh why*, I asked myself, *did I ever get into this dressmaking business? Surely there must be some other way to support my daughters.*
Every once in a while I went in to look at the girls. At about eleven o'clock they both seemed worse and I called the doctor. I was grateful that he came on that cold, sleety night.
When he was ready to leave, he glanced at the billows of pink and silver on my ironing board. "Are you still working?" he asked. Then searchingly, "How do you feel?"
"All right," I answered, "except that I'm worried about the girls and I have to finish this dress before tomorrow morning."
He left, shaking his head doubtfully.
I finished the dress, but I woke up at five o'clock in the morning—only a few hours after I had gone to bed—and called the doctor. Again he came through the cold at an unearthly hour and found the girls improving, but ordered me to stay in bed.
Jacqueline arrived jauntily some hours later to pick up the dress. She put it on and came to my bedroom to show me how it looked. I tried to keep her out, for fear she might catch my virus, but she insisted that didn't worry her. In fact, she sat down on the edge of my bed to chat and keep me company.
Never before had such a thing happened to me—a customer with such concern for my

welfare. I felt a little choked up—and it wasn't all due to my cold. Soon I was forgetting all about my misery and laughing at her tales of adventures in Europe. I was no longer in my sickbed but strolling down the streets of Paris, surrounded by flower stalls, so vividly did she describe the scenes. The flowers of Europe had made a great impression on her and on me also as she talked about them. Real? I could almost smell them. And in my mind's eyes I sat at a sidewalk café, sipping an *apéritif*, and lamenting with her that Washington, D.C., had none of these charming outdoor cafés.

"I wish I could bribe you to be my doctor," I said. "I feel a hundred per cent better just listening to you."

"I should be thanking you for working on my dress when you must have felt miserable," she said. "You shouldn't have done it. But I'll think about you when I wear it tonight and it will make my Christmas holidays."

The pink of this dress, I soon began to realize, was her special trademark. There was bound to be a pink dress—generally a bright pink—in every batch of clothes she brought to me for remodeling.

Right after the Christmas holidays I noticed a lovely ring on Jackie's engagement finger, and asked her about it. She told me that she had just become engaged to John Husted, of New York, but that the announcement was still to be made.

I heard of this engagement from another source, too, a customer who was Mr. Husted's aunt—Mrs. Ellery Husted. Mrs. Husted was very pleased at the idea of Jackie's becoming a part of her family.

For the next few months Jackie was busy commuting back and forth to New York. But she didn't seem excited enough. I had the feeling Jackie had decided it was time for her to be serious and was trying to let her head rule her heart.

And two or three months later I discovered that the ring was not on her finger. I hesitated to ask, but she volunteered that she had just decided to call it off. Jackie seemed more relieved than unhappy about it. Anyway, she didn't have time for tears because she had got herself a brand-new, glamorous job.

Soon after the new year arrived, she came flying in one day with a big camera slung over one shoulder and a shoulder bag over the other. She was bubbling with delight. "I have a job," she said. "I'm the 'Inquiring Photographer' for the *Times-Herald!*"

I could hardly believe my ears. "Congratulations," I said. I went to get the newspaper lying on my table, and looked at the column. "Why is 'photographer' spelled wrong?" I asked. "It's spelled 'photografer' here."

Jackie explained that the *Times-Herald* was campaigning to get people to spell words the way they sound.

"And why don't I see your by-line?"

"It will come," she said. "It will come."

"Well, that shouldn't take long. You have just gained another reader."

Naturally, Jacqueline's column became my "must" reading every day. It was remarkable to me that a young woman who had mingled only with society had chosen to attempt to make her way in the workaday world—to succeed on her own merits. And it was also remarkable that she, who was basically shy, developed the courage to stop strangers of every age and walk of life on the street, how she understood their interests, and how she was able to blend seriousness with comedy.

When she was questioning people in Georgetown—or even in my shop—I noticed that she never talked down to them. She never traded on her name or position, referring to herself only as "the Inquiring Photographer."

In one column she asked Jimmy Stewart, the movie star, what his secret ambition was and he confessed that, in his heart, he'd wanted to be a clown.

Another day she had asked men if they were more interested in sports or in politics. The consensus was that, even in the nation's capital, they were more interested in sports.

I really had to laugh when Jacqueline asked a group of men what kind of clothes they thought women looked best in. Barnee, the famous orchestra leader at the Shoreham, insisted that women should wear green dresses with full skirts. He added, "The more frills and fluffs you can put on a dress, the better. And I think women should have long hair."

Jackie came swooping in one fine spring day wearing a most devilish smile. "I've come to interview you," she said. "I want to ask you a question."

"Oh, no," I groaned. "I'm just a dressmaker. Who cares what I think?"

"People are just as interested in what you have to say as what anyone else says. What are you giving up for Lent?"

"I hate to talk about it. Tell me what someone else said. I don't think I can measure up."

"I don't think your competition is that terrible," she said. "Here is one of my interviews—with Janet Auchincloss, aged six."

"Let me hear what Janet is giving up for Lent."

"Well," said Jackie, "it says here, 'I'll give up fighting with my brother James. I slap him really hard sometimes when he won't sit still at TV and keeps jumping up and down in front of Howdy Doody. And then he bawls. But he better stop tormenting my dolls and grabbing them out of the chair and throwing them on the floor or I won't be able to give up slapping him for long!'"

A few days later, there on page 19 of the Washington *Times-Herald*, was my picture, along with Janet's. Unfortunately, Jackie didn't try to improve my quote. It sounded just like me and I groaned as I read:

"I suppose I should give up sweets. I started to cut them out in the beginning of Lent, but then I stopped. It makes me mad to think I broke it when I really didn't want a piece of candy much. It wasn't even good candy. Now it seems pointless to give it up again, but I think I'll pull myself together for one more try."

The funny thing was that just talking about it made me really give up candy and I've hardly touched it since.

Jackie walked as if she knew where she was going. To me walking, more than anything else, expresses one's personality. If peop have a lackadaisical way of moving, you kno they have no ambition. She held her shoulde back and her head high. It all added up to forthright and capable personality.

Jackie did a lot of "walking" to get a b line.

She was all over the map. She attended spelling bee. (The hardest word was "chry anthemum," which was later to be the nan of my new dog.) She went to the Folg Shakespearean Library to find out which the master's words were still applicable to t day's world. One person said, "I don't ev have to stop to think. It is, 'What fools the mortals be.'"

A few days after she interviewed me sh was asking members of the male specie "When did you discover that women are n the weaker sex?"

Then it happened—her first by-line! Marc 26, 1952, was the date. She had asked peop if they had any special superstitions. One pe son who said he kept watching for the nun ber of crows he saw in one flock recited a litt rhyme I couldn't get out of my head:

> *"One crow, sorrow;*
> *Two crows, joy;*
> *Three crows, a wedding;*
> *Four crows, a boy."*

The next time I saw Jacqueline I congrat lated her that the crows had finally done th trick.

I told her, "Your column is very ed cational."

"I'm glad of that, Mrs. Rhea," she said wi mock seriousness.

"Well, I'm not," I retorted. "I don't ha time to look for crows out of the window ar I find myself repeating the jingle to the rhyth of my sewing. It's driving me crazy."

"I'll work up one for the sewing-machir rhythm," she laughed.

"Thanks."

Looking back, how carefree was that sprin of 1952, how relaxed and happy-go-luck Children bounding in and out on their way t

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school. Customers talking and laughing. Me swapping anecdotes about my children with mothers like Mrs. Auchincloss. Jackie shopping in the New York stores—Lord and Taylor, Bonwit's, Sak's Fifth Avenue and Bergdorf's—and having the dresses sent directly to me so that I could go to work on them, since I had the muslin pattern of her figure. She was a little long-waisted and sometimes the waistline needed adjustment.

Jackie would arrive, ring the bell and let herself in very casually. More often than not I would be downstairs in the workroom, busy at my sewing machine. When I'd hear her quick little rings I'd hurry upstairs. Other customers were often late. Other customers would have a million excuses why they couldn't make it on time.

She would telephone early in the morning to make her appointment. She would say, "Mrs. Rhea"—she always called me that, while everyone else called me *Miss* Rhea—"I wonder if you'd be able to see me this afternoon about two or three. I have to be out your way anyway."

GIFT IN THE MAIL

By EVELYN ADAMS

The tin flag is up now; there was
a year
That you came to me when the
mail came in.
I'd wait for a shadow to appear
In one cell of a honeycombed wall;
I'd hear
My heart choking on adrenalin.

Now I watch a box by the birches;
though
A bill or booklet is all it will be,
You don't realize that you mail a
glow,
I thought I'd forgotten long ago,
When I learn there's an envelope
there for me.

I always had many appointments at that time of day. But I would try to oblige Jacqueline. "Well, I already have a two- and a three-o'clock appointment," I might answer, "but you're so easy to fit that I think I can squeeze you in at two-forty."

"That will be t'rrific. I'll be there."

And she was.

I never saw Jackie excited in an emergency except once and then I was amazed, under the circumstances, at how little agitated she was. She came hurrying in and asked, "Mrs. Rhea, where can I get a pitcher of water?" I pointed to the kitchen. She was in and out in a minute, carrying the water and heading out the front door.

Curious to know who needed water, I ran to the door in time to see her calmly pouring the water into her car—through the window. Smoke billowed out.

"I set my car on fire with a cigarette," she said, smiling, as she passed me on her way to the kitchen again. "I think one more pitcher and I won't have to call the fire department."

Talk about calm in the face of conflagration!

I think one of the first things that endeared Jacqueline Bouvier to me was that she very seldom smoked during a fitting. She, too, was afraid of burning a hole in a fine fabric.

Sometimes when Jackie was there in the afternoon she would watch with amusement as I tried to shoo a bevy of girls away from the telephone. They had a habit of using my phone to call their homes with a million and one questions or details of where they were spending the afternoon, and how to reach them in case of such and such an "emergency."

"You're an indulgent mother," said Jackie.

"You wouldn't get my daughters to agree with you." I was thinking of the times I had tried to enforce my rule about staying out of the living room when a fitting began. They were especially rebellious when Jackie was there because she fascinated them. They wanted to peep at the "Inquiring Photograferer"—whose column, incidentally, was renamed "The Inquiring Camera Girl." They wanted to know what she was wearing because they both fully intended to try for her career someday.

How well she looked the part of the "average" girl intent on her career was brought home to me one day by the husband of one of my customers who came to call for his wife and saw Jackie as she was leaving.

"You know," he said, "if that girl with the camera is a commercial photographer, she could pick up some extra money. I've been needing to have some pictures taken down at the office. You can suggest it, if you like."

I had to explain that I didn't think Jackie would be interested in "picking up some extra money." He looked disappointed as he left.

I was interested to learn that the man who had been the "Inquiring Photographer" before Jackie was a student who had worked his way through college to become a physician. He is the one who helped her learn how to choose interesting-looking people and how to stop them with some provocative question. Jackie learned quickly.

"What didn't you give up after you got married?" was one of her questions. It certainly started some interesting discussions in my fitting room.

So did the column in which my customers and I learned that the feminine ancestor of a D.A.R. whom Jackie interviewed on the subject of genealogy had singlehandedly scalped twelve Indians after they killed her baby.

And, "What do you think of wrestling as a sport for women?"

And, "Are wives a luxury or a necessity?"

And, "Do you think a wife should tell her husband that he's smarter than she?"

And, "If you could have three wishes, what would they be?" My daughters wished they could grow up to look like Jackie and be inquiring camera girls.

I don't know why she was at the veterinary's—it probably had something to do with one of the dogs at the Auchincloss home—but the column that resulted from her visit to the small animal hospital in Georgetown run by Dr. Jean S. Goudy became my favorite.

It was an interview in which Jackie asked each dog what it was doing at the vet's. The dogs told her, without hesitation, and they had no false modesty about giving their names, ages and pedigrees. The first dog was Trudle, aged five, who was there with a psychological problem. "I'm in the maternity ward. I just had five puppies." (One for every year of her age.) But she confided that now, when she should have been happiest, she was miserable. "They took my puppies away because they weren't pure dachshunds. I can't eat. I just want my puppies back."

Then there was a stouthearted gentleman boxer, aged seven, who said, "What am I doing here? My dear lady, I ask myself the same question." A little later he admitted he did have a slight "corneal ulcer—nothing serious."

There was Cracker, a cocker spaniel, who said he'd "gone to Florida for my health and ended up by losing it completely." He'd developed a little case of asthma and a touch of intestinal infection from a garbage can and, on top of it all, the climate had "simply wrecked" his nerves.

Another cocker, thirteen-year-old Simon, told Jackie, "I'm an old man." But he added philosophically, "I'm resigned to spending most of my time in doctors' offices these days."

Sis, a miniature schnauzer, said she "couldn't be more annoyed" about being at the vet's. She had simply taken a bite out of a nurse whom she couldn't stand. "I bit her good and hard," she said, "and I was dumped here to board till my owner recovers. And that better be soon, I'm telling you."

When Jackie came in I said, "Your column shows you certainly know how to bring out the best in man or beast."

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"But I seem to bring out the worst in little children," she laughed. "You should hear some of their frank answers."

"I read one," I said, and went to get the column in which a little girl had told what she thought of little boys—in rhyme:

"Grunty old goldfish and tattletale ginger ale,
Stick your hand in the garbage pail."

"Yes," she said, "and that isn't the worst of it. How about where she tells how Donald kicked Edmund's tooth out and he bled all over the place?"

"Yes," I agreed. "Perfect little ladies and gentlemen."

Jackie was wearing her favorite sweater-and-belted-skirt working costume and carrying over her arm a suit of heavy faille. "I got this suit in France, but I wonder if you can do something with the jacket. I feel just like a penguin every time I wear it."

I examined the suit. "It's beautiful, simply beautiful."

"Isn't it?" she said. "But the front is cut too deep for me. I realize that now."

"Well, let's see what can be done," I said.

The skirt had a slim straight look. The jacket was fitted at the waist with a double-breasted effect. But the item which was bothering Jackie was the collar, which swooped down below the bustline in a curve, making quite a deep opening, so that the white blouse was prominently displayed—just like a man's full-dress shirt or, as Jackie had said, the snowy white front of an emperor penguin.

"Why don't you slip into that suit and let me see why you think you look like a penguin?" I suggested.

Jackie backed off to scrutinize me, cocking her head and looking me up and down. "I have a better idea," she said at last. "Why don't you try it on, Mrs. Rhea? It wouldn't look like that on you."

I did.

She was right—I did *not* look like a penguin in it. I got so many compliments, because it increased my stature and lengthened my short neck, that when the skirt wore out I made a new one to go with the jacket. The First Lady would be surprised to learn that I still have the suit and wear it often, although it has seen almost a decade of hard wear.

Jackie's mother and sister had lovely figures which were quite alike. Both were shorter and more rounded than Jackie. She brought Lee to introduce her and have me do some work for her and I immediately noticed the difference in the taste of the two sisters. Jackie said, "Don't try to make us look alike."

Lee preferred more extreme styles and more striking colors. She liked bright green and sharp yellow, which Jackie would not wear in those days. Lee wore purple when it was rarely worn. She loved red too.

From various customers of the newspaper world I heard that Jacqueline was very well liked at the *Times-Herald* and respected for taking a job in a field where she had had no previous training. The reporters and photographers, young and old, volunteered their services in helping the fledgling. I heard that one photographer, in a burst of enthusiasm, became a human tape measure to show Jackie exactly how far away her subject should be when she snapped the shutter.

"You should be just six feet away. I'm exactly six feet tall. Look!" And so saying, he lay prone upon the floor. I'm sure Jackie will never forget *that* newspaperman.

She developed her film on the fourth floor of the old *Times-Herald* building at 13th and H Streets. Then she would go to the fifth floor to write her column.

I heard that many of the reporters and photographers would gang up to kid her at the office. They would say, "What's a beautiful girl like you doing messing around with the hypo?" (They were referring to the chemical used in developing photographs.) Jackie would ask them sweetly why they weren't doing it for her.

"We're all thinking of taking a powder and going out to your pool this afternoon. How about it?" they'd tease.

"T'rrific," she'd answer.

But when the men on the *Times-Herald* would ask her out, she was very gentle in the way she let them down. "I'm going out with a group of friends," she'd say. She never accepted a date from any of her coworkers. When they'd ask her, she'd always be so sorry but all tied up.

However, there was a reporter she had dated in the past, Charles Bartlett, of the Chattanooga *Times*, who arranged a dinner party at his home in Georgetown so that she could meet a certain bachelor congressman.

The congressman's name was John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

After Husted and Jackie were no longer seeing each other his aunt, Mrs. Husted, and her daughters, who were also my customers, would still run into Jackie at my shop and they were as good friends as ever. I would hear them talk about the swimming pool and Jackie would invite them all to come out and cool off.

She herself would first have to work in the broiling sun, getting her half dozen subjects, before she could join them at the poolside.

But Jackie could always use her wits to good advantage in order to be where things were more comfortable and pleasant. I remember one hot July day found her at the cool, tree-lined Hains Point links asking, "What makes you maddest on the golf course?"

And another hot day she toured the "hot spots" asking, "How do you keep cool?"

The Republican nomination came and went without a ripple. Jackie bothered with only one political question: "What do you think of General Eisenhower winning the nomination on the first ballot?"

I asked if she was going to take a greater interest in the campaign and she said she'd leave politics to the political writers and stick to human interest.

She really did have a way of provoking people to thought. Once she asked, "What prominent person's death affected you most?" and even some of my most rock-ribbed Republican customers confessed they had cried and been inconsolable at the death of President Roosevelt, feeling that he had done his best, though "misguided," and in effect had given his life for his country.

She almost caused a fight between two Government secretaries who came for a fitting together after she asked, "Do you think you understand your boss better than his wife does?" One of the women was sure she did and this, for some unknown reason, caused indignation in the other.

However, the question she asked at that time which applied most to herself—though she'd have been surprised to know it—was, "Do you think your life story would make a good movie?" Only in retrospect can I see that she was living the making of a good movie story, with two handsome men—John Fitzgerald Kennedy and Henry Cabot Lodge—fighting for a great and desired position, a seat in the Senate. Her hero was the dark-horse candidate.

But talk about absentee romances! Now she was waiting for telephone calls, waiting for the congressman's short visits between his hurried campaign trips to Massachusetts.

This is a romance? I thought.

But Jackie proved she had absorbed not only French fashion but the Frenchwoman's serenity and ability to wait. And she exuded happiness. It seemed to me that Jackie was definitely oriented toward the French. She liked the language, the literature and the fashions. She spoke of things French with affection and said, "Well, after all, the Bouviers are French."

Incidentally, Jackie's sister, Caroline Lee, was named after Caroline Ewing who had defied her Protestant family in Philadelphia and married a Roman Catholic, John Vernou Bouvier. This great-grandmother had been concerned with the problems of the world and she performed an untold number of acts of charity—among them, helping to set up the New York Foundling Hospital for unwanted children of all races and religions.

Jackie, I thought, was a lot like this great-grandmother, having understanding and sympathy for the highest and the lowest. She was interested in the lives of all people.

She was also self-sufficient, didn't want me to fasten hooks or help with a zipper. Some of my customers treated me like a maid, stepping out of their clothes and leaving them for me to pick up. But Jackie didn't want a lady's maid, and she had great respect for every individual.

I had come to realize that fashion was only one facet of Jackie's personality. Fashion, as far as she was concerned, was just one more means of self-expression.

I used to wish that all American girls would be taught the principles of line and design as a compulsory part of their high-school education and that every housewife had at least one French fashion magazine.

French clothes have more body, not only in the materials but in the way they are made. If one has ever ripped up a French suit in order to make an alteration, that person will know what I mean. Under the silk lining is the muslin interfacing that has been stitched and restitched and placed over finely overcast seams, then boned in places, making it almost impossible to get to the original seam.

When I started ripping apart the first French suit brought to me for alteration, I thought, *This will be easy because it has such simple lines.* But when I had released the lining and taken a look at what was underneath I soon saw that it was as complicated on the inside as it was uncomplicated outside. This was, I realized, a good way to get a lesson in French sewing technique, so I studied each step. In the interfacing the darts were cut away and overlapped and then stitched to eliminate bulk. Frequently Americans just cut and press open the darts which can leave a mark on the outside of the suit. The whole suit, I found, was interfaced to give it shape and keep that relaxed look from being marred by wrinkles.

Jackie insisted on dress linings and at least part of the French construction in her clothes. I remember when I made a bathing outfit for her in the summer of '52 the little white piqué jacket to go with the white halter-top suit was a delight to behold, yet was guaranteed not to go limp the first time she lounged in it or drenched it in the water. The interfacing of the jacket was hidden by a flamboyant orange print that went beautifully with Jackie's dark hair and healthy suntan.

I made a lot of playtime dresses that summer for Jackie, and some career-girl dresses. It was the summer she was testing out her own look of no collar, no sleeves, a slightly full, gathered skirt, or one with big box pleats. No pockets. I would see this look grow more and more important to her and become the "Jackie look" which intrigued the nation as it became acquainted with her.

Election time was upon the nation in November and I didn't see how Jacqueline's friend could wrest the Senate seat from Henry Cabot Lodge. Everyone was predicting a Republican landslide, and in my shop there was scarcely a person who didn't say, "I like Ike."

Even those who said "Stevenson is the better man" added, "but I wish he had a wife and were a little more colorful."

In the eleventh hour Jacqueline was busy asking campaign questions like mad. She sought out Washington's top society hostesses to ask, "With which presidential candidate would you rather be marooned on a desert island?"

Mrs. Morris Cafritz gave the most hilarious answer: "I'm a very social person, you know. I think being stranded with either one would get a bit tiresome after a while. What I'd really love is to be marooned with both of them on the same island at the same time. They mightn't like it so much, but I think it would be divine."

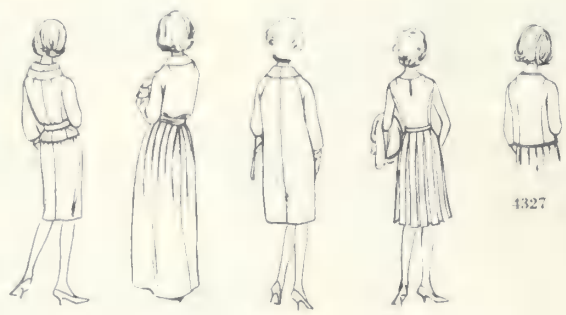
What a riotous time there was in Washington after Eisenhower's landslide returns came in! Jackie was in the thick of it as a girl reporter.

But she was, I am sure, most interested in reading about how one Democratic bachelor congressman had bucked the strong Republican tide to win a smashing victory over Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.

Election or no election, the newspapers were published and Jackie kept working hard. Some of her questions continued to have a political angle: "Who would you like to see in President Eisenhower's cabinet?" and "Do you think Eisenhower should confer with General MacArthur before going to Korea?"

JOURNAL EDITORS AROUND THE CLOCK

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 44 and 45



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She even showed a new interest in the international situation, asking, "What four Americans would you name or delegate to the U.N. to match Russia's team of Vishinsky, Gromyko, Zorin and Zorubin?"

And as our First Lady now bemoans the fact that photographers take pictures of her children with telephoto lenses and that the interest of reporters makes it impossible to give them privacy, I am sure she remembers, when she was a part of the press, looking for a fresh approach to our important national figures.

The votes were hardly counted before she'd scooped the other newspapers by seeking out Patricia Nixon, six-year-old daughter of the new Vice President, in front of her home at 4801 Tilden Street. "What do you think of Senator Nixon now?" she asked.

Little Tricia, as she was called, promptly gave one of the best quotes I ever read: "He's always away. If he's famous, why can't he stay home? See this picture? That's a coming-home present I made for daddy. Julie did one, too, but she can't color as well as me. All my class was voting for Eisenhower, but I told them I was just going to vote for daddy."

The interview made a hit with Jackie's editor and her readers. She followed it with another child's-eye-view story which was so good the editor put it on the front page. It was about the complications of being nieces of a President. To get it, Jackie had waited outside the John Eaton public school for two little girls and had walked them home. As they walked, Jackie had sketched them and the wonderful squiggle drawing, showing ten-year-old Mamie Moore and eleven-year-old Ellen Moore carrying their schoolbooks, appeared with the story.

Young Mamie had complained that when reporters telephoned asking for "Mamie" her mother told them Mamie wasn't there. "My mother thought they meant my Aunt Mamie," she said, "but how did she know they didn't mean me?" Mamie had a further complaint that, "Only three people in my class knew Uncle Ike was my uncle." But she added that, since she had brown hair and bangs, "Everybody said I look like Aunt Mamie and so now they all know."

Poor Ellen, who was not named after anybody famous and didn't even have bangs, was really sad. "Nobody knows who I am," she said.

On the brighter side, Mamie Moore reported that a girl in her class had suggested she tell the teacher that unless she gave her good grades the President of the United States would "throw her off the school board." But, after all, Mamie reflected aloud, she didn't think it would do any good "because if Uncle Ike heard that, he'd just tell my mother, and would she get mad!"

When I heard that the girl's mother, Mrs. Gordon Moore Jr., had called the editor to complain about this interview, I was on Jackie's side. The unwritten law of the newspaper world is, "The public has a right to know." After all, it had been a delightful story and showed that Mrs. Moore was a good mother. What harm had been done?

Jackie was feeling bad about it, however, and told several people how sorry she was, adding, "It must be terrible to be so prominent that your children are exposed to so much publicity."

The congressman was now a senator-elect and in the holiday season of 1952 Jacqueline really had a holiday glow. She was asking little children what they wanted for Christmas, and I began to have an inkling that what *she* wanted was the senator.

She came tearing in one day, saying, "I have this t'rrific idea for a dress." She gave me a rough sketch of the effect she wanted to achieve. Together we worked out the design for a white ball gown to be worn with a red stole—a wonderful Christmas touch.

Jackie had brought eight yards of beautiful white satin and two and a half yards of red velvet. Now it was up to me to figure out how to cut the dress and the red velvet stole. It was Jackie's idea to have a long, floor-to-floor style, with much fullness at the bottom. This I managed by a trick which anyone can try.

I took the two and a half yards of red velvet, which was forty-five inches wide, and cut it diagonally. Then I slid the two pieces apart. Holding one piece to the floor—allowing material to turn under, of course—I drew the material up to the back of the neck. Then I put the other piece on the other side, also reaching the floor, with allowance for turning under, and pinned the two pieces together at the back of the neck, so I would know where to sew them. The stole was backed with the same shade of red silk.

To the best of my knowledge, Jacqueline was the first person to wear this type of floor-to-floor stole in Washington.

She was in and out of the shop and she sparkled as cheerfully as the tiptop bulb on my Christmas tree. Romance seemed to be having a good effect on her and I could see, reading between the lines, that her column contained certain questions which were meant to have a certain effect on a certain person. For example, one which appeared about mid-December: "Can you give any reason why a contented bachelor should get married?"

One woman gave a priceless answer: "Even if a bachelor thinks he's happier running around painting the town, he really isn't. He's just confused." Another girl said if a man didn't marry he was practically a coward, afraid of women. Another woman used the fear-of-loneliness approach. The gay bachelor wasn't lonely, she said, "But won't he be sorry when he finds himself all alone with nobody to spend his old age with?"

The men were almost as positive. Somewhere Jackie had found a happy fellow who was just about to get married and vowed he'd never miss his bachelor days. One man approached marriage from the standpoint of logic and said every man had to do his part to keep the human race going with a couple of kids—he simply wasn't doing his duty to society otherwise.

The only man in the column who started out claiming he was a "contented bachelor" ended admitting that losing one's freedom must have *some* reward. "I suppose it's compensated for by other things," he said.

The newspapermen and photographers at the *Times-Herald* received Christmas presents that were typically Jackie. She picked those men who needed a lift to their spirits most frequently and gave them packages from the liquor store. Whatever was their favorite brand, they had it. Beautiful ribbons made the unwrapped gift cartons look "t'rrific."

The men drooled as they accepted the boxed bottles, but, since Jackie had to go out on assignment, she made them promise to wait till she got back before opening them.

They did.

She did.

Came the great opening. Milk! All the bottles were filled with milk. She had dumped out the whisky and substituted plain milk. That was Jackie at Christmastide, 1952.

Hardly anyone knew—not even her coworkers on the *Times-Herald*—that she was interested in the senator. One night she came to pick up a dress she needed that evening. It was about six-thirty. Three or four other career girls were there also to pick up their clothes. I can picture her now, standing in a corner near the door, quietly waiting her turn. One of the other girls was impatient. "I'm in a big hurry. I have a big date." I thought, *Yes, but not with a senator.* Jackie and I looked at each other but said nothing.

She went to Senator Kennedy's new house on inauguration night and nobody knew except those few she wanted to have know—and the other guests, of course. Then they all went to take a look at the proceedings at the Inaugural Ball. Jackie must have been exhausted. She had put in a full day covering the inauguration and parade, staying with her sketch pad until the last elephant had lumbered past the reviewing stand.

Her story was headlined: "Picnic Lunches Help Crowd Wait for Inaugural Parade." And through her eyes I saw it all—how "the grandstands suddenly came to life at 7:30 A.M. when the first program sellers appeared." How next had come the people "clutching cameras and picnic lunches." And how finally the Rolls-Royces deposited "women in saris and mustachioed ambassadors."

One woman confided to Jackie that she had come to view the Inaugural Parade because, when she'd seen the wedding procession of Princess Elizabeth on TV, she'd felt "cheated." Through the eyes of Jackie I saw the "ambassadors" from Hollywood too—Clifton Webb and "Prince" Mike Romanoff, with whom she had talked.

I didn't see any pictures in the newspapers of Jackie and the senator at the ball. The attention was all on Mamie Eisenhower and how Charles of Elizabeth Arden's had come from New York to dress her suddenly famous bangs, and how she wore a gown of peau de soie in Mamie pink, designed by Nettie Rosenstein. It had a tremendous skirt, sprinkled with rhinestones, and her pink shoes and bag were sprinkled with rhinestones too. Around her throat she wore a triple-strand choker of simulated pearls and baguette rhinestones. Her earrings were clusters of eight small pearls and eight rhinestones around one large center pearl. But the jewelry was not genuine. The big news of the day, fashionwise, was that the First Lady had given new prominence to costume jewelry.

Sure enough, I was to see the "Mamie style" dresses become the rage of Washington.

Apple dazzle...



one of the 56 easy, party-going desserts you can make with this box...

Filling: 1½ tbsp. Minute Tapioca • ¾ cup sugar • ⅛ tsp. salt • ¾ tsp. cinnamon • dash of allspice • 1 can (1 lb. 4 oz.) sliced apples • 1 tbsp. lemon juice • **Pastry:** 1 cup flour • ½ tsp. salt • ⅓ cup shortening • ½ cup finely grated Cheddar cheese • 2 tbsp. iced water.

Combine filling ingredients; let stand 15 minutes. Make pastry by mixing flour and salt. Mix shortening and cheese. Cut into flour until mixture resembles coarse meal. Sprinkle with water; mix lightly. Shape into ball. Roll out ⅛ inch thick on lightly floured board. Cut 4 circles each 1 inch larger than tops of 1¼ cup baking dishes. Cut slits in tops. Spoon filling into dishes. Moisten rim of dish; top with pastry. Open slits. Fold pastry under to make standing rim; flute. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

For 56 new Minute Tapioca dessert recipes—plus main dish ideas—send for the booklet offered on every package.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

MINUTE *is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.*

What amazed me most about the Inaugural Ball of 1961 was that most of the guests still had the Mamie Eisenhower look in their bouffant evening gowns. Jackie, in her starkly slim sheath, stood out, in a class by herself.

In that winter of 1953 Jackie was still developing her individual look. Once in a while she would tell me that the senator had thought something she wore was "t'rrific" and I would be as proud as Punch. But sometimes when I asked how he had liked a certain dress she would say with a smile, "I don't believe he noticed."

My impression was that the senator, although he had grown up surrounded by clothes-conscious women—including a mother who frequently shopped in Paris—was not too clothes-conscious himself, but that he simply liked the total effect of Jacqueline's clothes. And what he liked best of all was her way of expressing herself and her ability to make him laugh.

I watched each day's column and tried to read into it some hidden message. There was one in which she asked what people thought was the food of romance and an unromantic, literal-minded butcher said, "*Filet mignon.*"

And, as spring crept around the corner, I chortled as she asked whether Irishmen made good lovers. She used a writer as her authority and said, "The Irish author, Sean O'Faolain, claims that the Irish are deficient in the art of love. Do you agree?"

Someone pointed out that half the movie actors were Irish and a girl said with absolute finality, "The Irish are the true lovers of the world. They are the most romantic of all races. The Latins are greatly overrated. They are professional lovers, but the Irishman loves from his heart. They're so sincere."

Then the girl added a touching line: "I've got a purpose for this madness, in case you didn't realize."

I thought to myself, *And so has a certain girl I know.*



STUART

Chicken kabob style with rosy tomatoes, peppers, mushrooms and chic[illegible]ers—quick to cook, succulent, delicious

The Well Fed Bridegroom

By MARGARET WILLIAMS

CHICKEN KABOBS • SAFFRON RICE • LIMA BEANS • ORIENTAL SALAD • ICE CREAM WITH GINGER SAUCE

The well-known way to a man's heart is via his interior. Interest and new ideas have a great deal to do with the desired goal, and are more fun for the cook too.

A quick way to vary a day-to-day meal is to have a set of skewers on hand. The combinations of bits of meat, fish or poultry that you can thread on them, alternating with vegetables such as onions, peppers, mushrooms and tomatoes, are many and the taste delicious, particularly if a well-seasoned marinade is used for basting during the cooking.

Most supermarkets have chicken breasts, but if you have to buy a small broiler, do so, as there are so many good ways to use the rest of the bird. Cut away the bone from the breasts with a sharp knife or with scissors. It's not complicated—takes only a minute or two. Cut each breast into quarters for the kabobs. If you do not have skewers, the breasts may be left whole, marinated in the same sauce and broiled as you would any other chicken. It's the marinade that gives the chicken the delicious flavor.

Serve with quickly cooked [illegible] beans, a salad, and ice cream [illegible] with a crystallized-ginger sauce, and you have an imaginative meal.

CHICKEN KABOBS

Marinade:
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ⅔ cup salad oil
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice or, if you like,
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- ½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1 small clove garlic, crushed

Kabobs:
- 3 chicken breasts, boned and cut into squares
- ¼ pound chicken livers (optional)
- 12 squares cut from 2 green peppers
- 1 tomato cut into 6 wedges
- 6 mushroom caps

Combine all the ingredients for the sauce and let chicken and chicken livers (if you use them) stand in this for about 1 hour. Using two long skewers (about 8"–9") arrange alternating pieces of chicken, green pepper, mushroom, chicken livers and vegetables. Brush with some of the marinade and place under a broiler about 4" from the heat. Broil 20–25 minutes, brushing and turning frequently. Makes 2 servings. Serve with saffron rice.

SAFFRON RICE

Prepare ⅔ cup quick-cooking rice. Follow directions on package, but add a pinch of crushed saffron to the water.

ORIENTAL SALAD

- 1 hard-cooked egg
- 1 tablespoon light cream
- ¼ cup French dressing
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cups torn salad greens
- 1 tablespoon chopped chives
- 3 radishes, sliced
- ½ cucumber, peeled and sliced
- ¼ cup chopped celery
- ¼ cup sliced canned water chestnuts

Mash the yolk of the egg with cream and stir into French dressing. Chop the egg white. Salt and pepper the greens. Add the egg white, chives, radishes, cucumber, celery and water chestnuts. Toss with the dressing and serve. Use enough dressing for your taste. Makes 2 servings.

GINGER SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

- 1 cup sugar
- 1½ cups water
- ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 2–3 tablespoons crystallized ginger

Boil all ingredients together for 5 minutes. Cool and chill. This keeps well in the refrigerator, making enough sauce for two or three meals for 2. Serve on ice cream.

Spring had come again to 1820 35th Street—dogwood blossoms and all—the most memorable spring I had known and the like of which I would never know again.

The days were bright and the sounds were sweet and we kept the French doors of the ground-level sewing room open on the patio garden. The colors on the rack behind me formed an indoor garden of gay colors.

Caroline Lee was getting married. She had followed in her sister's footsteps and had been chosen in 1950 as the leading debutante of New York City, where she had been presented to society at the Junior Assembly.

But suddenly the little sister had taken the lead and was first to the altar. The date was set for Saturday, April 18.

Jacqueline came in with her sister when Lee ordered some things for her honeymoon in the Virgin Islands. And as I sewed the casual dresses and playtime togs for honeymooning in the sun, I thought how different the sisters were in their attitude toward clothes. Lee seemed to like many different types of dresses, whereas Jackie seemed to stick to certain basic styles and evolved her fashion changes slowly. In my opinion, Lee always dressed in "high" fashion and is still more striking today in her dress than Jackie is.

After Lee's wedding, customers were beginning to say to me that they wondered if Jacqueline's career meant more to her than marriage. But Jacqueline said nothing.

I said nothing either, and watched Jackie come in more and more frequently to change clothes before a date. Something new had been added—she now brought along a little makeup case which she kept in the car. I think it had room enough for her daytime dress when she sloughed off her working clothes to emerge like Cinderella for the night.

I once asked Jackie what the senator called her and she said, "Jackie, just as everyone else does. Nobody calls me by my real name, Jacqueline," and she pronounced it for me with the soft *J* and the ending *leen.*

I thought:

Jacqu—leen
It rhymes with "queen."

Some other customers would toot their horns and I would have to run out into the street with their dresses, but never Jackie. If she was in an extreme hurry, she'd dash to the door and I'd hand them to her. She'd call "Thanks a million" over her shoulder and would be off in a flash. Jackie was *never* too hurried to be polite.

She seemed very gay that spring. I can see her now, loaded down with camera, magazines and packages of materials—no hat, no gloves, hair flying in a short feather cut. A lovely tousled look. She would put her things on the sofa to the right of the door. This was a big, sectional sofa, covered in green, which went well with my green rug. A blond-wood step table in the corner, separated the two sections. The rug was my one folly, because if you dropped pins on it, it would engulf them forever. I used to live in terror lest one of my customers, who were always taking off their shoes to ease their feet, would die of blood poisoning.

Jackie never took off her shoes. That was because she never wore uncomfortable shoes. Even when I saw her dressed for an evening date, the heels were only medium high.

Suddenly, Jackie needed costumes in a hurry. She came *really* bursting in one day with the news that she was "off to London to visit the queen." She had only a few days to get ready. She was thrilled and excited because she would be covering the coronation of Elizabeth II for her newspaper. "I'll get a chance to do some regular writing," she said. She was going with several girls and was traveling on the *SS United States.*

"Will you take your camera?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm supposed to carry on my Inquiring Camera Girl stories, but I just may throw my camera overboard."

She had been promoted. Every week her pay envelope contained the astronomical amount of fifty-six dollars and some cents. Well, the newspaper certainly got its money's

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PEACH OF A STACK!

A bright idea to begin the day! Make pancakes from Betty Crocker Buttermilk Pancake Mix, serve with Peach-Maple Syrup and sausage.

Peach-Maple Syrup:

1 can (1 lb. 13-oz.) cling peach slices
1 c. maple-flavored syrup
2-3 tbsps. sausage drippings (or butter)

Drain cling peach slices. Heat maple-flavored syrup with sausage drippings to simmering. Add peach slices, heat. (CLING peaches hold their shape and sunny color during heating.) Serve hot.

Winter winds are blowing in a calendar full of cold damp days! Time for piping hot and hearty breakfasts...tummy-warming treats around the clock. So how about serving some shiny NEW food ideas at your house? Try adding the luscious flavor of hot cling peaches to pancakes or waffles...it's quick, ever-so-easy, and sure to make the family happy you did!

Look what you can do with cling peaches & Betty Crocker Pancake mix!

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD

PEACH OF A PLATE!

Wonderful—morning, noon or night. Make waffles from Betty Crocker Buttermilk Pancake Mix. Serve with Peach-Orange Sauce and bacon.

Peach-Orange Sauce:

1 can (1 lb. 13-oz.) cling peach slices
¾ c. sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
⅛ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
½ tsp. grated orange rind
¾ c. orange juice
1 tsp. rum extract (optional)

Heat 1 cup syrup from peaches. Blend sugar, cornstarch and salt. Stir into hot syrup. Cook and stir until mixture boils and is clear and thickened. Blend in orange rind, juice, rum extract and butter. Add drained peach slices. Serve hot.



NEXT MONTH

FEBRUARY IS THE JOURNAL'S WEDDING MONTH. What woman doesn't dream of a wedding—her own, perhaps, or her daughter's? You can share the dreams of Mary Lynn Caldwell, of Charlotte, North Carolina, for a wedding to remember "happily ever after." Fun, froth and excitement (and all the practical information for making a big wedding, at little expense, move smoothly). "I WANT A TRADITIONAL WEDDING," by Jean Todd Freeman, is next in the *Journal*'s famous series, "How America Spends its Money."



URSULA CURTISS WILL CHILL YOUR BONES! Harriet knew that it was only a matter of minutes before Mrs. Marrable's evil claimed two new victims. Find a nice safe corner for reading the new mystery novel complete, THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN, condensed, in the February *Journal*.

HOW CAN AN ARGUMENT BE TACTFULLY AVOIDED? Princess Lee Radziwill's answers to this and a number of similar questions will please you with their good sense, charm you with their graciousness, and make you understand why she is internationally known as a superb hostess. For the problems of a hostess are the same in London and the U.S., whether her guest list includes the John F. Kennedys, or neighbors engrossed in talk about the PTA.



THE BEAUTIFUL AND ANXIOUS MAIDENS tells of Lizzie, Lida and Sara. They would have been sought by every man in town—had there been any. A delightful story from Civil War years, by Edmund G. Love.

CAN YOU CHOOSE THE SEX OF YOUR CHILD? "Very soon," scientists say. Irving Fischer's report on research that *could* change the world.



OOH AND AAH—THEN EAT the wedding cake you can duplicate. Follow Aunt Louise's simple step-by-step directions. Wedding excitement pervades the whole February *Journal*. Other examples: the menu for the bride's first dinner, a complete decorating plan to fit newlywed budgets.

WOULD DIVORCE DO A CHILD LESS HARM THAN CONSTANT QUARRELING? Dr. Spock drives home some hard truths about the way parents use their children to battle each other.

Also fashion, beauty, Making Marriage Work, Tell Me Doctor and fiction in the February *Journal*.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

worth, because some days it carried two of her by-lines—one from London and one from Washington.

I watched the *Times-Herald*, waiting for Jackie's first story on her "foreign assignment." Then on June 1, 1953, there it was, on page 2 and datelined from shipboard.

It was illustrated, not with photos but with Jackie's own inimitable drawings.

It was typical that, while others were writing about famous people on shipboard, Jackie wrote about their somewhat less famous dogs—dogs like Trooper and Dizzy, belonging to the Duchess of Windsor, and a haughty dog named Thomas, a cairn of the duke's.

Others were reporting the grandiose plans of the notables who were going to the coronation. She was relating how the duke's valet spent more time with Thomas than with his master. And that there were fourteen dogs on the *SS United States*, and the price for a sea voyage for a dog was fifty dollars.

Next day her story was headed: "Crowds of Americans Fill Bright, Pretty London."

"Oh, to be in London, now that coronation's here," said Jacqueline Bouvier, adding that Robert Browning would have forgotten all about England in April had he been in London at the time of the June coronation.

I felt that I had a ringside seat at the unfolding of an historic pageant. I watched the excitement through Jackie's eyes. I "watched" as it took her forty-five minutes to cross Trafalgar Square instead of the usual three minutes. I saw the pictures of the queen in the front windows of all the homes and everyone out to gaze at the multicolored bunting waving from the street lights and buildings.

Good reporter Jackie ferreted out the "secret" that a hidden mark had been placed on the crown so that it wouldn't be put on backward, as it had been in 1937 when the queen's father, George VI, was submitted to the indignity of a backward crown.

Everyone in my fitting room was full of praise for Jackie's wonderfully witty sketches of London scenes and agreed that she was doing the U.S.A. proud.

Suddenly Jacqueline's by-line was gone from the newspapers. The column was there, but someone else was doing it without a by-line. I saw an editor's note that Jacqueline had gone to Paris to cover social life there. But I didn't see any more stories from her.

Later I learned that the coronation was Jackie's swan song in newspaper work. I learned it from Jackie herself. She came in to say hello and to have a few things fixed. She was really happy—radiant.

Something was up, I could sense. The I saw what was different—a diamond-an emerald ring on her engagement finger.

"Well," I asked, "does this ring mean wh I think it means?"

"Yes, it does."

"Let me look at it."

She held out her hand proudly and told e how happy she was. I told her I was hapy too. "Do you know what your plans are"

"Not definitely, but I hope sometime thi fall we'll be married. Please don't mentio my engagement until it is announced. I kno you won't."

"The column," I exclaimed sudden "What's going to happen to the column?"

"Well, Jack says one writer in the family enough. Actually, I've been getting a little tir of the same format all the time. There was enough chance for real writing."

But I couldn't believe that Jackie w through and I would never see her by-li again. *She'll write novels*, I thought. *maybe she'll do plays. She'll surely write aga*

Yet I could see that for her the column w something of the past. Now she was sayi with a happy smile, "I'm unemployed."

I smiled too. Jackie might be out of a jo but her future looked pretty rosy.

Jackie is in the White House now—go from Merrywood and Georgetown. And I a gone from Washington. Yet I return aga and again. Now and then I run into peop who knew Jackie *then* and I am transport back through a chain of memories to tho earlier years.

The house where she came with import material for a new dress is still there—but o the changes! Now the red brick of 1820 35 Street, N.W., has been painted a fashionab beige. The vacant lot next door is gone; in i place is another fashionable Georgetow house. Down at 13th and H Streets, N.W., th old *Times-Herald* building looks sad, boarde up and closed. I remember when the door wa always open, the windows brightly lighte and Jackie Bouvier was hurrying in and ou The very name of the newspaper is gone, th Washington *Times-Herald* bought by th Washington *Post*. But those words, *Time Herald*, are all I need for remembrance. I don think we should lose sight of the tall, slim gi with the heavy camera and the big shoulde purse and the French fashion magazines and th shirtwaist dresses and the merry laugh an the twinkling light brown eyes who pounde the sidewalks and stopped people and asked th questions and made the notes and wrote th columns. Because now this picture of her be longs to history.

TOO PRETTY TO BE FAT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

other girls dated and I didn't, I went to the refrigerator. When it was impossible for me to buy pretty clothes (mine had to be made from a size-24½ pattern, expanded at the hips), I went to the refrigerator.

Nowadays, it makes me ill just to think about what I used to eat. For example, a typical prediet day used to include: *Breakfast:* large serving of hot cereal with butter, cream, sugar; 3 or 4 slices of buttered toast with jam; cocoa or chocolate milk. *At recess:* 2 chocolate-nut candy bars. *Lunch:* 2 calorie-packed sandwiches, fruit, cookies, soda pop and an ice-cream bar. *After school:* cookies, milk and whatever leftovers might be in the refrigerator. *Dinner:* in addition to large servings of meat, green vegetables and salads, I added mashed potatoes with butter and gravy; 2 or 3 hot buttered rolls, 4 glasses of iced tea with lots of sugar; large servings of homemade pie or cake. *And at bedtime:* more leftovers, or sandwiches of bread and mayonnaise, with cookies and milk.

I wanted to go to college, and would have if I had been able to find a part-time job to support myself. But my ungainly appearance, with its implication of laziness and indifference, was always a first strike against me. One office dismissed me even before an interview, explaining I couldn't possibly pass the physical exam. A lady in an employment agency muttered something about the possibility of my getting domestic work, but eliminated even that on the basis that I would probably tire too easily. I didn't want to be someone else's maid. The fact that I probably *couldn't* was most depressing. The humiliation I experienced during those weeks of job hunting *should* have spurred me on to reduce, if only for the sake of personal pride. But I obstinately resented the turndowns and considered it unfair to be judged by my appearance and not my ability.

Discouraged, I gave up the idea of going to college, and settled for taking a course at a business school where students were guaranteed placement on completion of studies. My job turned out to be in a hospital, typing medical reports. There I was surrounded by all kinds of data on the importance of good health. Sympathetic doctors and nurses tried to encourage me to lose weight. Nevertheless, I blindly continued to gorge, always telling myself and others, "I'll diet tomorrow."

My weight registered 250 pounds on the scales in the apartment I shared with another girl. One day I noticed that they *continued* to register 250 pounds, despite the fact that I had done nothing to curb my appetite. I was thrilled, thinking some magic had been wrought, enabling me to stop gaining. It wasn't until I went for a routine medical checkup months later that I discovered my

actual weight to be 300 pounds. My doctor quickly cleared up the "mystery" of the standstill weight by reminding me that our home scales were limited to registering no more than 250 pounds. He warned me that my excessive weight was enough actually to endanger my health. Frightened—and *finally* disgusted with myself—I determined on that day to change my way of eating.

It took me approximately a year and a half to reduce to my present 150 pounds—a weight just about perfect for my height of 5'9". My diet never exceeded 1000 calories a day, and I had regular medical checkups to ensure my good health throughout. In the beginning I was so hungry I thought I'd die. Every time I closed my eyes, visions of pies and cakes floated by. A breakfast of fruit juice, cereal or an egg, and skim milk was a far cry from what I had been having. But, even so, I broke my diet only once and ate a whole pint of chocolate-marshmallow-nut ice cream. I was sick for two days.

In time, my visions of food were replaced by dreams of a slim, new figure, prettier clothes, dates, compliments. The thoughts of life as it *could* be made me stick to my diet no matter what. I'd even put deposits on dresses in sizes too small for me and collect them with a final payment when I had reduced to the required measurements.

As my weight dropped, my interest in my general appearance increased. I tried a new hairdo, began experimenting with makeup, plucked my eyebrows to a flattering shape, started wearing youthful-looking shoes. Before, I was so heavy I was afraid the little heels on pumps would break under me. (My shoe width has gone from a triple E to a B!)

When family and friends realized I was serious about dieting, they were wonderfully encouraging and complimentary. Mother would say gleefully, "Not long ago I couldn't keep you *away* from the refrigerator, now I can't get you near it." My brother-in-law told me my personality improved with each pound I lost. My roommate learned how to prepare tasty, low-calorie meals—even though *she's* slim as a rail!

At 190 pounds I noticed my skin was beginning to look flabby, so I immediately started exercising. I chose exercises for the entire body, concentrating on my problem spots—arms, abdomen, hips—and did them for twenty minutes every morning. I began walking everywhere (still do). I learned how to bowl, play golf, swim. In fact, my exercises have been so rewarding for my morale—as well as my skin and figure—I've kept them up. Keeping active also leaves no time to sit around thinking about food I don't need!

By the time I reached 150 pounds my brother—who hadn't seen me for a year and a half—came all the way to Austin, where I work, to see for himself. He wouldn't believe that I had actually cut my weight in half. "My gosh, you look wonderful!" he exclaimed, extending his very first compliment to me.

Once reduced and feeling fit as a fiddle and attractive for the first time in my life, I expected to turn into a social butterfly overnight. I thought lines of beaux would form at my door; the telephone would ring incessantly; that I would have a big rush. Well, I must admit, it didn't happen that way. At first I was disappointed, thinking, "What's the use?" Then I realized that just because I had turned myself into a *normal* human being was no reason to feel the world would go on its knees for me. Gradually I *did* begin receiving invitations, I *did* date, I *did* blossom enough to prompt others to enjoy my company.

Nowadays I regularly date a beau of my own. I am able to be selective about clothes, finding a wide variety of pretty styles to choose from in a slim size. Folks either don't recognize me at all, or cannot get over the way my appearance has improved. A doctor at the hospital who used to tease me about my weight has nicknamed me "Slim." I've been able to buy my first *pretty* bathing suit—and feel pleased about the way I look in it. With more energy I can *do* more. My job itself has become more interesting simply because I can enter into it wholeheartedly without being stymied by fruitless preoccupation with my personal problems.

I seem to be the type of person who gains weight easily, and will have to watch my diet for the rest of my life. I don't mind. The rewards are *already* worth the effort, and—at twenty-two years of age—this is only the beginning.

Following is Rita's diet outline, allowing 1000 calories a day, as given to her by her own physician:

BREAKFAST:
Select from not more than 300 calories.

	Calories
½ medium orange	25
¼ small grapefruit	20
3 cooked prunes	70
1 teaspoon butter	55
½ cup oatmeal	75
½ cup wheat cereal	75
1 slice rye or white bread	75
4-ounce glass tomato juice	50
½ cup cornflakes	50
6-ounce glass milk	125
6-ounce glass non-fat milk	90
½ tablespoonful heavy cream	35
1 teaspoon sugar	25
1 egg	75
1 unsalted soda cracker	20
Tea or black coffee	0
Sugar substitute (¼-gr. tablet) may be used	0

LUNCH:
Select from not more than 300 calories.

	Calories
8 small asparagus tips	20
⅔ cup Brussels sprouts	20
3 stalks fresh celery	15
10 slices cucumbers	15
¼ small head lettuce	15
½ cup cooked spinach	30
½ cup canned tuna	100
½ cup canned salmon	100
¼ cup cottage cheese	65
1 egg	75
1 slice rye or white bread	75
¾ cup cooked cabbage	25
½ cup eggplant	25
2 small green peppers	25
½ cup string beans	25
1 medium fresh tomato	20
¾ cup carrots	40
¾ cup turnips	35
1 small apple	55
½ cup musk melon	40
Tea or black coffee	0
Sugar substitute (¼-gr. tablet) may be used	0

DINNER:
Select from not more than 400 calories.

	Calories
1 cup vegetable soup	75
1 cup spinach soup	85
1 cup beet soup	90
1 slice lean roast beef	85
2 cakes hamburger steak	200
1 portion lean round steak	85
1 slice lean roast lamb	95
1 slice rye or white bread	75
2 slices roast veal	80
1 slice breast chicken	60
½ small chicken broiler	75
1 egg	75
1 small piece haddock	50
6 large oysters	50
1 piece brook trout	45
Tea or black coffee	0
Sugar substitute (¼-gr. tablet) may be used	0

Bread, beverages, fruit and so on from the above list may be added to any meal, provided the total calories do not exceed the amount prescribed.

Avoid the following foods: Nuts, olives, olive oil, mayonnaise, chocolate, cocoa, gravy, cream soups, sauces, ice cream, cream, candy, pastry, macaroni, potatoes, alcoholic beverages, canned fruits in syrup, and highly spiced or salted foods. (Lemon juice may be used on salads.) Six glasses of liquid each day are allowed. Be sure that your daily menus include a fresh fruit, either meat, fish or egg, milk and three vegetables. END

New Medicated "Ice"

Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly facials or complicated treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

Now the greatest of all skin problems —*oil-choked pores*—may be controlled with Ice-O-Derm,® the new pharmaceutical ice. Blackheads form when oil piles up and hardens in pores—pores are stretched, enlarged. Bacteria may enter and cause infection—"flare ups" and embarrassing pimples.



Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm's *invisible* medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural *moisture in*. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

FOLLOW NEW 15-DAY COMPLEXION TIMETABLE
To Fresher, Clearer Skin Beauty!



1ST FIVE DAYS
"ICE" starts to rid pores of clogged oil, clear blackheads—medication helps keep skin from breaking out—special astringent tightens enlarged pores. *Result: Clearer, smoother skin.*



2ND FIVE DAYS
Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds, steam heat. *Result: Softer, moister skin.*



3RD FIVE DAYS
Continuous "ICE" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin's improving. *Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.*



$1.00



Stops Torment of
Corns
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No Other Method Like Fast-Acting Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Not just a plain pad, but a scientifically designed, tailored, soothing, thin, softly cushioned application.
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Here's *why* Dr. Scholl's multiple-acting Zino-pads — the world's largest selling foot relief — do far more for you than any other method. They speedily relieve pain of corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes . . . stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop . . . remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science when used with the separate wonder-working *Medications* included. Get this medically approved relief of Dr. Scholl's today. Sold everywhere.
CORNS CALLOUSES BUNIONS SOFT CORNS
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads


CORRECTOL®
the women's gentle laxative for easy relief
Because you're a woman, you may have special laxative needs. The laxative you use should be extra gentle to your sensitive system, and extra dependable, too.
Correctol is made to meet a woman's special needs. Each tablet contains a medical discovery that takes advantage of the natural moisture in your system, plus a small amount of mild laxative.
Together, these ingredients bring women a comforting kind of relief more naturally than any ordinary laxative can.
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

Our Main Street coffee-break associates are unanimous: more cyclists in cities (and more cycle paths along superhighways) would improve the republic's waistline and traffic. (Imagine New York with 100,000 home-to-office and crosstown cyclists!)

Forbidden to speak to me in an Atlantic City dining room because I was a judge, one of the Miss America beauties gave me a big fat wink. I treasure that wink; we need more winks in polite society.

I applauded my Dream Girl's baked pork chops so glowingly that in ten days she cooked three of my favorite dishes: potato pancakes, swordfish and ham-and-eggs. (Men, don't sit on your hands!)

We've filled a giant bowl with our bizarre match covers from faraway places, but over the souvenir gems we sprinkle a layer of local ones for our guests to carry off.

My Dream Duchess and I can't agree whether Joan Crawford's slim hips are as great an achievement as her well-bred twins. (I've seldom seen a woman more svelte and gracious!)

One of our town's brave-new-world matrons flies a plane and reads a book a week. She's handsome, too; but I'm not sure her baked chops are as good as my wife's.

"A New York taxicab driver," confides Betty Comfort, unpacking her wrinkled clothes, "told me he'd rather live in my town, wherever it is, than in New York. So I tipped him an extra dime."

If I eat ham or bacon and eggs or chops and steaks, I'm OK with my farm neighbors; if I mention seafood their wives look askance and needle me. (But if I eat seafood the lobstermen can eat steak.)

It's debatable whether a good dancer is more popular socially than a good listener. The champ: a good dancer who listens.

Our town's most extravagant matron argues it's thrifty to buy $1 Noel greeting cards, or even $2 ones. "Then you needn't send gifts!" she explains brightly.

Off to Pakistan goes our town's brilliant young heart specialist, to teach 'em how to make good medicine. Aren't we under more pressure than the Pakistani?

On my last visit to New York I invited a poet to lunch at the Central Park zoo; he raised me by inviting me for a drink at the Harriman mansion, where he has the run of the house. (Should I try verse?)

This winter all those bareheaded young men with runny noses might be happier if they wore berets. Have they got the courage to face the needling?

A blind bridge player visited our town. He plays with Braille cards, and if you read him the dummy cards he remembers 'em through the hand, while I forget the last hand.

I've taken a strong family position: a good book makes a good wedding gift, even to a couple which already has a book. A book can influence newlyweds' life more'n a silver bowl.

If you're a fortyish man, you may now relax in a rocking chair without being suspected of senility: you're merely loyal to the President. (Shall we send Khrushchev a rocker?)

. . . When my four-year-old chum Harlan III tells me he likes his other gramp better,
. . . Or our younger son writes us his first letter from law school on yellow legal paper,
. . . And our son-in-law phones 1900 miles to tell us his Suzi's new bon mot,
. . . Or Junior bombards me with postcard diet slogans in three languages,
. . . And my wife divides her wardrobe into dresses I like and dresses I don't,

Then I congratulate myself: my deadpan, blank-eyed poker face has brought me the amplest rewards.



"I'm the boss in this house, and I hope that you agree with me."

STRAIT PASSAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

known how I used his gift. (One hundred dollars; what had he sold to get it? What had he left?) Touched and grateful, I thanked him, and outlined my plans. I would go south from Madrid and tour the Spain that fills the songs: Granada, Seville and Ronda. Without his gift I could not have done this. Nothing pleased him more than long letters, full of detail, but still, knowing this, something kept me from adding that I would cross the straits at Gibraltar in order to meet the homebound liner as it touched Tangier. It would be three days on a new continent, with the inky passport stamps to prove it. How childish! I knew the port was modern and European, while to grandpa Africa's darkness began at the shore. It was another of his nineteenth-century ideas, but the very shadow of his unspoken fears gave a tang of adventure to my plans.

On the day my classes ended, before I left Madrid, I went to the travel agent and changed my return ticket to read "Port of Embarkation—Tangier, Morocco" instead of "Barcelona." Then I booked a passage on the ferry across the straits.

Tangier is that town which hangs framed on the walls of hundreds of older American homes. It is the Near Eastern, North African, Oriental port which shimmers in a white sea-reflecting haze, or is shown as all purple just at sunset when crenellated walls cast well-deep shadows on mosque prayer towers.

But these pictures shatter on first contact with the noises of the dock at Tangier. Street urchins, would-be guides, honking taxis tear like scissors across the scene, and the last traces of the dream are carried away by the stronger fume of the spice stands, the hashish, and the pack mules which plod through the town.

It is only from the top of the fort, the Casbah, overlooking the minarets, the town, the port and the bay, that the memory of the picture re-forms, and the childhood notions take on, with a quick thrill of recognition, three dimensions. When I landed, all I knew of the Casbah was that its white walls towered there, above the dock, and that, like a ricksha, it was something exotic that I could enter, and remember and talk about for years afterward.

Joseph and I argued later about that day. He insisted that he had seen me climbing up the steps toward the Casbah; he decided I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen, and had deliberately planted himself in front of me. I insisted, and still do, knowing that I am no prettier than the next, that I was on the wrong side of the path; I was looking down at my open guidebook and he had swung around the corner so quickly that there was no chance to avoid a full collision.

My guidebook sailed into the air. The wind took it in a wide arc and headed it downward to land on the wave-splashed rocks two hundred feet below.

"My Michelin!" I looked at him angrily, as though the accident had been his fault.

"Your Michelin? I'm sorry." He said it as though he meant it. "I'm sure it was all my fault. A pity about the guidebook too. It must have been rather outdated though. There hasn't been a new Michelin on Morocco since 1954."

"I know," I half wailed at my loss, "but it is better than nothing. I was following the map. I'll have to go all the way back to town to get another."

"But why don't you get a guide?"

"I—I'd rather go alone. But I want to know something about what I'm seeing."

"Well"—he hesitated—"I could tell you about the Casbah, if you like. Of course nothing has happened here in the last hundred years."

"But you were going the other way."

"It's only a few steps back for me. I live here." He gestured vaguely upward, toward the crenellated walls.

I looked up at him and really saw him for the first time. He was much taller than I. He was about thirty, I guessed, probably English; certainly educated; and, I realized suddenly, rather handsome.

He had an almost swarthy complexion and thick black hair, but strangely, his eyes were a bright blue. I looked at them almost in curiosity when I saw that he was smiling, waiting for my answer.

"Thank you," I said. "But, you know, I ask a lot of questions; I really like to know about things—history and the people who ruled from here. I hope you don't mind. It's—it's the schoolteacher in me." (*Oh, how stupid; now I've said it*, I thought.)

He smiled again. "I don't mind at all. I am a teacher too—of sorts. Ask anything you like, but hurry. The museum closes at sundown."

He took me firmly by the elbow and guided me upward toward the crumbling fort.

It was a strange tour: we looked at mosaic walls, and harem courts; we talked about palaces and forts, but our eyes and our questions kept straying toward each other.

"This is the room where the sultan ate and received his family. He had nearly forty children."

"Forty!"

"You—ah—don't have any children, I suppose?"

"No; I'm not married."

"I see. . . . Now these coffers were once the royal treasury. They are solid cedar, bound with iron. Empty, it would take twenty men to lift them."

I sniffed at the wood. "Musty. No odor of cedar at all. I have an old chest of my mother's at home and it still smells wonderful."

"Where is your home? No—let me guess. Georgia?"

"Is my accent that strong? I try to hide it, but it slips out. I'm from Louisiana."

We stepped out of the stone treasure room and back into the sunlight of the courtyard.

"How do you know all these things?" I asked.

He smiled. "Tangier is my home. Its history is rather a hobby of mine. Then, too, I majored in North African studies in Cambridge—language, history, all that."

We climbed a cobbled passageway. A stone arch over our heads made our footsteps echo. Joseph turned into a door so low that he had to stoop as he entered. I followed him up two steep twisting flights of stone. The landing at the top opened onto a terrace, the roof, really, of a wing of the palace. A wooden lean-to had been built at the opening of the stairway, and here, at a counter, a young Arab boy sat. We could see he was a waiter by his white shirt and apron, but what he had to serve was a mystery, for the counter and the two shelves behind it were bare.

The terrace was empty except for a series of little blue wooden tables and benches. The wind pushed against us the moment we were in the open; the masonry of the far wall was waist high, so I ran to it, holding my skirt, and sat down on a bench.

"Finally a place to sit that isn't roped off in memory of some sultan and his sixteen wives!"

Joseph clapped twice for the waiter. The boy came quickly. He addressed Joseph in Arabic, as though he knew him well.

"What on earth did you order?" I asked. "There isn't a thing in sight."

"You'll see; we'll be having tea and cookies within five minutes. Watch; he is making it now."

I looked over to the stand. I could see no one, but a thin curl of smoke was crawling up from behind the counter and I could hear the panting of a bellows.

"Yes, that's the kitchen. He keeps a little brazier down there, out of the wind, with all his equipment on a tray beside him."

The boy suddenly darted out from his hiding place and went to a planted flower box standing on the edge of the wall. He picked a handful of greenery and disappeared again.

"Now that is symbolic," I said. "Cannon used to be fired from that spot, and now it is used for a window box."

"Not quite right. The cannon were fired from this direction—look." He waved his arm toward the sea and the town.

Sunlight hit the white minarets. We could see three of them and two church steeples without turning our heads. Dotted throughout the town were other domed shrines, painted the invariable white. These and the roofs and walls and gates of the town formed shadows on one another, and reflected the light in degrees of intensity.

"Rather wonderful, isn't it?" Joseph broke the silence. "I've lived in a number of places, but I always come back to Tangier."

"It is beautiful. But what amazes me even more are the people. They come from everywhere." I had been overwhelmed, in the brief hours since I had arrived, by the crowds in the streets. Sari-draped Indian women, Japanese and German businessmen, long-skirted gypsies, uniformed Spanish and Moroccan soldiers, chic French matrons had rustled, minced, rushed and plodded by me. I had become suddenly conscious of the Dacron traveling suit I had bought so proudly the year before in New Orleans, and I wondered if the fabric or my face labeled me as American. I started to ask, but reconsidered.

He saw me check myself. "What were you going to say?"

"Nothing really. Just a silly question."

"Well?"

"I just wondered if people tell by my clothes or by my face that I am an American."

He didn't answer me. He changed the subject completely. "My name is Joseph Krim. What is yours?"

"Camille Singer."

"How lovely. Tell me more."

"More what? You know that I am an American. I teach school. I am touring Tangier and I will be leaving on the boat Monday to go back to Eduardsville. That is my home town—a little southeast of New Orleans. You must meet dozens like me every week."

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"No, none like you. At least none who will lose their guidebooks."

"You make it sound as though I meant to."

"Not at all. I'm teasing. It was one of those lucky accidents. But why did you ask me if I knew you were an American? I did, of course. It was quite obvious. Not just your clothes and your accent. But the way you walk, like an American, and your smile. Especially your smile."

"Please stop. I'm embarrassed." I tried to push back a laugh, but it escaped. "I'll have to wear a veil."

"Whatever you do, don't wear a veil." He said this almost intensely; for some reason the joke was dropped.

He picked up the gilded tumbler of tea and twirled it slowly between forefinger and thumb. The tea seemed muddy, and I sipped at mine hesitantly. I put it down abruptly, shocked at the taste. He looked puzzled at first, then amused.

"I should have warned you. This is mint tea; one quarter each of sugar, mint leaves, tea and water. These are the leaves the boy was picking from his window box. Don't you like it?"

I sipped again. "Awfully hot. I'll wait a bit."

"No." He demonstrated. "Do it this way. Suck it in. It's all the more polite if you make some noise. It's no good if you wait for it to cool."

I tried again, then became bolder.

"Again," he commanded. Then: "You were about to tell me about yourself. Is this your first trip abroad?"

He was, as always afterward, the perfect listener. He really wanted to hear. So I told him: all the details to bore a stranger—but already Joseph was no stranger.

"Abroad? Never." It was almost a confidence. "I came to Madrid to study last year."

"Why Madrid?"

"I won a scholarship. My school is going to teach languages in the first and second grades, and since I already spoke French, I was elected."

He raised an eyebrow.

"Why, everyone speaks French, or patois anyway, in Eduardsville. It is Cajun country. French Canadians, you know. They've been there a couple of centuries, but they still speak a sort of French. Not grandpa of course." I added, as though it explained everything, "My grandfather is Eduard dePrey."

He waited patiently. I blushed to think that I had expected a stranger, three thousand miles from home, to know how important my grandfather was.

"That is—he isn't a Cajun. His great-great-great-great-grandfather founded Eduardsville. He is very proud of it. Says he is the only American in town."

"And you love him?"

"He raised me. He is all the family I have," I said simply.

But Joseph was still waiting.

"It isn't what grandpa *does;* it is what he *is*. He is a gentleman. I mean he doesn't work. He never really had to because there was always the land, or at least there was until he sold it. He wanted the money so he could buy a house in town that had been in the family years before." I laughed. "A terrible bargain because the land he sold had oil on it, and the house he bought is about to cave in."

"Then why do you laugh?"

"It is just thinking about the way grandpa talks about it. There's no one like him."

I was silent for a minute. But how to tell anyone, anyone at all, of that day when the letter had come, saying I had won the scholarship? Whole new worlds were opening. I could go to New Orleans to teach; I could get a fully credited degree by going to night school; in the summers maybe I could afford to travel. I dreamed on. . . . But at the root of it, the important thing, was that I could finally get away from Eduardsville. And I had thought grandpa had not understood this. He seemed so proud of my success, and so awed, as only a man born in the nineteenth century can be, with the number of miles I was to travel.

"Spain, eh?" He laughed. "Probably meet a prince with a castle and never come home again, like that Kelly girl."

"Oh, grandpa," I whispered, "now I can start to be something."

"I know, pet," he answered just as softly.

Suddenly I saw all the weariness and despair that he must have felt for years. The moment passed; it was the only betrayal I had ever had that he, too, had once had dreams and hopes and plans.

All I said to Joseph, feeling awkward as I said it, was, "There is something noble about my grandfather." The word sounded strange.

But Joseph understood. He nodded, and lifted his glass in a gesture of respect.

"But you?" I was moved and tried to hide it. "You didn't tell me what you do."

"I told you. I'm a teacher of sorts. Mostly private students. And I guide my friends' friends around the Casbah."

"Only friends' friends? None of your own?"

"None until you." He lowered his eyes briefly as though there were something he was unwilling to explain. "But tell me more about your New Orleans."

"What more can I tell you? I hardly know the place. There never was the time—or the money to go more often."

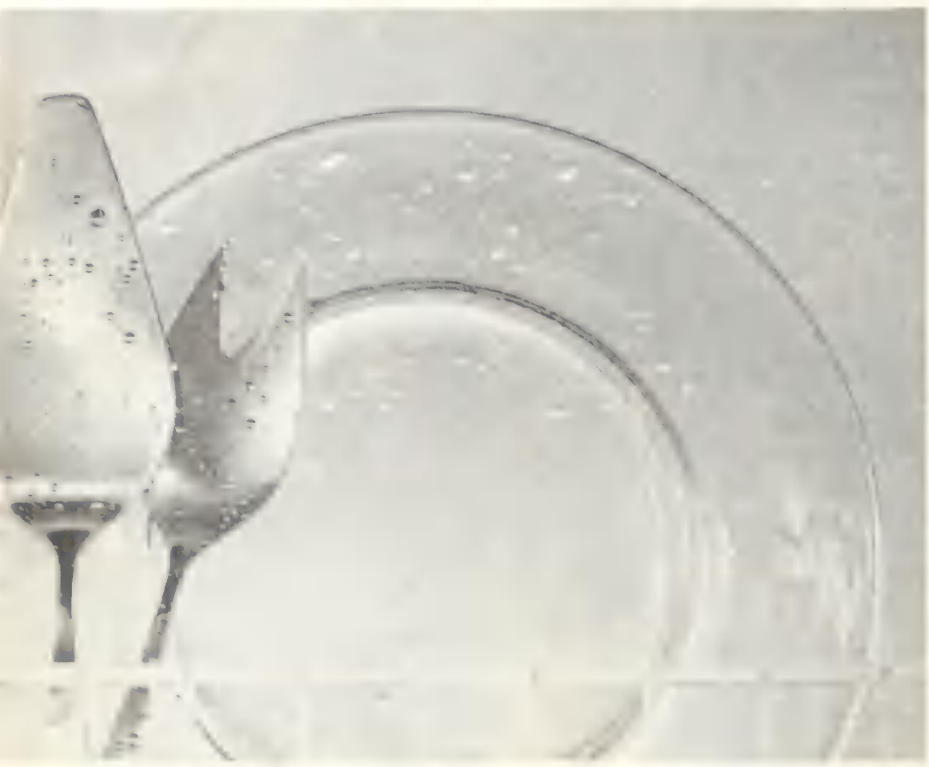
"I can't believe that. All Americans are very rich. Or else you are not American at all. You are just an afreet in disguise."

"What is an afreet? It sounds horrible."

"Not at all. An afreet is a genie—usually a beautiful one. They were always popping up in the *Thousand and One Nights*. I don't see why you couldn't be one. I've been thinking about the questions you asked in the palace. No one has ever asked me about those things before. They simply were not touristlike questions." He began enumerating them on his fingers: "Why were the kitchens so far from the dining hall? Did the women ever leave the harem to visit their families? Did they wear the same kind of eye makeup that you saw on the veiled women this morning in downtown Tangier? How did they wash the gold-threaded cloth? I could have told you how much gold it took to fill the treasure chests, or how many slaves were used to build the palace, or the range of the cannon. But those questions! Strictly non-tourist, non-American."

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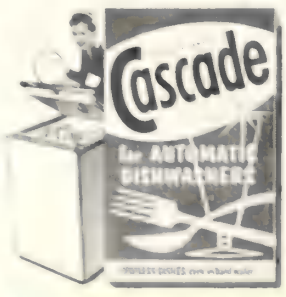
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"Everything is so new to me, that I must seem terribly ignorant. I have never thought much before about how different Arabs and Muslims are from us, and suddenly, seeing them on the streets and going through a palace where sultans lived . . . I don't know what I expected; elephants and giraffes, maybe, because it is Africa, but not another world, like this." I gestured at the courtyard below us. "Downtown everything seems so modern—my hotel——" I realized how foolish I sounded and fell quiet. But only for a moment.

It seemed natural that Joseph took me to dinner that evening. He had an invitation to a party afterward and I went along as a matter of course.

"Roy Brady, another American," he introduced me to the host. "Roy, this is Cammie Singer. I found her in the Casbah. If you have any sense, you'll offer her a job tonight." He squeezed my elbow and left, heading toward the crowd around the punch bowl.

I turned to Roy. He was older than Joseph, perhaps about forty. His eyes were much younger, though, and he regarded me with an expression half childlike, half benign.

"Is this your first visit to Tangier?"

"My first day. I've never seen anything like it. It's like a tiny United Nations."

"That's true. I arrived six years ago for a one-year stay. I haven't left yet. You'll probably do the same."

"Oh, I can't. I have a ticket for Monday. Going home."

"And where's home?"

"Louisiana. You're from the South, too, aren't you?"

"Mississippi."

Joseph arrived with two cups of punch. "Has Roy offered you a job yet?"

"Why should he?"

"Roy is the director of the American school here. The doors open in ten days and he hasn't anyone to teach the first two grades. Why don't you take the job?"

"I couldn't possibly. I have to get back."

Roy looked at me with new interest. "Have you a contract somewhere?"

"No, but my family, my grandfather, is waiting. We had planned—that is, had hoped—to be in New Orleans this year. They are short of teachers there, and I need to do some university courses at night."

"They couldn't be as hard up as we are. What kind of courses were you going to take?"

"I need education credits. I have only a teachers'-college degree."

Joseph interrupted. "Take her, Roy. Don't ask so many questions. Go around to her hotel in the morning and sign her up. It is the Rembrandt, isn't it?" He turned to me for confirmation.

Then a strong female voice broke in: "Hello. I'm Phyllis—Phyllis Ilsten." She was huge and blond and jingling with gold. "Joseph tells me you teach."

"Yes," I answered. "Don't you?"

"Do I look like a teacher? Roy invited me because he is so sweet and because I gave him a couple of scholarships for his precious school." She waved a jeweled hand toward a grave, older man who was coming to join us. "Here is my husband, Karl. I want you to meet another of our new schoolteachers."

I protested, "But I don't teach here. I'm from Louisiana. I'm going back on Monday."

Karl bowed deeply. He was European, of indeterminate nationality. "Louisiana, eh? The land of Huey Long and General Chennault . . . and now, of beautiful schoolteachers."

How many times over the next year Karl Ilsten was to say the charming thing! He seemed to exist, at parties, to be of service to the guests, whether his own or someone else's. I realized how truly good a man he was when later, knowing him better, I saw that he had no real understanding of, no sympathy with and no approval for the assorted types his wife insisted on his meeting. His life in banks and bonds was worlds apart from hers; because he adored her, he bridged the gap.

I somehow was put on her mental list that evening. "You must come to lunch Saturday, dear. You and Roy." She waved a hand as though to conjure up the meal, the guests, the chatty atmosphere. "At one?"

Karl interrupted. "Miss Singer is with Joseph, not with Roy."

His wife looked at me, widening her eyes slightly. "Oh? Well, you must come anyway." She laughed, but did not include Joseph.

We left very soon.

Joseph borrowed Roy's car. "To take you home, I told him. But really because I want to show you the Caves of Hercules by moonlight."

It took some time to thread our way across the town. The moon was out, as Joseph had promised, and every shop along the boulevard was neon-lit, gaping open and inviting. Voices, calls, bright dresses, laughter floated up one side of the street, down the other.

"Is the moon always this bright in Africa?" I asked.

"Just on special occasions. This one is because you're here."

"How silly. It's because it's a nice time of the year."

"Not at all. We haven't had a moon like this since the sultan came back from exile. The afreets arranged it as they arranged our meeting this afternoon." He smiled a little shyly at me, as if he hoped I'd go on with the game.

"They sound like gremlins. We have them in America. Only gremlins are usually mean. They do things like puncture tires, or make you lose one glove of every pair."

"Afreets can be mean too. But once in a while you stumble across a nice one who takes a personal interest in you. Now if ours just follows through, she'll make you lose your ticket home so you'll have to sign a contract with Roy."

"Why do you talk so much about my staying? You know I can't."

We swung off the highway onto a narrow road marked with a stone arrow saying Diplomatic Forest, and below it, Caves of Hercules. The forest consisted of miles of twisted scrub brush, with a dense undergrowth of fern, opening only occasionally for bridle or foot paths. A few patches of pine, some land too rocky and sandy even for the brush, and then suddenly the sea, a hundred and seventy feet below us, at the foot of a jutting cliff.

Here the moon came into its own. Everything, even our faces and hands, seemed silver. We left the car near a retaining wall and walked out to the edge of the rocks. The coastline was visible for miles to the south. The scrub forest was below us, and we could see the tortured bushes growing smaller and smaller until they met final defeat at the edge of the beach. The beach itself was full-grown, glorious. But there was no way down to it. I looked around for a path, and saw that only a giant could have climbed that cliff. Cart-wheel depressions had been cut out of the stone at the edge of the precipice. Joseph held me back from exploring further.

"Those were Hercules's millstones," he explained. "Just below us is his cave."

Then I saw the reason for seeing the caves by moonlight. The millstone cavities were peppered so far down the side of the cliff that the sea had filled them. The circles of water were like gigantic coins sprinkled on the coast. The roar of the waves echoed in the cave and was funneled up to us.

A breeze from the sea made me shiver.

"Cold?"

"Not really. Just the wind. It's wonderful for August. Think of how hot and sticky Madrid and New Orleans are right now."

"And London, and New York, and Paris. Let's not talk about it." He picked up my hand and kissed it.

Hand kissing is a humble act. There had been no pre-exploration, no fumbling to test my reaction. There had been simply a kiss given, and nothing asked. But suddenly a what-will-people-think? feeling swept over me and I drew away involuntarily. I could hear my grandfather asking, "And how did you meet him? Who is his family? What does he do?" At home it had seemed sensible to ask these things. Now all I wondered was, *Does he feel about me the way I feel about him?* For it had been building up since the afternoon, through dinner, through the party. No one had ever talked to me the way he had; no one had ever listened as he did, or had looked at me, or had laughed with me, or had kissed me that way.

ow soon, how sudden is love? Long before, had pictured the man whom I would love: he as to be blond and a little homely, but like oseph in every other way. Joseph's only fault as that he was handsome. Fall in love: that's hat it was, a stumble in a carefully planned fe. The expression was perfect. I smiled at the hought of it. But was he really so handsome, r was he just different from the sort of men I as used to seeing? I stole a look at him. He as watching me.

"When you're thinking, you look just like a hild. Just now you were worried, then pleased, hen curious. I could see it all on your face. And then you looked at me. Why?"

"I wanted to see if you still looked the way I remembered."

"You must have been miles away if you had forgotten."

"I was thinking of my grandfather. He used to kiss ladies' hands too. But only much older ladies."

"I didn't kiss your hand because you're a lady. I kissed it because you're you, and I can't bear to think that you're leaving. Look here, Cammie. Wasn't it just about perfect this afternoon? Wasn't it more than special? You aren't playing games with me, are you?"

"No!" I was fierce. "This isn't the sort of thing one pretends."

He was at my side; then, cupping my face in his hands, he kissed me gently.

"Cammie, open your eyes," he said softly. I looked at him.

"Cammie, I have never said this to any woman." The moon cast shadows on his face as I stared at him. "We've just been together a few hours but I know you're everything I ever wanted in a woman—believe me, I love you."

We hardly talked on the way back to town. We smiled at each other, then shook hands solemnly under the eyes of the hotel clerk.

When I woke next morning my first thought was, *I am in love.* I stretched and felt the sun warm on my arms. The world was bigger and brighter than it had been the day before.

Roy joined me at breakfast. I tried to concentrate on all he said. But I was listening for a call from Joseph. It did not come.

Roy admitted that he was desperate for a teacher; he had brought a contract and hoped I would sign. He wrote, while I finished my coffee and *croissants*, a letter to my college asking for my credentials. He said he would help me find a small apartment; that I would like the other teachers. The salary was not much less than what I earned at St. Martin's. I wondered how much of it I could send home to grandfather. Wondering that, I realized that I had already made my decision.

"Where's the contract?" I asked, reaching for my pen.

He glowed with pleasure and, I think, relief as he folded the paper and tucked it back into his coat.

"This calls for a celebration. It is a shame Joseph couldn't come, but it's Friday and he had to go to the mosque."

"To the mosque?"

"Yes, he is rather serious about being a good Muslim." He stopped when he saw my astonishment. "He's an Arab, you know."

I saw Joseph that Friday after the noon prayers. He came to me in a white *djellaba*, the robe Arab men, even the modern ones, wear to the mosque. His face seemed darker against the white robe and there was pain in his eyes when he spoke.

"I should have told you last night."

"I know."

"But I didn't want to spoil it."

"Would it have?"

"Perhaps. I wasn't sure."

Our eyes met and we knew that everything we had said and felt the night before was still valid. Our hands reached toward each other's as if of their own accord.

"There are problems. I'm from the South. My grandfather ——"

"I know. You are not quite sure what race I belong to. Neither am I. But if it would please him, I could tell him about my ancestors. They go quite far back; farther than the Queen of England's."

I smiled. "Yes, grandpa would like that. Ancestors are very important to him."

We wrote the cable to my grandfather together. It was a long night letter because I found there was no brief way to explain why I was deserting him. I told him of the contract, of the chance to practice teaching languages. I said it was a wonderful opportunity, that I loved him, and I signed it "Always, your Cammie." I did not mention Joseph. I saved that for the letter I wrote that evening when I was alone.

Months later I read what I had written and was glad my grandfather had never seen the letter.

Why do people elope? Is there such a thing as love at first sight? I know the answers. Just as I knew, the first afternoon that I spent with Joseph, that I loved him, I knew, too, that we would marry, and that no long waiting "to get acquainted" would make me any less certain that he was the man with whom I could be happy over the years, and whom I could make happy. I was so sure! I wanted to be with him for every moment from then on. We gave ourselves two days to talk. We had to; it was the weekend.

"We'll argue it all out on Saturday and Sunday," he had said, "and on Monday we'll be married."

I laughed at his presumption. We had skipped all the preliminaries and had reached, in a few hours, to the heart of the matter. We loved each other.

On Saturday I went to luncheon at Phyllis Ilsen's. Roy was at the luncheon, and a schoolteacher from Ohio, Sara Chapin. None of us—the three "educators," as Karl gallantly termed us—belonged in the paneled, carpeted Parisian drawing room which Phyllis had created for her husband. It was the perfect backdrop for Karl Ilsen; it matched his size, his culture and his charm.

The lunch itself was a masterpiece. It, too, had been planned to please Karl, not to pamper Phyllis's figure. At the table I noticed her hands. Her decisiveness could be seen in just the way she held her fork or took a cigarette out of its gold-mesh case and lighted it. She had opinions or judgments on everything. She was clever, and sometimes cruel, in the way she spoke of people.

"Those Arabs, you know, Cammie. They are handsome devils, some of them—like Joseph Krim. But degenerate. You have to watch out. VD. Generations of it, all of them."

"Phyllis!" Karl sputtered at her from the head of the table. He knew, as I discovered, that she never said anything which was not calculated for effect beforehand. Why did she suddenly begin to talk of Arabs and of Joseph?

Roy broke in. "Phyllis, you know Joseph is one of my best friends, and certainly our best instructor at the school. Whatever he is, I should say he is closer to *re*-generate. Someday he will surprise us all. He doesn't like it to be known, but besides the textbooks he is preparing, he is working on a history of North Africa. He has publishers waiting for it. A degenerate is someone who can't produce, but that boy is a powerhouse."

Karl seemed ready to ask a question, but Phyllis spoke first. "Correction taken—it's just that I am against all this nationalism. All the same, there *is* something odd about him. He never sees his own father, who owns the largest house in the Casbah, after Barbara Hutton's. And I hear he has turned down at least five *good* offers to work for the government, just so he can stay here to teach a class or two for you and to write his precious schoolbooks. Why couldn't he write in Rabat? Or work in the Ministry of Education? It is definitely odd."

Karl protested, trying to bring the talk back to neutral ground. "My darling Phyllis, you do not understand teachers. They can be as dedicated as your artists. Wouldn't you say that is true, Miss Chapin?"

Miss Chapin seemed to be one of those women who are proud that they never use powder. She blinked when she was addressed, and small thoughtful wrinkles appeared on her shiny forehead.

"Are you asking me for a declaration of faith? Sometimes, out of a whole year's teaching, one child will say something, or will show just by his expression, that he has *learned*, and that will make the whole year's work worth it. It usually happens just when I'm ready to give up. So here I am, ten years later." She laughed, so that we would not smile at how deeply she had shown her feelings.

It would not have been fair to let her stand alone.

"It's true," I agreed. "I've been teaching only one year, but I can see that at times it is something a person *has* to do, like painting or writing."

Miss Chapin looked at me gratefully, and Roy beamed with pride.

After lunch Roy took Miss Chapin and me to the old mansion which now served as a school building, to collect supplies.

A white-haired woman called to us impatiently as we approached the iron-grille gate, "Hurry, Roy! I've been standing here twenty minutes. You took the key to the gate, remember?"

Roy flushed like a schoolboy and fumbled in his pocket. "I'm really sorry, Lady Margaret. Here. Have you met our two new teachers? Miss Chapin, Miss Singer. Lady Margaret Mills is the school secretary." He waited for us to file through, then locked the gate carefully behind us.

"Joseph had already told me of Miss Singer. He is in love with her," Lady Mills announced

ABOUT THE TEETH OF SHARKS

By JOHN CIARDI

The thing about a shark is—teeth.
One row above, one row beneath.

Now take a close look. Do you find
It has another row behind?

Still closer—here, I'll hold your hat:
Has it a third row behind that?

Now look in and . . . *Look Out!* Oh, my.
I'll *never* know now! Well, good-by.

as we walked down the tile hall toward her office.

Miss Chapin widened her eyes at me, and Roy said, "I knew he'd be running to you."

Lady Mills indicated two stacks of books. Her manner was completely businesslike, but I caught her watching me sign the receipt for supplies and her blue eyes were twinkling. "As soon as you two get apartments you'll have to give me your permanent addresses. I take care of reporting your employment, as aliens, to the government."

Roy laid his big hand on her arm. "You're frightening them. Better tell them you are the one who pays them and helps them with their attendance records, and advises them where to shop. . . . Lady Margaret is really campaigning for my job. She pretends she is trying to push me into founding an American college for North Africa, but what she really wants is for me to leave so she can have my office. It has a better view than hers."

Miss Chapin and I escaped the answering remark. Lady Mills had opened the door, raised an eyebrow. As we filed out she winked one electric-blue eye at me.

"Who is she?" I asked Joseph the moment I saw him waiting for me on the steps of the school.

He took my bundle, kissed me on the ear and answered, "Who is who?"

"Lady Margaret Mills."

"She is the most wonderful American, until you, who has ever come to Tangier. She said she'll be a witness for us. She and Roy, on Monday."

"No wonder she winked. But a titled American?"

"She was born in Chicago and married an English general about forty years ago. When he was knighted for arranging a treaty somewhere in the Orient, she became a Lady. They were living in Shanghai when he died. Then the Communists moved in, and she moved here. Said she chose Tangier because it was international like herself. She lives in an old place not far from here. You'll see it tomorrow. She's invited us for tea."

"You know her well."

"Yes. She's a friend, and one of my students too. She does my typing for me, and in exchange I teach her Arabic. At sixty she has decided to learn another language!"

He had tucked my arm under his, and was leading me down a narrow street toward the center of the native quarter, the old Medina.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To my room. We can talk there." The passage was now no wider than arm spread. Sunlight touched only the top windows of the buildings on either side of us. The cobblestones on which we walked were in a gloomy shadow. The architecture and the construction were all Moorish here, and as ancient as time.

A few more twists in the alley, through a door cut in what must have been a carriage gate, up a flight of steps — I remember I recoiled when I first stepped through that door into the tiny courtyard beyond. Joseph started to climb the steps and I followed.

The room was not empty as I had expected. An old woman squatted on the floor near the door. She grinned and scurried out wordlessly when we arrived.

The only furniture was a desk, a straight chair, a couch and a huge chest. A water glass holding five roses had been placed carefully in the center of the desk. The inevitable tea service was laid out, waiting by the couch. Beyond the flowers there was no attempt at decoration. The only personal touch was the books. The entire wall behind the desk, the free space between the two tall windows, the area behind the door and above the couch were all taken up by books.

"Seven hundred and sixty-eight books," he said with almost boyish pride.

The old woman came back to the room with a steaming teakettle. While she busied herself making the tea I walked around the room, reading titles: *History of the Saharan Caravan Trails; The Phoenicians in North Africa;* a French edition of Leo Africanus, Spanish-Arabic dictionaries, and five shelves of books in Arabic.

I turned to Joseph. "Tell me, have you read them all?"

He shrugged, then smiled. "No, I have only skimmed them. They are mostly for reference. That is why I brought you here. So you could see what I'm doing. You must understand why I don't have a regular job or a position." He was apologizing, hastening to explain. "I have here nearly every word that has ever been published about Morocco. But nowhere is there an accurate, readable history, or school text. I had to go to England, and then to Paris, to learn what is known about my country." He picked up a huge leather-bound book and, opening it, came to stand at my side where we could share the light. "This one, this is the latest ——"

His words were cut off by the sound of the old woman sucking in her breath. She was still intent on teamaking, but the noise was somehow intended for us. Joseph tightened his arm on my shoulder.

"This history was written in 1610 ——"

The old woman coughed. Her meaning was plain; I moved away from Joseph.

"Go on, darling," I said.

"Why are you going away? Blast it, I want you to see this." He turned to the woman and said something sharply in Arabic. She looked at him blankly. He threw up his arms, annoyed. "What am I going to do? She pretends she is deaf. She always pretends she's deaf, or sick. She hasn't cleaned my room for a week. Until today; she knew you were coming and she began hopping around like a gazelle. Flowers even. First time I've ever had flowers. And now she won't leave the room."

I couldn't help laughing. "Then why don't you fire her?"

"Fire her? She is —— I mean ——" He stopped, as if the question were so unthinkable that an answer simply did not exist. "I couldn't. She has no place else to go."

"Then tell her that you'll pay her less if she doesn't do better."

Joseph shouted something at her, then threw up his arms again. "It is no use. We'll have to sit and drink tea for the next two hours. How could I pay her less? I don't pay her anything as it is. She eats here, and has a room down the hall, and I buy her a gold bracelet now and then." He glared at her, and drew up the chair from the desk. I sat on the couch near the tea service. He perched on the chair facing me across the low brass tray.

I looked at the woman in wonder. "She is chaperoning you, and yet she's hardly more than your slave!"

She sat there, unconscious of my regard, peering into the teapot, grinding the rock sugar into powder, arranging, rearranging the glasses on the tray. A brilliant green scarf covered her hair. She wore a yellow print dress, with the hem pulled up and tucked into her belt. Billowing out under her skirt as she squatted were long red bloomers reaching to her feet and buttoned tightly around each ankle. Her face was dark and wrinkled, but the lines were in the right places for smiles, and I felt the woman was kind. She certainly was not unhappy. She seemed content and prepared to sit in that spot until the walls decayed around her.

Joseph protested my definition. "Of course she isn't a slave. She can go where she likes. But we are her only family. Her father was a herdsman; when her mother died, he gave her to my grandmother. She and my mother grew up together. She helped raise me. When I left home, she asked to come with me. My mother agreed. How could I offer her a salary? It would be like paying my own aunt."

It was an odd story for a Southerner to hear in Africa. But being Southern, perhaps I understood more than another would have. From that day on I, too, called the old colored woman Halti: "Sister of my mother." If only we could have talked! But perhaps even she, who became my closest ally, would not have told me what was behind her insistence on chaperoning us.

No, it was Joseph who talked that day. He seemed so anxious to explain everything, to tell me about himself, his family, his hopes for the future, his work.

He was born in Tangier. His father's house was built on land owned by his family since Columbus's time. Five hundred years in Africa, and before that five hundred years in Spain. He owed his fairness and his blue eyes to his mother, for she was a Berber from the Rif hills behind the city. Though a Muslim, she had never worn a veil. When Joseph's father, on a trip into the Rif, had seen the tall, blue-eyed beauty, he immediately arranged to marry her. Her father was a minor regional judge, and readily agreed to give the eighteen-year-old girl to the man of fifty, for the match was to her advantage. She moved to her new home in the city and found that though the favorite, the toy, the joy of her husband, she was Wife No. 3 in his household. She joined the harem; she learned to wear the veil; she struggled to learn the classic Arabic of the town. The other wives' jealousy, then her aging husband's indifference left her only Joseph, and she centered her life and her happiness around him.

"She wasn't a stupid woman. She should have been taught to read and write so she would have had at least that—instead to lock her up, and to veil her!" Now, thirty years later, Joseph still felt indignation at her treatment.

"I grew up among those squabbling women. My half brothers and sisters were much, much older than I. Seeing my mother wither in that courtyard, in the midst of that vacant conversation and the bickering of the three wives, I swore I would never have but one wife, and the one I chose would have to be educated, someone I could talk to. My father knew she was lonesome, that she was unhappy. He was, he is, a tyrant, but his heart is good. He bought her jewels and gifts—and everything he gave her only made the others more jealous.

"Then when I was ten, the war broke out in Europe. My father had two old houses overlooking the sea and Gibraltar. One he rented to the Germans, and the other to the English! The Germans spied on the ships which went through the straits and the English spied on the Germans. My father became very rich in marks and pounds that way. But my mother's father in the Rif was very pro-English. He even accepted British citizenship from a consul he had entertained for a hunt. Don't be so surprised; that sort of thing was quite common in those days.

"Somehow my mother knew that she had the right to be a British citizen. When the rumor was heard that the Germans might occupy Tangier she went to the English consulate, produced the proper papers and presto! I, too, had dual citizenship—English-Moroccan. Then she told my father. She announced that she wanted to send me to school in England. I'll never forget the scene that followed *that*. But eventually he gave in.

"I was sent to a small public—pardon me, private—school near Salisbury. I think somehow they had the idea that I was the son of some Eastern potentate. At any rate, I was treated royally. I learned English rather quickly; the masters tutored me in the other subjects; my classmates invited me to their homes; in the seven years I stayed in the country I became more British than John Bull.

"I was eighteen and the war was over when I came home for the first time. I hardly knew my own people. When autumn came and I went up to Cambridge, I felt as though I were leaving a prison. Do all young people feel this way? I had no idea of what I wanted to do; only a very clear idea that I did *not* want to translate in my father's shipping office. That was the future he had planned for me. He let me go to the university only because I convinced him that that was the best place for me to learn more languages.

"It was a don at Cambridge who saved me. He held the chair for Arabic studies, and he gave me a feeling, for the first time, that I had come from a great people who had once created a great civilization. You can't imagine how he changed my life. I was amazed to discover that my professor even knew the history of my own family. He was able to show me old books which mentioned my ancestors, and told of the work they had done in Córdoba and Tunis.

"It had been arranged by my tutors that certain of my studies should be taken in Paris, at the École d'Afrique du Nord. When I was twenty-one, I published my first paper, in English; a treatise on the trade agreements between the Barbary States and medieval Europe. It was based on research I had done in Paris and London.

"By the time I returned to pick up my degree at Cambridge, my professor asked me to join a project he was heading; we were to go to Damascus and Cairo to classify Arab documents which had never been copied for European libraries. My job was to help microfilm and to translate any new manuscripts we might find.

"I told my father that I had no intention of working for him, and that I would be leaving soon for the Middle East. When he heard how little I would be earning with the expedition, he was furious, and he disowned me—or at least cut me out of as much of his will as he was able to under our Koranic laws. I dreamed of someday doing something so great that I should restore our name to the fame it had once known, and show my father that of all his sons I was the best and the wisest. How foolish I was! The work that I did on the expedition was exciting to me, but it was not at all dramatic to the laymen, nothing like the story of the Dead Sea Scrolls.

"We had financing for one year; six months in Egypt, six in Syria. When the year was up, I did not come home. I visited Persia and Iraq and Turkey, even the interior of Arabia and Mesopotamia. I earned my way by translating, or by guiding English touring groups. I was in Lebanon when my mother telegraphed me: 'Come home immediately, I am dying.' She wasn't, of course; it was just that she missed her little boy. I took the first transportation I could find, and found her in the courtyard applying henna to her feet! She was happy as a lark and completely unregretful about forcing me to come in such a hurry.

"'It is time for you to marry. You are twenty-four now,' she said.

"She had chosen the girl; my father would surely forgive me anything. She was rich, a distant cousin whom I remembered vaguely from my visits to the hills. She was eighteen, old enough to be married.

"'And besides, I want grandchildren,' my mother ended her argument petulantly.

"There was no answer to that; I could only say I would consider it. In the morning I saw my father. He was almost eighty. His hair was white and he had become a bit more religious. The first question he asked was, 'Have you been to Mecca?' That I had pleased him, but otherwise he had not changed an iota.

"'Tomorrow you start work. The girl's father will make a good settlement, I've seen to that. The wedding will be at the end of Ramadan.'" Joseph paused. The dark had gathered, and I could not see his face.

"What happened? Did you marry her?"

"No," he finally answered. I let out the breath I hadn't realized I had been holding.

He went on quickly, "My father thought I was mad to refuse work, money and a beautiful wife. I left his house then and have never been back since. Oh, occasionally, I'll go to my mother's quarters when he is away, but generally mother slips away to visit me here. When I walked out I had no money, and my father knew it. When Roy offered me a job teaching I took it gratefully. It was in his school, seeing the inadequate texts that were all that were available, that I first had the idea of writing a modern history of our people. I began my work. Five years now, and the first volume is nearly ready." He laughed, as though at himself. "I, who wanted to be famous to impress my old father!"

"What will he think, now that you are going to marry an American?"

"He —— We needn't tell him. I never see him anyway. But my mother is different." He was almost boyish again in offering consolation for the imaginary wound. "I've told her about you; she is genuinely pleased. Halti too. Halti's one fear is that you won't want her to work for you. She is quite a good cook—and since we'll both be working, you'll need someone to keep the house. I told her that you've asked about a housekeeper."

I hadn't, but I was glad that he had tried to please the old woman. Of course I would need her.

He went on, "I know of a place where we can live. On a hill, but close to town. A view of the bay and the sea. A study and bedrooms, and a box-sized kitchen."

As we sat there, bathed by moonlight and the soft sea breeze, I had that strange sensation of having been in this room in some past age. I had found my future, that part of myself which had been missing. Much as I loved my grandfather, it was here, with Joseph, that my heart was home.

The hill which leads to Chauen is long and hot and dry, but Joseph stopped the car before we reached the top. He wanted to climb the last steep slope on foot.

We had been married that morning. Lady Margaret Mills and Roy stood with us as promised, and toasted us in champagne at a breakfast for four at her house. Lady Mills kissed me and for a moment I felt a pang of regret that I had not waited to be married at home, where grandpa could have been the one to stand with me. But there was not time and there was not the money; grandpa would understand—he always did.

Joseph and I had not spoken on the two-hour ride to Chauen. When he stopped and urged me to climb the rest of the way, I was disappointed, for the singing of the tires, and the wind in my hair, and the slight warmth of Joseph's arm next to mine had mesmerized me and made me dream.

But he had been right. Soon we were walking on moss, and able to look from between the clumps of trees out over the whole valley of Ben Rashid. Waves of heat rose from the silent barren plains, but our eyrie was alive with the dull roar of falling, rushing water. We pushed our way through the last brambles of stunted pine and found ourselves at the source of the falls. I sat on a rock and let the water cool me. I felt it wash over me, fill me, like my happiness. I shivered.

"Cold?"

"No . . . happy."

"Nice. Me too."

There was a pause.

"What are in those sacks?"

"Where? What sacks?"

I pointed. A caravan of laden donkeys plodded along the road below us. They were being goaded by a woman wearing a hat so huge that, from our height, we could see hardly more than her feet and her stick-laden hand jutting out below its rim.

"Wheat. Ground at the mill in town."

The woman turned the lead donkey off the road and headed him along a faint path toward a spur in the hills.

"Where is she going? There isn't a house for fifty miles in that direction!"

"Oh yes, my sweet. There are whole villages within shouting distance. You just don't see them. No more than you see the three people, two boys and an old woman, who are watching us right now."

"Really?" I looked around startled. "I don't see a soul." The glen was empty, then a movement above us caught my eye. A flock of goats was grazing on the hillside, and two little boys were sitting on the rocks staring down at us. I laughed. "Have they been there all along?"

"Yes; that is why I haven't tried to kiss you. Mustn't shock the young."

Suddenly I saw the old woman. She was quite near us, standing silent and still as a tree on the other side of the spring. I raised my hand to greet her, but she shambled forward with her bucket. She muttered a response to Joseph's "God be with you," turned her back to me and busied herself with the water. I could not hide my distaste, and when Joseph saw my expression he took me abruptly by the hand and pulled me up.

"Come along. We'll go to the hotel by the back way. I can send someone for the car."

That was the beginning of it, I suppose. The feeling that I was always being watched. Halti, yes; she was always there. But hers was a friendly presence. The other feeling was sinister, a judging, and I half feared a moment when I should unwittingly commit the watched-for sin, when I should trespass on some hallowed custom and my specter should spring out from the shadows accusing me in a language I could not yet understand.

I DREAMT I DEALT WITH TOYMAKERS ALL

By JANICE HAYS

You planners and makers of
intricate toys,
So swiftly dismantled by small,
busy boys,
I condemn you to labor until you
have cleaned up
Each modular bauble you've cannily
dreamed up:
All building bricks, peg people,
snap beads and blocks,
Take-apart farm friends,
dismemberable clocks.

Be sure that you fit them all neatly
within
Their cylindrical cardboard
containers—and men,
That means *in*, with the lids firmly
fastened in place;
And if you should find you've more
gewgaws than space,
Just empty the cartons and quickly
begin
To tuck each small plaything away
once again.

If Joseph realized this, he did not show it. y the time we had reached the hotel he was ughing again, threatening to carry me over ne threshold, waving to people he knew in ne square, introducing me to the hotel manger. Only when we had finally closed the door f our room behind us did he comment.

He held me by the shoulders and tipped my hin as though I were a child. "Don't worry, ttle one. She was an old, old woman, and she omes from the hills. Every stranger is an nemy there. The trouble is that for most of er life it has been quite true. Someday ou'll understand."

Early in the morning the third day of our oneymoon, I became acquainted with the rabian horse.

You never see the Arabian grazing in Morocco. The uncurried old wrecks of plow orses, yes. Donkeys clutter the roads. Camls, alone or in family-size herds, pose like ieces in an abandoned stage set. But the egendary horses, the "drinkers of the wind," imply are not there. They are too precious. hey live in stables, and are pampered like rides, and are let out to run on feast days.

But it does not take a great rider to control hem. Their charm lies in their quick response: change in knee pressure, a shift of weight, a ightening of the fist, and I, even I, could be ne with an Arabian horse.

Very early in the morning we had driven ut to the farm of a cousin of Joseph's. The vomen wore no veils here, and came to their loors or out into the road to wave openly as ve passed. One last group of stone houses tood at the end of the rutted road, and it was here that Joseph had, somehow, arranged to orrow his cousin's two Arabian horses. His ousin was grinning when he led the capering eauties out of the stone stable.

"He doesn't believe that you can ride," oseph translated. "But I told him that with hese saddles you couldn't miss."

It was true. The brilliant red saddle was ike a padded chair. As soon as I pressed my nees against the sleek flanks and felt the nimal sidestep, I knew I could control him. hmed approved in spite of himself and, ightening the girth, gave the stallion a slap to tart him on our turns around the yard.

"Walk, canter, run or gallop, but don't try o trot," Joseph warned. "He doesn't know ow." He watched me anxiously. His look hanged to pride, and I caught him almost reening when he shook hands with Ahmed nd mounted his own blue-trapped mare.

He had slipped a *djellaba* over his riding lothes, and had insisted on my wearing a scarf.

"This African sun can fool you. We have wo hours to go, and I want you to arrive eautiful, not addled."

He had not told me why or where we were going.

We threaded our way upward and capped ill after hill; we could see more and more of he valleys below us. And looking across them we could see the peaks of other hills, clear, floating like islands above the morning mists. Finally the hills gave way to a graveled plateau where it was safe to give rein. When Joseph raised his hand and flashed a smile back at me, the stallion caught the signal. He reared slightly as if in joy, then burst ahead in a gallop so smooth that I could call to Joseph as I came abreast of him:

"Most wonderful horse I've ever ridden!"

"Don't rein him in short. I forgot to tell you."

I heard him. But who would have thought of jerking the reins on such an animal? He went with the wind, and I felt the swift air inside my shirt, around my back, felt it cool my legs and push back my scarf and play the whirlwind in my hair. It was that glorious feeling that only riders know.

Then gently, easily, as we approached an unexpected village, I pulled him in. Joseph passed me, raced to the village. He swung me down from the saddle.

"Oof! I can't straighten my legs."

"Don't try. Sit on the ledge."

I eased myself down gingerly. "Do we have much farther to go?"

"This is it. This is my mother's village. We'll spend the night here."

A man came rushing toward us, his woolen robes flapping.

"Bachir!" Joseph ran to embrace him. The whole village seemed to be following behind and I was engulfed in a wave of robes and bright head veils which flowed like billows or remnant yardage around the beaming faces.

Joseph gripped my elbow. "Bachir is my uncle's son. He is a sort of sheriff of the district now, as my grandfather used to be. Aisha, here, is his wife. Hamed is another cousin. Dauia is his sister."

He kissed them all, let the children kiss his hand and motioned me to do the same. If only he had warned me, I thought. But of what? His family were all heart, and if I struck them as an oddity, in my riding pants and with my now uncovered blond head, they had the grace and politeness not to show it.

"Go with Aisha." Joseph pushed me away gently.

Where? Why? Completely confused, I had to be led away by Aisha, the beautiful Aisha, to the bathhouse. A convoy of smiling, chattering women closed around us. It did not seem to occur to any of them that I could not understand one thing they said.

The bathhouse was a dim, steam-filled little building in the center of the village. I had to stoop to pass under its stone lintel. I hesitated just inside the door, blinking in the darkness. Aisha shoved me toward a tile bench; I sat down. A young girl knelt to take off my boots. Another ran to give an order to the attendant. Soap, sponges, towels appeared, all amid a torrent of talk and the frenzied flurry of clothing. Women tested the water and poured it steaming over me; they gossiped and smiled and nodded as they scrubbed me with emery stones. I never dreamed I could have been so dirty. I never dreamed I could be so clean. They stretched me on a board and rubbed me down and smoothed me with oil and brushed my hair, and never once in all this time did they stop their torrent of cheerful words.

Finally Aisha straightened up, motioning for the clothes. This, then, was a Turkish bath!

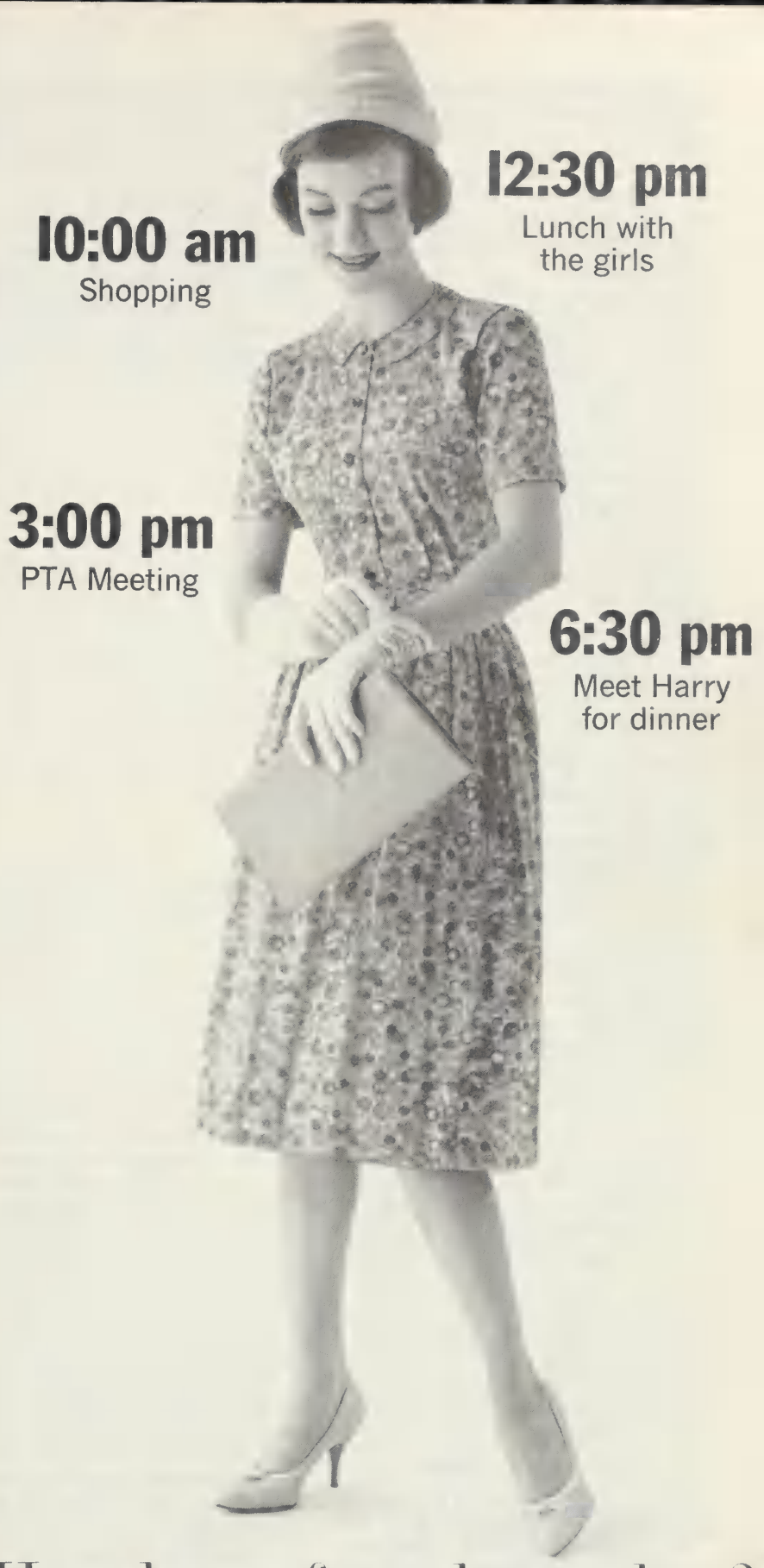
How Joseph laughed when he saw how they had dressed me! "The jewelry! You look like a shopwindow." He lifted the hem of my dress. "Just as I thought: two dresses, pantaloons, what else? Two head scarves. You look gorgeous. A real bride."

I felt bridelike, certainly more than I had in the linen sheath in which I had been married. After they had decked me in their best, the women had brought me to the room where we were to sleep that night. It was in Bachir's house. The construction was primitive, of hand-hewn stones, but the rooms were large and cool, laid with tiles and hung with rugs. I stepped through the parted curtains which served as doors and posed in their frame.

Joseph had washed and changed too. He lay on the rug-covered bed looking up at the ceiling. He turned his head, and I pirouetted to show my treasures: a gold, jewel-set band across my forehead; three-inch filigree earrings held on by threads, for my ears were not pierced; five strings of gold coins hanging in heavy rows down to my waist; and on each arm, slim gold bracelets from wrist halfway to the elbow. Underneath it all I felt the silk of the all-concealing pantaloons, buttoned tight at ankle and waist. Just the edge of their blue ankle bands showed below the pale green brocade dress which in turn was covered by a filmy white embroidered-net overdress. My slippers had pointed toes, and were made of black velvet embroidered with gold.

That night I did not find it odd that Aisha and the other women ate at the table with the men. There was a feast, it was a family party, why not the husbands and wives together? As natural as it seemed in the mountains, I was never to see it in the town. Time after time I was to be the only female at the table in Moroccan homes. The wives and mothers, even the most modern of them, served or waited in another room to be given the platters that the men had finished with. And this feeling that the women were separated even during the intimate family meals heightened my sense of being different, of being watched and judged so constantly.

But the first feast in the mountains was unspoiled. All day we had smelled the roasting



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mutton, heard the pounding of almonds, caught whiffs of saffron, parsley or raisins. In the late afternoon, after the siesta hour, we heard the first guests arriving, and soon they streamed in, on horseback, on mules, on foot. Musicians stationed themselves in the courtyard and tentative beats on the sheepskin drums, soft pipings on the reed flutes and an experimental twang on the rebab strings called us out of our room.

I had been sleeping. When I woke, I felt the bracelets weigh on my hands and, remembering, I looked down at my clothes and laughed to think of myself, I, Cammie Singer Krim, transported into the *Arabian Nights*. I stretched, luxuriating. Joseph had gone; I sat up and combed my hair in front of a mosaic-framed mirror. Aisha had painted my eyes with kohl, a black mascara, and had tipped my fingers with henna. I stepped out the door and into the courtyard.

Rugs lined the huge patio. Couches had been pulled out of the rooms to form a low horseshoe of seats around the yard. Small round tables were placed in front of the divans and already guests were sitting in groups around these. Aisha raised an arm in greeting when she saw me. She rushed over to me, calling something to the groups she left, and pulled me back to join them. Joseph was with them. He stepped back to let me join the circle.

"They want you to show off your dress, darling. You're wearing the wealth of the village, you know. Twirl."

I twirled. There was vast approval.

We were motioned to our seats. Huge platters of food had been carried in and set on the ground just at the edges of the rugs. One dish at a time was placed on each low table. I was hungry, for we had had no lunch. So I ate well, not realizing that the platter of chicken baked in saffron and raisin sauce, served with fresh green peas, was only the first of twelve courses. A roasted lamb appeared next, a whole one for each table; then a beef-and-vegetable stew. I was dismayed by the quantities we were expected to consume. The more I ate, the more Bachir, sitting next to me, urged me to eat. I looked in desperation to Joseph, but he raised his eyebrows blandly, as if he did not understand my discomfort. I leaned back, relieved when the fourth platter of meat was carried away, but sat up in horror to see a white mountain of couscous set in front of me. I was ready to pop at the next spoonful.

Joseph finally saved me. "This is the end," he announced. "Just take one bite, smile to show how good it is, and then lay your spoon down firmly. No one expects you to be hungry after all that."

"Oh yes?" I tasted the steamed meal as he told me to, smiled in delight, and then put my spoon down. Joseph had lounged back, satiated; he winked at me sleepily. Only Aisha, sitting at the end of the couch where she could direct the service, seemed capable of making a move. She called for tea and rose to prepare the service in front of her husband.

The tea restored us. We lay back sipping tea, watching the tapers fixed in the wall around the courtyard flame up and send black spirals of smoke into the sky. A pair of mock fencers armed with staffs pranced forward, to weave and duck and slash at each other in a grotesque parody of a duel. This was a common sport, Joseph explained; it went back to the days when the French kings sent courtiers as ambassadors to the sultans of Morocco.

The courtyard was full now, and in groups all around its edges other spontaneous fencers or dancers cleared smaller circles and performed to the beat of the drums and handclaps. No one seemed sleepy or even tired, except myself. I stole a look at my watch. Two A.M. We had been sitting there since six.

Aisha had been watching us and must have seen, even in the dim light, Joseph's lips brush my hair.

"She says we should go to bed," he said. "Then, she says, Bachir will start looking at her instead of you."

"She can't be jealous."

"Of course she isn't. She's just teasing. She has Bachir just where she wants him. He could afford at least two more wives, but he doesn't even think about anyone but Aisha. If I didn't know her so well, I would believe what people say about her, that she gives him love potions."

He said this quite seriously. I turned to look at him. "All this talk about potions and having a bevy of wives! I thought all that was over."

"Until last year, my sweet, polygamy was legal. There are many men younger than Bachir who have two or more wives. They married before the new laws about marriage and divorce were passed. The Koran actually urges a man to marry all the wives, up to four, that he can support. There are still many people who feel that this should be taken literally."

"Well, you better not! Find another wife, and I'll . . . scratch your eyes out!"

"Mine? Why not the other wife's?"

"Yours. Because you're the one"—I was surprised at the vehemence of my jealousy, and finished my sentence, running my hand over his cheek—"whom I love. Tell Aisha she is right. I'll go to bed." I turned to shake hands with Bachir and to speak directly to him: "Good night; the evening has been perfect."

Joseph rose to help me up. He and Bachir laughed together at some joke. Aisha moved over to take my place on the couch and as we left I saw her handing her husband a filled pipe, then arranging the cushions behind him.

We let the heavy curtains drop over our doorway. They muffled the music and made it seem very far away.

I turned my back to Joseph so that he could undo the complicated clasp of the necklace. He helped me unbutton the dress, counting as he worked.

"Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. Thank heaven you don't wear dresses like this all the time. Lift your arms."

He slipped the dress over my shoulders, folded it, and laid it next to the jewelry. I watched him regretfully.

"But it was lovely to wear just once. I felt beautiful in it."

"I'm in love, Doctor, but I am a diabetic and I understand that diabetic women shouldn't have babies. Is it wrong for me to think of marriage?"



The doctor took a second look at the slip of paper his secretary had given him, then said to Donna Jeffry in a puzzled tone, "You have come for a *pre-engagement* examination? I must confess that's a new one on me."

"I am a diabetic, Doctor," the pretty, healthy-looking young woman explained. "Thanks to Insulin, I have been leading a perfectly normal life. Now I would like to marry, but I understand that when diabetic women get pregnant, very bad things can happen to them and their babies. Hal, the young man I'm in love with, insists that babies aren't necessary to a happy marriage. But I think he would like children—I certainly would—and I know, too, that pregnancy can occur when people don't intend it. It seems to me it would be pretty rough on Hal if I were to die having a baby, or if the baby turned out to be defective."

"Your question, then, is whether your diabetes makes it inadvisable for you to become engaged and marry?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"I see. Suppose I give you the over-all picture of pregnancy in diabetes, as it stands today, before we go into your own case. Your impression is correct in that the outlook for diabetic mothers and their babies *used* to be pretty grim. In fact, in the old days—before Insulin, that is—few women with serious diabetes were able even to become pregnant. Among those who did, the mortality rate was around fifty per cent for the mothers, and as high or higher for the babies. Since we have had Insulin, however, thousands of diabetic women have come through pregnancy and childbirth successfully and with fine, normal babies. The record has been getting better all the time. The mortality rate now for diabetic mothers is down almost to zero, and the mortality rate for the babies has also dropped significantly. We are trying very hard to bring the baby death rate down farther still.

"Much depends on the mother's age, and the length of time she has had diabetes. If it began in childhood, it is apt to be more serious and to remain that way. And pregnancy is apt to be more dangerous for older diabetics and their babies, though the diabetes itself is usually less severe when contracted at a later age. However, there aren't any hard-and-fast rules. By and large, it is the severity of the diabetes, and the extent to which it is controlled by diet and Insulin, that are the determining factors. The amount of damage the disease had done to bodily organs and functions is important too."

Turning now to Donna's situation, the doctor learned that she was twenty-one, and had acquired the diabetes at sixteen, which removed her from the area of childhood victims. Her excellent internist, Dr. Beeson, had been able to control the disease with little difficulty.

"So far, so good," the doctor said. "Five years of diabetes isn't too long a time, and you are far from being in the 'too old' bracket. Though if pregnancy is in the cards for you, I would say that the sooner it can happen, the better. A longer period of the disease, even under treatment, might change the picture. Now then, Donna, tell me what Dr. Beeson had to say about all this. You must have discussed it with him."

"You're right, Doctor. I took my question to Dr. Beeson first of all, and he told me he didn't know any reason why I should fear motherhood. But he said that if trouble does come up in pregnancy, there may be a good deal that the obstetrician will have to cope with, so he advised me to get an obstetrical opinion too."

"That was foresighted and smart. I am sure he will agree that the next step is to put you in a hospital for a few days, for a series of tests. You probably know that pregnancy can complicate things rather badly in diabetes if general bodily functions have been interfered with to a serious extent by the disease. In addition to repeated blood-sugars, Dr. Beeson would run tests to determine the condition of your kidneys, circulatory system, liver and so on. I would conduct a thorough gynecological examination. That will give us a much better idea about what would be likely to happen to you if you were to become pregnant."

After all the tests and examinations were completed, the doctor told Donna, "Dr. Beeson and I concur that your prospects are excellent to become pregnant, to come through pregnancy and childbirth safely yourself, and to have a normal baby."

Donna's face grew radiant.

"We can't guarantee it, you understand," he cautioned. "The mortality rate for babies of diabetic mothers is still considerably higher than for those of nondiabetics; the incidence of malformation is also somewhat higher. You see, pregnancy occasionally interferes with the efficiency of the Insulin, in addition to stirring up the diabetes itself. It is harder to predict reactions to dosage. But your type of diabetes should not be affected too adversely by pregnancy."

"What are the chances that the baby might inherit the disease?"

"There certainly seems to be a basis for the theory that diabetes runs in families. But babies are seldom born with diabetes, and nowadays we have better ways of dealing with it if it should develop. Authorities do not advise against pregnancy for a diabetic woman on grounds of heredity alone."

Donna gave a sigh of relief. "This all sounds simply wonderful, Doctor."

"There are some other things you should know," the doctor went on. "If you were to become pregnant, special precautions would have to be taken all the way through. The diabetes would have to be controlled very carefully and you would have to make more frequent visits to the obstetrician than the average expectant mother. Babies of diabetic women tend to grow too rapidly toward the end, get too big and heavy. It might be necessary to induce the birth, or to do a Caesarean in order to avoid damage to you and the baby. Often it is considered best for diabetic women not to breast-feed."

"Well, anyhow, I don't need to feel that it might blight Hal's life for me to marry him?"

"You were beautiful. Heaven is made up of beautiful women like you. The Muslim heaven is nicer than all the others because of that. Nothing but a garden of beautiful women."

"All very fine for you, but what happens to me?" I yawned.

"You are in the garden too. And I'll be there." He pushed me back on the bed. I curled up, ready to sleep. "Isn't that heaven enough?"

I pulled away. "Go away. I'm sleepy."

He kissed me. "Isn't it?"

"If you think ——"

He kissed me again. "Why not?"

"Perhaps. Well . . ." Finally I said, "Yes."

Arriving back at the hotel at Chauen was like returning from another world. We swam in the hotel pool; we sat on the hotel patio and watched an obligingly flamboyant sunset at the cocktail hour. We ate a late supper in the hotel dining room. I looked at the groups of German and Scandinavian tourists around us and almost pitied them for coming so far to see Morocco from a hotel window. They should have stayed at home and looked at travel books. The exhaustion from the ride into the mountains, the heat of the steam bath, the tug at the heart on leaving Aisha and Bachir, the feast and the dancing, breakfast in a courtyard served by a little barefoot girl, this was the real country. . . . I said this to Joseph.

He was amused, but half annoyed. "You are wrong. Everything you saw yesterday is old, already dated and doomed. I am the real Morocco, half East, half West. Pulled each way until I'm standing still." He looked wryly bitter. "The horses we rode. Do you realize that every cent Ahmed owns is in those animals? Almost two thousand dollars. And he plows with a stick and can't afford fertilizer and doesn't even own a milk cow. And the jewelry you wore? You looked so lovely and happy. But I couldn't see that gold hanging around your neck without remembering that it was the wealth of the entire village. Money which could triple itself if it were spent on irrigating or planting coverage on the hills. In five years, with that capital, Bachir could put the whole district on its feet."

He paused, smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry. But it means so much to me. And the worst of it is that I am not sure myself whether I would choose to have six milk cows instead of two stallions which ride like the wind. Or if I would put ten dollars in the bank if I knew you were doting on a new gold bracelet."

"Oh, but I don't want jewelry," I said, knowing that that was not the point.

Joseph smiled and rose to pull my chair back. "I know, and the small chance you'll have of getting any, at least for the next few years."

We left the room arm in arm. How nice it was to be cared for publicly like this.

"Tired?" Joseph asked.

"A bit."

"Well, off to bed with you."

And that was when the astonishing thing happened. The first time it happened, I should say.

He waited until I was in bed, kissed me good night and turned out the light. Then he left the room, locking the door behind him.

I was too shocked to call out when I heard him walk away. It must have been hours later that I fell asleep, burning with shame and anger at having been locked in, at having been left with no word of explanation. It was nearly dawn when he returned; he undressed in the dark and carefully eased into the bed beside me.

In the morning I was too proud to ask where he had gone or why he had left. He behaved as if nothing had happened, and talked only of our return to Tangier that afternoon.

That night we were home. Joseph came to bed with me—and did not leave.

I woke up to the smell of coffee coming up the stairwell. As Halti came in I arose, greeted her, walked across the room to pick up the letters that were propped against a vase. A telegram lay on top of the stack; I opened it, and I read that my grandfather was dead.

The housekeeper's letter told me more. She had been with grandpa the afternoon my cable reached him. He had been sitting on the porch; he took the yellow envelope and chatted awhile with the delivery boy, before opening it. Finally he slit it.

"She'll be telling me what time the boat lands," he had said. Suddenly he reached for the rail.

"Anything wrong, Mr. dePrey?" the boy had asked.

"No. No, nothing wrong," grandpa answered. "In fact, Cammie's taken a fine job. Teaching. Can't come back just yet. Just the experience she needs, she says."

"Then in a bit," the letter said, "he folded up the telegram and put it in his pocket, and up he went, to lie down, he said. The heat had made him tired."

She brought his supper to him. He ate a little, then went back to sleep. The next day his friend the judge dropped in; he agreed that Mr. dePrey seemed ill, but not seriously enough to call the doctor. They talked until just before supper when the judge left. She hadn't disturbed my grandfather again. He had been sleeping so well. It was in the morning that she found ". . . he had passed on in his sleep. He was so proud of you; a shame that he couldn't have lived to see you come home. But he was an old, old man; he was just too tired to wait any longer."

But I loved him! Why couldn't he have waited just another eight months? Then Joseph and I could have gone to him together.

It was days before my eyes were dry, and weeks before I could speak his name in a normal voice. I missed his weekly letters; I missed being able to write to him; I did not know how I would be able to face returning to Eduardsville and finding that he was not there.

The beginning of school and Joseph's kindness saved me; I clung to him as a child clings to a parent. I let my work drown out my private thoughts and hide my mind's picture of what had been and what should have been.

We lived within walking distance of the school; this was important because we had

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

TELL ME DOCTOR

"No indeed, Donna. However, whether or not you want to incur deliberately the risks involved in motherhood—that's a question you and your husband would have to settle between yourselves."

It was eighteen months before the doctor saw Donna again. Her name was Mrs. Hal Mathews now, and she was pregnant. She told the doctor that she and her husband had decided to face the risks the doctor had described. "Though now that I'm in for it, I find I'm a little scared," she confessed.

"You haven't any cause to be apprehensive," the doctor said, after a routine pregnancy check. "Your organs are in the same excellent condition as when I examined you eighteen months ago, and the simple sugar test I made was negative. In a manner of speaking, Dr. Beeson and I talked you into this; we will work together to bring you through it safely. He will continue to take care of the diabetes. I imagine he'll want to put you in the hospital again for a few days to set up proper Insulin controls.

"But there is careful work to be done by all of us. You'll have to come in to see me every two weeks—perhaps oftener at times. We'll need to be extra careful about your diet, over and above the diabetic factor. Abnormal salt and water retention is more common in diabetic mothers, for instance, and toxemia is more likely to occur without warning. You just do as Dr. Beeson and I tell you, though, and leave the worrying to us."

With her obstetrician and internist working in close collaboration, Donna's pregnancy continued normally. At five months she was put in the hospital again for routine and special tests. They showed that all was going well. All continued to go well until Donna was about eight months along. On this visit to the doctor, she reported there had been traces of sugar in the urine tests she herself made routinely.

"Many perfectly normal women show traces of sugar late in pregnancy, Donna," the doctor said. "It's most often due to the early presence of lactose, the milk sugar of breast milk, rather than to the dextrose which is characteristic of diabetes. We'll test, though, to be sure."

"I feel awfully big, too, Doctor. I've only gained a pound in the two weeks since I saw you last, but my tummy seems ever so much larger. You said the baby might start to grow too fast."

"Yes; there is some peculiar factor of metabolism in the baby of a diabetic that we don't quite understand. That is why I mentioned the possibility of speeding up the birth. Also, a diabetic mother frequently has an excess of amniotic fluid which makes her feel bigger. Your husband is a large man, however. Your baby's growth may not be out of line. We will watch for a week or so to see what happens."

Suddenly Donna started showing positive tests for sugar regularly, and the sugar was not the harmless lactose of breast milk. She was thirstier than usual, developed an unappeasable appetite and had to get up frequently in the night—all signs that the diabetes might be getting out of control. Now the baby was clearly growing at too rapid a rate. Another X ray was ordered.

"You definitely should have a Caesarean, Donna," the doctor said. "The X ray showed clearly that the baby is too big for the birth canal. It also helped me determine whether the baby is ready to be delivered—not too premature, that is to say. We can tell something about this by certain little bones called epiphyses, which develop, or join together with the long bones, at a certain time. In diabetes, a baby can be premature even though it weighs ten or twelve pounds. But I'm completely reassured about this one, and the sooner it's delivered the better. Today is Friday. Suppose we schedule the operation for next Tuesday. That will give Dr. Beeson time to get the diabetes back under control."

By Tuesday morning Donna's blood sugar was holding at normal as a result of an increase in her Insulin dosage, and she was taken to the operating room. To avoid depressing the baby's respiratory centers, she had been given no preoperative sedatives or narcotics, and the anesthesia was a low spinal. At the very last Donna was allowed to help by pushing, as in a normal birth. From the other side of the drapes she heard a gurgle, then a cough, then a lusty cry.

"Oh, Doctor," she said in a faint voice, "can I see my baby?"

"I'm not sure I can lift him," the doctor answered jokingly. After giving the infant a hasty face wash, he held up a husky, squalling, kicking ten-pounder.

The doctor was genuinely delighted with the baby's condition, but knew the battle was not won yet. Either mother or infant might go into shock because of a deficiency of sugar in the blood, due to the extra Insulin it had been necessary to give Donna prior to delivery. The baby was immediately placed under the care of his pediatrician, who had witnessed the operation. Both mother and child were watched closely for forty-eight hours. On the third day, however, the doctor was able to tell Hal Mathews that there was nothing to fear.

"Donna is fine—I believe she'll even be able to breast-feed if she wants to. And there isn't the least sign of abnormality in the baby. His pediatrician and I have made sure of that."

"Thank God!" Hal Mathews exclaimed. "I would never have stopped blaming myself if anything had gone wrong. But we both wanted a child, and after what you and Dr. Beeson told Donna ——"

"Quite right. With Donna's excellent condition initially, and the means we have today to counteract diabetes and its effects, there was really very little to be afraid of. Even that flare-up at the last did no harm, Donna was so good at reporting immediately and following orders. She came through this so well that Dr. Beeson and I have agreed on something else. There is no reason why she shouldn't have another baby after a while—perhaps several more!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses the modern approach to cancer.

HANG ONIONS IN YOUR KITCHEN



One day my seven-year-old daughter confided, "I love to be in the kitchen at Katy's house. Everything in it looks like a pretty picture." The next time I visited Katy's mother I observed that kitchen. A cord of beautiful wine-colored onions hung artistically on a nail in the wall. A few yellow lemons in a pottery dish looked like a Cézanne still life. What did it matter that Katy's mother's stove was not meticulously clean? I couldn't even remember the appliances in my own childhood kitchen, but I quickened with the memory of my mother's arranging in her best vase the wild flowers we'd picked.

And have you ever watched a youngster putting flowers into a teacup one by one, studying each petal, testing the smells, the texture of the different leaves? These are the sensations and observations that enrich a lifetime. I once encountered an all-night truck driver in France who had a small nosegay of fresh lilies of the valley clipped to the dashboard of his truck!

In Edna Ferber's *So Big*, Selina made bouquets—not bunches—of vegetables for market. Take a good look at *your* vegetables! Tell your children their cheeks are as "red as these tomatoes I'm slicing"; the cucumbers are as "dark green as a cool forest"; the cabbage when washed has dewdrops "like grass in the moonlight"; the potatoes' eyes "make them look like faces." Children have a natural hunger to absorb the beauty around them.

Do you shop with a list drawn by your preschooler? A row of three lemons or twelve oranges makes him more aware of color and shape. Or serve a pie that has a flower, a face or an abstract picture pricked in the top crust? You have to let the steam out, anyway.

At the beach send the children roaming for treasure: small shells, smooth colored pebbles, bits of seaweed, gulls' feathers. Pebbles make beautiful eyes; sea straws, exotic tails. You can mix equal portions of plaster of Paris and sea water, pour into a sand mold you have dug and decorated, strengthen with chicken wire, and in half an hour have a remarkable work of art.

There is hardly anything in everyday living that cannot excite the imagination of children who not only quickly pick up ideas but enlarge upon them. One rainy afternoon I was sewing buttons on a coat. To keep my six-year-old still, I laid a sheet of paper over a button and rubbed the design with a pencil. Within minutes she was foraging in my button box for different shapes and sizes. The next day she and a friend made rubbings of leaves and flower petals. After that, I found clusters of children on my front porch absorbed in the wonders of Nature patterns. Most of the results were charming enough to frame or use for Christmas cards.

These days most birthday cakes come from the bakery, wistfully complained a friend whose mother used to make plain round cakes and pick what she remembers as the most beautiful rose in the world to put in the middle. My own children help bake theirs and choose the frosting color. "Remember the year Margaret wanted purple?" they remember gleefully. This year I'm planning to let each child at the party decorate a birthday cupcake. The invitations themselves can challenge your child's ingenuity if you provide a 29-cent package of construction paper.

To most children, snowmen are conventional. My children's are always delightfully bizarre personalities with wigs of old mops of yellow wool, aprons and kerchiefs made of old rags, eyes of gleaming glass beads shaded, perhaps, with a discarded veil.

We have found that a large kitchen bulletin board adds to creativity; that more poems are written and more pictures painted, especially for our always-homemade birthday cards and valentines.

Too often a bored child grows up to be a bored adult. But a child with an eye for beauty and creative imagination is seldom bored in his lifetime. You won't turn every child into an artist, but a bit of homespun pleasure will add an important dimension to his life, while a bit of beauty in his surroundings will contribute an all-important sense of well-being. Hang onions in your kitchen!

very little money. Had Halti demanded a salary, we never could have paid her. She lived with us, of course; she cooked, and cleaned, and washed, and ironed, and, most important, she shopped. Our food bill would have been double had she not braved the markets each day to haggle over every egg, to squeeze each head of lettuce, to demand that bone be trimmed before the meat was weighed.

I went shopping with Halti often at first. I felt it my duty to learn the cost of food. The old French centime still counted in the market; prices were quoted in terms of the Arab *real*, extinct for a hundred years; and Spanish, English and American silver was accepted—with a polite bite to test its verity. I needed paper and pencil to make the conversions which Halti seemed to carry, like a multiplication table, in her head. My visits to the market therefore became a luxury, and I merely stood and watched while Halti handled the practical transactions.

Joseph, though, loved to hear me tell of our expeditions. He was busy with his writing and his classes at the school and his private lessons each afternoon. But at dinner, our time to talk, he would ply me with questions about where I had been, whom I had seen, what I had thought. Everything I said seemed to amuse him.

"Because I have never noticed these things," he explained one night. "I have been living too close to them. Go on; what else happened today?"

"Let me see. First Halti took me to the meat market. The butcher asked me what I wanted, and I pointed, and he cut. Very simple. Saddle of lamb. That's what we'll have tomorrow."

"Fine."

"And mint sauce. Halti knows how to make it."

"How do you know?"

"She told me."

"Show me how to say 'mint sauce' with your hands."

I started to gesture, then saw that he was teasing and pretended to hit at him, reaching across the table. He caught my hand as though to slap it, then stopped suddenly and kissed it. . . . I realized that I had smiled, even laughed, for the first time since I had read the telegram. Joseph had had a week of living with my tears and my remorse. How patient he and the others had been with me!

"Joseph," I said, "I love you very much."

"Ah?" he answered, as if considering the thought. "And what else is new?"

I laughed again, and the tightness in my heart loosened. "Let me think. Oh, I know, I discovered something. The butcher took his turban off while I was there. It was a white one, wound tightly, like a soldier's. He just took it off and put it back on again like a hat. I had always thought turbans had to be rewound each time."

Joseph was almost too amused by the story. He passed it on to Halti. How easy it was to please them! I made another effort.

"Maybe Halti could teach me the mint-sauce recipe tomorrow. Ask her."

"No, you. Go ahead."

I looked at Halti helplessly. There was mint in the kitchen. I went to get it, and using it I asked her in pantomime to show me how to make a sauce. She nodded, disappeared, and in a few minutes reappeared triumphant with a tray of mint tea. Joseph explained the mistake, translated for me, and the three of us sat at the table sipping tea, laughing.

The first grade! There is nothing more wonderful. When the class is small and many-colored, and speaks in accented lisps, it can give the teacher who looks down on it that first terrifying day a feeling of immense and frightening power, that she, through these, can reach the entire world. And the tenderness that fills her in that second when the door of the classroom first closes! Her charges turn instinctively to where she stands and raise their eyes to meet hers, waiting, full of confidence that what she will give them will be the truth. Who could not feel despair, then humility and love at such a moment?

I had seventeen pupils from ten countries. They ranged from a Finnish boy so pale his skin seemed transparent to a husky Ghanese, purebred and black as the Finn was white. These two happened to be the tallest in the class, and so side by side brought up the rear of the little procession the pupils formed when they marched out to the play yard.

Roy visited my class often at first. The school did not have the money to buy the training aids, such as movie projectors, phonographs, tape recorders that I was used to using in America. But I had visited little Laweel's father, who owned a shop full of imported electrical items, and had managed to borrow a phonograph from him. Each day, for an hour, I played records borrowed from the American library. Thus the class learned all the children's songs and poems that we in America learn at home.

"Ring around a rosy ——"

"What is posy, M'z Krim?"

"Did London Bridge really fall down?"

"My father went to London once."

"Where is Babylon?"

"Did Tommy Tucker sing because he had no eyes, like the beggar in front of the mosque?"

I encouraged the questions. It was the only hour when there was time for conversation.

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Roy discovered me at this one day and seemed annoyed. When the class filed out to the playground I asked him what he thought of the records.

"They are for younger children, aren't they? Nursery school, Cammie. We always read stories to the first-graders at this hour." He drawled out the last word unconsciously, making it into "awah."

I laughed. "Listen to your Mississippi accent, Roy. It's worse than mine. If I read to them all the time they will be able to understand only Southerners. These records will help them to recognize New York, or California, or even London accents."

He was taken aback; I don't know whether by the contradiction, or by the thought that he still had such a marked accent. I wanted to assuage him.

"The library has some Shakespeare and some Robert Frost readings, but I thought they were too advanced. So I use these baby records and get lots of conversation in between. You should have heard Zora today. She said, 'How pretty!' It is the first time she has ever said a word in class. Everyone was so surprised we all just looked at her. The poor child blushed purple. But later on she said it again. That is real progress.

"The parents ought to help more, don't you think? Laweel's father was actually glad to lend the phonograph. He told me he used to play soccer in India. Why couldn't he help Mr. Roberts with the football team? And Mrs. McCarthy? Her little girl is just the age to be a Brownie. She ought to be working with Miss Chapin and the Scouts."

Roy sat down heavily on one of the low esks. "You're right, Cammie. We ought to reaching the parents somehow. And the ds do need a chance to practice their Eng-sh. So few of them say a word of English utside of class, even in the upper grades." e sighed and passed the back of his hand ver his forehead.

"What is the matter, Roy?"

"Tired, I suppose. And I ought to be telling ou not to go off on your own to beg phono-raphs. Laweel's father is the richest Indian in angier. He can afford to give us twenty pho-ographs, not just one for the class his own arling is in. But at least you got that. I can't elp being glad."

He did look tired. "I've had trouble with ne teachers this year, too; first not having nough of them, and now the two fellowship eachers want an extra week so that they can isit Palestine. I am supposed to make the rest f you take their classes. Then Mrs. Guederro, om Seville, took it personally when we had drop the Spanish classes. She complained her ambassador. And the three French eachers have asked for raises. And now here ou are, full of enthusiasm and ideas. I'm rateful, that's all. I've had too much ——" He looked at me oddly.

I suddenly realized how often he had been oming to my class, yet how seldom Joseph nd I had seen him together. Both of them rofessed to be best friends, yet Roy was trangely formal with me on the few occasions e met socially. Now, earnest, worried, with a ertain tenderness as he watched me, he ooked, I thought, like—and the truth dawned n me—like a man falling in love. But surely ot with me? The silence in the classroom had ecome suddenly embarrassing.

I started to tack a huge picture of a clock to he wall. "We learn to tell time next," I said. Laweel's father gave me a whole roll of wrap-ing paper. Enough for posters like this for the ear."

"Cammie, how do you do it? That man is nore Scotch than McGregor. I've been at him or money for years."

"But he doesn't want to give money. He vants to give his heart. Or maybe he just eeds to be approached by a woman. I don't now. I just told him what I needed—and he ave it."

Roy frowned apprehensively. "What else?" e asked.

"A projector. A loan anyway." I couldn't ide my pleasure. "Mr. Jee says the projector nd phonograph come from his stock. He'll ry to sell them as secondhand next year. So e must take care of them; he asked that no ne but me touch them."

Roy, instead of being angry, laughed. "It's he blond hair." He straightened his jacket on his shoulders and unfolded his incongruous big form from his perch on the low desk.

"It wasn't the hair at all, Roy, I am sure. I mean . . . you must give other people credit for having as much heart as you do."

Lady Mills's voice interrupted. "That is exactly what I tell him, Cammie. Half the literates in this town would give their time to the school if he would only let them. But all he asks is money. Not that he doesn't need it. Sign this." She thrust a pen in his hand and a paper on the desk. He read it, signed it quickly, and started to pocket the pen.

"You see," she went on, taking the pen from him but still addressing me, "absentminded from the word go. I've been trying to get him to marry for years, but he keeps looking for someone as crazy about schools and education as he is himself."

Roy put his hand up in the air as though to ward off Lady Mills's blow and left the room with a duck of his head. She had been joking, but I saw that he was as embarrassed as I.

Lady Mills raised one eyebrow in my direction. Her eyebrows could say anything. *Well?* the arch seemed to ask.

"You're right," I finally agreed. "He is so lonely it hurts to see him."

But her answer was a snort. "He has his work. Don't feel sorry for him. I've been wanting to ask you; have you time to shop with Sara this afternoon? She asked me where to buy shoes. I know several shops, but I really think it would be better if someone younger went with her. To get her out of those oxford things she always wears."

"Yes, of course. I'll go with her." I laughed, and she laughed with me, both of us knowing exactly what the other was thinking. "I suppose you have the date set already?"

"No, not yet. But it will happen. Love is so rare; you have no idea. Oh, yes, you and Joseph are in love. I was in love. But for most people it is usually propinquity. A secretary and her boss—that sort of thing. Take Roy; he is so buried in his work he is attracted by the first bright face that flashes into his little world. He's at that stage."

"But of course with Roy it is different. The woman will have to offer some . . . hope."

"Yes, and may it be the right woman who takes that first step."

In spite of myself I was the one who made a move. It happened just a week later. Roy's visits to my class had stopped. Joseph had asked him to visit us on a Saturday afternoon, chiding him for leaving us so much alone. Roy promised to come. But that morning, while Halti was shopping and Joseph was giving a lesson up on the Old Mountain, the doorbell rang. I opened the door, and there stood a girl robed in white. She drew back, as though startled, when I asked, "Yes?"

"Work?" she said.

[illegible] Miss Chapin would smile, too, at come very near a blush, for she did not wa the rest of us to think she planned to entra Roy with her cooking. We did not; she wa too honest and too simple a person to desig no matter what her dreams.

One day she asked me, "What do you thin people would say if I invited Roy to dinner?

"What people are you talking about? I asked.

"Oh, you know. Louise, Mary. The rest. She mentioned the other single teachers.

"Why should they know?"

"Oh"—she was shocked—"there would b nothing secret about it. I mean, I want you an Joseph to come, too, and I was going to as Lady Mills. In fact, she was the one who sug gested it."

I couldn't help laughing. Lady Mills wa matchmaking again. Sara's only vanity was he cooking or else she would have seen throug the pretense.

Joseph accepted the invitation; I asked Sar to make the party late so his fasting would nc upset the others too much. She invited us therefore, for "just after sundown."

When we arrived at her apartment, I wa surprised to find the Ilsens there. Sara met u in the hall and told us she had invited ther impulsively at the last minute. Joseph's ex pression hardened.

It was not unusual for a Moroccan girl to come asking for housework. But there was much that was different about this girl. Her *djellaba* was ironed; servants cannot often afford to iron their own clothes, and the average housemaid wears a robe, not an expensive *djellaba*. Her hands were hennaed; her bracelets were gold rather than silver. I told her I had a maid; she did not seem disappointed, merely asked for a glass of water. I brought her into the kitchen with me, and sat with her while she sipped at the water. She seemed more curious than thirsty. She eyed me over the rim of the glass, returning my stare frankly. For I was staring; she was very beautiful. Except for a large tattoo on her forehead, she would have been called lovely in any language. Neither of us said anything. After she left, I never would have thought of her again, had Joseph not seemed depressed at lunchtime. I tried to distract him, and told him about the girl.

"So pretty, darling, you should have seen her. But her tattoo was the largest I've ever seen. From her hairline right down to her nose. Crisscrosses and circles, in the form of a diamond. I couldn't take my eyes off her."

Joseph looked like thunder. He threw down his napkin and started up from his chair. "Halti!" he shouted.

The old woman came running in. I had never heard Joseph speak so angrily to her. All I could understand was her answer.

"No, Sidi, no, no, no, sir," she kept saying. He finally rushed out, slamming the door behind him. I raced to the hall just in time to see the elevator doors sliding closed. No use to run downstairs. I turned back into the apartment. No use, either, to query Halti. I wondered suddenly if the girl had something to do with Joseph's nocturnal excursions.

I must have left the door open, for Roy walked in without my hearing him.

"Where is Joseph going? I saw him disappear around the corner like Alice's rabbit. . . . What's this?" He saw that I was crying.

I turned to him, and burst out all that I was feeling. "Oh, Roy, I've no idea where Joseph has gone. I never do. I was talking about some girl who came this morning, and all of a sudden he ran out; and he goes like that without saying a word to me, nearly every night, and now ——"

My voice was muffled, for Roy had put his arm around me and my face was buried in his lapel. He was patting my head, saying over and over, "Poor baby, my poor baby." And then when I looked up he kissed me, clumsily, on the forehead.

I stepped back and saw that he in his innocence was astonished at what he had done. Not I. It was no more than I should have expected. I was angry at myself, and ashamed.

As I turned away from Roy, I saw Halti watching us from the kitchen door.

Roy asked for coffee. It was just the thing to do. We sat down at the table, trying to let silence smooth the edges of the thing which had torn the day.

"Joseph asked me up, you know," Roy volunteered hesitantly. "I haven't called or stopped because I knew you were getting settled, and then because of ——" He wanted to mention my grandfather's death, but we both knew there was more reason than that for his holding aloof.

"I know," I answered.

Loyalty was only one of Roy's virtues. "I'm sorry—well, I'm sorry I embarrassed you just now." He was uneasy, and finally rose to go. "Cammie, Joseph is my best friend here; but if you ever need anything, you can call on me too."

I could see that it had been an effort for him to say this. I tried not to read more into his words than lay on the surface. "You're awfully kind, Roy. I'll tell Joseph you came."

"Yes, do." He smiled, and left with a wave of the hand.

When Joseph returned I had finished my work and was sitting on the terrace drying my hair.

He saw me through the French doors and called happily, "I brought you a present." He leaned over to kiss me.

I forgot to be angry. "A present!" He had dropped a package in my lap. I tore the paper

Love. Love one another. Didn't Christ say [illegible]at?"

"The Sermon on the Mount." But I was not really sure. He saw it.

"You see. You should be reading the Bible, not the Koran. And if you had read closely, you would have seen that the Prophet told us that only Allah can see into a man's heart. And that we should give every man, even a Christian, the benefit of the doubt." He was half teasing me. "Now, make me a promise."

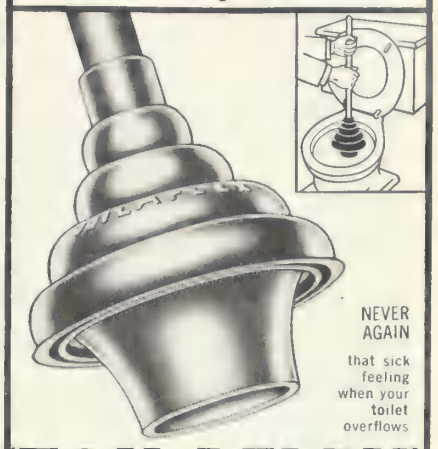
"Anything," I answered.

"Promise to love me."

I was almost glad to have quarreled, the making up was so lovely. But later, when I was alone, the doubts returned. If Joseph was a good Muslim, he surely believed in a heaven which excluded me, a mere woman. I could hardly bear the thought: not of the male heaven, but the fact that Joseph might believe in it.

Then came Ramadan. I knew what to expect; Joseph had told me. For one month all Muslims—and in North Africa that meant every-native citizen—ate only at night. During the daylight hours a Muslim touched neither food nor drink. He did not smoke; he did not embrace his wife; he did not have lustful

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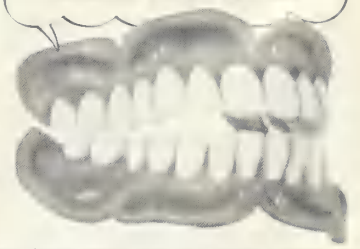


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off and found a dollar-size charm, a gold hand set with a crude diamond in the palm. I held it up to the light in wonder.

"Joseph! Where did you get it?"

"It isn't from me. It's from my mother. She wants you to come see her."

"Have you been with your mother?" Remembering, I refound my anger.

"Yes; where did you think I'd been?" He seemed astonished.

"But we had been talking about that girl when you rushed out."

"Of course. I thought it had been mother who had sent her to find out something about you. She is someone mother knows—I recognized your description of the tattoo. But mother swears she hasn't seen the girl in months. I can't believe her. But the upshot is: my father has gone away for a week; you're summoned to meet my mother in her rooms in the harem."

"But why did the girl come?" I asked.

"Who knows? Ask her. Come on! Alley-oop! Get ready!"

"You mean we're going now? Right away?"

"Of course."

"But Joseph, I want to talk to you."

"No time. Later. Mother's waiting."

"And besides, look." I gestured toward my hair. Couldn't he see I was angry?

No. He grinned and felt the back of my head. "Dry as a bone. Tie it back. Come on, twist it up and let's go."

Joseph chose a dress for me to wear, a dark, full-skirted one. I found a chain for the gift and fastened it around my neck.

"Joseph, do I really look all right?"

"Of course, darling." He pulled me to him, held me for a moment. "You hardly remember your mother, my pet. You'll be a daughter now to mine. You'll see."

"I hope." I squeezed his hand reassuringly.

I had never been in a Moroccan home in Tangier before. All I knew of the old Arab way of life was what I had seen in the mountains. Suddenly, as I stepped over the doorsill and into the garden, I knew that I was stepping into another century. The old servant who had opened the door for us kissed Joseph's hand and motioned us forward. The door creaked shut. The street noises were closed out, and all we could hear now were the sound of running water, a rustle of birds, and then the click of my high heels as we skirted a tiled fountain and walked under the trees of the first courtyard to an archway which opened onto a smaller, but lovelier, patio. This was the garden of the harem.

At least six women were in the courtyard, some sitting by the pool, others in the shelter of their porticoes. Joseph greeted them all by name and kissed the hands of two of them. These, he told me later, were his father's first wives. Others had died, some had been divorced. He did not really know how many there had been in all.

Only Joseph's mother had had the interest and the ability to wangle permission to go out, carefully escorted, on rare excursions through the Medina. This had been no doubt because of Joseph. The old man, having refused Joseph access to the harem, did not have the heart to forbid the mother to go see the son. But even Fatima had been afraid to go beyond the walls of the Medina. So after we were married, Joseph bribed the doorkeeper of the harem to let him in to see Fatima. I could see that all the women in the courtyard were pleased with his deceit. It seemed to be part of a game, and I bowed and smiled as they clustered around us.

Joseph took my hand and led me to his mother's room. My first reaction was one of shock, that one so young could have a thirty-year-old son. Then, too, the woman sitting on the couch in the dim room was grotesquely fat. Joseph had not warned me. It was the fat which made her seem so young. It would have been impossible to find a wrinkle or a mark of age on that round white face. She sat staring at the entrance expectantly, her eyes blue and innocent and ignorant as a child's. Could this be Joseph's mother? Only her coloring proved it. Her white skin, the black, slightly wavy hair, the blue eyes were his, and I caught his same expression of kindness and good will when she patted the couch next to her, motioning me to sit.

"Good morning, sir," she said haltingly in English.

"Good morning, ma'am," I answered solemnly.

This, then, was the lithe young girl from the mountains whom Joseph had talked of. Thirty-one years since she entered this house and its gardens. Her skin had been touched only by what sun filtered through the trees in the patio; her mind had never been reached. What else for her to do besides eat and gossip and play with jewels? I was touched by pity for her, and moved to think that she tried to greet me in my native tongue. She used the words and the accent which the long-ago British consul must have taught her father.

"Thank you," I said in Arabic, indicating the charm. "It is beautiful."

She nodded in approval. Did she think I was a poor match for her Joseph? She took in my figure, so un-Arabic with its lack of flesh, so American and lanky. Her own mountainous, moonlike body was what the men in her world desired. I lowered my eyes and played with my ring nervously. Catching my motion, she took my hand, examined the ring, then showed me her own fingers heavy with jewels. She pulled Joseph's hand close to mine and saw that our rings were identical.

"She wants you to see that she has no wedding band. This exchange of rings at a wedding is a new custom to us. People my mother's age never did it." Joseph slipped his ring off his hand and handed it to his mother for a closer inspection. She puzzled over the initials on the inside.

I read them to her and, motioning, indicated that the engraving gave our names. She looked at me in admiration as I spelled out the letters for her.

Tea was brought to us. Joseph sat silent, watching us with pleasure. His mother was clearly satisfied with me; I was the first woman in her family who could read. No female of her generation had been to school; even Joseph's half sisters, much older than he, had not learned to write more than their own names or to read more than a few verses of the Koran.

As we rose to leave I stooped impulsively and kissed her on each side of her round smooth face. She reached up and took my head between her hands and returned the caress. I knew she was happy. She tried to rise to see us to the door, but the effort was too great. We urged her to stay seated, promised to visit whenever we could, and left hastily.

What should I have said to Joseph about his mother? After all he had told me, I had expected a quick mind and an aristocratic beauty. The obscenely fat woman with the blank expression was almost a caricature. So, when Joseph turned to me expectantly, waiting for a comment, all I would say was, "Joseph, she is very striking. Most beautiful skin I have ever seen. But I wonder . . . I wonder if she doesn't have thyroid trouble? I'm sure that much weight is bad for her heart."

"Thyroid?" He considered the question. "Yes, I'll talk to her about it. She wants to learn English. She asked me if you could teach her."

"Of course! But what would your father say?"

"He need never know. There is a back entrance to the harem, guarded, but a woman can enter. I'll show you."

That was the moment the plotting began. Had I thought that Arab women were simple? The most complex lies were invented; the most devious ways of reaching the house were found; before a month was out the entire crest of the Medina was in on the secret: Lalla Fatima, the youngest wife of Sidi bel Krim, was learning to read.

Later, when I began reading stories from *A Thousand and One Nights*, I discovered that such intrigues hatched in the harems were a classic form of fun for the imprisoned women. In Fatima's case the plot was an innocent one. I did not doubt her sincerity in wanting to learn to read. The other women crowded into the room whenever I was there, and listened to all I said, but they threw up their hands in dismay if I asked them a question or offered to let them try to write.

Fatima put her whole being into these sessions; she gripped her pencil like a lifeline and bore down so heavily that she often tore the paper; when we finished she would be glistening with perspiration and would lean back sighing with exhaustion. She was keener than I had thought at first. Before Christmas she was greeting me in English, asking basic questions, and understanding my answers.

I was in Joseph's workroom one day, searching for a book for Fatima, when I chanced on a letter stuck between two pages of a dictionary. It was an offer made to Joseph of a job with the Ministry of Education in Rabat. I remembered what Phyllis had said about him—that he had turned down positions which others would have jumped at. The salary mentioned in the letter was twice what he earned now. I looked at the date on the letter; he had received it since we had been married, yet he had never mentioned it to me. Nor, from the way it was carelessly left in the book, had he even bothered to answer it. I felt vaguely annoyed. I had wanted to continue to teach, agreed that his book was important, but why could he not talk about any new offer with me? Because I was slightly ashamed to have read his letter, I said nothing. Later, when all my unspoken resentments burst out, this too poured forth like poison.

The climax finally came. I was walking through an unfamiliar part of the Medina one day on the way to see Fatima. I understood much of what was being said around me but then. Suddenly, with a shock, I caught a conversation between two men.

"There goes a Christian woman." It was small talk, but the tone was contemptuous, as if from habit.

"Yes, a female dog." The answer, too, was automatic. I would not have turned around had I not felt a splattering at my feet. I whirled and saw the two blacksmiths who had spoken. One of them was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, for it was he who had spit in my path. I bit my lip and hated the tears of helpless fury which came to my eyes; finally I sputtered out the oath which I had heard Halti use when something went wrong around the house. I had no idea what it meant; it could not be too strong for what I felt. "*Ehya, w*——

The smiths stared stupidly, astonished, then turned, grinning in embarrassment, to the infidel. He drawled out the last word; they had not meant making it into "awah."

I laughed. "Listen to your Mississippi accent, Roy. It's worse than mine. If I read to them all the time they will be able to understand only Southerners. These records will help them to recognize New York, or California, or even London accents."

He was taken aback; I don't know whether by the contradiction, or by the thought that he still had such a marked accent. I wanted to assuage him.

"The library has some Shakespeare and some Robert Frost readings, but I thought they were too advanced. So I use these baby records and get lots of conversation in between. You should have heard Zora today. She said, 'How pretty!' It is the first time she has ever said a word in class. Everyone was so surprised we all just looked at her. The poor child blushed purple. But later on she said it again. That is real progress.

"The parents ought to help more, don't you think? Laweel's father was actually glad to lend the phonograph. He told me he used to play soccer in India. Why couldn't he help Mr. Roberts with the football team? And Mrs. McCarthy? Her little girl is just the age to be a Brownie. She ought to be working with Miss Chapin and the Scouts."

SMALL
DELIGHTS
IN
DECORATING

By H. T. Williams



Pictures are not the only way to dress a wall. See how a collection of pretty ceramics brightens this one. Plates are on special metal hangers from a hardware store; a jug and a vase are perched on brackets that have been enameled to imitate the ceramics' glossy look; and a Delft "pocket" hangs on a hook. All the pieces are antique, except for a modern Spode for color accent centered in the bottom row. Note how pleasantly the rounded shapes contrast with the paper's flocked stripe.

ristled when I found the injunctions which horted the pious Muslims to curse the Chris- ans. "And look at what Paradise is! What is man offered as a reward for killing Christians nd praying five times a day?" I answered my wn question scornfully, "You told me your- elf. When a good Muslim dies, he goes to a arden full of dancing girls. Maybe he doesn't ven wait to die. Come to think of it, where do ou go at night, when you think I'm asleep? hat girl who came—has she anything to do ith your roaming? I've *got* to know."

"Be quiet!" he roared. "I'll tell you what I ant to tell you. I'm your husband."

I laughed bitterly, sarcastically. "Yes, but m the one who buys the bread and pays the ent!"

He flinched visibly, and I saw how deep my ut had been. "I thought you wanted to ork—that you felt my book ——"

"I did want to work—but why didn't you ell me about that offer in Rabat? The hours re the same; the pay is better."

He darkened again. "Because I can't write nywhere but here, in Tangier. And because is is my home; I keep up with my old riends, men I've known for twenty years."

"Who are these friends?"

"Some don't speak anything but Arabic. Others wouldn't fit here"—he gestured at our ving room—"any more than you would fit here." He pointed vaguely toward the Casbah.

I seized his words. "You see, I'm a woman, nd I'm an infidel, so you can't even let me eet your friends. And that girl. . . . There's a norality for everyone—except a Muslim man."

"What does morality mean to you? Do you hink you can know all about Islam just by kimming one book? Do you think I married ut of my religion without a thought? Do you hink I chose you because you could support e, or because you are Christian, or Cau- asian, or intelligent, or what-have-you? Not a it of it. I chose you because, heaven help me, fell in love with you. You were sweet—oh, ow sweet you were—and I was in great need f that." He passed his hands over his face and hrough his hair. "Cammie, trust me. We ustn't hurt each other. Don't mock my re- gion. I am not sure—I am not really sure of nything except that I love you and I've been appy with you."

What comfort there was in his arms! I nally forced out the words I knew I must say. I'm sorry, Joseph. I said some awful things. Only . . . to be spit at . . . you can't imagine." pressed my face against his shirt.

He tipped my chin, begging for peace. Smile, eh?"

I smiled and tried to pull away. He would ot let me. I was glad, for it meant that he had orgiven me. How could I not believe in him nd love him; and loving him, how could I ave said such cruel things? Now I asked ab- uptly, as if to amend everything with one uestion, "How is the book going?"

"You're changing the subject."

"What was the subject?"

"Love. *Love one another*. Didn't Christ say hat?"

"The Sermon on the Mount." But I was not eally sure. He saw it.

"You see. You should be reading the Bible, ot the Koran. And if you had read closely, ou would have seen that the Prophet told us hat only Allah can see into a man's heart. nd that we should give every man, even a hristian, the benefit of the doubt." He was alf teasing me. "Now, make me a promise."

"Anything," I answered.

"Promise to love me."

I was almost glad to have quarreled, the naking up was so lovely. But later, when I was lone, the doubts returned. If Joseph was a ood Muslim, he surely believed in a heaven which excluded me, a mere woman. I could ardly bear the thought: not of the male eaven, but the fact that Joseph might be- ieve in it.

Then came Ramadan. I knew what to ex- ect; Joseph had told me. For one month all Muslims—and in North Africa that meant very native citizen—ate only at night. During he daylight hours a Muslim touched neither ood nor drink. He did not smoke; he did not mbrace his wife; he did not have lustful thoughts. But when the sun went down he could break his fast and abstinence. Ramadan was a serious, nationwide flagellation which lasted for twenty-eight days.

Halti and Joseph fasted, of course. So did I—for one day, to see what it was like. I became faint before noon; by four, when I dismissed my class, I was thick-lipped and muddleheaded. It was the first day of the fast; I waited, as numbly as Joseph and Halti, for the sound of the cannon to announce that the holy men in the mosque could not tell a black thread from a white one.

But even so, when the signal came, I found I could not eat. I rinsed my mouth with water as the others did; I swallowed a bit. I let Halti fill my bowl with the traditional *haria*, the thick soup which is the breakfast in the Arab world. I had enjoyed it before; now I gulped it, finding it difficult to swallow.

That night I went to bed still hungry. Halti and Joseph offered to call me at three in the morning to join them at the regular meal of Ramadan, when the meat and vegetables were served. I could not face it. As in Spain, where a year had not accustomed me to the late dinner hours and the long siestas, I found it impossible to adjust to the idea of rising in the middle of the night to a heavy meal of mutton stew. I saw that I at any rate could not work normally without eating, so I felt it the greater virtue on my part to carry on as usual.

So our life changed. I rose each morning to fix my coffee and toast in the midst of the debris of the three A.M. dinner. I packed my lunch and ate at noon at the school in the teachers' room.

> America has need of thousands of leaders who will never be elected President or even a governor of a state or president of a professional society, but who, quietly and without ostentation, nevertheless will exert true leadership in their several walks of life.
>
> DR. HAROLD DODDS

Sara Chapin had taken an apartment, but she stayed at school during the lunch hours. So we sat together with one or two of the other teachers, and gossiped and surreptitiously compared sandwiches. Sara had the habit of baking on Sundays and supplying the lunchroom on Mondays with samples of cheesecake or cookies, or even gingerbread which she made with molasses sent by her sister in Ohio. Roy soon found that Monday was a good day to eat at the school. It became a joke to the rest of us to watch how surprised he seemed when Sara opened her basket of American goodies and passed them around to us.

"Mighty fine, Miss Chapin, mighty fine," he would say. Miss Chapin would smile, too, and come very near a blush, for she did not want the rest of us to think she planned to entrap Roy with her cooking. We did not; she was too honest and too simple a person to design, no matter what her dreams.

One day she asked me, "What do you think people would say if I invited Roy to dinner?"

"What people are you talking about?" I asked.

"Oh, you know. Louise, Mary. The rest." She mentioned the other single teachers.

"Why should they know?"

"Oh"—she was shocked—"there would be nothing secret about it. I mean, I want you and Joseph to come, too, and I was going to ask Lady Mills. In fact, she was the one who suggested it."

I couldn't help laughing. Lady Mills was matchmaking again. Sara's only vanity was her cooking or else she would have seen through the pretense.

Joseph accepted the invitation; I asked Sara to make the party late so his fasting would not upset the others too much. She invited us, therefore, for "just after sundown."

When we arrived at her apartment, I was surprised to find the Ilsens there. Sara met us in the hall and told us she had invited them impulsively at the last minute. Joseph's expression hardened.

"After all, they were so nice to us when we first arrived," Sara explained.

Cocktails had already been passed. I accepted a sweet vermouth. Sara stood in front of Joseph, realizing suddenly that he did not drink. She spread her hands in a helpless little gesture. "What can I give you, Joseph? I have Coke."

I caught Phyllis looking pleased. I wanted to shout at Sara, tell her to stop, not to make an issue of it.

But she went on, "Or some of that Arab—I mean Moroccan—orangeade. I keep it for Pepita."

Couldn't she say anything right?

Roy rose. "I'll take over the drinks, Miss Chapin. I know just what Joseph likes."

She looked up at him gratefully. Joseph smiled benignly at Sara. Karl leaned back in his chair and addressed Joseph. "Lady Mills tells us you are hoping to finish your book this spring. Have you found a publisher?"

Joseph looked at Karl suspiciously. But assuring himself the older man's interest was genuine, he gave the answer openly: "Yes, a textbook publisher in London has given me a contract.

"You see, I've tried to approach the theme in a way which will make interesting reading, as well as an accurate reference for anyone wanting to know the history of North Africa. Algeria is pretty well covered by the French, but there is surprisingly little about Morocco. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries produced more books about this area than the past seven hundred years together. I actually found a book out in Gharbiya ——"

Lady Mills interrupted with an exclamation. "You have been in Gharbiya?"

"Yes, before its independence. I spent three months there. I had met Si Hassan in Paris."

Even Karl raised his eyebrows at the mention of this name. Si Hassan had been in the headlines all month. He was the George Washington of Gharbiya, one of Africa's newest countries. Since coming to power he had made all the usual declarations that elected Muslim leaders make: women need not wear the veil; schooling should be compulsory, and so on. But his latest announcement had been spectacular.

"Ramadan fasting should be abolished!" he had said firmly. He quoted the Koran. "'Warriors need not fast during a battle.' We are all warriors in the economic battle against poverty and illiteracy. Fasting reduces our ability to fight."

All talk of Joseph's book was forgotten.

"What do you think of Si Hassan's coup? Will Morocco adopt the idea?" Karl asked.

Joseph spoke slowly, as though he were formulating thoughts new even to himself. "I think that Si Hassan is right."

As Joseph went on, I listened astonished. He was saying things he had never expressed before. "As for Morocco, it will be up to the king. We have the same battles as Gharbiya. Poverty, illiteracy, fear of being swamped by greater nations. We have years to catch up with your centuries. But it is impossible to compete when we are really hungry, to work, fight, as Si Hassan puts it, during the fast. I know. I am Muslim, no matter what I look like. I could no more *not* be Muslim than I could shed my skin." Then with sudden vehemence he said, "But I still think that we could do with some reforms in Islam! And if Hassan wants to start them, I'm behind him."

"But you keep the fast, don't you?" Sara was the only one innocent enough to ask the basic question.

"Yes, Cammie can tell you that. I couldn't *not* keep it, with Halti looking up to me as if I were some minor god, and mother—well, it is not just the law, it is a matter of family." His answer was disarming.

"Of course!" Lady Mills agreed, setting her chin as if she were facing the battle too.

Sara's dinner was a success. It was a farewell feast, for the school spring holidays were beginning. Roy was leaving for Rome for two weeks; the four single teachers had rented a car for a trip into the desert. Phyllis turned to me. She was all friendliness. "And what are you going to do over the holidays?"

Joseph's hand closed over mine before I could answer. "We're going over to Málaga for a few days," he said. "We'll be back for the new term, of course."

"Good." Phyllis seemed really pleased. "Then you'll be here for my next party. You must come."

Joseph bowed his most English bow. "Delighted." For seven years she had lived in Tangier, but this was the first time she had invited a Moroccan into her home. I could see Lady Mills breathe a sigh of relief when Karl hastened to give his approval, beaming at us as though we were old friends.

Joseph had been right; the holiday was what we needed. We crossed to Algeciras on the ferry, and took a bus along the coast to Málaga. Joseph made no pretense of fasting. He had brought his manuscript and spent hours each day writing and correcting pages. While he worked I sat at the balcony of our hotel room, watching the narrow street just below us. I admitted to myself, but not to Joseph, that I was glad not to see veiled women, or maimed children begging in the streets. I was glad to escape the smell of saffron and the boom of the cannon at dusk.

After the siesta hour we went down to the center of the town and sat at a café until it was time for the *paseo*. Not even rain could stop the Spanish from taking their evening walk. We strolled too. After supper at the hotel we ventured out again to visit some sawdusty, wine-reeking bar where the midnight and the free *copas* encouraged the gypsy-souled habitués to wail their flamencos or to pound their heels in a hypnotizing dance. We were usually the only foreigners. Sometimes as we left I would look at my watch in astonishment, finding that I had been sitting for three hours on a hard keg, leaning against a cold cement wall. There wasn't a movie or a play which could have held me so long in such a place.

Joseph understood. "It is the same with me," he said. "Sometimes in Tangier ——" He paused as though there were something he did not want to tell me.

"Are there places like this in Tangier?"

"One or two. Then there are the Arab teashops. Rather low-class, some of them. My father wouldn't go to them. But the men dance almost the same way as these gypsies dance. Spontaneous. Almost wild at times."

"I'd like to see them." There was an awkward silence; I knew I had said something foolish. The tearooms were innocent; but women simply didn't go to them. The half-forgotten indignation flared up again. I forced myself to leave it unvoiced. I was happy that night; I was free to be with Joseph here in Spain; why worry about the musty tearooms in Tangier? But it was not just the tearooms, I argued, it was the Moroccan dinners, and certain rooms of the houses, and the best seats on the buses. Men and women were always separate, and the men always first.

Once we went to Mass together. We stood in the back of the old cathedral and watched the long procession of communicants shuffling toward the blazing altar.

Joseph had never heard Gregorian chants before. He was enthusiastic about them. "Wonderfully solemn. Mystic. And those children's voices—lovely!"

We left the church and headed away from the crowds toward our own narrow street.

I said, "You have to hear them inside a cathedral; no recording could catch those echoes."

"Someday I'll take you to one of the big mosques in the East. The atmosphere is different, of course, but it is just as overpowering. The Koranic chants, too—you must hear them."

"A shame I have to wait to go to the East before I can see a mosque." I was surprised at the bitterness in my voice. Morocco, unlike most Muslim countries, did not allow infidels to enter her holy places.

We climbed the steps to our room in silence. Finally, when we had settled into the big bed, Joseph spoke, as though he were voicing a long-thought-about decision.

"I'm not a reformer, Cammie," he said. "But I have got to make a stand. And you must help me."

I knew what he was leading to. "Anything you think I can do."

"Just go with me when I ask you. I can't leave Morocco. I thought I could. But it is all too much a part of me. My work is centered there. Yet I can't stay on knowing you are miserable. We have to meet people who are like ourselves; we should go out in public more often, and even eat at the Arab restaurants once in a while. You'll usually be the only woman, but we have got to make more of a start. You are the one I have been trying to protect. Men stare, and talk, and you'll understand that much of what they say isn't complimentary, but bit by bit, as people get used to seeing you as my wife"—he said this fiercely—"they will begin to treat you with respect, just as if you were veiled the way my mother is when she goes out."

"And Ramadan?"

"That I don't know. It is still the law. But I feel Si Hassan is right. I'll keep the fast anyway as long as Halti is with us. But I think I'll do this one thing: I'll drink water. You don't think that is too cowardly, do you?"

"Oh, Joseph!" I moved closer to him. "I love you! A glass of water! How could I say anything against it?" I laughed at his scruples, awed as I was by their fineness.

"And another thing," he announced. "When we are not out together, I intend to stay home, and to go to bed like an old married man."

"You sound like New Year's Day. Don't make any rash resolutions."

He was hurt. "I am serious. I have been thinking a lot of things out. My being a Muslim isn't the real barrier between us. It is simply our different ways of looking at twenty-four hours."

It sounded ridiculous when he said it. But he had touched the sore spot. My work kept me to a schedule. His changed from day to day. He lived the way Arab men had always lived; without routine, without compulsion. Theology did not divide us, but the clock. The clock that drove me, and which he ignored.

I sighed and agreed.

"Now you sound mournful." He laughed, pulling me toward him. "It is going to be all right. You'll see. Believe me."

The roofs of Tangier belong to the women. In the mornings the laundry is hung. A wind will lift the clothes staggered out on lines as irregular as a child's drawing. From a distance the movement makes the rooftops shimmer like a strayed mirage. The last sheet or turban hung, the washerwomen ease themselves into position, on guard as it were, against the robber wind. Arms akimbo, leaning over the parapets, they remain, one on each roof, chatting across the housetops.

Fatima's roof was especially comfortable. There was a small shelter at one end, furnished with benches and low tables. Here, even when it rained, one could sit and watch the sea, and take tea in comfort. I never tired of this view, and when Fatima discovered how I loved it, she arranged that all our lesson times should be spent in this shelter.

One afternoon the maid rushed up the stairs panting, gesturing, almost in terror.

Fatima got her to speak, listened unmoved, then waved her away. She gathered our papers together, hid the pencils in her robe, thrust the book into my lap, leaned back and said quietly, "My husband is coming."

The girl's panic had been contagious. I rose to go, to hide myself from Joseph's father.

Fatima laid a hand on my arm, restraining me. "I will speak," she said. And then we heard the laborious breathing, the shuffling as the old man toiled up the steps.

The old man. I could hardly think of him as my father-in-law. He was older than grandpa. There was a great dignity to him. He was tall; he must have been taller when young, for now he stooped, and in his rounded shoulders there was something infinitely ancient. He hurried toward us with a quick shuffling step, stopped short when he caught sight of me, and let his trembling hand fall to his side. He greeted Fatima with a little bow.

"Come sit down, Habibi." Fatima smiled and patted the cushion beside her. "This is an American lady with me."

Fatima said nothing more until she had poured him a glass of tea. She sipped it herself, almost in a gesture of affection, before she handed it to him. He sucked the hot liquid greedily, as though he were rewarding himself for having made the effort of climbing the steps. Finally he leaned forward, put the glass down on the table, hiked his robes up a bit more, and tucked his sock-clad feet under him. He was now in a position to see me, and he stared at me frankly.

The truth dawned on me. He had come rushing to the roof believing he would find Fatima with some other man. He was jealous. He had mastered himself beautifully, and so had Fatima, for I knew she realized why he had invaded the women's sanctuary. She gloated in her innocence and covered him with smiles. But he was not to be won. He frowned, and there was something terrible in this remnant of a strong man's anger.

"Why?" This time he demanded an answer.

Fatima lost her guile. "We are reading, my lord; that is, my friend is reading to me. And we come here so as not to bother the other women. Also, my friend loves to watch the sea."

He showed a flicker of understanding; any Arab could sympathize with wonder at the sea. But it was necessary to keep the upper hand. "What are you reading?" He shot this at me.

Fatima picked up the book from my lap and showed it to him. I stared; somehow she had substituted, probably at the moment I had started to leave, a Spanish book. I saw its title, *A Thousand and One Nights*. He read the title and approved.

"Go on." He handed the book to me. Some of its pages were still uncut. I took it almost in terror. Fatima smiled blandly.

I asked, "Do you understand Spanish?"

"Very well," he answered.

I began.

The saving thing about the *Arabian Nights* is that they are so funny. Within ten minutes the three of us were roaring with laughter at Scheherazade, her sister and her fascinated husband. My throat was dry, and I had reached the point where the pages were still uncut. I apologized for stopping and explained that I had classwork to prepare for the next day. The old man nodded kindly, rose to see me off and asked when I would come next. I explained hastily that I worked, that I did not live in the Medina, that it was difficult.

He waved away my objections. "I can send a car for you. Tomorrow. What time?"

"I suppose four would do." How could I explain this to Joseph? The humor of the situation did not strike me then. I felt surrounded, and I saw that I would get no help from Fatima. As I left I looked at her in entreaty. She dropped the mask for one second. Her look was almost devilish with mischief.

Si Krim's car was waiting for me as I left the school the next afternoon. And the next. And the next. I became as much a prisoner to those tales as Scheherazade had been.

Joseph knew about this, of course. He had approved all along of my visits with Fatima, and thought it a great joke now that his father should be relying on an unwanted daughter-in-law for entertainment. Seeing the old man closely every day, I realized that only in height and profile did Joseph resemble him. In all else he was like his mother. Now Joseph's laughing at the old man seemed to me as unkind as Fatima's.

One night I stopped him. "Don't be mean!"

"Mean? After the way the old boy has made me suffer, I think I am being very kind not to hate him."

"But Joseph, he is your father!"

"All the more reason. Heaven help me if when I am a father ——" He shook his head, then looked at me speculatively. "Maybe, my sweet, we should think of that soon."

"Perhaps," I said hastily. I was suddenly afraid of the thought. If I had not worked we could not have lived in the European quarter. On the tiny amount Joseph earned we would have been reduced, like the laborers, to eating meat only once or twice a week. How could he talk about another mouth to feed?

Lady Mills was typing a great deal for Joseph these days. I often left portions of the manuscript at her house on my way to my reading sessions in the Medina. This was one more joke on the old man. He knew, of course, that I asked the chauffeur to wait for me while I ran into her house with my envelope of papers. But he did not know that the papers were the book which his idle son was writing. Sometimes I found myself very strongly on the old man's side. This was against all reason, for I had been the one to volunteer to work while Joseph finished his book, and I enjoyed the teaching. But I rejoiced each time that he gave me a sheaf of scribbled, corrected notes that brought us that much closer to its end.

"Ninety-nine miles to go," I said once, when I dropped a packet of papers down on Lady Mills's desk.

"What, dear?" she asked.

"Ninety-nine miles. You know the old song. 'We walk a mile, we rest a while, ninety-eight miles to go!' When will that blasted book be finished so that we can start to live normally?"

She cocked her head at me. "Normally? What is that?"

"You know"—I spoke offhandedly—"Joseph with a job. Regular hours, regular pay."

"Is that what Joseph wants too?"

I shrugged. "I presume. I can't imagine that we'll go on trying to live on the little I earn."

"Yes, it is very little," she answered thoughtfully. "A shame your father-in-law won't help."



"Ellen and I are getting serious, pop. How can I get out of it?"

"Sidi Krim? Not a chance. Yet once Joseph was his favorite, and the other women tell me his heart was broken when Joseph refused all the offers he made him five years ago. Fatima doesn't even dare to talk about it."

"Fatima." Lady Mills mused. "She must be remarkable," she declared. "Do you like her?"

"Very much. But she is deep—much deeper than you would guess. Except for the quarrel between them, she can wind both Joseph and the old man around her little finger."

"I have always believed that. Not about her, particularly, but about Arab women in general. They are the real powers in this country."

"Really?" I was startled.

"Of course. How else can they have revenge? I have never met a Moroccan woman who did not have character. Strong character. An American woman would have to go a long way to match them."

The thought was new to me. "Why do you say that? We are educated, and free. And think of how many votes, how much money we control. These women, they have nothing, not even the right to put five dollars in the bank in their own name."

"Money, votes, regular hours, regular pay. Really, Cammie, you disappoint me. Give these things to a woman like Fatima and how do you think she will use them?"

I saw what Lady Mills was trying to say. Fatima was too wily to use a lesser weapon than her femininity.

"What matters to a woman, my dear, is a man. Her man. The thing to consider is you and Joseph. You think I don't know that you are worried? You think the solution would be for Joseph to earn more money since you can't. It is money, isn't it?"

She went on, saying things I had barely and briefly admitted, then quickly passed off: "So you begin to see how easy life is for the women whose husbands have conventional work, and you hanker after a 'normal' life. As much as you believed in Joseph when you first married—and, my dear, I loved you for the way you spoke of him in those days—such faith was what he needed. But now you lose that faith and just because of money."

I hated to hear it. I would have tramped through burning sands to bring Joseph water; I would have starved to give him food. But this way of living—with, but not part of, people who could hail a taxi without a pang of conscience, who could indulge in tea at Portes' every afternoon. This was more than I had bargained for. I was equal to the big sacrifices, but not the little ones.

Lady Mills started to gather the papers together. Her manner was practical, as though she were a chairman summarizing the meeting. "So what are you going to do about it? You don't actually want Joseph to stop this, now he is so close to the end. But you really need more money. How much rent do you pay?" she asked.

I told her.

She puckered her lips in surprise. "Well, the old man isn't quite as mean as I thought he was."

"The old man?"

"Of course. He owns the building you live in. I'm sure Joseph doesn't even realize. It's only by chance that I found out. All his other sons are living in villas or apartments that the old man owns. Rent free. Do you see, really, any reason why Joseph should be paying even the sum he does?"

I suddenly had a vision of all we could do with our rent money; a new dress, a few dinners out, real shelves instead of packing cases for Joseph's books. I sighed.

Lady Mills argued on. "Sooner or later they'll get together, but it is up to you to see that it is sooner."

"Joseph would never ——" I could see him setting his chin already. But, tempted, I asked, "Is the old man really that rich?"

"Anyone in Morocco who can afford a new American car each year, like the one that is waiting outside, is *very, very* rich. That rent means nothing to him. Cammie, be practical. I suspect Sidi Krim knows very well who you are. It is all a game to him too. You mustn't disappoint him by not playing along."

he kissed me and waved me off, while I still asking, "But how on earth . . . what uld I do?"

You'll know, my dear. You'll know." And big paneled door closed behind me.

was still a bit dazed when I reached the dina. Otherwise I would have noticed and d more into the way I was received that . Only now does Fatima's air of distraction e on meaning. The old man could not join she said. He had "business."

he offered me tea in her room. Neither of proposed to resume the dropped lessons. r did she invite the other women to join us. s in itself should have warned me.

nd then her question, demanding, abrupt: o baby yet?"

was annoyed. Why did she importune me? he leaned toward me, putting her heavy d on my knee. "You must have a baby. u really must."

burst out, still full of what Lady Mills had l, "How could we afford to buy diapers a baby when neither of us have bought so ch as a new handkerchief for ourselves this t year?" And I cried.

atima forgot her self-concern in trying to nfort me. "*Meskina, meskina!*" she crooned. or little one."

cried all the harder. Even if I were the one ring Joseph and his father together as Lady lls had said, how was I to do it? It was not t that I did not want to connive, it was that id not have the least idea where to begin.

"What is the trouble?" she asked.

"I—I want a new dress, and ——"

With Fatima it was not necessary to have a per reason for tears. She understood immediately. "Of course. Of course." She pulled self together and rose to go to the courtd where she could be heard by the maid. paused a moment, then gasped, and started k.

li Krim was coming out of a room on the er side of the courtyard. He was scowling; saw Fatima, shook his head, then, as if nging his mind, started toward us. I was l sobbing. He stood over me asking, *leskina*, what is it?"

Fatima answered, "She wants a new dress."

He looked as though an immense load was his mind. Here was a problem he could ndle. He snapped something to Fatima; she appeared, clapping for the maid. The old n sat down beside me, saying nothing, wning as though the very pattern in the ; confused him.

I swallowed the last of my tears, dried my s, and sat in the half-gloom with him. rely my woes had not affected him this ich? If Fatima had not come back just then, would have begun to giggle in hysteria. But sat sighing as heavily as he had.

The spell was broken when the maid came ttering back. She carried two dresses over r arm. They must have come from one of shops near the Casbah, though they were t the sort of dresses one ever sees on display. ey were too lovely.

he old man leaned forward, fingered them th, dismissed one, and then, finally, smiling ghtly, handed me the other. "Stand up," he mmanded.

And I held the remaining dress against me, hast at its weight. It was not, of course, the mple little dress I had in mind. It was a oroccan ceremonial robe, black velvet enusted with beads, trimmed with gold braid, broidered and lined with red silk. It was ore beautiful than any of Fatima's I had en; it was a museum piece, regal.

Fatima's eyes shone. No woman could rese such a dress, even knowing she could ver wear it.

"Do you like it?" the old man asked.

It was easy to say yes.

"Fine, fine." He slapped his knee and rose. t is yours. But you must keep coming to ad to me." He gestured toward the arch ding to the main part of the house. "But y don't you come to my salon? Fatima can in us there. The couches are much more mfortable there."

Fatima hastened to agree, as though her vn couches had become suddenly unbearble. I could only acquiesce. They both seemed ppier and he turned, smiling, to give me his hand. I could see that this time he expected me to kiss it. The other women all greeted him this way. Fatima never failed to kiss his hand when he joined us. But with me, his gesture was not a condescension; he seemed instead to be giving me something. I hesitated a second, then took the gnarled old hand and kissed it. He touched his fingers to his heart, smiled again, and left.

I paraded the dress for Joseph that night. He thought it was magnificent. The black was perfect with my blond hair. How did they happen to give it to me? I told him the story.

"And you were crying for a dress?" He was thoughtful. "They must think I neglect you terribly."

"Oh, no. Fatima at least knows that I want you to keep writing. She understands. And your father—I'm sure that he still doesn't know I'm married to you. I was just being childish, but he took me seriously, and . . . gave me this."

I spread its skirt, laughing at the extravagance, but still filled with chagrin that it wasn't the simple dress I needed.

Joseph felt the material, examined the braid. "Wait here!" he said suddenly. He left the apartment, and was back in half an hour with a bundle under his arm. He unwrapped it carefully: a pair of shoes, Moroccan slippers, black velvet too, embroidered in gold, made to wear with such a robe. I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry as he gave them to me. He was grinning like a boy.

I put on the outfit. I almost choked as I thanked him.

He did not notice. "Show them to mother tomorrow. She must really think I am cruel to you, not to buy you pretties. But just wait. Someday ——"

I looked at him. There was such hope and confidence in his eyes that I felt ashamed. Impulsively I put my cheek next to his.

"I know. Someday. Then I'll buy you pretties too. What would you like, a pretty convertible or a pretty race horse?"

"H'm-m-m. It is difficult. Can't I have both?"

"Greedy. Let's walk downtown this evening. I feel like having coffee at the Place de France."

"Coffee? Fine," Joseph said.

I changed the robe; Halti hung it up reverently. I packed away the shoes and put on my old dress—the dress I had been wearing for such walks for the past three years. As I buttoned it, looking at myself in the mirror, I made my decision: I would do what I could to bring Joseph's father to his aid.

The chauffeur drove me to the front door of the old man's house from then on. Now, instead of being secretive, the doorman bowed and led me to the room where the old man waited, lounging on a divan, Fatima at his side. I hardly ever saw her alone, and I felt somehow estranged from her. I had managed to show her the shoes. She was pleased that Joseph had given them to me. "Next he should buy you bracelets," she commented.

The afternoon visits now consisted of this: I opened the book, read the usual chapter of ten or eleven pages, sipped tea, and left. We hardly talked during tea. But the old man was so polite, so genuinely eager to hear my stories, that I knew I was welcome. I never found the moment to broach the subject of Joseph. I read; I left. It could have gone on forever.

Roy had planned a school program for the close of the term. My first-graders were to sing two songs, and then to sit in a line at the foot of the stage holding a garland to frame the rest of the program. Laweel's father, as usual, supplied the paper for making the garland. It had to be thirty feet long, and there was no one else but me to make it.

I rather enjoyed the first three feet. The second three feet were a bore; the third three feet . . . by the time I finished what seemed like thirty miles of flowers, my hands were discolored and swollen; I had cut myself in three places and I was cursing myself for having offered to make it.

It was a day for me to read to the old man. We passed our usual hour; I started to leave,

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and followed the servant out to the courtyard. Somehow in switching my book from one hand to the other I had pushed a bandage off one of the cuts on my hand. The cut was still bleeding, so I told the servant to wait, and turned toward the harem where I knew I could find a water faucet.

A narrow corridor led from the garden of the harem to the stairway going to the roof. The faucet was in the shelter of this stairwell. I stood there, blowing my hand dry, when I heard someone coming down from the roof. I looked up and saw a girl vaguely familiar to me. She came down cautiously, one step at a time, and I saw that she took such care because she had a child tied to her back, a rather large child to be carried in such a way, supported like a papoose. She was beautiful, there was no other word for her. In spite of tattoos —— I suddenly remembered.

"Oh!" I startled her, explaining foolishly, "You came to my house one day."

She was on a level with me now. She stared at me. Then she too remembered.

I asked cautiously, "Who are you?"

"I am Zora, Yussef Krim's wife."

Yussef Krim? Joseph?

She answered my unspoken question, "His first wife." In Arabic it came out as "Number One Wife," his principal wife.

I leaned against the stairway, suddenly faint.

I could see the child now, a little boy, nodding against her shoulder. He stirred and opened his eyes; they were bright blue. I drew back, then looked in fright at the mother.

"See?" she said. "This is *his* son."

Someone called from the end of the corridor and she answered, "I am coming, mother."

I looked toward the garden; Fatima was standing there, silhouetted in the light.

"Zora, have you seen Cammie?"

The girl motioned toward the corner where I stood.

Fatima waited for me. I went to the garden, asking Fatima, "Is the girl mad? She says she is Joseph's wife!"

"No, she is not mad," Fatima answered. The mask she had worn with me for weeks was suddenly gone. She turned to go back to the old man's salon; I knew that I was to follow.

I saw by Si Krim's expression that he knew I had met the girl.

"What did she say to you?" he asked.

"She said she was ——" I hesitated even then to speak of Joseph. "You know that I am married to your son?"

"Of course. I have always known. He is foolish to think he can keep a secret from me."

"Then why do you keep a girl in your house who lies, who calls herself Joseph's wife?"

He answered, shaking his head as though he knew my anger was just, "She does not lie; they were married four years ago. She is the girl I chose for him. He stayed with her, or she with him, less than half a year. Then"—he spread his hands wide—"he sent her back to her family. He divorced her. She did not dispute it until, until—it sometimes happens this way—she discovered she was about to have a child. Less than a year later. None of us suspected it. You do not understand the Koranic law—a man has to let a certain number of months pass before his divorce is legal. This is in case there is an unborn child ——"

I suddenly realized that if the story were true—and my head still swam with disbelief—Joseph had said three times in front of witnesses, "I divorce you; I divorce you; I divorce you." At the time there was no need for papers, no need for court action. I could not picture this. Surely Joseph

The old man went on. "Yussef claims that all was in order. But when the child was born . . . the timing was right; and we saw, anybody could see ——"

I nodded. I too had seen.

The old man shook himself and went on. "But still he would not take her back. The son, yes. But how would he have cared for a child? The way he lived, with nothing but bits of paper and books and his foreign friends." His tone became bitter. "I turned him out. I was sick of him. I won't have anything to do with him."

I saw that his jaw trembled, and that he steadied it with an effort. His pride had been hurt, but he was heartsick too. He whispered, almost fiercely, "I am ashamed of him."

It was the most terrible thing he could have said. Shocked, almost embarrassed to see his misery, I looked away from him to Fatima.

But the old man wasn't finished. "When he married you, and the girl heard of it, she came here. She brought my grandson. And now she claims that because of the boy, the divorce was never legal. Her family—they are not ordinary." A family which was not ordinary had money, power, influence—this was what he was saying. They would back her claims.

He looked up, as if to focus on me for the first time. "But you, you are his wife too. You have the papers. While she, she has the child. The law, our Koranic law, will try to protect you both. The girl was here before the new laws were passed"—he meant the laws against polygamy and the laws requiring civil marriages and civil divorces—"while you came later."

He was saying that if either marriage was illegal, it was mine. If the girl could prove—and who could disbelieve it?—that the child was Joseph's conceived before the divorce, Joseph was hers. She had money; she had a powerful family; she had borne a son. I was the foreigner, and in their eyes, barren. Everything worked against me.

As if to comfort me, Fatima said, "But you are his favorite. You are the one he prefers."

I stared at her as if I were watching a film. She spoke from her heart. She gave me the one thing which she herself had clung to for thirty years. No. 3 (or was it No. 10?) Wife, but the favorite ——

I started to speak; I thought better of it. I finally picked up my book and went out.

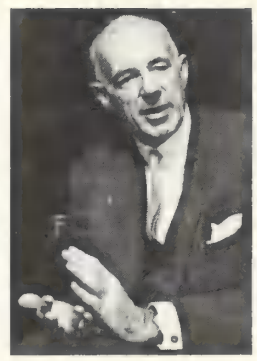
Fatima stopped me. "Don't be too hard on him," she said. At first I thought she meant the old man. "He didn't want to hurt you. He thought everything was arranged."

She was trying to excuse him. It was Joseph she was talking about. But, looking at her,

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

DO PARENTS TEACH PREJUDICE?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



"The young child who is being taught—by parents or playmates—to look down on or shun a group is usually being given the impression that they are somehow dangerous."

I guess that most of us have some kind of prejudice. Though a prejudice may be positive, we usually think of the negative kind: the objection to a whole class of people on the basis of experience with a certain number, or simply on hearsay. Some prejudices, like those against divorcees, artists, clergymen or Ivy Leaguers, cause disadvantage only to the people who hold them, in the sense that these individuals automatically cut themselves off from contacts which might be valuable in different ways. It's the prejudices shared by the members of a dominant group and carried out into discrimination against others which really hurt.

I try to imagine, sometimes, how painful it must be for a parent to have to tell his young son (and it has to be told by the time he is four or five) that he will automatically be considered undesirable, no matter how good his character and behavior, that he will have to be prepared for slights and insults beginning soon. If your child is being picked on by one bully, it's not difficult to explain that this individual is rude or all mixed up. But what do you say when it is the bulk of the community? It must be hard to reconcile this, for him, with the religious and ethical ideals you are trying to teach—about God's justice, the good intentions of most people, the obligation to respect them. We know that children (and adults) are influenced to behave according to the expectations of the community. I think it's a tribute to the good job done by the overwhelming majority of parents of scorned groups that their children have grown up not too seriously impaired by the low opinion in which they are held in the community.

We are less apt to think about the effect of serious prejudices on those who hold them—and on their children. At first glance you might think that, being in the supposedly preferred position, they wouldn't really be harmed. But I think that from the psychological point of view there must always be at least some damage to personality. The young child who is being taught—by parents or playmates—to look down on or shun a group is usually being given the impression that they are somehow dangerous. Remarks such as "They aren't like us" . . . "They aren't nice" . . . "They're dirty" have a vaguely ominous sound. It's left to the anxious imagination of the preschooler to picture just what the danger consists of. This has the same effect on children as giving them fears about policemen or bogeymen or kidnapers, which most educated parents try to avoid nowadays. To the degree that the child takes the warnings seriously, he feels endangered by the group. This impairs his trust in people and—more seriously—his trust in his own ability to deal with people. It also gives him, as he grows older, an unwholesome method for bolstering his ego when he secretly feels inadequate. I think that most of us, when we hear a grown man making sneering remarks about a minority, immediately sense his lack of self-confidence, his readiness to seek solace through scorn, and we lose some of our respect for him. So it seems to me unhealthy, from the point of view of the child's own welfare, to start him out with ready-made fears, ready-made self-doubts, ready-made props.

I suppose that the readiness of human beings to believe ill of an entire group, or to swell their dislike of a few individuals into a wholesale prejudice, is a capacity which was built into humanity during the savage process of evolution, so that men who were threatened with a genuine plot or an enemy tribe would be suspicious enough to fit little pieces of evidence together and to take alarm. It is illuminating and disheartening to read, for instance, a description by an anthropologist of tribe A on a Pacific island who are nice people, but who believe that tribe B, a few miles away, are fiends. When the anthropologist moves over to live with tribe B, he finds that they, too, are agreeable people, but they feel terribly threatened by what they consider the bloodthirsty barbarians of tribe A. In a discouragingly similar way, in times of hot or cold war in the twentieth century, Russians, Germans, Britons, Japanese, Americans have been easily convinced that the enemy were hardly human.

But experience in the psychiatric clinic as well as in life shows us that there is enormous variation in the amount of suspiciousness and hostility in different individuals. One child grows up ready to hate almost everybody. Another, reared in an unusually loving and peaceful family, cannot be taught a deep distrust of anyone.

It may be helpful for our discussion if I point out some of the violently prejudiced distortions of thinking which are obvious in the mental-hospital patients whom we call paranoid. This should aid our understanding of some of the deeply hidden roots of ordinary prejudice in everyday people, since most of us have the capacity to think in a slightly paranoid way when we feel threatened. If insecurity drives the paranoid individual into delusions, he imagines that he is both a victim of persecution and at the same time a highly important personage—the head of the Secret Service, for instance, or the leader of a worldwide religious sect. He keeps enlarging his estimate of the plot against himself until it involves an entire fraternal order, or the hierarchy of another religion, or international Communism. Though his reaction is insanely exaggerated, it reminds us of the ordinary person whose sense of inadequacy makes him feel threatened by a whole group and who tries to overcome it by thinking and talking about how superior he is to them.

Paranoid individuals are also haunted by sexual jealousy. They frequently imagine, when sick, that many people are carrying on successful affairs with their spouses. Hitler, who was not insane by the usual definition but who was severely paranoid in personality, rose to power in part by selling his idea that the Jews were all plotting together to destroy Germany. And he and many of his henchmen kept themselves in a frenzy with the fantasy that the Jews were successfully seducing "Aryan" girls on a wholesale scale. In the end he nearly destroyed his nation.

This reminds us of the preoccupation of some race-prejudiced Americans (from all parts of the country) whose most impassioned argument for segregation is their assumption that if white girls should go to school with Negroes or work with them, they'd automatically prefer to marry them. These men repeat, with childish belief, fantastic tales about the superior virility of Negroes. (Doctors know that sexual success and doubt and failure are the monopoly of no race.) When the integrated use of children's public swimming pools has been discussed in certain cities, the agitated opponents have not objected so much to

ing those blue eyes which were his, which re his son's, all I could remember was see- them return my stare that night Joseph d told me about the girl, the wedding plans. "Did you marry her?" I had asked.

"No," he said, and his eyes had been steady. ow could I believe in him after that? And the nights he had left me—to see his friends, had said. I felt suddenly dizzy, over- elmed to think that his kindness, his open- ss, the qualities I most loved in him, were falsest. A house of cards, a hoax.

I turned and left.

Suddenly I was back at the apartment, not owing if I had walked or taken a taxi. Joseph was in his study. I went in without knocking. He must have thought I was sick, for he started up from his desk almost in a panic of concern. "What is the matter?"

"I just met Zora. Your wife."

He slumped back into his chair. "Oh, Cammie!"

I couldn't hold it any longer. "You lied to me! You said you hadn't married her. You said you left home rather than give in."

"It was my son," he began.

"And now she says she is still your wife, and Fatima and your father say so too. Everything you've said or been or done has been a lie. No wonder you didn't want anyone but Roy at our wedding. No wonder you haven't introduced me to your friends."

"Cammie!" He spread his hands wide, beseeching. "Please believe me!"

"You lied, how can I believe you?"

"I *loved* you, Cammie. I love you now."

I turned and ran to my room. I packed in a frenzy. I brushed past Halti and shouted as I passed his door, "I'm leaving! Good luck to you and your Zora!"

He didn't answer; he didn't look up; he didn't try to stop me.

Once in the street, I realized how late it was. The town was closed in darkness, and I was glad, for the tears I had held back so long were finally streaming down my face. I suddenly realized how alone I was.

Sara? No, she would give me sympathy; she would wring her hands and cry. Lady Mills would reprimand me and ply me with advice. I wanted none of this. All I needed was help—practical help.

So I went to Roy. It was natural. It was he who had offered.

Roy was kind to me that night; he does not have it in him to be anything else. He was shocked that I should even consider . . . desertion. That was the word he used.

"Impossible! Just when he needs you the most," he began.

"*He*, need *me*? After a whole year, almost a year, of deceiving me every day ——" Then, struck suddenly by the thought, I turned on Roy. "You must have known too. Why didn't you tell me he had a wife and child?"

He looked uncomfortable. "It . . . really wasn't my place. I talked to him, tried to tell him American women were different."

"You can't believe that. Even if I had been a Zulu ——"

"And besides," he went on, "you seemed so right for him; so happy with him. I was hoping ——" He finished defensively, "He *did* get the divorce. I know. And he was practically forced into that marriage. It was all Fatima and Si Krim."

"He was an adult, wasn't he?"

Roy seemed weary, disappointed. "You mean you'll actually run away and leave him? You don't even want to help him?"

I looked up into his puzzled, uncomprehending eyes. Poor, poor Roy. He had never really been in love. He couldn't know ——

I did not try to explain. I shrugged; then, in conciliation, I volunteered, "If somehow he can straighten out the mess he'll know where to find me." Despair seized me again. "And if I stayed? How could I help? I don't understand the law. I'd have to take everything on faith; my own children might be—might turn out to be illegitimate."

Roy seemed to understand this. Or perhaps it was my stubbornness which made him agree. He took me to Sara's apartment to spend the night. And in the afternoon, just before he was to preside over the graduation exercises, he put me on the bus to Tetuán. There I caught a plane to Madrid.

I took a room in one of those third-floor pensions near the Puerta del Sol. As late as it was, I wrote my letter to the school board before I went to bed. I asked for my old job; I told myself I was rushing the letter in hopes of catching them before they hired another first-grade teacher. But in reality I was forcing myself to cross one more bridge, to make it all the harder to turn back.

Madrid is hot this afternoon; the post office is unusually late in opening. I stare across at it, and a shimmer of heat waves makes the huge gray building seem less solid.

I came to Madrid ten days ago. Ten days since I saw Zora easing herself and the boy down those stairs. Ten days of waiting here for a plane to America, and for a letter from my old school, St. Martin's. It seems longer than eternity.

Finally, now, the post-office doors were being opened. I left the café, crossed over to the post office, and went in, blinking, for the interior was like a great darkened theater after the glare of the streets.

Joseph was standing in front of the Poste Restante window. If I had seen him before, I would have turned and run. Now he was beside me, hand on my elbow.

"Cammie ——"

"You did come."

"Of course."

In the great rotonde crowds brushed past us. I forgot all my arguments for leaving him, wanting no more in the world than to rest my hand against him.

"I had to leave, you know."

"I understand. Roy told me."

"He didn't understand."

"Yes he did—but why are we talking here?" He put his hand up to my face and cupped my cheek as one would a child's. I turned my head and kissed his palm. He smiled.

oys' swimming with boys or girls with girls, but to white girls' wimming with Negro boys. These examples from the hospital nd from the outside world give us clues to the basic importance f insecurity—including sexual insecurity—in prejudice. (Fear f competition for jobs is another factor.)

But this is not to say that only the sick or the very insecure re prejudiced. If that were true, the solution would lie entirely within the field of preventive psychiatry. (It would be an enormous burden for psychiatry, but it would excuse the rest of the ommunity.) Unfortunately, a degree of prejudice can be taught asily to all except those who are thoroughly trustful and loving. tragic example is the apartheid movement in South Africa, in hich political leaders have convinced a majority of the electorate (without valid evidence or provocation) that they are so hreatened that they must enact harshly discriminatory laws gainst Negroes and Asians. This campaign of fear and hostility creating, of course, the corresponding feelings in those who re attacked. Thus the political majority has made itself sick ith suspicion and is inviting its own destruction.

Babies and small children may be temporarily frightened by omeone who appears strange—in pigmentation or garb or anner or tone of voice. But they sooner or later come to trust nyone who is sympathetic and affectionate. By four and five hey are interested in their parents' ideas about the world and ensitive to their parents' feelings about individual people. But hey are not so ready for generalizations and rationalizations hat they can be said to have fixed prejudices. More important, n regard to their future, is whether they have learned to trust heir parents' consistent love and, through this, to trust other eople generally, and themselves.

For the specific teaching of tolerance or intolerance I think hat the early school years are particularly important. At this ge the child by his very nature is easily able to be pushed in ither direction. He is seriously interested in what the outside orld—of contemporaries and adults—considers right and rong. He feels the obligation to channel his aggression within ocially acceptable limits. He wants to be a member of the right" group and to conform to its pattern. He's ready to disapprove of "wrong" individuals and groups. If he spends these ears with friends and adults who have common prejudices, he akes these to be not only permissible but noble. He's proud to e included as a soldier on what he assumes is the righteous side. But if his parents and particularly his teacher (whom he now onsiders a higher authority than parents) take advantage of the ccasions provided by books, the news, the neighborhood, the lassroom itself, they can teach tolerance instead. They can gree with him that everyone has personal likes and dislikes, ost of which he's entitled to. They can show him that every acial, religious and nationality group has produced benefactors, coundrels and everything in between. They can point out that he very same groups which are looked down on in one country re well accepted in another. They should explain with regret hat prejudices are held in all parts of the country and that much f the undesirable behavior of certain members of groups, for hich the whole group is blamed, are fostered by the discrimina tion they suffer. They can demonstrate by all kinds of examples that acceptance brings out the best in everyone.

When children are taught tolerance they do not merely accept it grudgingly. They respond to it and practice it with enthusiasm because it appeals to their straightforward sense of right. I know because I've seen it happen, in families and in good schools.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.



FRANCEKEVICH

Some children grow up hating almost everybody. Others, reared in loving families, cannot be taught a deep distrust of anyone.

REVOLUTION/AND/RELIGION

By DR. SAMUEL H. MILLER
DEAN OF HARVARD
DIVINITY SCHOOL

Only one kind of religion counts today, and that is the kind which is radical enough to engage in this world's basic troubles. If it cannot do that, then it can do nothing which merits our concern or the world's respect. Religion which is interested only in itself, in its prestige and success, in its institutions and ecclesiastical niceties, is worse than vanity. Religion reveals itself in struggling to reveal the meaning of the world.

In the records of the trial of Joan of Arc there is a moving passage in which she addresses her judges. In all boldness she answered the bishop questioning her: "You say that you are my judge. Take good care of what you do, for in truth I am sent by God, and you are putting yourself in great danger." It does not require much manipulation to turn this incident to our situation. If we think ourselves sitting in judgment on the world—a very favorite posture of the church and clergy, by the way—we had better take warning. The world may be sent by God, and unless we deal with it seriously and humbly we may indeed be in great danger.

But honest men do not want easy answers, trumped-up panaceas, peace of mind at any price. They have a world on their hands, burgeoning with unprecedented power, frightened by its own momentum, haunted by something that it lost a long time ago.

It needs help, but not condescension. It needs men bold, but modest, who will put a shoulder under the darkness of a world where God is lost, under lives where the pain of wanting to believe is enough to break your heart; under the vast compassion of the lost, whose last hope and trust is to be true to their fellowmen in an agony whose meaning they cannot divine.

It has its hunger, terrible and ineluctable; it will not be satisfied with "cheap grace" or specious sentiments or pious respectability. It has doubts, shame, pride, embarrassment and dread, and it finds it hard to be honest, because we ourselves are not often honest.

The world is sent by God, and we—ministers of His grace—are in great danger.

"Everything is all right," he said, and I knew what he meant. Everything. Not just Zora and the child, but everything. Everything between us.

We went back to my room. The old woman who keeps the keys wouldn't let us in at first. She asked for Joseph's passport. Joseph fumbled through his suitcase. He straightened, a packet of papers in his hand. He selected one and handed it to her, triumphant. Her frown changed to a beam of benediction. She handed me the paper and waved toward my room expansively. A photostat of our marriage certificate, translated, notarized, attested, stamped in four different languages.

Joseph closed the door behind him, leaned against it, and without a word pulled me to him. We were both trembling.

After a long time he said, "Never, never, never leave me again."

Was he going to scold me, now that we were together again? Wasn't being together all that mattered?

I knew that it wasn't; but my relief, after the ten days of being alone, was so great that I didn't want more in the world than to be held this way, in his arms. But he was pushing me away from him, making me sit on the one chair in the room, taking a place for himself on the cot, facing me.

"Cammie, I lied *once*, only once, to you. And I had a reason. I am sorry about it now. I tried to explain the night you left, but you wouldn't listen. You left Sara to manage your class; you left Roy on the day he needed your help. At least some good came out of that. He proposed to Sara."

"No!" I forgot the rest; I was delighted.

Joseph said wryly, "He must have decided Sara was a sensible woman. *She* wouldn't go dashing away just when he needed her most; if something went wrong, she'd give him a chance to explain."

My eyes fell. "But he wouldn't lie to her either. Especially about ——"

He interrupted. "Cammie, listen. Roy is an American, and I am not. It's because you're American that I did not dare to tell you the truth. All that I did was moral, conventional by my Muslim standards, but I was afraid that you would do just what you did—panic and run off—the minute you heard that I had been married before; that I had a son; that I continued to see the son and even his mother whenever they were in my father's house."

He shook his head at me. "All my brothers have at least two wives. *Now* they have two wives. One of them has been divorced five times. And my grandfather had twenty-four wives in fifty years. It is common—or *was* common; you know enough about Islam to know that."

I nodded; I knew, but I still could not understand.

"While I had one wife—properly, legally divorced long before I met you."

"But your father said ——"

"My father doesn't understand the new laws; he doesn't want to understand them. Did he tell you that my mother threatened suicide if I didn't marry? Did he tell you how much business he stood to gain if I married that girl? So I gave in. I never should have. I hoped —— Well, it was a disaster. I couldn't stand her six months. She was ignorant. She was superstitious; she said I was not a real Muslim because I refused to wear her charms. And finally she began to put herbs and God knows what else into my food. I warned her, once, twice, three times. That was the end. I called in the witnesses—oh, I made it quite an occasion. I divorced her.

"Then she produced a son eight months later. He is mine, no doubt; but she didn't protest when, after the usual three months, I had the witnesses sign the final papers. She signed them herself. Or put her thumbprint on them. She couldn't even write her name.

"That was why, when the boy arrived, we were all so surprised. She claimed we were still married. But the papers were final. I showed them to my father. He didn't want to face the girl's family with my refusal. That was when we had the scene, the battle I told you about. That was when I left. . . . From then on, you know the rest. Most of my nights out were to see the boy. For in the meantime, before you came, I found I loved him very much. The girl brought him to town often; they stayed with my mother. I visited him there. After you and I were married, and my mother met you, she finally realized *why* I had given up Zora, and Zora sensed this. She threatened to make trouble, to bribe the witnesses, to do anything, for she was still convinced that she was in the right.

"Zora's brothers sent a petition to Rabat begging that the divorce be set aside. Perhaps it *might* have been, in the old days. But the petition was refused. It has taken all this time, but the divorce is *final*. In four languages, effective four years ago, it is *final*."

He handed me a document. The marriage certificate was still in my lap. The divorce was more impressive. I looked at it, and saw the smudge of Zora's thumbprint. How awful it must have been for her. Was the system worse for the man or the woman? Or the child? I thought suddenly of him.

"What is your son's name?" I asked.

"Yussef," he said simply. "It was all I had to give him."

"I know. Maybe someday —— You must keep on seeing him. He'll need you."

"Of course. I wish —— But you're coming back." It was a command, not a question.

"Yes." I gestured to the papers. "We're married, aren't we?"

He reached out and took my hand gently. "That's right. We're married."

His softness melted the last hard knot in my heart. "I'm sorry, Joseph, I'm so sorry."

"I know. I keep trying to see how it has been for you, in a foreign country, so different. But you must see too"—he was almost paternal; I was grateful he did not let me off easily—"I am trying to be the bridge—it becomes hard even for me."

"I know! And I haven't helped. No wonder you couldn't tell me."

He smiled at the anguish in my voice. "It is all over. We can go on from here. Both of us."

I managed a little smile. It made him laugh.

"Such misery! Don't look so sad." He pulled me up, boyish, teasing. He cradled my head in his old way and whispered, "And you're grown-up now. You're my wife. My wife. And you're going to stand by me, and help me and"—he tipped my chin—"not put up with any more lies."

I laughed and rubbed my face against his chest, just making sure that he was there.

So that is how it happened. In the summer—and Tangier is a lovely place to spend the summer—we rested. Roy and Sara were on their honeymoon; Lady Mills was off in England; the Ilsens had gone to Sweden. Joseph's book was finished and being printed. Slowly I fitted into Joseph's way of living. Late hours, late meals, long talks, long visits with relatives—for he had made peace with his father, and the moment it happened I became part of the clan. Now the women even invite me into their rooms while the men eat, and I join them, when Joseph lets me.

So it is September, and the summer ends, and I must pack. Halti flutters around me; Fatima watches from the armchair, for now she comes to visit often, and I giggle with them, and take their advice, and agree with them that the Moroccan robes make perfect maternity dresses. How will they look on a Western campus? I wonder. For Joseph has been invited to lecture for a year in America. It is the very thing he will love doing, for he is a born teacher.

I come upon the old Spanish book I used when reading to Fatima and Si Krim. I hand it to Fatima. "You may want to use it this year, in class." For Roy has started a night school for adults. Sara will teach the women; Joseph almost burst with pride when Fatima enrolled herself and her little maid.

"No"—she refuses it—"one language at a time. I'll have enough to do."

It is true. Zora has married again. A husband willing to live with that face and that fortune was not hard to find. So Fatima will take care of little Yussef temporarily. I know what will happen, what is customary. When a Muslim woman remarries, the father keeps the children. But Joseph and I do not talk of this. A year from now will be time. END

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HOW TO PLEASE A MAN

Princess Lee Radziwill: ARE MANNERS STILL IN FASHION?

SHOULD PSYCHOPATHIC KILLERS BE PAROLED?

Dr. Spock: DO CHILDREN EVER BENEFIT BY DIVORCE?

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VOL. LXXIX NO. 1



ED LOVE



ROBERT P. CROSSLEY



BARBARA LUTHER

JOURNALITIES

"Why don't you write about my grandmother?" Anne Love suggested when her husband, ED, complained that he'd run out of Civil War anecdotes for his book. Grandmother was Lida Dutton, who saved the young ladies of Waterford, Virginia, from what seemed certain spinsterhood after their men had marched away to fight. (See "The Beautiful and Anxious Maidens," page 74.) Waterford has changed little since 1861; even the fence still stands where Lida perched, when on the lookout for Rebel soldiers.

When Lawrence Moser, who had served one prison sentence for murder, shot and killed his two daughters and maimed four other people in Stamford, Connecticut, the crime made one resident of that community ask a grave question: How many men released from prison are likely to kill again? ROBERT P. CROSSLEY, former magazine editor, offers some answers in "The Killer Had Been Paroled" (see page 37).

Ever go balloon-hopping? We hadn't either, but after reading "Moon Walk" (page 34) we're willing to try. One drawback—enthusiastic participants are in danger of being literally carried away, like one character in BARBARA LUTHER'S story. We won't reveal any more of the plot, except to just say that the United States Navy, the Weather Bureau and balloonist Malcolm Ross all contributed technical assistance. Ready? Hold tight! Up we go!

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY JAY MAISEL

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OUR READERS



WILL MEN DISAPPEAR?

Dear Editors: How to control the sex of human offspring is a likely discovery in the not-too-distant future. [See page 12 of this issue.] The problem is fully understood; it is only a question of biological engineering, so to speak. Sooner or later parents will be able to produce males or females at will. What will follow?

Parents everywhere may favor having a boy first and probably more boys than girls, resulting in a heavily overloaded male population. Too many males would obviously be even more of a nuisance than males are at present. Reaction might then swing the trend the other way.

We have only to look at insect societies, where sex control does operate, to see what *could* happen. Among insects the male sex is virtually suppressed and day-to-day work, as well as reproduction, is conducted mainly by the females. Bees produce drones only as necessary and kill them off when food runs low. Other kinds of insects produce males for emergency use only.

Montreal, Canada N. J. Berrill

● *For women, the emergency is permanent.—ED.*

KEEP SMOKING

Dear Editors: As a steady smoker who has *never* tried to quit, and married to a steady smoker, I was fascinated by the article "Who Said We Couldn't Stop Smoking?" I smoke twenty to thirty cigarettes a day, and I have *never* been hospitalized except to have three children, who do not seem to have suffered from my smoking while bearing them. Last winter I had a sinus infection and was told by my doctor not to smoke. When I laughed, he said, "Only neurotics smoke."

We do try to discourage our sixteen-year-old daughter from the tobacco habit, by using the examples of her father's struggles against it and the expense. To me, the latter is tobacco's evil. I know I must die sometime, but unless one has a formal death sentence from the "evils of tobacco" hanging over one's head, I say forget it. Remember the fifty-megaton bomb, and keep smoking!

Nancy Allen

Providence, Rhode Island

NO RIGHTS FOR NONSMOKERS?

Dear Editors: The most ignored person today is the nonsmoker. In this so-called civilization, the nonsmoker is forced to live in clouds of smoke pouring from the mouths of human chimneys. The smoker leaves his odor wherever he goes. If he is on the street, he drops the butt on the public sidewalk; if in the house, he puts it in an ashtray which someone must clean up; if he smokes in bed, he endangers his life and the lives of others. Auto accidents often result from smoking or lighting a cigarette while driving. The Connecticut Highway Safety Commission has a sign which reads: "Would you give your life for a cigarette?" And many a smoker has started fires in national forests by dropping a lighted match or cigarette.

Even hospitals smell like stale cigarette smoke. A patient suffering with a respiratory ailment can't be sick without a cigarette pack on his bedside table; his nonsmoking roommate may suffer more, but what of that?

Elsie H. Hodgson

Stratford, Connecticut

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

Dear Journal: My third baby, Mark, has had severe diarrhea, milk allergy (with twelve different formulas), three cases of flu, bronchitis, an almost continuous infection in both ears, and chicken pox! Yet, strangely enough, I'm not bogged down with fatigue as I was when my two other children were babies. Nor do I continuously slave over diapers and formula. And even more strangely, I've had lots of time to cuddle and play with Mark, as well as to enjoy the rest of my family.

Where has all this extra time come from? Not from having less work to do, certainly!

I am fresh at the end of the day and have extra time for my own interests because I have developed new, fast ways of doing routine chores. I make formula in seven to ten minutes, fold several days' diapers in three minutes, prepare bottle and solid foods for each meal in two minutes and dress baby to go out in one minute. I eliminate three fourths of the day's fatigue by working out efficient methods of sitting down while diapering, dressing and bathing the baby, making formula, bathing the other children, ironing, cooking, baking, and washing and setting my hair.

My husband, who works for a space technological-research laboratory, is a specialist in "human engineering." I took a few tips from him, and added determination, experience and a few new products.

Marjorie Murfin

Los Angeles, California

WHO'S AN "OLD MAID"?

Dear Editors: Don't you think the contributions made to society by unmarried professional women should be more frequently recognized? The great majority of women who graduate from college are reluctant to marry men with less education, and the probability of finding a mate seems to decrease in direct proportion to the amount of higher education a woman has.

Society has chosen to make fun of "the old maid," especially "the old-maid schoolteacher." Why? They have had enough gumption to go out into the world and use their brains. It could be that many of them had the intelligence *not* to marry when given a chance—a chance that some other gal jumped at (perhaps to her regret).

An "Old-Maid Schoolteacher" at Twenty-Four

San Jose, California

● *Single women are essential, especially to single men; it's a rare and special person who is "old" at twenty-four.—ED.*



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PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

These teenagers don't have time to be bored. They are working for the city's sick and discouraged, and earning love and respect.



AL FRANCEKEVICH

NEW YORK CITY'S PRIVILEGED TEENAGERS

Pretty blond Susan wore sweaters one size too small and emerald eye shadow to school. The summer she became fourteen, she was obviously too sophisticated for girls' camp and too young for a paying job. Her mother, a store executive, fretted about her attractive daughter's being alone in an empty house all summer. Boys were descending on their new brick home in Queens, Long Island, in swarms; at night the phone rang so often for Susan that her father began to wish for a silencer.

That was four summers ago. Susan spent her vacation that year and every summer since at a city hospital as a junior Red Cross volunteer. Today she is a poised high-school senior who wears little makeup and conservative clothes and who has, in her own words, acquired "a basic education in what's important" in hospital wards. She has also decided on a career: medical secretary in the same city hospital where she has served five full days a week for four summers without pay.

To get to the hospital from her home by bus and train takes Susan over an hour each way. "I can't explain how much the hospital means to me," she says. "I know everybody; I'm a member of the team; it's like a second home." She adds, "It's changed my viewpoint. The things I used to complain about all the time—like not having enough pretty new clothes, or maybe waking up with a headache the day of a big exam—I don't even think about anymore, they're so unimportant."

"We feel that Susan's volunteer work at the hospital marked a turning point in her life," says a hospital-staff member. "She came here four years ago looking and acting like a flashy, flirty kid. But with each summer she's become more dedicated and dependable. Now she's indispensable, both to the patients, who love her, and the staff. We hope she'll come back after graduation and make this her career."

Until recent years, New York City hospitals refused to accept volunteers under eighteen, believing that young teenagers would be just a nuisance. And the impact of birth and death and disfiguring diseases would be too shattering to people of tender years, it was felt.

Then in the summer of 1956, when the Red Cross Bloodmobile program in New York City was in a state of imminent collapse for lack of adult volunteers, a group of high-schoolers was recruited to help. When these youngsters not only did not faint at the sight of blood, but proved less squeamish than their elders, the Red Cross began to wonder why they couldn't do a raft of nonmedical tasks in hospitals. Each year the Red Cross is having a harder time finding adults for daytime volunteer work, and all the large city and voluntary hospitals are especially short-handed during the summer months, when the paid staff take vacations.

In 1957 Dr. Fred McLaughlin, now Director of Public Education Associations of New York City, managed to persuade officials to let an experimental group of young teenagers help out in a big city hospital. The Junior Red Cross placed spot announcements on disc-jockey shows asking for students willing to give at least one full day's work a week at Metropolitan Hospital during the two summer months. Within an hour after the first appeal, 300 phone calls swamped the Red Cross switchboard. This was in marked contrast to previous announcements asking for adult volunteers. Many of these calls were from parents eager to enroll their idle high-schoolers.

That summer 45 students gave 3000 volunteer hours to Metropolitan Hospital. At least 2000 patients come to the clinics there daily, and the juniors "worked madly," according to the director of volunteers, "and under pressure, even prepared patients for examinations." The youngsters became so well integrated into the hospital that in August the superintendent reminded his staff that all these eager new helpers were students who would soon be leaving to go back to high school.

"The kids were willing, enthusiastic, and they never ran down," says Dr. McLaughlin. "The patients kept thanking them and so did the doctors and nurses. They felt needed and appreciated. Many came from poor families and made a real sacrifice in not working for pay, but the work made them feel privileged. 'It was an experience you couldn't buy with money,' they said."

In the past five summers, more than 5000 New York City "Volunteens" have given from two to five days a week of work in nonprofit hospitals. Another 4000 youngsters have helped without pay in city playgrounds, day-care centers, homes for the aged, and have worked at Red Cross chapters and with the Bloodmobiles. There are other excellent volunteer programs for teenagers throughout the country, but New York's is probably the biggest and most ambitious.

Comments the present director of New York City's youthful Red Cross, Helen Avett, "We feel that we're unique in that we give all the junior volunteers free Red Cross uniforms. Also, we provide carfare to and from jobs when needed. This means that kids who couldn't possibly afford nine dollars for a uniform, or sixty or ninety cents a day for transportation, can

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

MEET ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF REAL-LIFE FAMILIES WHO ARE SAYING:

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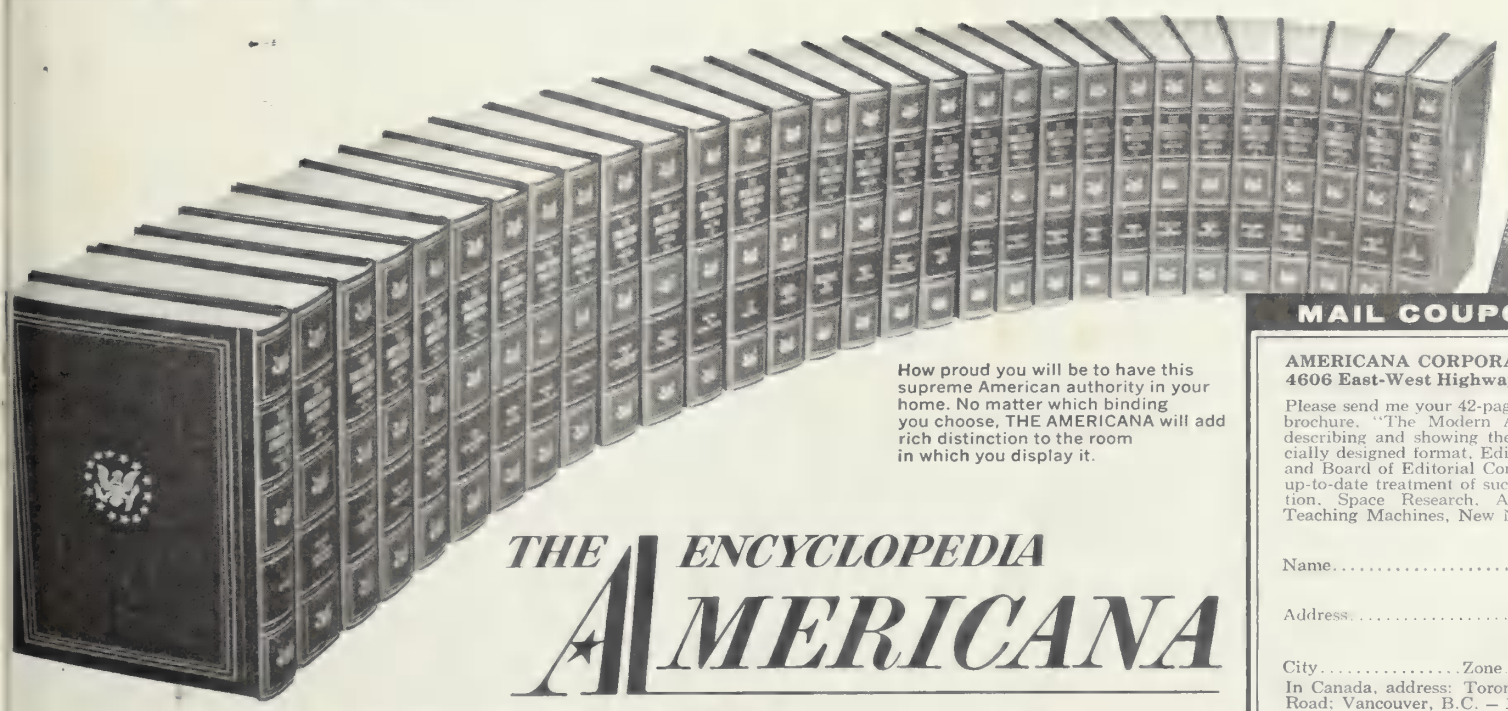
Mr. Joseph A. Blanchette of Leominster, Mass., who has both a son and a daughter in high school, reports that "Since we have received THE AMERICANA, they have been like bookworms. They have improved their homework and also their report card every semester."

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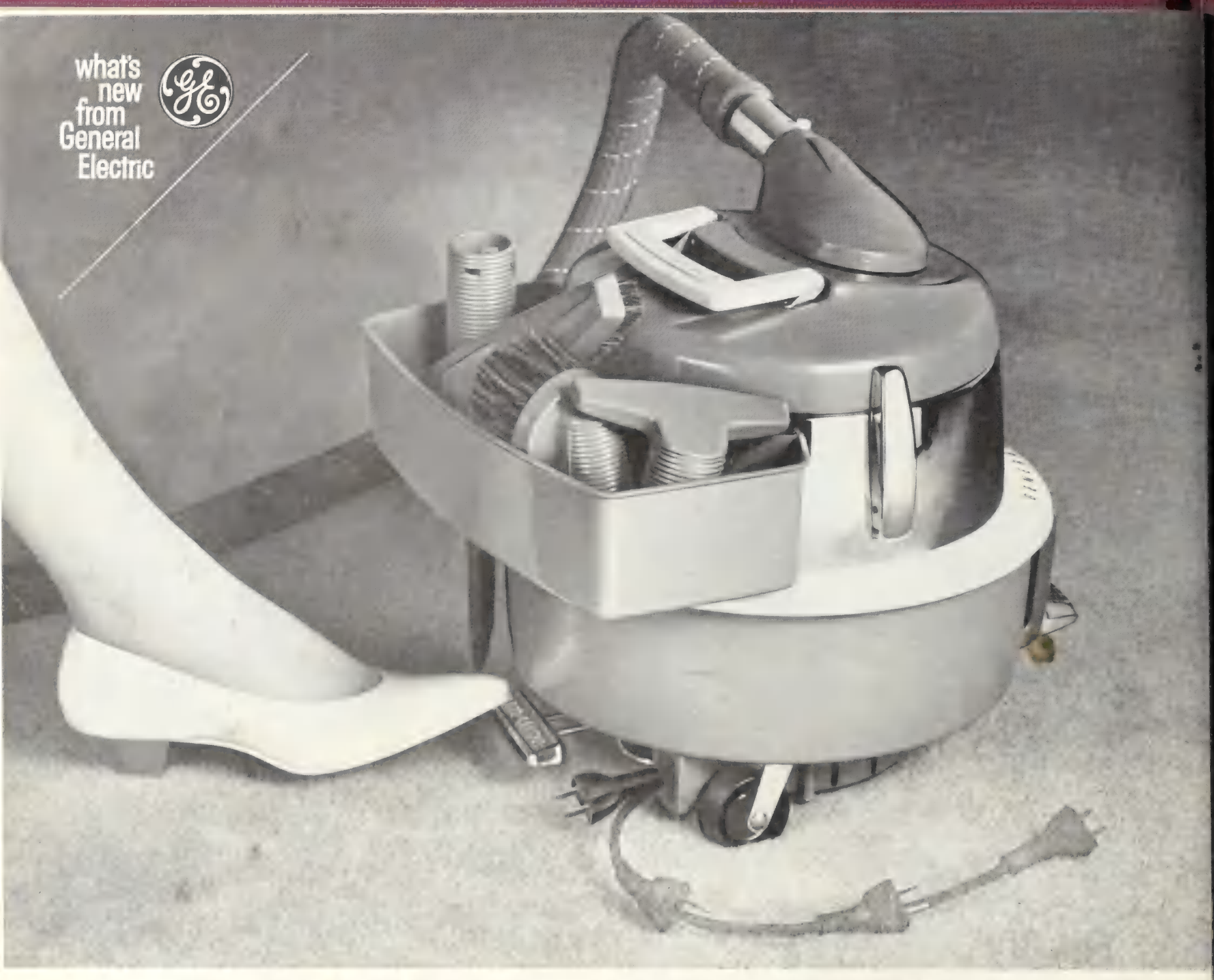
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There's even a wide toe-switch for turning the cleaner on and off without bending! Ask your dealer how easy it is to own General Electric's easy-cleaning Cord-Reel Vacuum Cleaner. General Electric Co., Housewares & Commercial Equipment Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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Look what you can do with cling peaches hot!

Surprise 'em! Delight 'em with a hot peach dessert! They'll never guess how quick and easy it really is to take a peach . . . a cling peach of course . . . and with a dash of this, a sprinkling of that, turn out four such irresistible meal-enders. Every one of them hot, fragrant and sure to cheer the coldest February night!

(Only cling peaches hold their flavor, their plum pretty shape and sunny color during heating

PEACHES PAREE! Blend 1½ tsps. corn starch, 1 c. syrup from 1 (1 lb. 13 oz.) can cling peach slices. Add 1½ tsps. lemon juice, dash cinnamon and ½ tsp. almond extract. Stir and cook until thickened. Add drained slices, heat 3 mins. Serve over Sara Lee All Butter Pound Cake. Serves 8.

PEACH PUFFS. Place 6 drained peach halves cut side up in shallow baking dish; drizzle with ¼ c. orange juice; bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 mins. Top each peach with marshmallow and bake 5 mins. more.

PEACHES PEPPERMINT. Simmer 6 cling peach halves in syrup about 15 mins. Crush 3 Tbsps. peppermint candy (why not use the canes left over from the holiday!) and combine with ½ c. cream, whipped. Place drained peaches [illegible]lish; and top each with peppermint cream.

PEACHES PERSIAN. Place 6 drained cli[illegible] peach halves cut side up in baking dis[illegible] Combine ¼ tsp. allspice, 1 Tbsp. grat[illegible] orange rind, 3 Tbsps. brown sugar, ¼ [illegible] chopped Diamond Walnuts; sprinkle ov[illegible] peaches. Bake in moderate oven (350°[illegible] for 20 mins. Garnish with walnut halv[illegible]

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BO[illegible]

Biggest news in shopping carts!

(Kraft Mayonnaise with pure lemon juice in it. Outdates all others!)



Taste it!... Kraft blends

Taste it! New Kraft Mayonnaise has the freshest flavor! in pure lemon juice to sparkle up your foods





NEW YORK CITY'S PRIVILEGED TEENAGERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

volunteer. We get students from exclusive private schools and from slum areas. You can't tell them apart when they're dressed in identical uniforms with the same Red Cross service symbol."

During a recent summer, 19 young boys and girls from a street-gang area in Brooklyn showed up at the Red Cross chapter to volunteer for hospital service. "They looked like a bunch of hoods—duck-tail hair, leather jackets, blue jeans and all," says a Red Cross worker. "One of our adult volunteers who interviewed them said, 'But look at their sloppy sandals! And their fingernails aren't clean! Can you imagine them working in a *hospital?*'" Another concern was the smart-alecky attitude of the kids who seemed to be signing up purely "for kicks."

With some misgivings, the Red Cross accepted the group. New York City requires working papers and health examinations for all paid and voluntary workers fourteen and older; getting through the official red tape is time-consuming and often frustrating. However, all 19 kids went through all the necessary channels and then were given the usual five-hour orientation course for hospital work, with particular emphasis on personal cleanliness. The girls with their long flying hair and black tights were then handed crisp blue-and-white Red Cross uniforms with neat little nurses' caps; the boys received tailored gray cotton Red Cross jackets.

"The minute they put on their uniforms, they seemed to stand and walk straighter," commented a Red Cross staffer. "They chopped off their hair and cleaned their fingernails. By the end of the summer only one of the nineteen had dropped out. The remaining eighteen, looking spick-and-span, were still working in the same hospital and doing a whale of a job."

A Queens boy who used to belong to the notorious street gang called the Saxons not only worked at Bird S. Coler Hospital all last summer, but is continuing this winter three nights a week and all day Saturday. As he walks through Coler's vast corridors patients everywhere call George by name and smile and joke with him.

"Some patients enjoy feeling helpless, and others rebel, and some just wanna give up. You gotta figger out each guy and how to get him to help himself," explains George, a slight, undersized boy with a stoop and prematurely wise, sad eyes.

"Say, George," calls out a diabetic patient with both legs amputated but with a sound pair of arms, "give me a push to the canteen, will you?"

"Push yourself, Sam," George replies good-naturedly, "you gained five pounds last month."

A minute later George notices an arthritis patient having trouble holding and lighting a cigarette. "How about a game of pinochle?" he suggests, with a casual glance at the patient's crippled fingers.

For another patient, a college graduate, George has a page of problems of high-school math. "Glad to help you out!" says the patient, happily accepting George's homework.

"I got the answers worked out by myself already," explained George, a high-school junior who was "sent up" for throwing a phone book at his school principal, "but it makes him feel good. Patients need to feel useful too."

The Saxon gang still hangs around George and ribs him as he waits patiently for a bus to take him from his crowded home to his volunteer work, but George ignores them. "I'm so happy here!" he tells the Coler Hospital staff. Soon he will go into the services to work for a college education; then he plans to return to Coler Hospital as a recreation worker.

Until a few years ago, Bird S. Coler Hospital and Home, one of the nation's largest geriatrics centers, had no recreation program for blind patients. Unable to watch movies, or read, or watch TV, they sat in their chairs "like lumps of dough." Now, thanks to the junior volunteers, the blind patients are taken on walks, have arts and crafts and bingo parties; they even bowl. A totally blind patient who had just arrived at Coler was led by a junior volunteer to a group of laughing, talking men and women.

"*They* can enjoy themselves," remarked the patient bitterly. "But *I* can't see."

Replied the junior volunteer gently, "None of them can see."

Crippled patients are wheeled by junior volunteers into bleacher seats at the Yankee Stadium, over curbing in Greenwich Village to art shows, up steamer ramps for day trips to Rye Beach. After the summer passes, many patients rarely breathe fresh air or see the outdoors until the juniors return the following July. All winter long they wait impatiently for the high-schoolers' return. "Where are the kids?" they ask when the first warm spring breeze blows across their island from Manhattan. "We want the kids!"

"Just the sight of those youngsters with their fresh young faces and smiles cheers everybody up," says a hospital employee. "And you should see how the patients' faces glow when they watch those kids dance!"

Although most adults find hospitals depressing places, the junior volunteers admit to "feeling a little strange" the first day only. After that, they accept the place, even the smells. Says the director of volunteers at Roosevelt Hospital:

"A young teenager doesn't react to tragedy the way an adult does because it's something he's never personally experienced. When he sees a crippled child, or someone old and blind, he doesn't put himself in their shoes. He doesn't *identify* with the patient. I've seen a fifteen-year-old girl walk over to a deformed infant and pick him up in the most natural, loving way you can imagine. As far as she's concerned, it's simply a child in need of love, and she responds wholeheartedly, without false sentimentality or pity."

Not all hospital work involves direct patient care. Some boys run errands, carry supplies from one end of the hospital to the other, work in the pharmacy or laboratories or X-ray rooms. "Even if they're just counting a hundred pills into each bottle, they know they're releasing a paid employee for more pressing jobs," remarks a hospital superintendent.

In one city hospital, boys and girls catalogued a whole medical library which had been stored in crates for years; at Bellevue, a backlog of three months' medical records were properly filed. Girls help with typing and answering the telephone. They sort and count linen, arrange flowers, fill water glasses and make unoccupied beds. Two girls brought from home their manicuring equipment and cleaned and polished a wardful of neglected nails. They also gave shampoos.

Many girls finish the summer convinced that nursing is the most rewarding profession in the world; a few conclude the work is not for them—a valuable discovery. Some then plan to become dietitians, or lab technicians, or therapists, all fields which have suffered disastrous shortages. Boys, too, penetrate behind the superficial "glamour" of a hospital to discover whether or not they would enjoy a medical career.

An artist's daughter felt the most important thing she learned was human psychology (she wants to be a writer). A teenager whose family insisted she quit her volunteer job to travel with them to Paris and Rome wrote back that she missed "the aroma of love, generosity and warmth" at Roosevelt Hospital.

"If you won't try to help yourself, Rosie, then I won't!" snaps a volunteer turning away from an ancient Negro woman who refuses to push the wheel of her chair with her withered hand. Then a moment later, as the woman painfully tries to propel herself for the first time, the teenager from Park Avenue throws her arms around the colored woman's neck and cries, "Oh, Rosie, I *knew* you could!"

Most New York hospitals now specify fifteen as the minimum age for junior volunteers. However, hundreds of fourteen-year-old boys and girls are needed to help run the free city playgrounds. They are given Red Cross uniforms and carfare when needed and assist teachers with swimming, arts and crafts, sports and folk dancing. "We couldn't take care of a fraction of the kids we do without the juniors' help," says a teacher in charge of a summer playground with a daily attendance of 350. "In working with children, the juniors develop leadership qualities, stability and the ability not to be rattled by the unexpected. Many of them definitely decide on a career in teaching."

Junior volunteers are recruited through the schools early in spring. A record of the hours each volunteer gives and an evaluation of his job performance become a permanent part of his school record, and have often proved helpful in finding paid jobs later or getting into college.

"Kids yearn to participate in real-life experiences, and if constructive avenues of effort aren't offered to them they'll turn to destructive ones," believes Dr. McLaughlin. "Our experience with New York City teenagers has proved that kids are starved for interesting, essential work. In volunteer jobs they quickly learn that money isn't as important as they once thought and that giving money to charity is never as valuable as giving oneself. It's time we stopped denying our teenagers the chance to learn civic responsibilities the only way possible—by shouldering some."

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

By MARGARET HICKEY

Try as we may, our troubled hearts will not let us push aside the world's pain. They call us—the hungry, the sick, the homeless, the lonely ones. The need to answer—not with a coin or kind word, but with our time, our talent, our sympathy—cannot, for many of us, be ignored.

"What can *I* do to help?" we ask. With so many demands on time and energy by home and children, or by our work and friends, it is not an easy question to answer. For more than a century the Red Cross has been finding new and practical ways to make personal service a part of our daily lives, not only to our neighbors, but to those in need all over the world. It is on the people who accept this obligation—its volunteer armies of good will who work around the globe to bridge differences and misunderstanding—the Red Cross bases its hope for peace.

And the Red Cross pattern actually works. E.M. Forster once wrote: "Not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will man shut up Force into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark on it worthily." The Red Cross provides us with the means to "organize our own goodness." If you'd like to experience the enormous satisfaction, the happiness of being a part of it, pick up your telephone or make a quick trip to a nearby Red Cross chapter. You will find volunteer workers, your friends and neighbors, have discovered the rewards of "putting more into life than I take out," as one said.

Service by Red Cross volunteers is as wide as the whole world and as varied. Thousands gave shelter and food to over 206,000 refugees fleeing the wild forces of recent Hurricane Carla. Last year, 16,600 workers, in 173 Veterans Administration hospitals, gave over 2,000,000 hours of service—no measurement, really, of the comfort, hope and sympathy they dispensed. Since July, 1960, the League of Red Cross Societies and the International Committee of the Red Cross have recruited medical teams, including surgeons, physicians and nurses, from 22 countries to work in the turbulent Congo. Other Red Cross societies, including our own, have helped with medical supplies, clothing, and cash donations totaling more than $1,000,000.

The opportunity the Red Cross offers to turn our concern into practical tasks is unlimited. There is a place for each of us. Mrs. Ryland Thomas serves as a Gray Lady at the Muskogee Veterans Administration Hospital; that she makes her rounds on the crutches she has used since a leg amputation seven years ago only enhances her infectious gaiety. Clyde N. Kirm Jr., a blind student at John Carroll University, works two days weekly in the Cleveland blood-donor center. At Jacksonville, Florida, young volunteers serve each year in the lifesaving corps on beach duty. During the season they save from 50 to 75 drowning persons and handle hundreds of first-aid emergencies.

The *Journal* this month features one of the new programs planned to help youth develop values which will guide them throughout their lives. The acceptance of discipline and drudgery in order to help others is a difficult but necessary lesson of leadership. During another outstanding "summer of service" at the Golden Gate Chapter in San Francisco, 65,219 hours were contributed by 946 high-school students; because of their efforts, 35,000 children learned to swim.

Millions of volunteers in this country and abroad enrich their own lives, and by acts and deeds of love and faith deepen the meaning of mankind's prayer for peace and understanding. Each of them renews his own confidence in a world for which there are help and hope if only enough people serve and share. END

CAN YOU CHOOSE THE SEX OF YOUR CHILD?

By DR. IRVING C. FISCHER,
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE,
AS TOLD TO JOSEPH KAYE

The answer may soon be a firm "Yes," thanks to some new research into a question that is as old as man and love and marriage.

We have known for some time that sperm (which, together with the egg released by the woman during ovulation, creates life) is of different sizes and shapes. But it was not easy to assess the meaning of the knowledge until Dr. Landrum B. Shettles, of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, discovered a new method of preparing sperm slides for microscopic study. His method defined the difference with startling new clarity and detail. He hoped to confirm that what the difference meant was that one type of sperm was male and the other female, and that there was something—something also definable—that regulated the way in which the sperm met with the egg to create either a girl or a boy baby.

Dr. Shettles had heard of my work in the field of artificial insemination, as well as the work of a colleague, Dr. Sophia J. Kleegman, clinical professor of obstetrics and gynecology, New York University School of Medicine. He phoned me to say, "Dr. Fischer, Dr. Kleegman reports a majority of male births among the patients she treats. Have you had the same experience?"

I had to tell him that I had not. Of the babies conceived through artificial insemination I had delivered, more had been girls.

He was disappointed at the discrepancy in the results until I told him that Dr. Kleegman and I used different methods in our work. I had treated the wife three times—just before ovulation, at the time of ovulation, and a little after that time—to make reasonably sure that fertilization would result. Dr. Kleegman inseminated only once—on the day determined by tests (temperature registration and vaginal smears) to be the actual time when the egg was in place for fertilization. Encouraged, Dr. Shettles went back to the study which now holds forth the brightest hope so far of determining the sex of a child before the child is conceived.

The concept can be simply stated this way: The man determines the sex of the child. His semen contains both male and female sperm. The male sperm is faster-moving but has a shorter life. The female sperm moves more slowly but lives longer. If intercourse between husband and wife takes place some time before the egg in the wife is ready, the male sperm, being forced to take a longer time to reach the egg, will die. The sturdier female sperm will live, take over, and produce a baby girl.

So the theory is that if intercourse occurs at the time the egg is in position for fertilization, the male sperm, traveling faster than the female, will arrive first and a boy will be conceived.

It seems that this is why Dr. Kleegman, inseminating at the time clinically determined as most favorable, has brought about so many more boys than girls. This might have appeared accidental before Dr. Shettles's work. Now we can speculate why it happens.

Through clinical observation, Dr. Kleegman had long ago noticed the phenomenon that certain circumstances produced boy babies while others produced girls. In 1953 she made a careful study of her inseminations. The result: of 79 pregnancies so achieved, three boys were born for every one girl.

Dr. Kleegman is so convinced of the possibility of boy births if intercourse (or insemination) is effected at the proper time that she has asserted definitely: "If insemination is done *at* the time of ovulation, there will be predominantly boys; if it is done two days *before* ovulation, there will be predominantly girls." Her own daughter, now twenty, was a "planned birth."

She tells of another doctor who, a year ago, planned ten births and got eight desired results, including his own son. A Boston physician achieved twelve out of fourteen planned births. One of Dr. Kleegman's own patients, a woman who had three sons, wanted a girl. A girl was planned, and was born.

To couples wishing to choose the sex of their children Dr. Kleegman is willing to say: "I feel that there are sufficient results to justify asking your doctor to determine the time of the wife's ovulation, and then to effect one 'exposure' during the menstrual cycle." If there is intercourse, or insemination, just once during the cycle (which would avoid the interference of unplanned impregnations) then the hope of giving birth to a child of the desired sex could well be realized.

What Dr. Kleegman says is in agreement with the beliefs of other doctors who are influenced by the latest researches. Present observation and clinical records do sustain the expectation that probably in the near future parents will be able to determine the sex of their children.

This can lead to some surprising changes in our lives. Today there are more females than males, which gives men an advantage in the marriage market, and causes emotional strain in women concerned with finding husbands. But if more boys were born—and it is quite probable that parents do wish for more boys than girls—this situation would be altered.

Some medical men consider that emotional strain causes changes in the alkaline or acid content of the blood. It is believed that if a woman has more alkalinity, there is greater chance of her having boys; and if there is more acidity, she may conceive girls. Emotional disturbances may cause the chemical change that would increase acidity.

It may not be too farfetched to believe that the worry induced in a girl searching for a husband may be strong enough to affect her sexual reactions. Medical authorities state that only about 25 percent of women have an orgasm during intercourse. Some doctors believe that orgasm causes an additional alkaline content in the vagina of the woman and thus favors the conception of boys.

Younger wives may tend to have boy babies. One survey of 8000 births showed many more boys than girls. Women approximately 15 years old had 163 boys to 100 girls; women about 20 had 120 boys to 100 girls; 30-year-old women had 112 boys to 100 girls; and women of 40 had 91 boys to 100 girls

Predetermination of sex has always fascinated mankind. At various times over the centuries, claims have been made that if couples followed certain procedures they would be sure to have a child of the sex they wanted. It was once suggested that if the love of a man and a woman were ardent enough, a boy would result from their union, while if the passion were less great a girl would be born. Others claimed that if the prospective mother simply wished hard enough she would bear a child of the sex she longed for.

Legends, emotions, sexual response and alkaline content all have their place in the study of births, but it is the latest discoveries concerning the characteristics of the male and female sperm, and the speed at which each travels through the cervix, that provide the definite promise that predetermination of sex is now a close possibility.

Medical men are not given to imaginative speculation except in a strictly scientific sense, but I hope to be forgiven if I mention an incident that occurred recently.

At a meeting in Cincinnati of the American Society for the Study of Sterility the subject of sex predetermination was discussed. One of the attending doctors said jokingly, "The Shah of Iran should be informed of these new developments in sperm study." Another replied, "Perhaps he already knows." It so happened that at this meeting there was a doctor who was a medical adviser to the shah. So it may not be too farfetched to think that the son who was finally born to the king could have been the result of predetermination.

Not all medical opinion is in agreement on this theory of predetermining the sex of your child. Some experts say "yes," some "still inconclusive." All find it interesting. The Journal feels readers will agree.

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PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON

WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ K 8 5
♥ A 9
♦ A K Q 6 5
♣ 8 5 3

WEST
♠ Q J 6 2
♥ Q 8 2
♦ 9 2
♣ K Q J 9

EAST
♠ A 10 9
♥ 10 4
♦ J 7 4
♣ 10 7 6 4 2

SOUTH
♠ 7 4 3
♥ K J 7 6 5 3
♦ 10 8 3
♣ A

East and West vulnerable
North dealer
The bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 Diamond	Pass	1 Heart	Pass
2 Diamonds	Pass	2 Hearts	Pass
3 Hearts	Pass	4 Hearts	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West opens the ♣ K

"But I was trying to make six, honey," the man said, fleeing our table with his irate spouse hot on his heels. "If I'd made six, I would have been a hero."

"If . . . if," she cried. "*If* you could play bridge, I wouldn't be aggravated like this. You refused to play the hand safe and make five like the rest of the field. You had to play it wide open, try for a top and wind up with a bottom. No wonder we never get anywhere in this game."

When they finally moved away, Peggy and I quickly reviewed the hand. We had registered a big score because the poor guy let the dangerous hand (West) get into the lead. She made the shift that defeated a game contract just when declarer was lamenting the fact he wasn't in slam!

First, a word about the bidding. It was concise. The logical four-heart contract was reached in proper sequence. South's rebid of two hearts wasn't a sign of weakness. It indicated definite values, although not enough to warrant a jump rebid. North, with well over a minimum opening, was well within herself in raising hearts to three, and South properly carried on to game.

But South didn't duplicate his bidding skill in the play of the pasteboards. Peggy led the club king. (The spade queen would have settled South's hash at once, but who could know that?) South won with his singleton ace and decided to tackle trumps. He saw that if he could bring in that suit without losing a trick, he could make six hearts, provided diamonds broke 3-2—a reasonable expectation. He would pitch two spades from his own hand on dummy's long diamonds and merely give up a spade at the end. This line of attack backfired on South and produced a terrible result, helped us win the tournament and put his wife on the warpath. Such is bridge!

After entering dummy with the trump ace, declarer returned the nine. I had nothing left but the ten, and South finessed with the jack. This lost to Peggy's queen. She quickly shifted to her other queen—the spade. Now South reddened, seeing the error of his ways, but alas, too late. Before he could catch his breath, we had rattled off three spade tricks and he was down.

There was a simple way in which South could have guaranteed his contract plus an overtrick. We saw it, and so did his wife. All he saw was the rising storm, and he wisely fled her wrath. She has probably made him see the light by now, but who can tell when it will happen again? Bridge needs more understanding than this. It's OK to point out the proper line of play, but please be kind.

After winning the club ace, all South has to do is to lead a small heart and put in dummy's nine! This safety play throws East into the lead with his ten, but he cannot make a damaging return. The dummy's spade king is protected against a lead in that suit from the East hand. The normal return at this point would be a club. South would ruff, pull the remaining trumps and discard two spades on dummy's good diamonds. So, unless the trump suit is banked in one hand against declarer, this is how to play it.

"You made a nice shift to the spade queen," I admitted as the next pair of opponents came to our table. "But it was obvious. We can't take credit for that one."

"No, we can't," Peggy said. "Especially since I made the play, not you."

See, we always agree!

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.

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I LOVE YOU*

DEAR JOURNAL:

Here is a valentine for you. This is the best time to say, "I love you!" You have *always* been mine. You were a part of my childhood and I remember you along with my feather bed, licorice buttons, and rides to school on Mr. Potter's horse-drawn sled. Mamma went away, but I can still hear her say, "Don't forget to bring me the new Ladies' Home Journal." (We never subscribed. We liked to discover your fresh face on a shelf.) You were good company when I had measles. You became a guide in my life. You were pasted in school notebooks and later you went to war with me. When I was homesick, I curled up in my top bunk with your pages.

My homes have always been attractive and special—the basement apartment and the one-room cottage with the outdoor bath (I used red tile, a brown gingham curtain, and a bottle of Chanel No. 5 on a shelf.) You gave me suggestions and helped me to develop a fierce determination to brighten my corners. I introduced our children to your "Watchbird." I tried to hold on to the skeleton of a marriage because Dorothy Thompson gave me strength and insight. You were a friend when I failed and an extra pair of eyes when I needed to look ahead.

Last summer we had to move far away. We had to sell our first "real" home. (I will never again give my total heart to a bit of earth or an oak tree.) You traveled with me on the train to a new beginning. You inspired me to create a home so lovely that the neighbors peeked through their curtains and brought me summer flowers for a welcome. A rented house can be beautiful—we rent our very lives. Antique mansions beneath your cover made me vow, "I will take this old house and turn it into 'elegance on a budget.'" We did it! It is filled with surprises. A home in waltz tempo—candles, third-hand Persian carpets, marble remnants and sewing-machine legs turned into precious tables. A bust of Chopin, ancient bound Harpers from local thrift shops. Oil paintings from my easel, velvet cushions. We adopted our treasure chests and chairs from the Salvation Army. A background of Beethoven and Mozart from a fifteen-dollar used FM set. This house is a jewel box. Three trees stand guard in a planter by the black door with a golden lyre knocker from the ten-cent store. You sent me to work with the inspiration to build and to become a good renter of the world.

Your diets worked. My blouse-and-skirt wardrobe is especially for me. You have failed in one important area. I have never felt confident in any kitchen. (We clipped the chicken-Kiev recipe so there is hope.) I made homemade crystal chandeliers—cakes and cookies frighten me!

I have never written to a "stranger"—an institution; no slogans, no contests!

Lincoln's birthday and Valentine's Day provide me with a sentimental month to say, "I owe so much of me to you."

Thank you for the pleasure of *thinking*.

Doris Jacobow

4807 Abbott
Dallas, Texas

* *Here is a testament of devotion so eloquent, so heartwarming, so genuine, accompanied by a lovingly made valentine, that we must share its sentiments with our readers and hope their own feelings are reflected here also. Thank you, Mrs. Jacobow.*

DRAWING BY HOVSEPIAN

For the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out...



If time is showing far too soon on your face . . . If you've tried creams and moisturizers with only fleeting results (and a bit of despair) . . . you'll want to know why.

You see, after 25 . . . more and more . . . the skin that needs moisture most can hold it least. Some formulas do little more than sit *on* your skin; keep it smooth and moist for a while. But moisture, alas, evaporates.

When it goes . . . back come the lines and dryness. And the despair! But 'Moon Drops' four moisturizing formulas work in their own *special scientific way* to help store up and hold natural moisture inside. This inner flow helps keep your skin misty-moist. And, like plumping up a pillow, it fills out little lines!

With 'Moon Drops' round-the-clock Moisture Treatment, there need never be another dry spell for your skin. Years without tears? Indeed.

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MOISTURE TREATMENT



Moisture Cleanser bathes your skin with moisture as you cleanse. 2.00



Facial Freshener gives a delightful finishing touch after cleansing. 2.50



Moisture Foundation moisturizes under make-up during the day. 3.00 5.00



Moisture Balm moisturizes your skin during the night 3.00 5.00 8.50



I dreamed I was all decked out in my *maidenform* bra*

COUNTERPOINT* new **MAIDENFORM bra**...made with super-strong, lightweight Spandex—new non-rubber elastic that lasts and lasts. "Butterfly insert" adjusts size and fit of cups as it uplifts and separates. Cotton or Vyrene Spandex back. White. From 2.00

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Be audacious...so vivacious...wear sparkling colors by Cutex, approved by Oleg Cassini, the fashion adviso to America's most glamorous women. Diamond-bright Cutex polish dries so quickly, lasts so amazingly helps protect brittle nails. In your choice of dazzling Regular or iridescent Pearl by CUTEX

NORTHAM WARREN DIV., NEW YORK

"Look Mom, MINT FLAVOR!"



...in Milk of Magnesia —the remedy doctors recommend

Children like the taste of Mint-Flavored Phillips'. And mothers like the gentle but thorough relief it brings from both constipation and acid indigestion.

We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

It's a thorough laxative. Phillips' gently relieves constipation, and also the acid indigestion which so often accompanies constipation.

It's a speedy antacid. Phillips' settles an upset stomach in seconds! Gas pains and other acid discomforts seem to vanish.

It's pleasant to take. Choose Regular or refreshing Mint-Flavored Phillips'. Both the same price.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

A few housewives in our neighborhood wrote Mrs. Khrushchev to needle her husband to keep the peace. They're confident she ploys him and drawls the last word.

Best behaved of four children at a neighbor's dinner table gets the lighted candle during dessert and wins the right to clear the table. A veritable child of fortune!

Let overseas news bulletins flash like forked lightning in a dark sky. I believe privately that Washington and Lincoln had it grimmer; and that our charms and virtues will survive.

A Dutch vendor of Italian pizza in our town offers it spiced at three strengths—mild, medium and red-hot. (If you change your mind, there's a plump little plastic bag of pepper.)

A New Yorker taught us The Twist in our living room: he drilled us to pretend we were stamping out an imaginary cigarette with bare feet, drying our rears with an imaginary towel.

Gradually we acquire modern candor: I tell my Dream Girl which of my old girls get valentines and which get flowers; she tells me which old beaux remember.

When the preschool bus deposits Harlan III at the faraway corner, he sprints all the way home with high knee action, yelling to his mother sensational bulletins like, "I gave the teacher half my sandwich!"

Back in college to clutch at last her master's degree in sociology, a neighborhood mother of two tots confesses she often spends five hours on one assignment and ten hours for one test.

A few of us judges at Atlantic City thought Judge Joan Crawford somewhat overshadowed Miss America. But you might say *that* dates us.

A rebel tourist recites his hair-raising adventure at a Northern varsity basketball game: "I thought I was watching a game between Howard U. and Fisk!"

My Dream Girl is shocked by my discovery that all five coffee tables in our living room are home-designed: blond door, old round black dinner table, tile table, coin-and-glass table, and an old one disguised by marble top. "My Leonardo!" she murmurs.

In our teens my dad made all four of us children say grace at each meal; now our daughter's young ones take turns, under my vigilant son-in-law's eagle ear.

I vowed to dance with our town's ten prettiest matrons at the Junior League's charity ball. Then my basketball knee winced.

My three sisters and I agreed on a reunion. Three of us concede our sister Mary is the best cook, so we consented to stage it at her house.

At a girls' basketball game my Dream Girl reminisced she'd played in middies and bloomers on Miss Madeira's school team. "Don't you think," asked a classmate, "this dates us?"

Our neighbors were late at the airport to greet dad's war pal; a necktie had to be cut down to fit their seven-year-old son. (Nobody ever cut a necktie for me!)

Our son-in-law has inducted my wife into their neighborhood investment club. She invests $14 a month, and her original $297 equity has soared to a cool $309.

. . . When Junior's promoted to captain and we pop a champagne cork in celebration over long-distance phone,
. . . Or our daughter-in-law becomes an enthusiastic cyclist like her dad-in-law,
. . . And our redhead turns out to be an artistic moderne decorator of Noel fireplace socks,
. . . Or her younger daughter at three reveals a notable resemblance to Natalie Wood,
. . . And my Enchanted Lady decides against a winter trip to stay home and "force" amaryllis,

Then one more ex-bachelor discovers he's comfortably swamped by the wave of the future.



"I'm glad you asked what we'd like to talk about!"

new!

MAGIC OVAL SCOTTIES

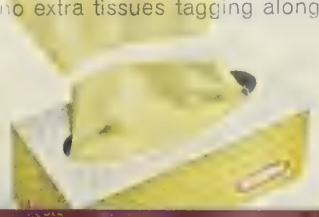
Now you can take one Scottie, and another floats up. Or take a handful, already neatly folded for you



Scotties' newest color . . . lovely lilac!

With Scotties' new Magic Oval box there's no tugging for tissues that tear, or come out in long strings! No refolding either, for tissues to put in your pocket or purse!

New, smooth float-up! Take one Scottie—another floats up gently. No tugging, no tearing, no extra tissues tagging along!



Neatly folded handfuls too! Take as many Scotties as you like—they come out neatly folded for your pocket or purse!



The Magic Oval Does It! Inside every new Scotties box you'll find a Magic Oval! It gives you tissues two ways! Only Scotties has the Magic Oval!



GREAT NEW IDEA FROM THE WEST!

Whipped Prune Cake

MADE WITH
SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR
AND CALIFORNIA PRUNES!



Softasilk

is the world's first and only no-sift cake flour...now you don't have to sift for any of your favorite recipes. No mess, no fuss. Tonight why don't you treat your family to this tender, richly flavored Whipped Prune Cake. Just follow the recipe and see how easy it is to bake a cake this high and light and lovely. With no-sift Softasilk, you bake perfectly wonderful cakes every time.



This cake is so special you have to start from scratch!

Whipped Prune Cake

(No-sift recipe)

1 cup finely cut cooked prunes
2 eggs, separated
1½ cups sugar
2¼ cups unsifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
¼ cup vegetable oil
1 cup milk
2 tsp. lemon rind



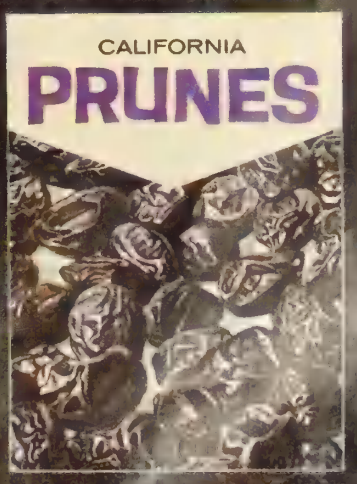
*To measure Softasilk, spoon flour to overflowing into nested measuring cups, level off with straight-edged spatula. Heat oven to 350° (mod.). Grease and flour 2 round layer pans, 9 x 1½". In small bowl, beat prunes, egg whites and ½ cup sugar until stiff, to form a prune whip. In large bowl stir flour, remaining sugar, baking powder and salt. Add vegetable oil, ⅔ cup milk and lemon rind. Beat 1 min., med. speed on mixer or 150 strokes by hand. Scrape bottom and sides of bowl constantly. Add remaining milk and egg yolks. Beat 1 more min., scraping bowl frequently. Fold in prune whip. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 35 min., or until toothpick stuck into center of cake comes out clean. Fill and frost with 1½ cups whipping cream, whipped. Cut 6 uncooked prunes in half and cut fruit from pits with kitchen shears. Decorate with prune halves.

SOFTASILK THE WORLD'S FIRST AND ONLY NO-SIFT CAKE FLOUR!

PRUNES

THE CALIFORNIA WONDER FRUIT

They're a bright new fruit with a bright new taste – today's prunes from California. They're tender and succulent, completely different from the prunes you may remember from your childhood. Get acquainted soon. Bake this exciting Whipped Prune Cake. Start breakfast with prunes. Treat the youngsters to them right from the package. Today's prunes are so naturally sweet with tree-ripened flavor . . . so rich in vitamins and minerals, too. Discover them for yourself—the California wonder fruit!



CALIFORNIA PRUNE ADVISORY BOARD

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: "I'm not impressed by Tim's lectures on thrift. His money grubbing and his business mean more than I do."

HE: "Worry over Jill's wild spending is always in my thoughts. Her extravagance has paralyzed my ambition."

JILL TELLS HER SIDE: "For the third year in succession my mother-in-law has vetoed a vacation for my husband and me," said thirty-five-year-old Jill, speaking at machine-gun speed and quivering with indignation. "Tim is head of the family business—a small hardware factory—and his mother has always been the secretary-treasurer. Tim's father founded the organization. After his death, Tim inherited the title, the duties and the responsibilities of company president, but you would never guess it from his income.

"Last year Tim's share of the profits amounted to approximately $800 a month, or so he says. His mother and his two brothers paid themselves exactly what he received, which is crashingly unfair. Tim is the brains of the outfit and works twice as hard as the others.

"Both his brothers took long, leisurely vacations. John and his family went to Europe in June. Arthur, a bachelor who puts in more time chasing girls than on the job, flew to Hawaii for July. Yet my mother-in-law decided Tim couldn't be spared for two skimpy weeks, or else Tim himself—he tells me as little as possible about the business—decided he preferred sticking to his desk to enjoying a holiday with me and the children.

"He said we couldn't afford a vacation, a ridiculous statement in view of the fact that the company recently doubled in size because of a clever innovation of his. At the time of the expansion he promised our youngsters (we have two lovely daughters and a twelve-year-old son) we would drive to Yosemite as soon as school was out. They were brokenhearted at the disappointment. The girls in particular carried on terribly; all their friends went somewhere. To make up to Diana and Fay for their father's broken promise, I treated them to a summer of horseback lessons. I bought both girls stunning riding outfits. The outfits and lessons were a cheap substitute for a trip, but Tim objected strenuously to the expense. My mother-in-law also objected. She knew to the penny what I had spent.

"All our household bills, except a few small personal accounts of mine, pass through her hands and are paid in the factory bookkeeping department. Ever since Tim and I set up housekeeping—we've been married sixteen years—I've protested the arrangement. He won't admit that it's humiliating and unfair to me to have his mother check and sit in judgment on my purchases. Nor will he



"Jill made her own rules and made a mess of our lives."

admit that he is shamefully exploited in his job, that he is underpaid and overworked. He desperately needs a chance to escape the daily grind. He is bone-tired, his ulcer is kicking up again, his own doctor has recommended he take a rest.

"When Tim gets home in the evening—we never see him before eight P.M. unless he has a Little League baseball date with Bobby, our son—he is too dazed with fatigue to give companionship to me and our daughters. On Thursday night it was ten P.M. when he arrived and he fell sound asleep on the sofa before I could bring his food from the warming oven. While I shouted at him he slept like the dead. But then Diana, our fourteen-year-old, stopped to sample the dessert on his tray, and he snapped wide awake. Diana is a trifle overweight and he seems to take her appetite as a personal affront. He made a sarcastic remark about her waistline, perhaps intended as a joke, but he hurt her feelings.

"She came back at him with the flip remark that a man with his paunch hadn't CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



Lack of money does not of itself break up marriages. Researches find no relation between the amount of an individual's income and his happiness, among either the married or the single. But if spouses want to quarrel, the finances provide a good opportunity for conflict because they are always present. The difficulties of the couple here described were associated with the wife's handling of the finances; but they were difficulties merely because the wife wanted her husband to pay more attention to her, and one way to make him do so was to spend more money than he thought she ought to spend. When she learned how to get his attention in more profitable ways, and when he faced the fact that any wife ought to receive more attention than he had given his wife, their conflict over finances subsided. Many such conflicts might be avoided in the first place, if husband and wife started out with a budget on which they agreed. . . . The counselor in this case was Truman M. Jolley.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *American Institute of Family Relations*

Complete spaghetti dinner with an authentic Italian sauce

Everything is here with thrifty, hearty Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. There is nothing else to buy. Tender spaghetti for you to cook to taste, lots of tangy grated cheese and real Italian spaghetti sauce all made, rich with meat or mushrooms, vine-ripened tomatoes and subtle spices slowly simmered together. Ready in minutes; for only about 15¢ a serving.



Complete in one box.



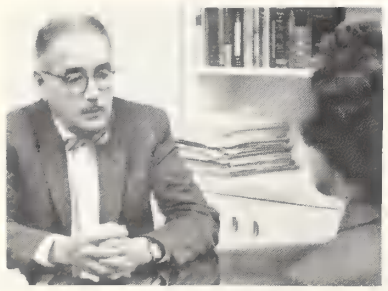
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"A diagnosis of malignancy no longer means a death sentence. We fight cancer today as hard as we do any other disease, and very much in the same manner. And we often cure it!"



TELL ME DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

The doctor was so deep in thought as he walked toward Eugenie Foster's hospital room that he did not hear several greetings addressed to him. He was recalling the vital woman who had entered his office a week before. Recently back from Africa, where her husband had been engaged on a Government mission, Eugenie was deeply tanned, and appeared much younger and more vigorous than any woman of thirty-seven had a right to look, the doctor had assured her in all sincerity.

She had agreed she had never felt better. Of course in Africa good medical facilities had been in short supply. And since their return to the United States she and her husband had been kept so busy lecturing, making reports and seeing relatives and friends that Eugenie had had no time to consult a doctor about the occasional spotting between periods, the increasing vaginal discharge, which had taken on a brownish tint of late. She assumed it was something to do with menopause. But inasmuch as their travels had brought them within range of her obstetrician—the doctor had delivered Eugenie's children some years before—she had thought she ought to run in for a precautionary checkup.

No, she had replied to the doctor's questions, there had been no difficulties aside from those she mentioned. No irregularities in the menses, no unusual pains, no pain at intercourse. "The discharge often occurs after I have been doing something strenuous or after intercourse. I have noticed it, too, after applying one of the antiseptic suppositories a doctor in Africa gave me."

Fortunately Eugenie had remembered the doctor's injunction never to douche before an internal examination. He had been able to rule out quickly trichomonas, yeast and minor infections as the cause of the discharge and spotting.

"You have what I call an aggravated erosion, Eugenie," he had said when the examination was completed. "Some of the sensitive lining of the cervical canal has become displaced downward onto the vaginal portion of the cervix. It doesn't do too well in the vaginal climate, which is acid as opposed to the alkaline atmosphere of the cervical canal. Also, it is easily affected by the bacteria of the vagina. That is the reason for the discharge. The tissue may be irritated by douching or intercourse, and strenuous activity may make the discharge more copious, as you mentioned."

"How could the lining get out of place, Doctor?"

"It's generally the result of an unavoidable minor injury in childbirth, although some women are born with the condition. Even if the misplaced tissue is cauterized and disappears, it often recurs, especially in women who have had more than one child. The chief concern about it is that if it is not treated, it becomes a chronically irritated area. Erosions may bleed easily when no cancer is present. But suspicion should immediately be aroused by this type of bleeding, especially in older women."

"You don't think I have cancer?"

"Such erosions are not malignant in themselves, at least to begin with. But they do constitute a vulnerable focus in a cancer-sensitive area," the doctor had replied cautiously. "Let's not jump to any conclusions, though. The report on the Papanicolaou smears I took won't be back till day after tomorrow. However, regardless of what the laboratory finds, I would like to put you in the hospital within the next week for biopsy, dilatation and curettage. Then we will know exactly what the trouble is. In the meantime, don't use any more of those antiseptic suppositories."

Eugenie had been considerably subdued when she left the office. The doctor was glad that the more thorough exploration in the hospital having been arranged, it was not necessary to tell her the laboratory had reported highly suspicious cells in the Papanicolaou smears. It was a good thing the biopsy and curettage had been set for an early date.

Though the diagnostic operation was a minor one, Eugenie's husband, Fred Foster, had canceled an important meeting to wait outside the surgery. Inside the operating room the doctor, using a rotating knife, had removed a cone-shaped specimen of the lining of the cervix for his biopsy specimen. Next, a routine dilatation and curettage (scraping) of the lining of the entire uterus was done. In this way it was possible to study the whole inside of the organ instead of isolated suspicious areas. The pathologist, who was present, had been relieved by the first sight of the curettings and the specimen from the cervix. "It looks like an ordinary inflamed erosion. But we'll do an immediate frozen section on the cone removed from the cervix."

No definitive cancer cells were found in the frozen section, but the doctor had had to warn Fred Foster that this was by no means conclusive. "Only a microscopic part of the tissue can be examined in this quick way. These immediate frozen sections—it takes only about twelve minutes to prepare them—are most valuable if they return a definite positive diagnosis. In that case I would start treatment at once—your wife would be spared having to undergo another anesthesia. But a *negative* diagnosis at this point does not exclude the possibility of cancer. The malignant cells might be somewhere else in the specimen, or simply not show up well, because of the less exact type of preparation. We will have little to lose by waiting thirty hours for the reports on the permanent sections, which represent painstaking examination of areas from the entire specimen. I used deep electrocoagulation on the cut areas. We think that this pretty much prevents malignant cells, if they are present, from spreading as a result of the cutting."

Now the report had come from the permanent sections, and it was the doctor's unpleasant duty to deliver it. The Fosters would want the truth, but a doctor's manner when he delivered news of this kind was tremendously important. To be gloomy or overly sympathetic could destroy the patient's morale. To be too glib or cheery, on the other hand, might give the impression that the doctor was CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



How tension taxes your body

"A woman's work is never done."

She's never able to relax completely from her responsibilities to her home and family. And on some days there's an unending series of little crises that, when added to her jam-packed schedule, bring on a lot of tension.

Tension is an insidious thing. You have one of those bad days, and suddenly tension erupts. You're the victim of a miserable headache, taut nerves and muscles, queasy stomach.

When you're in the throes of such tension, you need more than a simple headache remedy to ease your pain, tight nerves and upset stomach.

To ease pain and avoid stomach upset, many doctors prescribe a special compound . . . Bufferin®, the modern drug for pain.

It's exceptionally fast.

Within 60 seconds, Bufferin's pain reliever can be getting into your bloodstream to start speeding relief straight to the pain.

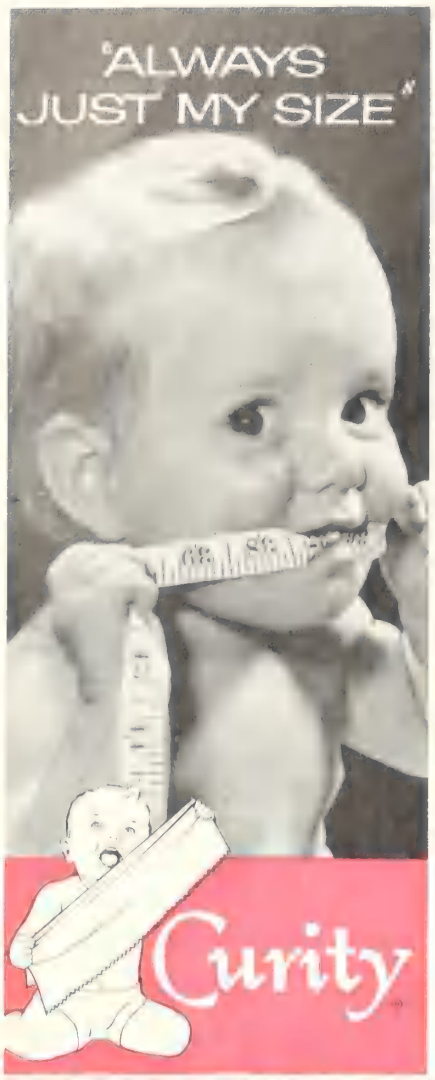
Bufferin also contains special anti-acids that soothe an upset, over-acid stomach.

And, finally, as Bufferin circulates in the bloodstream, it gently relaxes tense nerves —it has an overall calming effect on your body.

So you'll be prepared when one of those "bad days" comes along, we would like to send you a free sample supply of Bufferin. Simply write to Bristol-Myers Co., Box 404, Elizabeth, N. J.



Then take two tablets the moment you feel the pace getting to you. Take Bufferin ... the modern drug for pain.



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overlaps easily – the stretch does it!

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Curity washes softer, smoother in quality products like Ivory Snow, Ivory Flakes or Dash Detergent. Don't forget Curity dress-up diapers and double duty night diapers, too. At leading stores and diaper services.

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WASH EASIER
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Enclosed is 25¢ (coins only) for a new Curity Stretch Weave Gauze Diaper. Print clearly. Only one to a family.

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Good in United States and Canada.

DO CHILDREN EVER BENEFIT FROM DIVORCE?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

"A marriage that has begun to go wrong is hard on a child even if the parents leave him out of the fights. Without realizing it, they use him as a pawn, one teasing him as a way of getting at the other, the other exaggerating the child's plight in order to justify his own anger."



DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHE

Here are excerpts from a mother's letter:

"I need advice on an unhappy marriage and its ef on children. I realized from the beginning that our r riage was a mistake. Before the birth of our son, th years ago, we managed to present a mask of compatib in public. Now I am wondering if you would consider vorce less damaging to the boy. I suggested consultin marriage counselor, but my husband opposed the idea. is completely selfish, miserly and antisocial. I have ye see him do a kindly, unmotivated act for another per His only interest is driving a big car. He showed no inte in the baby during the infant period, although the p year he has developed a sort of top-sergeant affection him. When he comes home, he turns on the TV and himself a drink. Then the dialogue goes something this: 'Peter, come here, give daddy a kiss.' This is delive in a disciplinarian tone, and if the boy is reluctant he i for a hard time. If we get past the homecoming greet without conflict, things are quiet for a short while. T while the youngster is sitting quietly, playing or reading watching television, my husband will start to tease h He'll give him a little kick with his shoe or pull his h Peter either gets irritated or, if he decides it is a game, starts to roughhouse. At this point my husband will cide to give his attention to his newspaper or television he promptly gets angry and gives the child a cuff and t him to be quiet.

"I realize that I, too, have faults, but without co-ope tion from my husband I am unable to resolve our proble I am thirty-five years old, and it would be financially nec sary for me to work and put my son in a nursery until is school age. Do you think there is any age when divorc less harmful to a child?"

It's impossible to make any flat statement about the sirability of divorce for a child's sake. Almost all marria involve some conflict, and children always sense it, so th is no escaping it altogether. On the average we find m disturbed children in families where there is severe paren conflict, and there is every reason to try to remedy su situations. But divorce is not necessarily a solution.

Young children are upset at least temporarily wh parents separate. They know—to the marrow of th bones—that they want both a mother and a father. Th almost invariably protest against a separation, unless o parent is behaving outrageously. When they live with divorced mother they are usually begging her to remar Surveys of divorced women with children have shown th many of those who have not remarried find life grim: a j of necessity, not by choice;

CONTINUED ON PAGE





If you're afraid of dyes...

...

and fed up with rinses...

you need Tecnique—the color conditioner!

Highlights your own hair color without changing it!

Tecnique® beautifies! No other hair coloring can promise you so much. Tecnique gives your hair shimmering highlights without drastic color change. Blends in gray strands evenly, for a natural look. Yet there's no tell-tale "dye line," because Tecnique doesn't change the color of hair, it enhances the color that's already there.

Tecnique conditions! Fine, gentle oils add new softness, bring new life to your hair. Tecnique leaves your hair feeling lush, supple. And it's so much easier to manage.



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Tecnique is shampoo-simple! Merely choose the shade that suits you best from one of 12 Tecnique Color-Tones. 2.00 plus tax. *Don't change the color of your hair, highlight it with Tecnique, the color conditioner.*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

a tighter budget; a greater diminution of social contact with old married friends; the difficulty of finding satisfactory care for the children; the obligation to spend evenings and weekends with them without the companionship of another adult who shares the responsibility and the pride; the anxiety about whether one parent can satisfy the child's need for two; often an over-all sense of going round and round in a squirrel cage without any promising destination. This doesn't mean that it's impossible for a mother alone to bring up children successfully, for many do it. The outcome will depend partly on the mother's ability to find satisfaction in her job and in a new social life, partly on her capacity to remain a wholesome mother to them despite natural impulses toward resentfulness, guiltiness, permissiveness, possessiveness.

As for remarriage, when parents enter it maturely and make a go of it, most of the children achieve a satisfactory adjustment. On the other hand, a disturbing proportion of second marriages runs into serious trouble too. This means, of course, that there is something persistently out of kilter in these individuals—either in personality or in their unconscious reaction to marriage.

Since there are serious hazards either in continuing or in terminating a strained marriage, parents owe it to their children as well as themselves to consult, in good faith, a psychiatrist (or two psychiatrists), a family social agency, a marriage-counseling service or a minister. This is to get professional help in evaluating not just their mutual complaints but their underlying problem and the possibility of its solution. Ideally, after thorough consultation, it becomes clear to both partners in one case that they have a potentially good marriage and they want to preserve it; in another situation it becomes increasingly apparent that it was an unhealthy marriage, doomed from the start. In either case the husband and wife should be able to learn more about themselves so that there will be a better chance of future stability—in the present marriage or in new ones.

The hitch is that many couples balk at the idea of counseling. So often one parent, at least, is feeling thoroughly fed up, convinced that the other spouse deserves the lion's share of the blame. He or she believes that the last thing in the world he wants is to find a way to continue the marriage. To go to a counselor seems like admitting guilt—or at least it seems like admitting doubt. It's generally true that refusal to discuss a fateful choice indicates a secret fear of being proved wrong (more men than women are susceptible to this fear).

Even if one spouse refuses altogether to take part in counseling, it should be very worth while for the other spouse to go ahead anyway. In any chronic conflict between two people there is always some kind of fit, some particular matching between the two personalities that keeps it going. The old saying is that it takes two to make a quarrel. This doesn't necessarily mean that there is equal fault in a legal sense or in a moral sense.

I'll give you an oversimplified outline of a common type of emotional disturbance in marriage in which the partners play interlocking roles that neither understands consciously. Individuals who grow up in families where there is more than average teasing and quarreling and meanness may reach the stage of adulthood where they not only expect this in all their close human relationships, but unconsciously seek it. What was originally painful becomes—in a perverse way—grimly pleasurable. These individuals unconsciously expect their own marriages to be largely composed of teasing or sneering or yelling or blows, and they seem to find spouses who will fit this pattern. (Less scrappy types appear dull and flavorless to them.) One spouse may play a more aggressive part and the other a more submissive one. But if you observe their quarrels closely you see that they are both provoking each other. The wife who shouts "Don't you hit me, you thug!" before this idea has occurred to her husband is an obvious example. Each spouse is indignant about the retaliation of the other, but fails to see his own needling. The close tie between negative and positive feelings is shown in these marriages by the frequency with which lovemaking is preceded by a violent quarrel.

Psychiatrists use the term sadomasochistic for these relationships. To a mild degree all of us have the capacity to get a bit of pleasure from aggressiveness or submission. This is what makes us able to enjoy giving and taking "good-natured" teasing, or trouncing an opponent in a game, or working like a dog on a committee for a demanding chairman. So we are discussing tendencies that are not abnormal in themselves but which, if accentuated through a person's upbringing, may dominate and warp his marriage. Often when marriages have begun to go wrong for other reasons, and the partners have become resentful of each other's faults and secretly guilty about their own, they may drift deeper and deeper into mutual provocation.

A marriage of this sort is hard on a child, even if the parents leave him out of the fights. More frequently, without realizing it, they use him as a pawn, one teasing him as a way of getting at the other, the other exaggerating the child's plight in order to justify his own anger. If the mother and father stay together

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117



the wonderful wonderment of a baby...



bringing up baby

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

Bright eyes, alight in a beautiful face, are a wonderful sight to behold. (Know anything more appealing than a baby trying to figure out what the world is all about?) But the wonderment of a baby is more than a delight to the eye . . . it's an important part of his (or her) mental development. For what is wonderment but curiosity? And what is curiosity but the key to knowledge?

The eyes that search, the hands that reach and touch, the little ears that listen . . . all help unfold untold mysteries for your baby.

Baby's physical development depends on a well-balanced diet to give the many different nutrients your baby needs. A babyhood basic, Gerber Cereals supply some of the most important food values. Iron for strength and rosy cheeks! Calories for "get-up-and-go"! B-vitamins for appetite and growth! Calcium for sturdy bones and sound teeth. And all these nutritional benefits come in the creamiest form imaginable when the cereals are mixed with milk or formula.

Refreshment unlimited vitamin C guaranteed. That's the good word on the new Gerber Apple-Cherry Juice. Delicately delicious, it has just as much vitamin C as Gerber Orange Juice.

Helping hand dept. Curiosity, so natural to a baby, should be encouraged by exposing him to stimulating objects, play devices and sounds. Like glint and glitter things to look at . . . bright toys to reach for . . . various textured things to hold and touch . . . a spot of sweet music to listen to. Fun for one can be a real educational force.

Delightful story for cuddlers, creepers and toddlers with a vitamin viewpoint. Gerber Strained and Junior fruits have a flair for flavor (sun-kissed 'n scrumptious), provide a variety of vitamins. Have you treated baby to Bananas with Pineapple, or Peaches, lately?



Important: Gerber prepares over 100 baby foods: cereals, strained and junior, to meet your baby's nutritional needs. We're proud to say:

"Babies are our business... our only business!"



"Odd, isn't it, how mine stands out?"



Arm & Hammer Soda Bicarbonate washes clothes softer, sweeter, purer. Bet your baby'd love to be in our diapers—our sleepers too. 'Cause, boy, are they fluffy! Mom soaks 'em in pure, safe SODA (3 tablespoons per pail), then adds SODA to suds (half cup per washer). Try it. For sheets, blankets and pram robes too.

SODA keeps all our things . . . us too . . . sweet as sunshine

SODA soothes us in our bath, helps ward off diaper rash . . . SODA purifies bottles, toys, nursery furniture . . . SODA turns sour odors sweet. Get ARM & HAMMER soda bicarbonate (baking soda) at food stores.

USE SODA—GENTLEST AID TO BABY'S HEALTH



SODA-WASHED DIAPERS—SHEER BLISS TO WEAR



SODA-WASHED BOTTLES—KEEP TASTY MEALS PURE



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I ran up the companionway to the top deck with the rest of the school kids just as Captain Boggs pulled the last toot. It was the first day of real summer weather. With only one more week of school, we might have been shoving and yelling more than usual. Anyway, as soon as the ferry—our "school bus"—got out of the slip Joe, the quartermaster, came down from the pilothouse to make everybody sit on the long slatted benches and behave.

"Look at the scenery!"

We all groaned, the way we always did.

Joe probably knew more about Sockaquisset Bay than anybody. Sometimes he had the summer tourists swiveling their heads around at the World War II Navy installations: the air base on Anvil Island, the dry docks on Goose and Goslings, the torpedo-testing laboratory on Kent and the big radar station that stuck out into the Atlantic Ocean on the end of our own island, Trebel. He knew the names of the carriers, submarines and destroyers that came and went through the narrows or swung slowly around the buoys in mid-bay as the tide changed.

As he went back up the ladder to the pilothouse, he said, "Or study your lessons!"

We all groaned even louder, but we did settle down. About ten other kids and I wound up at the stern where the grownups usually stayed out of the wind (and the commotion on school trips). A Navy officer leaning on the rail staring at the wake turned around slowly as we scrambled into place. The last time I had seen Key Weedon, he was leaning in just the same way on the pier railing in front of our house.

"Hi, commander!" I said, jumping up and going over to him.

He gave a start. "Oh—Alex! I was going to walk around after a bit and see if I could find you and Luke."

"You coming over to our house?" I knew he couldn't be; he would have taken the Navy gig direct from the torpedo-testing lab on Kent Island.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

MOON WALK

His attitude was lofty and detached —only natural under the circumstances

by Barbara Luther

HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLOW ROCKWELL

Lipstick by Pond's Eyes by Aziza

She wears Honey Angel Face with beige

Picture proof that there's no color you can't wear when you choose the Angel Face shade that makes it becoming. Because only Angel Face is made with cosmetic-silicones—for soft, subtle shades that will never darken or discolor!



Angel Face Fashion Case, black or white, with gold, $1.25

She wears Ivory Angel Face with brown

See how Angel Face makes the change naturally—and hides tiny freckles and flaws to give every complexion the look of perfection. Find your skin tone on the chart below, and select your wardrobe of new Angel Face shades.

Now . . . you can change your skin tone to look lovely in any costume color with new

Pond's costume-complexion shade selector

costume colors	fair skin	rosy skin	olive skin	dark olive
	POND'S ANGEL FACE SHADES			
reds-pinks	ivory	natural	natural	tawny
oranges-yellows	golden	golden	golden	bronze
greens-blues	natural	ivory	honey	blushing
browns-black	honey	ivory	blushing	tawny
white-neutrals	natural	honey	blushing	tan or deep tan

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Show off a little!
Do something new
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Baker's Sweet Chocolate



An entirely new dessert! Lofty. Luxurious. The richness of chocolate, with the delicacy of chiffon! The secret . . . a very special chocolate. Baker's Sweet Chocolate, created by Samuel German over a century ago. It's the first and only sweet cooking chocolate . . . the type of chocolate used in the best European cookery. It's here . . . to help *you* create a sensation, every time!



Baker's Sweet Chocolate Igloo Dessert

Airy-light chocolate chiffon afloat on chocolate cake! This dream dessert can be made *only* with creamy, light Baker's German's* Sweet Chocolate.

Soften 1 tablespoon gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. *Combine* ⅓ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1¾ cups milk in medium saucepan. *Add* 1 package Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate. *Cook* over medium heat, stirring constantly, until chocolate is completely melted. *Blend* mixture well with egg beater. *Add* small amount of hot mixture to 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Gradually add remaining hot mixture, stirring constantly. *Return* to saucepan and cook over low heat until mixture is slightly thickened, about 5 minutes. *Remove* from heat. *Add* softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. *Pour* into large bowl and chill until partially thickened.

Stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla. *Beat* 3 egg whites until foamy. *Add* ⅓ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, and continue beating just until stiff peaks form. *Fold* into chilled chocolate mixture. *Spoon* into a 1½-quart mixing bowl and chill until firm, about 2½ hours.

Prepare 1 package Swans Down Devil's Food Cake Mix according to package directions for 8-inch layers. Cool. Freeze one layer for future use.

Loosen mold at top edge with sharp knife. *Place* in bowl of warm water for a few seconds. *Remove* from water and shake bowl gently to loosen. *Place* one edge of the bowl 1 inch in from edge of cake layer and unmold on cake. *Whip* 1 cup whipping cream and spread over mold and cake. Garnish with chocolate curls, if desired. 10 to 12 servings.

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If it is possible to diagnose mental illness after a murder or rape, why can't it be done before? Violent felons are almost sure to repeat; most give warning signs.

JAY MAISEL

THE KILLER HAD BEEN PAROLED

ime after time these ords show up in the report some brutal crime. Now any top criminologists re saying we should require x-murderers and sex criminals undergo periodic sychiatric examinations to eep them from striking again.

Y ROBERT P. CROSSLEY

It was a Christmas to remember. A friend of my teenage daughter was at our house after supper, looking at the presents. The phone rang. It was the girl's mother, excited. "A crazy man is running around our neighborhood, shooting people and throwing acid," she said. "I wanted to be sure you were all right." The crazy man, Lawrence Moser, had just killed his two daughters, maimed his wife and three other people with acid, and shot an ex-neighbor. An hour later he was dead by his own gun.

Our town, Stamford, Connecticut, surely has no more crime and violence than other towns its size. Yet twice in six months it was thrown into panic by violent felons who should never have been at large.

During the summer of 1960 some friends of ours rented a room to a quiet, well-mannered young man who had joined the Norwalk Hospital as a technician. The hospital sent the young man to them, but it didn't tell them he had just been paroled from Stateville Prison in Illinois. On July 10 the new roomer asked a doctor at the hospital to examine his swollen knee. The doctor applied a bandage, but did not discover a bullet freshly lodged in his thigh. The bullet was from the gun of Stamford Patrolman David Troy, killed three nights before by a bandit fleeing a tavern holdup. Called to Chicago by the death of his brother, the wounded technician was arrested there for the slaying. No one was more surprised than our friends.

They wouldn't have been surprised if they had known more about him. The killer, Joseph DeSalvo, had been in trouble with the law since he stole money from newsstands at the age of eight. In 1942, when he was thirteen, he was sent to the Illinois State Training School. Paroled in 1944, he was back again in 1945, paroled a second time in 1946. In October of that year while he was "visiting" the school, officials, suspicious of his new car, frisked him, found a pistol and discovered the car was stolen. Sent to jail, he beat up another prisoner and tried to hang himself. Arrested in Rock Island five years later after shooting a Chicago alderman in a robbery, DeSalvo tried twice to kill himself by cutting his wrists with a broken light bulb.

That same year he was sentenced to the Illinois State Penitentiary for 10 to 70 years. While in prison he learned to be a hospital technician. After 8½ years he was paroled and came to Connecticut. It was while being tried for the slaying of Officer Troy, in Stamford, that he made another—and successful—suicide attempt.

Lawrence Moser, the Christmas killer, was something else. Married, with two attractive daughters, one a freshman at the state university, he lived in a two-story colonial house in a good part of Stamford. Although he had lost his job, he called himself a "consulting engineer" and always seemed to have money.

He was considered quarrelsome by his neighbors—"a real louse" by one. They left him alone after he provoked arguments at neighborhood parties and got into rows at PTA. To the men, he was a "wise guy" who had to have the best of everything—clothes, gourmet foods, fancy liquor. The women liked Helen Moser and felt sorry for her. They knew her husband was a sadist: that he fed the birds, then shot them; that he peppered his girls and neighborhood children with BB's as they waded in the river behind the house; that he teased his daughters by twisting their arms and called them "chicken" if they cried; that he enjoyed dipping small fish from one pool to another to watch them get eaten.

No one got really concerned about Lawrence Moser, though, until early in November, 1960, when he tried to strangle his wife. The neighbor women found her a boardinghouse, and she moved out under the eye of a policeman, taking Marion, the younger girl, with her. Lawrence made desperate efforts to get her to come back. He called the neighbors, cried on the telephone, and asked what he had done wrong.

A priest tried to work out a reconciliation if Moser would agree to go to a psychiatrist, but he refused. After the attempted strangling, Helen asked her doctor, who was also treating her husband for an ulcer, if he thought Lawrence was crazy. The doctor replied, "It would be hard to prove." A week before Christmas another priest called Helen and asked, "Mrs. Moser, I've been talking to your husband. Do you know he is crazy?"

On Christmas Day, Lawrence persuaded Helen and Marion to go to dinner with him and Charlotte, who was home from college and staying with her father. Quarrelsome as ever, Lawrence got into an argument with the waitress because the table legs weren't level. He begged Helen not to divorce him, but she had had enough. Because Charlotte sided with her mother, Moser ordered her to move out, too, and drove all three out to the house to get her things.

Despite the fact that he was alone with one daughter, Moser had the brightest Christmas decorations on Cold Spring Road. There were wreaths in the windows, and aluminum-foil candles spelled out "Peace on Earth" over the front door.

But Lawrence Moser drove up to the side door. The girls went in to get Charlotte's things. Lawrence and Helen stayed in the car and argued. Then he went in too. Helen heard three shots. She leaped from the car and ran across the street. Lawrence ran out of the house, caught her, and rubbed hydrofluoric acid into her face. Veronica Frommeyer, their next-door neighbor, remembers the *Shirley Temple Show* had just come on when she heard the shots. She came running out. Moser rubbed acid on her too.

A neighboring doctor was the first one in the Moser kitchen. He found the girls lying dead amid gaily wrapped Christmas presents that had never been opened.

Meanwhile, Lawrence Moser was speeding five miles north to the home of his ex-neighbors, the Robert Garthwaites, who had earned his enmity by being good to Helen and by moving to a fancier neighborhood. He drove in their 600-foot lane and burst into the Garthwaites' kitchen.

"I've had a horrible Christmas!" he shouted. "Now you will too." As the Garthwaites' two children and Mrs. Garthwaite's mother looked on in horror, he squirted acid from a water pistol on Betty Garthwaite and shot her husband twice with a .25 Beretta and squirted acid on him too.

"It was all over in thirty seconds," Betty Garthwaite says. But it is not all over for her husband, who still has a bullet in the back of his skull—too close to his spinal column for surgeons to take it out.

Moser made the mistake of trying to back out of the long driveway. Just as he reached the road, he got stuck in a snowbank. He took off on foot through the wooded, rocky hills north of the Merritt Parkway. An hour later a state trooper and a special policeman found him wandering near a main road. Before they could seize him, he put a second pistol to his head and pulled the trigger.

All this made grisly reading the day after Christmas, but the real shocker was yet to come. Only after Moser had killed his daughters did it become known that *he had murdered his first wife's brother under shockingly similar circumstances thirty years before.*

Between the time Moser shot Charlotte and Marion and the time he shot himself, Chief of Police Joseph Kinsella got a phone call from Moser's lawyer. "Chief," the lawyer said, "there's something you ought to know about Lawrence Moser. He killed a man thirty years ago and served time in Sing Sing. He's dangerous."

Neither Chief Kinsella nor anyone else needed to be told that by this time. But it might have made a difference if more people had known it sooner. Apparently no one in Stamford knew of Lawrence Moser's past except his wife, his attorney, a priest, and perhaps his doctor. And none of them felt free to talk.

It was also learned that Moser's mother had died of cancer on Christmas Day thirty-one years before and that he became depressed on Christmas ever since, and that he had tried to kill Helen ten years ago in Wisconsin. Now, even in the tragic sorrow of her daughters' deaths, Helen Moser felt relief "like coming out of prison after nineteen years."

Searching the house afterward, her brothers found two live hand grenades and a book on booby traps in the basement, where Moser spent long hours over his stamp collection.

Because the whole episode happened practically on his doorstep and because the Garthwaites were members of his church, the Rev. Hendricks Osborne, of the North Stamford Congregational Church, devoted his sermon to the Moser tragedy on New Year's Sunday.

"The tragedy of this past Christmas night," he told his congregation, "is our fault. We were warned for five years that Lawrence Moser was a madman, but we would not listen."

The young minister demanded that Connecticut do something to prevent, or help prevent, such tragedies in the future. One step, he suggested, might be a law requiring all persons ever convicted of a violent felony—murder, first-degree manslaughter, armed assault, rape, and so on—to report periodically for a psychiatric examination. With the support of State Representative Martin F. Armstrong, a former member of the Homicide Bureau in the New York District Attorney's office, he presented the idea to the Joint Committee on Penal Institutions of the Connecticut Legislature a few weeks later.

Indiana has just adopted a similar plan, limited to sex offenders on parole. It was rushed through by executive order after the dismembered body of eleven-year-old Avril Terry of Boonville was found in the Ohio River in August, 1960. Her killer, fifty-three-year-old Emmett Hashfield, had a record of sex offenses going back to 1927. He was known to have raped one woman and four girls and to have criminally assaulted a ten-year-old boy. Sentenced to prison for eleven years, he was paroled in 1958. A week before he abducted Avril Terry, Hashfield had been driven from his brother's house for molesting his own nieces and nephews. Indiana hopes its new rule will help save other children from Avril Terry's fate.

In New York State, the Division of Parole has a Mental Hygiene Unit in New York City, staffed by psychiatrists. Here certain parolees are referred for examination and treatment. The division's chairman Russell G. Oswald considers it a protection to society and thinks some version of the Osborne plan would be similarly valuable.

Certainly it would have been valuable to have kept a psychiatric eye on Patsy Tomasiello, a twenty-four-year-old father in Newark, New Jersey. He was in the last month of probation in March, 1961, for a disorderly-conduct charge when he picked up his eight-month-old daughter, saying, "I am God. The baby has to die for the good of mankind." It was 3 A.M., but Tomasiello dashed nude into the street with the child in his arms, swung her by the heels against a building, and threw her through a window into a neighbor's bedroom. Tomasiello had once served fifteen months for assaulting his wife.

This bears out the observation of one of America's top criminologists, Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission. "In many instances," Peterson says, "aggravated assaults are not considered as warning signals that such an individual might resort to further crimes of violence." Peterson thinks that requiring persons convicted of a violent felony to report periodically for a psychiatric examination is a sound idea.

So does Dr. Ralph S. Banay, former director of the psychiatric clinic at Sing Sing. So does Dr. David Abrahamsen author of *The Psychology of Crime*. So does Dr. Stuart Palmer, University of New Hampshire sociologist, who interviewed fifty-one "lifers" for his book, *A Study in Murder*.

Two facts stand out in any study of violent felons: 1—Some are pretty sure to repeat; 2—Most of these give warning signs that trained observers can detect.

As I mailed a letter at our branch post office the other morning, a sheaf of posters caught my eye—dangerous criminals, wanted by the FBI for rape and murder. I copied the names and asked J. Edgar Hoover, who had already expressed concern over "the premature release of dangerous criminals through frequently occurring abuses in our system of parole," to fill me in on their histories.

No fewer than 125 of the 147 criminals listed on the FBI's roll of "Ten Most-Wanted Fugitives" since 1950 had, Mr. Hoover replied, been recipients of parole, probation or other forms of clemency. Of 14 FBI agents killed by criminal gunfire, 12, he said, were shot by killers who had received "judicial leniency." The FBI director then gave me the full rundown on the faces on the post-office wall. This one example is typical:

Donald L. Payne: Sought for alleged rape of eighteen-year-old dancer in Houston after posing as manager of a dance troupe; threatened to strangle her. Five days earlier perpetrated sex attack on twelve-year-old boy. Record starts in 1937, when he was sentenced to 3 to 5 years in New Mexico State Prison for raping a fifteen-year-old girl. Involved in jail break and sentenced to 25 years. This term suspended for "good behavior," and sentence on rape charge commuted to 2 to 5 years. 1939: Paroled. 1940: Charged with sex perversion on a woman. Suspended jail-break sentence invoked, returned to penitentiary. 1948: Sentence commuted to 15 years. 1949: Released and given a bus ticket to Los Angeles. 1950: Took a nine-year-old girl and her ten-year-old brother to remote area; raped girl twice, perpetrated perverted sex acts on both children. Sentenced to consecutive sentences of 0 to 50 years for rape and consecutive terms of 0 to 15 years for sex perversion. Paroled in 1957. Being sought as parole violator when he raped the girl in Houston.

Why, one wonders, was a man like Payne paroled so many times? Surely closer supervision and psychiatric checkups might have saved some of his victims.

Why, one wonders, didn't someone keep an eye on Henry Izard after he served time for attempted rape fifteen years ago? Perhaps the sixteen young secretaries he raped in Park Avenue offices in one month—September 1960—might have been spared lifelong nightmares.

It is a matter of record that most violent criminals, sudden murderers in particular, give warnings of their impending acts. Certainly Lawrence Moser's cruelty to animals—called by Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, chief medical officer of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, "a very malignant sign"—his hostility to the neighbors, his previous attacks on his wife should have alerted *somebody*.

A friend of Melvin Rees Jr. *did* become suspicious of Rees's preoccupation with the writings of the Marquis de Sade. He also thought Rees's hobby of watching the occupants of an adjoining bedroom through a two-way mirror in the wall of his boardinghouse room was a bit eccentric. But by the time he reported his suspicions to the police and FBI, four members of the Carroll Jackson family, of Apple Grove, Virginia, were dead. Rees was convicted on February 23 last year of kidnaping Mrs. Jackson and her five-year-old daughter, Susan. On September 28 he was convicted and sentenced to death in Spotsylvania, Virginia, for the murder of Carroll Jackson.

Obviously the law can't grab every person who acts strangely, or even dangerously, but has not been charged with a crime. Here the responsibility—a frightening one to the Helen Mosers who have already been threatened with death—is on members of the person's family. The police can't act until someone ties the bell on the cat.

In an article on the "mad bombers" who terrorized New York, Dr. Banay declared: "It is only natural, especially among relatives and friends, to regard a mentally ill person as a harmless eccentric who would never hurt anyone. Many such individuals can recover with adequate treatment. But first they must be found. And possibly they may be prevented from becoming instruments of injury and death."

In January, 1961, the mother of Thomas B. Clark told police that doctors had warned his family, after a toboggan accident fifteen years before, that he might have "nerve trouble" someday. The Thomas B. Clarks returned to Michigan January 1 from St. Louis, where Clark had been "under tremendous pressure" on a new job.

"He looked like a walking corpse," said a friend who had known him for ten years.

On January 17 police found six corpses, none of them walking, in the Clarks' new home in Grand Blanc. Tom Clark, "a likable fellow, but a bit peculiar," had shot his wife, four children and himself.

His mother's warning came too late.

No law could have saved Janet Clark and her four children. But better laws or better supervision, including psychiatric tests, might have saved the *third* wife of George Sacks.

Sacks had had the "misfortune" to be a widower before—not once, but twice. His first wife burned to death in a Chicago apartment more than thirty years before. Three years later, in 1925, his second wife was fatally shot in a taxi, and Sacks was indicted for murder. He was declared insane and sent to a state hospital. Seven years later, over the objections of the staff psychiatrists, he was released. In 1939 he turned up in Washington

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

FIFTY YEARS AGO
IN THE JOURNAL

In February, 1912, American living rooms had tan walls, golden-oak woodwork, and hand-stenciled scrim curtains. China became a republic, Arizona became a state, and the chief home remedy for grippe was castor oil.

Remarks Editor Bok in the February, 1912, *Journal*, "Hundreds of parents are writing to this magazine condemning motion-picture shows as 'a menace to our young' which 'must be stopped at once.'"

In this issue we see Maude Adams wearing Arab robes camping on the Egyptian desert, Sarah Bernhardt "shrimping, shooting and playing tennis every day" at 66, and Thomas Edison lunching on two sardines on a piece of toast.

"Is there a boardinghouse in your town without plumbing? Rent your bathroom to the girl boarders for 25 cents a bath, including soap and towels."

"When hanging clothes on a freezing day, put a hot-water bag in the clothes-basket."

The *Journal*'s House of the Month had two stories and four bedrooms, cost $2900 to build. Heating costs came to $120 a year; electricity, $60.

"For your brass bed, make a spread of white dotted swiss over pink or yellow silk."

"Theodore Roosevelt is probably the best-known man in the world today."



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Wish-Bone Deluxe French dressing is made with tender garlic buds and young onions... pure golden oil... a delicate vintage vinegar. And all are perfectly blended to make a velvety smooth dressing by Wish-Bone—the people who make nothing but fine salad dressings. Make your next salad a triumph—with Wish-Bone Deluxe French Dressing.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

State on suspicion of having murdered his landlord. Apparently this wasn't proved, because Sacks moved to Portland, Oregon, and married a third time. Wife number three died by asphyxiation, and so did Sacks—in the Oregon gas chamber.

There are approximately 190,000 inmates in prisons throughout the United States at any given time. More than 60 per cent are repeaters, and, says Dr. Banay in his book, *We Call Them Criminals*, "Each time the offender repeats, his crime becomes more serious. Our prisons are factories that turn out deadly human explosives. The emotional time bombs in the personalities of the men and women confined are not turned off; they go on ticking. That these bombs will explode in time, in new crimes worse than those expiated, is almost certain."

Paradoxically this is an argument *for* parole—supervised parole. As Margaret Grogan, administrative assistant to the chairman of the New York State Division of Parole, puts it: "If you've got an eighteen-year-old youth serving five to eight years for rape, is it better to release him on parole where he lives, under intense supervision, or to keep him in prison for five years, then spring him on the community *without* supervision?"

This is the parole board's dilemma. J. Edgar Hoover spoke last summer of "an overzealous pity for the criminal and an equivalent disregard for his victim."

But Dr. Fredric Wertham, one of the most noted experts on criminal psychiatry, points out: "There is no fundamental difference between the interest of the individual and the interests of society. We want to protect the victim; but we also want to protect the murderer from becoming a murderer."

And Dr. David Abrahamsen, a consultant to the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, adds: "One criterion for treating the offender is *how dangerous* he is to society." This, Dr. Abrahamsen thinks, is more important than how great or small was his actual crime.

What too many writers on the problems of parole seem to overlook is that many prisoners serving time for second-degree murder or manslaughter are really guilty of first-degree murder. Lawrence Moser was indicted for first-degree murder when he killed his brother-in-law in cold blood thirty-one years ago. But for some reason, possibly his youth, he was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter. Instead of death or life imprisonment, he got 10 to 20 years, and was paroled in 7.

When the court permits a murderer to plead guilty to a lesser charge, it not only spares his life—perhaps a laudable thing in some instances—but it also sets in motion the machinery that will release him to society. This means that many men who come up for parole are more dangerous than their sentences indicate.

Jackie Robinson, the former baseball star, resigned a couple of years ago from the Connecticut Parole Board. "We had to make too many important decisions without knowing enough about the applicants," he told me.

Are criminals really crazy? Even psychiatrists disagree on this.

In his recent book, *The Mind of the Murderer*, Dr. Guttmacher tells of examining 175 murderers. He concluded that 70 of them were insane, 105 of them sane.

"Anyone who commits a serious crime, particularly murder, is apt to be suffering from mental abnormalities," says Dr. Bernard L. Diamond, a member of the recently appointed California Commissions on Problems of Insanity and the Criminal Offender. "Many murders and often rapes occur under special circumstances of great passion. The circumstances aren't likely to be repeated, and the offender could be released after a relatively short treatment and rehabilitation program. Other cases have such deep-seated aggressive urges that they never could be safely released. The distinction between the two groups can usually be made during a prolonged period of observation. Unfortunately," he concludes, "prisoners are seldom used for such medical observations."

Part of the problem is that in most states the law recognizes only the black-and-white distinction between "sanity" and "insanity." Today psychiatrists are inclined to regard such classification as inadequate and inaccurate.

Dr. Banay scores "the old penal philosophy which leans on the assumption that the criminal must be either *insane*, and therefore not responsible for his acts, or *sane*, and therefore completely responsible. It does not recognize that between these two extremes there can be many gradations and varieties of emotional disturbance causing delinquency."

Dr. Wertham goes even further. He calls the whole area of legal insanity "a jungle."

Can psychiatrists really tell if an individual is dangerous? Dr. Banay and Dr. Wertham say they can. Others are not so confident.

Lawrence Moser was examined in prison and was not diagnosed as mentally ill or too dangerous to be released. Dr. Guttmacher, who, of course, had nothing to do with Moser, says now, "It is quite evident that Moser was a very sick man. The fact that he spent seven years in Sing Sing and was apparently not so diagnosed is not remarkable. It is quite possible for very psychotic individuals to go unnoticed in a penitentiary as long as their abnormalities do not make them disciplinary problems."

Both Helen Moser and Veronica Frommeyer, the neighbor Lawrence Moser attacked with acid, say he would have "fooled" a psychiatrist. Admittedly it's hard for a doctor to make an accurate diagnosis of an unwilling subject. Dr. Diamond thinks this would be a serious obstacle to compulsory examination of parolees: "It is difficult to prove or diagnose mental illness if the person doesn't want to be so diagnosed." Dr. Diamond also fears that court or parole-board psychiatrists couldn't or wouldn't spend the time or effort needed to get the facts.

When, at sixteen, I was vain because someone praised me, my father said: "They are only praising your youth. You can take no credit for beauty at sixteen. But if you are beautiful at sixty, it will be your own soul's doing. Then you may be proud of it and be loved for it."

FROM THE CHANGE OF LIFE IN MEN AND WOMEN, BY DR. MARIE STOPES. COPYRIGHT 1936 BY DR. STOPES—PUBLISHED BY G. P. PUTNAM'S, N.Y.

Although it is an everyday occurrence for psychiatrists to be called in during a trial, *after* a man has killed someone or committed a violent crime, to give their opinions as to his mental condition, there is a marked reluctance on the part of the profession to put its neck out and *predict* behavior.

"We are primarily doctors and not jailers," says Dr. Karl Menninger. "After an offender has been treated in whatever groping and uncertain ways the psychiatrist may have attempted, what prophet wants to take the responsibility of saying that the patient is well and may be released and will do society no more harm?"

The result is that the offender is often released without *anyone* taking responsibility for his mental state. If it is possible to diagnose mental illness *after* a murder or a rape, why can't it be done before?

New York's Commissioner of Correction Paul D. McGinnis says bluntly, "The majority of psychiatrists do not want to work in a criminal area. The salaries they would get are not comparable to what they can make outside."

Perhaps that is a little harsh. It may be fairer to accept the explanation of Dr. Menninger and of his associate, Dr. Herbert Modlin, who says, "Psychiatrists are sometimes embarrassed by the enthusiasm among their legal colleagues for their professional assistance; and they occasionally back off in alarm from the superman responsibilities suggested for them."

A number of states already require psychiatric examination of certain offenders at time

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

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how to be perfectly normal without really trying

In an earnest effort to promote insight and understanding (and to discourage people from calling each other balmy), I herewith submit a Guide to Normal Behavior in Everyday Situations. Each case history depicts a normal person behaving normally. Alternative behavior in these situations must, I fear, be diagnosed as *ab*normal. If you don't agree, please don't complain to me. You're woefully out of touch with reality. Seek help from your friendly neighborhood psychiatrist. Let's get down to cases:

CASE NO. 1. **Laura L, a thirty-one-year-old housewife, announces that she is going downtown to buy a pair of black kid shoes, a new lipstick and some of those paper towels that were advertised in the paper.**

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: **Laura buys a bright blue suit (marked down one third), a little blue hat to go with it, a bag to match, a new lipstick, a jar of moisturizing cream, and a bud vase which will make a lovely gift. She thriftily decides to have her old shoes repaired instead of buying new ones, and she forgets all about the paper towels.**

CASE NO. 2. Jean D, a high-school sophomore, states emphatically that she wouldn't join that stuck-up Tikki Club for anything in the whole wide world. Its members are a bunch of snobs, and they never do anything but gossip and run after boys.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: When Jean opens the invitation, she shrieks with delight, telephones her best friend to scream ecstatically, "Guess what? I got a Tikki bid!" and tells her mother with great earnestness that the Tikkis are not only the most popular kids in the whole school, but a really intelligent and sincere group of girls.

CASE NO. 3. Mr. Z, an honest taxpayer, gets a telephone call from the Internal Revenue Service, telling him to appear the next morning and bring all his canceled checks.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: Mr. Z claps his hand to his forehead, moans that he is ruined, puts through a frantic call to his lawyer and spends a sleepless night, seeing visions of his wife and children visiting him at Leavenworth.

CASE NO. 4. Sally C, a seven-year-old, displays a fanatical interest in the neighbors' piano. She spends endless hours teaching herself to play little tunes like *Three Blind Mice* by patiently picking out the notes. At considerable sacrifice, her parents buy a piano and engage the best music teacher in town.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: Sally immediately loses all interest in the piano and develops a passion for horses. She is unable to understand why her cruel parents refuse to buy her a horse.

CASE NO. 5. Mr. and Mrs. P, a suburban couple, are dressing for church. Mrs. P, who has her hat on, tells her husband to get the car started and she'll be right out. All she has to do is powder her nose.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: Mrs. P powders her nose, grabs her gloves and purse and walks to the front door, where she suddenly decides that she should wear her pink suit instead of the gray one she has on. This change necessitates switching her hat, bag, shoes and gloves. After checking to see whether there's enough bread for lunch and writing a note to the milkman, she dashes to the car and accuses her husband of rushing her.

CASE NO. 6. John T, a twenty-six-year-old bachelor, insists that he won't marry until he finds The Right Girl. She must be sincere, intelligent, nice-looking but not beautiful, and she must share his enthusiasm for contemporary art and progressive jazz.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: He falls madly in love with a ravishing blonde who adores Lawrence Welk and thinks Picasso is some sort of Italian candy.

CASE NO. 7. Mrs. P, a young housewife and mother, complains at dinner that she's absolutely exhausted, her head is splitting, and she intends to go to bed the minute she gets the children tucked in. At seven-thirty the neighbors phone, inviting the P's over to play bridge.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: Mrs. P chirps gaily that they'd love to come, she's dying to get out of the house and they'll be over as soon as they can round up a baby-sitter.

CASE NO. 8. Mr. and Mrs. C, a forty-ish couple, are chatting over their after-dinner coffee. Mrs. C tells Mr. C about a conversation she had with her friend Dorothy that morning. It seems that Dorothy's mother fell and broke her hip. "That's a shame," says Mr. C, and Mrs. C agrees that it certainly is, but adds, "Broken hips aren't as serious as they used to be. They have a new way of setting them." Mr. C concurs, saying, "Yep, I've heard about that." On his way to the bank the next morning, Mr. C meets Dorothy.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: Mr. C. arrives home that evening and says to his wife, "Say, I bumped into Dorothy this morning. Did you hear about her mother's accident? She broke her hip."

CASE NO. 9. Mrs. S, a thirty-four-year-old housewife, takes her electric blender to a repair shop to be fixed. When the man behind the counter tells her that it will be ready in three days, Mrs. S looks aghast. She whimpers that she can't get along without her blender, and implores the man to fix it that very day. After a conference with the manager, the repairman tells Mrs. S that she can pick up her blender at five o'clock that afternoon.

NORMAL BEHAVIOR: **Mrs. S comes for her blender ten days later.**

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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

THE UNWED MOTHER—WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?

Few problems come to the counselor so distressing as that of the pregnant single girl. Everyone concerned is bound to suffer—the girl's parents, the boy's parents, the boy (despite what may seem callousness and bravura) and the girl herself. She feels trapped, usually guilty, with no one to turn to, and utterly helpless. Most often her only thought is to be rid of the pregnancy—to undergo abortion. But few counselors assent to an abortion first off—for reasons moral, legal, perhaps personal and just from plain common sense. Besides, the counselor anticipates, as the girl does not, the probable emotional aftermath for her. This is not to say he abandons the girl. One way or another, he stands by her from beginning to end.

The first step is to arrange a confidential test for the girl who thinks she is pregnant. These tests are easy, quick and inexpensive, as well as worth while, for in about a third of the cases the fears prove groundless.

But suppose, as in Nora's case, the test is positive. Then her dilemma is the same, perhaps intensified by an interval of faint hope.

The best solution, usually, is marriage as quickly as possible. If the couple are mature, love each other, and circumstances permit, sometimes such marriages work out very happily. But the chances are against it, for statistics show that in forced marriages the divorce rate is much higher than among the general public. But marriage may be worth while, even with the possibility of separation or divorce, for the sake of legitimating the child, escaping the stigma, and enabling the mother (or father) to keep the child.

But sometimes one of the couple refuses, or both, as circumstances seem insurmountable, and the parents may oppose the match. Then what?

That was Nora's situation. She no longer felt she loved John (though he was eager to marry her); she was bent on a career; and her parents, especially her mother (John was somewhat her "inferior" socially), were set against the match.

Finally, however, she yielded to persuasion and they were married, with the understanding that she would have an abortion anyway. This she did—they were able to find a practitioner—and Nora took up her marriage with no thought of making it succeed. Concentrated on preparing for a career, indifferent to John and their home, she has filed action for divorce. But who can say that the outcome might not have been different had Nora's attitude been more constructive?

Abortion is the most usual solution to the problem of unmarried pregnancy. But there are other alternatives. Probably the best, particularly if the parents lend their support, is to have the baby and place it for adoption. Emotionally upsetting though severance may be, in the long run both baby and mother will probably make a better adjustment.

The final solution is, of course, to have the baby and rear it. But in most middle-class families this is not a practical possibility, for the sake of the mother, her parents or the baby himself.

It will be apparent throughout these remarks that the parents play a crucial role. Whatever their heartbreak and shame, this is not the time for recrimination and reproach, and "Where did we go wrong?" The girl is already heartbroken and ashamed on their account as well as on her own, and she knows that *she* went wrong. She needs their love, understanding and practical support. She needs to feel that she still has the family shelter. If such a sorrow should ever come to you, see that you provide these things. Otherwise, a tragic situation will only become worse.

A WIFE'S TEN TOP PEEVES

Surveying our records, we tabulated the "pet peeves" mentioned by wives in the last year, and found that most of them fell into ten categories.

He disrupts my household schedule.

"He gets home late for meals (or arrives unexpectedly early and demands dinner at once) . . . takes the car on marketing days . . . brings guests home without warning . . . starts a big disorderly project just when I have planned for guests . . . disappears for weekends when he has agreed to attend to chores and repairs; asks at the last minute that something be pressed."

He neglects chores and repairs.

"Not only on weekends but also during the week. I don't expect him to help with the wash or do the cooking, but I do expect him to mow the lawn, replace the fuse, fix the leaking faucet—or call a repairman, for heaven's sake. It wouldn't hurt him to take the children off my hands once in a while either."

He leaves the children to me.

"He expects me to provide discipline, supervise schoolwork, arrange playmates and social life, answer their questions and give them some taste of intellectual life. When he gets home, all he expects to do is retreat to the paper or television. Surely there's more to being a father than that?"

Indeed there is. All the same, this wife and others should remember that some wives (unwittingly or otherwise) shut their children out of their husbands' lives in a mistaken idea of efficiency.

He takes me for granted.

"Whatever I do, my husband views it only as my duty. However hard I try to please him, he never praises me. If he would only pat me on the shoulder or give me a hug when I do some little favor for him. I'm supposed to build him up all the time, but he never compliments me."

A majority of wives felt that they are less appreciated than they deserve. So do husbands! Let wives take a tip from that.

He slights me in public.

"He never takes my coat, or helps me on with it. . . . He doesn't hold the door for me, or open the car door. . . . He interrupts when I am talking. . . . He never lights a cigarette for me. . . . He never gets refreshments for me at a party. . . . He constantly criticizes my bridge game (as good as his)."

These are petty things, but they do add up to a wife's feeling of being demeaned, held in little regard. Easy to forgive, perhaps, but easy to correct, surely.

He is unfair about money.

"My husband spends his money as he pleases, but I have to account for the last nickel. He says he keeps track in his head. His beer and pool cost as much as my food allowance. . . . He spends $2.50 a week on cigarettes, but can't understand why I need to go to the hairdresser once a month. . . . He spends enough on an evening with the boys to buy me a new dress."

These grievances add up and, if they all came from the same wife, would amount to a major source of friction.

He is too interested in other women.

"He ogles every pretty girl he sees. . . . He comments constantly on other women's pretty legs or figure. . . . He admires a form-fitting dress without seeing what I have on. . . . He comments favorably on the girls he used to date."

But he married you. This kind of thing may be hard to take, but unless carried to extremes it usually means little.

He is sloppy.

"Need I go on? He drops the paper by his chair. . . . He never rinses a milk glass after the dinner dishes are done. . . . He drops underwear and socks on the floor. . . . He splatters the bathroom mirror every time he brushes his teeth. . . . He drops whatever he is looking at wherever he is when he is finished."

Most men do some of these things, some all. You'll either have to housebreak him, or grin and bear it.

He criticizes me to his parents.

Unless this is harmless teasing, this does not really come under the heading of minor complaints. When a husband takes his problems to his mother instead of to his wife, or when he fails to support her in a major disagreement, he is neither being fair to his wife nor laying a foundation for a happy marriage.

But surely you can take it if he kids you a little about your fussing over the dinner table when guests are coming, for instance?

He doesn't talk to me.

Though men vary greatly in their ability to share ideas and feelings, nearly every wife who makes this complaint must share some of the blame. Communication is sharing, and it is crucial.

Whatever your complaints about your husband, examine your share in exaggerating them. If he had all of them when you married him, perhaps you are not doing your share in modifying them. But if you have tried five years, and failed, then you will either have to accept his faults or convince yourself that his good qualities more than compensate.

ASK YOURSELF:

Will He Be Hard to Live With?

A crucial qualification for marriage is emotional stability or social maturity. Early in her dating of any man to whom she may be strongly attracted, a girl should make sure that he is not unstable, asocial or neurotic. Honest "Yes" or "No" answers to these questions may help her understand instability and how it can be recognized.

Is he:

1. *Rather jealous and demanding?*
2. *Often selfish and inconsiderate?*
3. *Dissatisfied, restless or overambitious?*
4. *Moody and hard to understand?*
5. *Indifferent to the opinions of others?*
6. *Overly concerned about sex?*
7. *Often inconsistent or unpredictable?*

Does he:

8. *At times twist or evade facts?*
9. *Have trouble making or holding friends?*
10. *Seem to resent custom or authority?*
11. *Act without regard of consequences?*
12. *Often create a bad impression?*
13. *Have habits which annoy his friends?*
14. *Hold radical or unconventional views?*

On rare occasions or under extreme provocation, any individual might display one or two of these distortions. But if several of these negative ways of behaving are habitual or ingrained, the possibility of serious instability should not be ignored. Why not also ask these same questions about yourself? If you have four or five "Yeses" it may help explain why your courtship or marriage is less successful than you wish.





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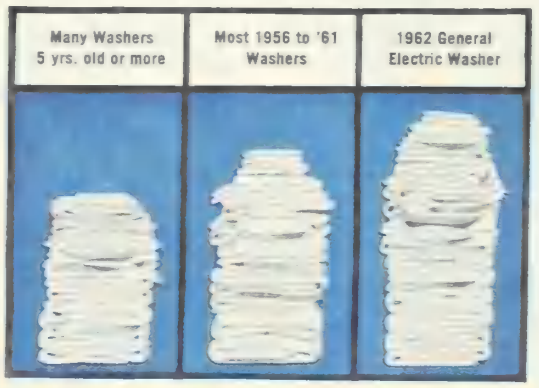
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What makes a good party? Can children be taught courtesy? What is tact?

A Conversation On MANNERS

Are good manners becoming rarer? Because they contribute so much to the pleasure and dignity of living, we believe they are more necessary than ever in today's unpredictable, crisis-crammed world. By way of reply to this query, Princess Lee Radziwill, the beautiful younger sister of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy, who lives in London with her Polish husband and two small children, speaks informally here on several aspects of modern manners which she believes are being neglected. Two of them have a special interest for her: entertaining, and children's manners. From what she has to say we think it safe to draw one firm conclusion: no matter what changes take place in social traditions (and there have been tremendous ones in recent years), the essentials of good manners never really change.

by Princess Lee Radziwill

I think a person's true manners are revealed immediately by his way of meeting people. This social ritual can be performed so gracefully and easily, but many people ignore its importance, and create an unfortunate first impression by a careless and indifferent greeting. True, the formula of handshake and "How do you do?" is a rigid one, as fixed as a military salute, but you can and should make it meaningful. Say the words with sincerity instead of indifference, and look the person in the eye as you shake hands with him or her.

It is hard, if you're at a large party or in a receiving line, to repeat parrotlike, "How do you do?" but no substitute has been invented and the problem is the same in all languages. One should make an effort to smile, to really look at the person one is greeting, and to speak with warmth and expression.

Famous or distinguished people? How would I greet them? The same way—with a firm handshake and a tone of respect. The person who has truly good manners doesn't have a special set for celebrities and another set for humbler people.

I think one should stand up to be introduced, especially when one is meeting a distinguished or elderly person. Young people and children should always rise when elders enter a room.

Once you have met a person, the problem begins of what to talk about. A universal approach to conversation, and especially to conversation with new acquaintances, is to ask people questions—not personal questions—about themselves and to be a good and patient listener to their answers. I like to talk with one person about things which are meaningful to me or to him. General conversation I find more difficult; but when you are giving a party, it is often easier and more pleasant to bring everyone into the conversation, especially at the beginning.

General conversation is a good icebreaker. Finding a subject to talk about is not difficult—so much happens these days, we are all held together by the same problems. One can begin with the latest world crisis, a play, a movie, the current best seller, a favorite TV program. No one should be left out—a hostess should be ready to draw in someone who seems excluded with a "What do you think?"

There are other problems too. It seems that almost everything is controversial today—politics, foreign policy, national issues, religion. Even a play or a painting that most people are enthusiastic about may have a hostile critic in the company. A good hostess must be careful that discussion does not lead to too loud or unpleasant an argument; she learns to change a subject tactfully before enemies are made and feelings are hurt, and how to ease a tense atmosphere, perhaps by offering to refill glasses, or by suggesting a move into another room.

This brings us to the question of what constitutes bad manners in conversation. The laws of good taste and charity rule out malicious gossip. You can be sure that those who say damaging things about others to you will say derogatory things about you to others, too, and I think the best thing to do is to stay a little away from these people.

It is also impolite as well as boring to try to monopolize a conversation, to proclaim opinions and convictions too often or too loudly, especially ones you know are different from those held by others in the room, and therefore possibly very irritating to some in the company.

Direct personal questions, like "How old are you?" . . . "Is your husband with you?" are bad manners because they can be embarrassing. And don't discuss your health and physical condition, operations you have had or are going to have, financial or domestic worries. Why? Because it is boring to other people, who have to live with similar problems of their own.

Common sense and a little ordinary thoughtfulness will keep you from making conversational blunders. In fact, I think that with this approach you can handle any social situation successfully.

Parties? The first thing I'd say is: do your worrying before the party begins. The nervous hostess who spends her time in the kitchen and looks around the room with a worried face while she talks to her guests makes them feel ill at ease. Start working the day before. Clean your house or apartment; organize the silver, china, napkins you are going to use; check on cigarettes, guest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

'hat are 'good manners' but treating people as you would like to have them treat you?"

A man would have to be a saint before Adam would let him marry his daughter.

There are two stories about the way Adam Dwain started out in the Green Valley, and those who knew him could accept either version—he was that kind of man. The story goes that Adam rode into Green Flats during the worst dry spell the Oklahoma Territory had ever known. He was a young man, rode a black horse then and always afterward, and all he had was his horse, his bedroll, and a string of cattle numbering about fifteen.

There wasn't any water in Green Flats. Folks with wells were rationing water to their own stock. Crops were gone to dust. Everywhere you turned there was a kind of dry stillness, even people's faces had a dark-eyed, hollow look; and when Adam rode in asking for water there wasn't a place he could turn to. There was supposed to be a water hole in the meadow about two miles from town, and they told him to push out that way. If it rained, he might save his herd. They let him fill his canteen, and they watched him stirring dust as he headed along the dry riverbed.

What happened when he got to the water hole was the part no one knows about for sure. People agree that Adam and his cattle made it to the hole and found it dry. The cattle pawed up the ground, but there wasn't enough moisture there to muddy a hoof. The Green River was rock-bottom dry all the way along, but Adam kept his herd moving anyway. The steers were dragging and his horse was moving head down. It was a beating kind of day, the sun was fire-hot, the sky was a hard bright blue, the ground was packed solid, and the dust rose in choking clouds as the herd moved along.

The riverbed began to twist about three miles out of town, and Adam pushed his cattle in the hope of getting them into some shade. There was a chance he would run into some scrub grazing around the rocks at the riverbank, but a lesser man would have given up. He must have been about two miles up from the water hole when he came to the place where the mountain met the river. It wasn't much of a mountain, just some bare rock jutting up against the sky and flat land lying at the base. The kind of land that made for good grazing when the river was up.

Adam let his herd rest there in the shadow of the mountain. There wasn't much use in trying to move them any farther. There was nothing ahead but rocks, and more white sun, and dry ground. Adam sat his horse and looked at his cattle, and then he raised his head to the mountain and he began to shout. He had a powerful voice and it rang up against the rocks and bounded back to mock him.

But he was a big man, and a proud man, and he didn't flinch. "Lord, Lord," he shouted, "open the rocks and let me have some water. Fill this valley with water and anybody who comes this way can stop here. It's my word, Lord. Nobody will ever lack for water when they come this way."

Adam shouted and bargained with the Lord, and then suddenly the mountain opened up and water began to rush down the sides of the rocks and into the gully; just a trickle, then a great torrent, and the rocks tumbled along the sides of the mountain and made a dam there at the base of the hill, and soon there was a great reservoir of water on that land.

People who know Adam well say it happened this way. All the rest will tell you there was a rockslide that afternoon. Cattle trampling up the riverbed jarred the mountainside, shaking boulders loose so that they came rumbling down, making a dam across the river and uncovering some underground spring that bubbled out and filled the river.

But no matter how it happened, Adam Dwain settled on that land, and he never turned anybody away from his water. When the rest of the country was parched, and men were driving cattle up from Texas, Adam's ranch was an oasis. He became a kind of legend. People said a rattler could rise up in the dust and Adam's black horse would rear and whinny as if it were going to break loose, but Adam would just rein in and roar out, "Go on, brother, there's water up ahead, go along and help yourself." That's how he was about the water.

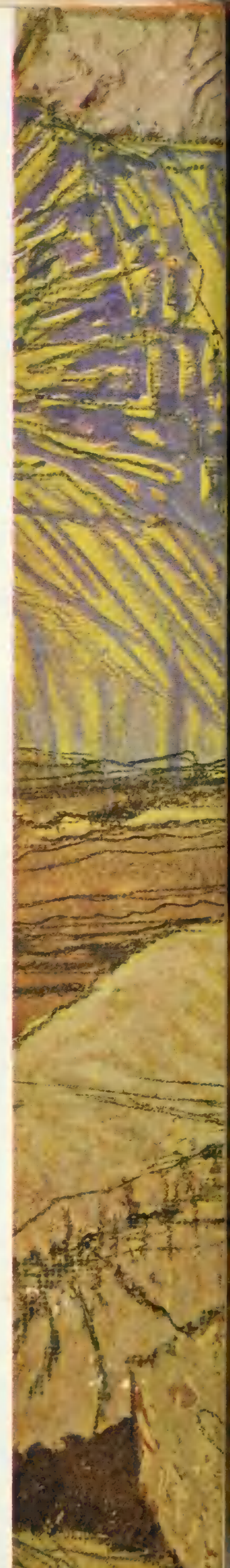
The Green Valley was good to Adam. It had been named long ahead of him for the river that ran low in the dry season and turned to green scum. But after Adam came and water poured out of the mountain and the rocks dammed the river, the valley itself turned green. His herd increased so that in ten years' time he was as big a rancher as any. He married a girl from town, and they had a baby girl. That was the only way life short-changed him. One girl seemed a pretty thin reward for the kind of life he led; but to hear him talk, she was more than enough. Some folks said it was almost a sin the way Adam worshiped that child, he was that proud of her.

If ever a child looked like her father, it was Dicie Dwain. She was the spit of her pa. Her hair was black and filled with shine, like sun hitting water. She had a proud way of standing, and her voice was the kind that made you feel good just to listen. She was riding right along with Adam from the time she was six, and that's how she met Cole Wilson.

She was about seventeen then, a beautiful girl. Adam wasn't blind to the way men looked at her, and if she hadn't been so much like him he might have worried about her. As it was, he figured she wouldn't settle for anything that wasn't worthy of her, and he knew he was the man to judge that.

She learned all the things a woman is supposed to know from her mother, but there was no keeping her away from the range. Adam always saw that she was well mounted, and when she was sixteen he gave her a sorrel mare. The mare and the girl made a picture as they flew over the ground. But riding wasn't all Dicie could do.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



Dicie had her love, and her father broke his bargain with the Lord.



By CAMILLA BITTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PEAK

the BARGAIN



There were many elderly women, spinsters or widows,

who had nest eggs

and no one to investigate

when they suddenly . . .

left Mrs. Marrable's employ.

By URSULA CURTISS

The Forbidden Garden

Mrs. Marrable buried Miss Tinsley on a leafy yellow day in late October.

Only the evening before, Miss Tinsley had looked quite well, or as well as she ever looked. Like a number of wispy people, Miss Tinsley had a quiet, evasive strength of her own; it had shown itself as she sat sewing in the living room after dinner. She said to the spread newspaper which was all she could see of her employer, "Is there any news about my stock yet? It's been"—she put the sewing down to count on her fingers—"eight days now."

The newspaper came down from before Mrs. Marrable's small, pouched, imperious face. "Miss Tinsley," she said measuredly, "a woman in your position has no business in the stock market, and so I told you at the time. But nothing would do you but that you would invest in it, and now you want daily quotations. Perhaps you'd like me to have your stock sold for you at once, even if you take a loss?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Tinsley hastily, and lapsed into silence.

But she was like crab grass, never really quelled, only cropping up quietly and victoriously in another spot. Behind Mrs. Marrable's eyes, hooded like a clever turtle's, a number of thoughts moved, busy but orderly. There was going to be a lot to do tomorrow.

The next day Mrs. Marrable was outdoors early, giving brisk instructions to the tall Hopi Indian who came once a week. "Juan, I've ordered a poplar; I want to extend that line. If you'll dig"—she paced the lawn—"just here. I want a good deep hole, mind; the roots must have room. When you're sure you've dug deep enough, dig another foot—you know me and my trees."

Juan cast an outwardly impassive, inwardly admiring glance at the line of poplars, deep gold against the pastel New Mexico sky. Before Mrs. Marrable had re-entered the house he was at work with the shovel.

At her desk Mrs. Marrable examined bills with a piercing eye, wrote checks, and burned Miss Tinsley's references in the fireplace.

She left the house at three o'clock, rigidly upright at the wheel of the Cadillac, and was back shortly after four. A more discerning eye than Miss Tinsley's might have noticed that the canvas shopping bag that went everywhere with her employer seemed heavier than usual. The gardener had left, and a young poplar in its burlap ball leaned against a corner of the house.

"I want to get that in right away. I might need you to give me a hand," said Mrs. Marrable briskly. Miss

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL. © 1962 BY URSULA CURTISS. "THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN" IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY DODD, MEAD & CO.

The mailbox flap gleamed dully, twice. Mrs. Dimmock reappeared briefly on the road, and mingled with the shadows. There was no sound above the wind.

"SHOW US HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"

The words "beautiful" and "you" spoken (together) are the most delightful and heartwarming words a woman can hear. The joy they bring is enormous; their power is immense, as men must know. Moved by these words, even an average woman is stirred to new, unbelieved-in beauty.

Yet where shall she begin? How shall she discover *herself* in the rich resources of beauty aids so enticing, so lavish, so varied, which are spread before her today? The *Journal*'s nationwide survey of young women between 16 and 21 reveals that more than 50 percent feel they do not make the most of their looks, that 88 percent of these young women turn to magazines as their chief adviser and guides to new beauty.

"I don't know how to use eye shadow" . . . "My hair is drab" . . . "Should I use brown or black mascara with hazel eyes?"

THE DAYTIME LOOK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADK



The young woman who is thinking in these rms is already started on her path to beauty. he mascara she chooses to wear for her next date ill make her lashes look longer and more allur- g, but also she will be more beautiful because e will *feel* beautiful and this will give her the diance that is beauty's glow. "Ointment and erfume rejoice the heart," says Proverbs 27, rse 9, and the young woman whose skin is soft and scented, whose eyes are dramatic and inviting, whose lips and fingers are rosy, is rejoiced in her own heart—and rejoices those about her.

The *Journal* is happy to answer its readers' cry, "Show us how to be beautiful," in this and other articles based on the questions our readers bring to their favorite and trusted magazine. *What are women's biggest makeup problems? See page 110 for the Journal's answers.*

R DESIGNS BY MR. KENNETH

THE BIG DATE





ANYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE.
ANYTIME.

suits...divine!

By WILHELA CUSHMA
FASHION EDIT

The best strategy for any wardrobe to have a suit like one of these—beautiful neutral that will be su cessful for most seasons, and most occasions. It's the clevere clothes scheme *always* to have su a suit. This kind of fashion never brea a rule, has its own sort of fashion da zle—terrific authority and rightnes

Strategy in beige: grainy tweed wit surprise gold buttons has own belt wear (a fashion point) or not. By Dav Kidd of Arthur Jablow. Necklac by David Webb doubles as a bracele

Below left: The most disarming suit gray wool jersey with Val lace at t neckline—how contradictory can yo be, and how divine! The wearer b lieves in femininity! By Jane Derb





Below right: Navy blue prevails, ha the youthful appeal of no collar, gol buttons arranged on the diagonal. B Philippe Tournaye of Marquise. Wea it with a straw-color fez by Madcaps

Facing page, left: Great fashion in th short double-breasted white piqu overblouse combined with the collar less navy-blue suit by Adele Simpson No one has ever dreamed up anythin to equal the freshness of this com bination. White straw beret by Emme lily-of-the-valley pin, Hattie Carnegie

Right: The black-and-off-white twee is the long-term kind of suit tha becomes more loved with every wear ing, has specific aptitude for travel. B Philippe Tournaye of Marquise. Com plete it with Hattie Carnegie's blac straw roller, Jacomo's patent-leathe bag, Seaman Schepps's gold bracelet





suits for spring in flower colors!

e say that color is vital, that it makes you unger and prettier, that it has more zing an ever this year. Fashion has color—in the ape suit, the stole suit, the overblouse stume, combining tweeds with prints d chiffons.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN FASHION EDITOR

pring lilacs in the shade of the silk overblouse nd lining and the fleck of the tweed. The ng-coat suit is here again, an adroit fashion giving you an extra coat for other costumes to wear from now on. By Adele Simpson.

Daffodil tweed (below left)—every day is a great day for this irresistible suit with the short jacket and open neckline. One piece of jewelry—gold-and-diamond bracelet by David Webb. A patent-leather bag by Jacomo.

Below right: The color of coral geraniums, this silk-and-worsted suit has the new outlook, charms outrageously. Double bowknot pin by Robert Carp. Both suits by Adele Simpson.

Below center: A poppy-color cape suit and another the color of garden pinks with a printed silk blouse. Observant young women will choose these flower colors early and wear them straight through spring, with casual berets and rollers and good gold jewelry. Feather pin by Brania; brushed-gold link bracelet by Seaman Schepps; both suits by Stefan.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BELL





PARIS IN THE SPRING

is full of beautiful detail

By NORA O'LEARY, PATTERN EDITOR

It might be a bow on your sleeve, an amusing sid closing, or it could be a blouse with a charming co collar. These beautiful details are all unmistakab Paris touches. These line-for-line copies by DIO LANVIN CASTILLO and GUY LAROCHE should be an i spiration for your spring sewing and a real boon your wardrobe. Each picture is a complete costum both of the suits have blouses; the red silk, a jacke

This very feminine dress and jacket (right) was d signed by Lanvin Castillo. The waistline of the sleev less dress rises in front, dips in back. The jacket h a bow on the sleeve. Vogue POM Design No. 113

A wool jersey coat is a year-round fashion. Th lovely Lanvin Castillo design (left) has a becomir wide collar and large pockets. Make a printed si dress to wear underneath. Vogue POM Design No. 113

The house of Dior designed this charming costun (right). The jacket buttons to the side and faste with self loops. The skirt is slim and the sleevele blouse is pale turquoise. Vogue POM Design No. 111

Guy Laroche, famous for his youthful suits, designe our collarless yellow tweed with short-sleeved jerse overblouse (far right). The jacket has diagonal pocl ets and brass buttons. Vogue POM Design No. 112

Other views, sizes, prices of Vogue Patterns are on Page 1









HOW DOES SHE LOOK SO PRETTY
AND NOT SPEND A FORTUNE?

MRS. JAMES GAVIN

"I buy good basics to live in and love and wear for ten years. My biggest fashion problem is time."

BY BET HART

When Ambassador and Mrs. Gavin first arrived in Paris, many of the clothes Mrs. Gavin brought with her were old stand-bys. Her wardrobe consisted of costumes "to count on. I like to buy things I love, then wear them until they are completely worn out."

Mrs. Gavin acquired her fashion convictions and learned the importance of good basics as an Army wife. "We moved eight times in the course of ten years." The Gavins have lived in Italy, Germany, North Carolina, Chicago; Wellesley, Mass.; and Washington. "I used to make most of my children's clothes and many of my own. My coats and suits I have always bought because they require expert tailoring. With four children it is impossible to spend very much on your own clothes."

Mrs. Gavin, 5′5″ tall, is a perfect size 10 except for "my hip problem. If the dress is an inexpensive one, I must get a size larger." Mrs. Gavin bought a bright blue coat and a beige suit in the fall, later added a blue wool dress. All are classics that will go on for years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Mrs. Gavin with three of her four daughters: Patricia, Aileen and Chloe. New blue wool dress has classic lines she loves. "a dress I can wear almost anywhere."

"My favorite for daytime wear is a suit." Mrs. Gavin's beige tweed bought in the fall will be just as wearable for spring. Skirt is slightly flared "for easier walking."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT

SHAPING THE '60's...

Young married women, 18 and over, here answer the questions that everyone asks on marriage and money, sex and religion, love and beauty, husbands and housework. This is the second Journal study-in-depth by Dr. George Gallup of The Woman's Mind, revealing what the young American woman is thinking and doing, hoping and planning. Our young wives represent the upper two thirds of the country in income and education. Next month, our continuing survey will reveal the attitudes of young mothers across the country.

...FORESHADOWING THE '70's

Only one woman in ten recognizes her husband as the same man he was before she married him. Nine out of ten say he's changed. One in three says he's changed for the worse.

A 22-year-old Kentucky belle discovered the man she married was "tempered, selfish, demanding, lazy and conceited." But, she added, he offered one wife-saving surprise: "He has more money than I thought he did." Another young wife said simply, "I learned he was a brute." Still more of them discovered "better, kinder, more thoughtful" husbands than they expected. Typically, a Montana wife said, "My guy's one of the best and I'm lucky to have him."

Almost half of the young marrieds quarrel over money at least "sometimes"—and one in twelve, "often." But most have designed ways to handle money without bickering.

"*I* handle the money," one young wife said as a solution. "If a bill went unpaid or we were overdrawn, he would stomp and scream. Therefore, I'm careful and he's quiet." On the other hand, a Virginia wife said, "He handles it all, does all the shopping, and gives me an allowance to spend any way I want."

Nearly four wives in ten said they wished they'd known more about sex before marriage—and almost half said married sex came as "something of a surprise." Only 13 percent approved of premarital sexual relations for a woman even with a man she plans to marry.

One young married woman said she would advise a son, "Never have intercourse with a girl you would be ashamed to marry." Another felt that if a boy wants sex, "He can buy it and not experiment at the risk of making some young girl pregnant." The majority would agree with this 27-year-old: "I would tell my daughter that marriage is sacred. That being a virgin is the greatest gift a woman can give her husband." As to sons, several agreed with the Knoxville wife who said it was good for them to have experience before marriage: "That's when a boy becomes a man."

Even though they got their men, our young marrieds, like their single sisters in our January survey of The Woman's Mind by Dr. Gallup, are unsure of their appearance. Fully half of them don't think they make the most of what they have.

Many would accept the analysis of this Maryland wife: "I don't have time! Keeping a house clean, entertaining, working with the church and civic groups keeps me running." One wise 22-year-old said, "Before marriage, it was important to interest a man. After marriage, it's important to *keep* him interested."

FOR BETTER . . .

Marriage, for the most part, was roundly endorsed for many happy reasons. Almost every young wife we talked to felt that she was kinder now and more understanding. Marriage had improved them as individuals, they said. They were happier married than single. More than half even felt they were more attractive now than they were before marriage.

Many said the companionship of marriage was of greatest importance to them—"someone to share life with" . . . "the feeling of belonging to someone." Some simply said, "My husband"—and one young wife added, "because we are still very much in love."

A young wife from Oregon declared her pleasure was "doing things for the most important man in my life." Another told us, "After seven years, my husband says, 'You look real nice, honey.'"

The responsibilities of marriage were a source of pleasure to several young wives—"the feeling of doing something" . . . "a sense of purpose" . . . "a feeling I'm needed." A number said "my home—my lovely home" was the reward of a good marriage.

Several expressed highly individual reasons for their happiness in marriage. Only 19 years old, a Midwesterner said, "Getting my husband through college on a shoestring." A recent bride from New Orleans found satisfaction in "knowing there's somebody I don't have to pretend for." And a 20-year-old: "An exuberant sense of the comic aspects of life."

. . . OR FOR WORSE

Just the same, many readily volunteered that marriage wasn't altogether a bed of orange blossoms. In fact, only one in four found no disappointments at all in marriage. Nearly half said they lose their tempers more frequently now, largely for these reasons in this order: husbands, money, loneliness, responsibility, in-laws, sex, housework, lack of children, and numerous other reasons.

Disillusionment came as a shock: "Learning that my husband was just a human being and not perfect." . . . "Having to give up my poetic approach to love and romance." . . . "To find that marriage isn't what I had read about and seen in movies." . . . "Not as much excitement as when you're single."

Age was on the minds of several, summed up by a Connecticut wife: "I was too young when I married."

A 26-year-old spoke for a number of women when she said, "I am satisfied to stay home, but wish my husband would more often." And another: "I don't see as much of my husband now as I did when we were dating."

And one young wife typified many when she lamented, "I wish he would take me out dining or dancing once in a while." An 18-year-old summed up the troubles for several: "My in-laws live with us."

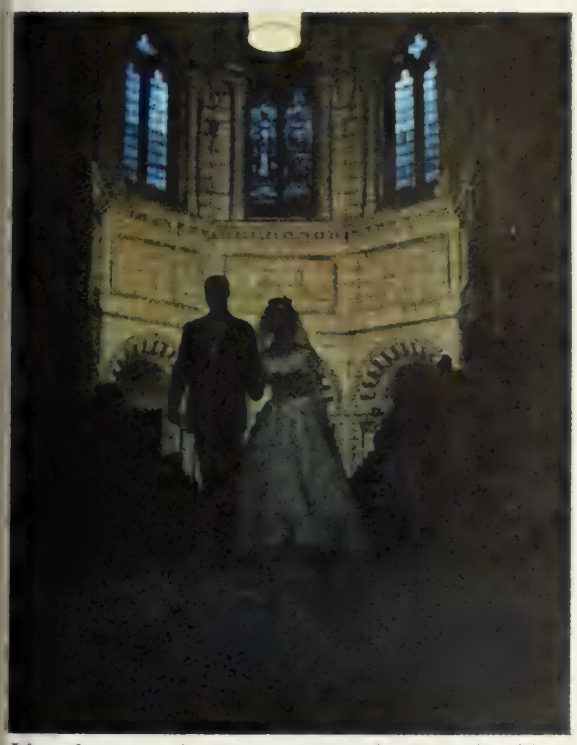
THE MAN SHE MARRIED

Husbands, more often than not, surprised these young wives with both good and bad characteristics.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



To love and be loved is the greatest satisfaction any woman can feel."



I found out marriage was not a storybook relationship."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY MAISEL

"Before marriage, you have to interest a man; after, you must keep him interested."



"I don't see as much of my husband now as when we were dating . . . constant conflict with in-laws."



"We don't quarrel about money; we don't have any."

"I WANT A TRADITIONAL WEDDING"

Like most young engaged girls, 22-year-old Mary Lynn Caldwell looked forward to a romantic wedding she could remember all her life! Here's how she planned it all—on a budget of $700.

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

This winter, quite a few people around the Emory University campus in Atlanta, Georgia, have been noticing a dark-haired young woman who looks astonishingly like Mrs. John F. Kennedy. Her name is Mary Lynn Morrill, and she's usually in too big a hurry to notice the stares. Married just six months, Mary Lynn combines homemaking with teaching home economics and history in De Kalb County's large, modern Briarcliff High School; what time is left over she spends decorating the attractive duplex apartment where she and her husband Dan, a graduate student at Emory, have been living since their wedding last summer.

In spite of her busy schedule, Mary Lynn's easy drawl suggests that she has all the time in the world, and isn't a bit disconcerted by the problems of adjusting to a new city, a new job, a new home and a new husband. "Atlanta is an exciting city to live in, and I love teaching! Of course Dan and I have known each other since childhood; we learned ages ago to get along without fighting. If he gets tired of fried chicken or hamburger, he doesn't complain—though he does tease me about bargain hunting. I guess I do put a lot of emphasis on money. Daddy's like that—he conserves on little things, and saves for important things, like my wedding. Even if it did cost $700, I'm glad it went just the way we planned!"

It was only last summer that Mary Lynn Caldwell sat on the shady front porch of her parents' comfortable brown-and-white house in Charlotte, North Carolina, and described her forthcoming wedding to her twin brothers, while Dan Lincoln Morrill, her tall fiancé, listened in to OK the plans.

"It's going to be just the way I've always dreamed it," Mary Lynn said. "Aunt Louise will make the wedding cake, family friends will put up the bridesmaids and out-of-town guests. I'll be married in a white satin dress with a mantilla veil and chapel train, and I'll walk down the aisle on daddy's arm to *Here Comes the Bride*. I'll have eight attendants, counting the junior bridesmaids, and Bishop Spaugh will perform the ceremony. There'll be a reception on the church lawn, and then Dan and I will drive off to Atlanta ——"

"And forget all about us!" teased David, one of the twins.

Dan, remembering all too clearly how he had had to "court" David and Douglas as well as Mary Lynn, observed that there was little danger of her forgetting *them*.

"We scared off all Mary Lynn's other boyfriends with cap pistols," said Doug with satisfaction. "But ole Dan here won us over."

"Just don't play any tricks at the wedding," Mary Lynn warned. "If you paint things on the car, just remember Dan and I can't afford to have it washed for *months*."

"If we mess it up too bad we'll leave a dollar bill on the dashboard to pay for washing it," David promised.

At the far end of the porch, Mr. and Mrs. David Franklin Caldwell listened indulgently. It would have been hard to find a mother and father more approving of an approaching marriage—except perhaps the James Roy Morrills, of Winston-Salem. The Caldwells and the Morrills, lifelong friends, had hoped since Dan and Mary Lynn were children that they might someday make a match. Twenty-four years earlier, Jim Morrill had been best man when Frank Caldwell had married Jim's wife's best friend and college mate, Margaret Ashburn; now, on August 5, he was to be best man in his son's marriage to Margaret and Frank's pretty daughter. Both sets of parents were pleased that their children, though long and deeply in love, had sensibly waited until Mary Lynn was through college and able to get a good job. With her salary as a high-school home-economics teacher added to Dan's scholarship allowance at Emory University, they would start married life in Atlanta with no serious financial troubles, even though Dan still had two years to go on his Ph.D. in history. Finally, Mr. Caldwell was glad that many years before he had had the foresight to start a fund for his children's college education, his daughter's marriage.

"Although," he remarked to his wife with pretended sternness, "if I find out you and Mary Lynn have been *charging* things over and above that $700 ——"

Mrs. Caldwell laughed. "You know better than that. Why, Mary Lynn can stretch a dollar farther than anyone I know!"

That Mary Lynn was something of a financial wizard at twenty-two was due in part to childhood training. She and her brothers were given regular allowances, permitted to sit in on family talks about major expenditures. (Mary Lynn remembers vividly the year she talked her father into buying a larger car.) Expected to perform such small chores as making their own beds, wiping dishes, the Caldwell children took pride in special projects—painting a room, cleaning out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

At bridal showers, Mary Lynn ignored superstition that each broken ribbon means another baby. "That's fine—we want lots of children!"



During their engagement, Mary Lynn and Dan learned that their attitudes toward spending differed. "Money doesn't mean much to Dan, he admits that he doesn't know how to handle it. He wants to go ahead and buy something if we both like it—I want to look around and try to get the same thing cheaper!"





"Nobody likes to open presents the way Mary Lynn does!" Though Dan and her twin brothers kidded her, Mary Lynn continued to squeal happily over 350-odd wedding gifts that filled the sun porch, including (among the usual china, crystal and silver) a mahogany dining room suite, 48 pillowcases, a 1300-mile trip to Canada.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 the garage—and earned extra cash for their efforts. Mary Lynn painted her own room when she was eleven years old, and started making her own clothes soon thereafter. By the seventh grade she was already beginning to develop a sense of color and style to complement her rather dramatic brunet good looks.

That Christmas Mrs. Caldwell gave her two sweaters: "One the wrong shade of red, one the wrong size! She said she'd never buy me another thing to wear. But she wasn't mad—we just have different taste in clothes. Mother likes sweet-looking dresses; I lean toward the ornately tailored."

Shopping alone, Mary Lynn showed a flair for picking up smart dresses and hats on sale or in bargain basements, soon began to trust her own judgment. In home-economics classes she learned about colors and fabrics, discovered most modern materials are shrinkproof and colorfast, decided it was silly to bypass a pretty, well-made skirt just because it was cheap. "People who depend on price tags and labels to tell them whether a dress is good or not either lack self-confidence or else they are uninformed!" she proclaimed rather grandly. Rarely was she in any doubt as to what was becoming to her.

While Mary Lynn was growing up in Charlotte, Dan Morrill and his older brother Jim were living with their parents in Winston-Salem, less than 100 miles away. Although the two families visited frequently, Mary Lynn was fourteen before she became *really* conscious of Dan. On that occasion, she and her mother were spending a Saturday morning at the Morrills': "I was simply dying for a boyfriend and kept praying Dan would come downstairs—but he never did."

Dan was undoubtedly upstairs working on his ham radio equipment, or reading. At fifteen he was not yet resigned to the inevitability of girls.

Their first date was frankly a put-up job. Over dinner one evening, the Morrills and the Caldwells decided that the young people should have "a friendly little visit." Dan was then a freshman at Davidson College, Mary Lynn a senior in high school; both were "going steady with other people." As might have been predicted, the evening was a flop: "The worst first date I ever had!" Mary Lynn described it, and added mercilessly, "Dan thought I was humpbacked and I thought he looked like a refugee."

That was *that* until the next summer when, again as a result of parental negotiation, Dan asked Mary Lynn for another date. His mother, learning that Mary Lynn was in town for a week's visit, gave her son no choice: "The Caldwells are our dear friends and it isn't right for you to date their only daughter once and then drop her!" When Dan called, Mary Lynn hadn't

laid eyes on a boy in five days and would have dated *anyone*. But this second encounter was hardly more successful than the first: Dan's car stalled, and he and Mary Lynn had to walk miles before they found a telephone. At her door that night he said, sounding desperate, "Let's see if we can't have *just one normal date!*" Mary Lynn, amused, invited him to Charlotte the following weekend.

The third date was the charm. "I had liked him to begin with because he was so *big*," Mary Lynn says, "but he suddenly seemed more mature." By Christmastime both had severed all other connections and were virtually engaged.

Dan had transferred to Wake Forest and now, on a Firestone Scholarship, was happily immersed in studies and beginning to be deeply interested in history. Though he teased Mary Lynn about her home-economics courses at Meredith College in Raleigh ("Are you taking Drainboard 303 this term, or Freezer B-1?") he patiently helped her with Household Physics and respected her determination to get her college degree before getting married.

"We talked about getting married at the end of my sophomore year, and then at the end of my junior year," says Mary Lynn. "But I knew that unless I had my degree, I couldn't make enough money to support Dan and me, and by then Dan knew he wanted to go on to graduate school. So many couples who get married while they're still in school either have to ask their parents for help, or else end up dropping out and taking just any old job."

While Dan was at Wake Forest, he could see Mary Lynn frequently on weekends, since Raleigh was only a few hours' drive away. But the final year of their engagement was hard for them both. Dan had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, had won a National Defense scholarship, and was working for his master's degree in history at Emory University in Atlanta. He saw Mary Lynn only at Christmas and spring holidays, and found himself studying harder than he ever had before—so hard, in fact, that the Jacqueline Kennedy episode raged about him virtually unnoticed.

Mary Lynn's brothers were long since resigned to being greeted, "Hi there, Doug—or is it Dave?" Now it was Mary Lynn's turn to experience the curious feeling of looking like somebody else. In 1956, when Senator John F. Kennedy was almost nominated as the Democratic vice-presidential candidate, a few of Mary Lynn's close friends had noticed how much Mary Lynn resembled young Mrs. Kennedy, but the excitement was short-lived. By the 1960 campaign, however, the likeness was too remarkable to miss. At 5′4″ Mary Lynn was 3″ shorter than the future First Lady; her luminous hazel eyes were a little lighter; she was some years younger. But when dressed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



After a prenuptial whirl of parties (four showers, six luncheons, a bridge party, a reception) Mary Lynn was dazed with excitement on her wedding day. While aunts and cousins oohed their admiration, bridesmaids in frothy mint green and yellow helped her into the "dreamy" gown of heavy satin, later adjusted her delicate veil.

Brothers David and Douglas looked as proud as the groom when Mary Lynn and her father came down the aisle. It was a simple, happy ceremony; the bridesmaids glowed, Dan smiled at his mother, and the sun came out for the reception on the church lawn. Aunt Thelma commented, "We've been waiting years for this day!"

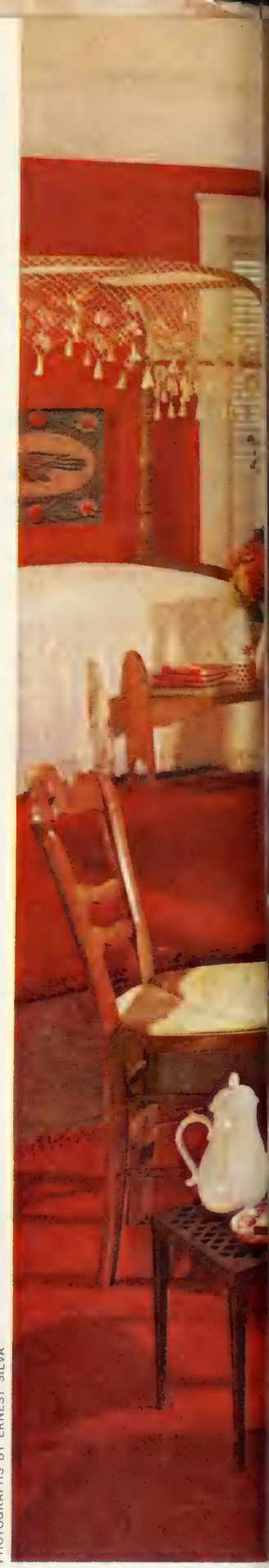












PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SILVA

Dan's proposed study area shows an old desk-table, new chair, assemble-yourself shelves, electrified oil lamp. The Journal duplicated the Morrills' present apartment

By **CYNTHIA KELLOGG** *Interior Decoration Editor*

THE MORRILLS' TWO-YEAR

How can you make your decorating dreams come true? Before you buy even an ashtray, plan the entire decorating scheme. Then you can be sure that what you can afford this month will look just right with what you can buy a year from now.

Our case history that illustrates this sensible approach to a major investment is that of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Lincoln Morrill, the just-married couple that is the Journal's "How America Spends Its Money" family for this month (see page 68 for their story).

Like many other young couples, the Morrills are making do with what they can assemble from families and wedding gifts until they can realize the apartment of their dreams. But our

o give you a preview of their plan for a heartwarming red-and-white scheme furnished with a mixture of new Early American designs and old French tables and rush chairs.

DECORATING PLAN

How they will do it: plan the entire scheme first, then buy without worry

inancial counselor, Sidney Margolius, says the Morrills can ıchieve their decorating goal in just two years. He estimates hat they will have $1750 extra from their annual income of 56900—more than enough, in two years, to cover the $2588.61 ɔudget for the cozy, comfortable scheme shown above in a nodel of the Morrills' old-fashioned Atlanta apartment. It is decorated with furnishings that Dan and Mary Lynn selected with us on a shopping tour of stores in Atlanta and is on view at Rich's department store there.

The budget (itemized on page 128) covers everything except decorative accessories and lamps, which the Morrills plan to make inexpensively by electrifying CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

THE
WATERFORD NEWS

FOR PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ORIGINAL

WANTED



LIDA DUTTON Once she started talking, no one could get a word in—not even enemy soldiers.



LIEUTENANT JOHN HUTCHINSON Lida first saw him coming in a cloud of dust: "I think I can see, My gallant husband to be."



LIZZIE DUTTON
Dark and vivacious Lizzie married a man who walked all the way from Indiana to find her.



SARAH AND WILLIAM MICHENER "Confederates are not welcome here," Sarah wrote, but she fell in love with a Rebel major.



SARAH STEER She urged Lincoln's re-election in a town surrounded by Confederates.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND ANXIOUS MAIDENS

They Would Have Been Sought By Every Man In Town - Had There Been Any

By Edmund G. Love

When Volume One, Number One of the *Waterford News* was delivered at Point of Rocks, Maryland, on June 8th, 1864, it contained the following provocative note under the heading of "Marriages": "We are sorry to report that there have been no marriages in this village since 1861. We live in the constant hope that we shall be able to fill this column ere long for our town has many beautiful and anxious maidens. The only thing we do not have at present is handsome and eligible bachelors."

This unusual little newspaper with its frank matrimonial plea was delivered to Union soldiers stationed in and around Point of Rocks, a small village on the Potomac River across from northernmost Virginia. The Waterford on the masthead was a small rustic town of forty families huddled on the side of a mountain about nine miles to the southeast, in Virginia. Waterford was in a no man's land, in more ways than one. Bands of riders prowled the countryside, taking what they wanted from the towns and farms in the way of food, livestock and equipment. Most of the riders were from Mosby's Rangers, a band of irregular Confederate cavalry, but now and then the regular Confederate cavalry ranged through the countryside. It was considered unsafe for any traveler to move about for nine times out of ten he would return minus horse, buggy, harness, valuables, or clothes.

Waterford, itself, was populated by Quakers – female Quakers. All the adult males had fled to the north as early as 1861 to escape military service for the Confederacy. The wives and mothers had carried on as best they could, feeding and clothing their children and hiding whatever they held valuable from the greedy raiders. But the village was run, to all intents and purposes, by the beautiful and anxious CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

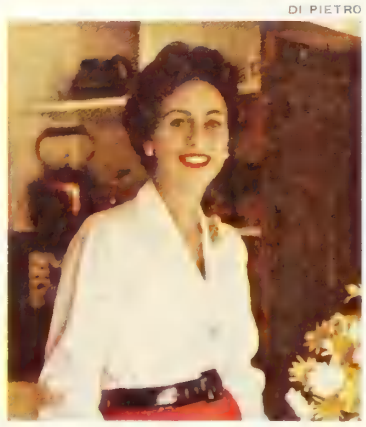
© 1962 BY EDMUND G. LOVE. THIS IS FROM A BOOK BY THE AUTHOR TO BE PUBLISHED BY HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC. ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

YOUNG HOSTESSES ACROSS

Mrs. W. DE LANEY WAY, Jr., Orlando, Fla.

Lots of old friends gather when Phyllis Way entertains. The relaxed comradeship in the patio centers around a grill where Barbecued Shrimp are prepared—when everyone is ready to eat. Shrimp can wait as they marinate in a many-flavored barbecue sauce. So can the rest of the menu! "Having lots of 'waiting' recipes is one of the reasons entertaining is so much fun for me."

DI PIETRO



NORMAN KARLSON



Barbecued Shrimp, grilled when guests are hungry, are joined by rice, a crisp salad and green beans. For dessert—cream-filled meringue.

BARBECUED SHRIMP

Crush 1–2 cloves garlic and blend with ½ cup cooking oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon coarsely ground pepper, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ cup chopped parsley and a dash of bottled hot-pepper sauce. Use a blender if you have one. Rinse 3 pounds shelled, deveined, uncooked shrimp; drain and arrange on 8 skewers. Set the skewers over a baking pan. Brush shrimp with the sauce. Cover with saran and allow to stand overnight, or at least 4 hours, in the refrigerator. When ready to use, broil for 10 minutes, turning frequently and brushing with the marinade when you do. Serve with freshly cooked rice. Garnish with chicory and tiny skewers of orange sections, olives and pickles. Makes 8 servings. *Note:* If you wish to use an outdoor grill, place the shrimp on skewers about 5″–6″ over glowing coals. Grill for 10 minutes, turning frequently, and brush with the marinade as you turn. These shrimp are excellent served on colorful toothpicks as hors d'oeuvres as well as an entrée.

NORMAN KARLSON



A silver tray holds delicious confections—Praline Cake and coconut cakes. Guests help themselves to mulled cider from a punch bowl.

DI PIETRO



Mrs. THOMAS YOUNT, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

An open-house hostess, Jane Yount likes to entertain crowds of friends—often 50 at a party. Jane first plans the guest list and then the food. Everything—her famous Praline Cake, coconut cakes and Cider Punch—is prepared ahead and held in the refrigerator or freezer. Jane creates a party atmosphere with a variety of flowers and uses her old family silver to make centerpieces. "My husband comes home to find the whole house has taken on a new look. For February I always use flowers that are red, blue and pink."

PRALINE CAKE

Prepare 1 package yellow-cake mix according to package directions. Pour batter into 2 greased and floured 13″x9″x2″ pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until done, about 30 minutes. Remove from oven. Melt ½ cup butter in a skillet. Mix 1 package (1-lb.) light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 beaten eggs. Add to the butter in skillet and cook for 3 minutes over low heat. Remove from heat and stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1½ cups coarsely chopped pecans. Spread evenly over surface of the cooled cakes. Return cakes to oven and bake at 400° F. for 8 minutes, in order to "set" the frosting. Cool. Cut them into 1½″ strips for party service. Makes 60 delicious bite-size servings.

AMERICA

To show you how young America entertains, we picked young women from four different states, asked them to share with you their most successful menus and recipes. Each is married, has children, is from 25 to 30 years old. All of them "just love to entertain" and do it often. They are good planners, and whether it's open house for 50 or buffet supper for 12, they have as much fun as their guests. As one of them says, "We just enjoy having a party."



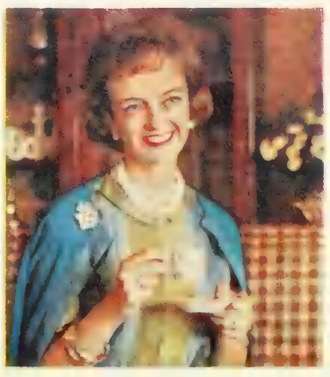
Mrs. ROBERT T. MORRIS III, Portland, Oreg.

Doris-Helen Morris finds that buffet suppers are the "thing" to bring friends together. Usually Doris-Helen has 20 on her guest list. Her menus feature dishes that are simple, "at least for me," like Currant-Glazed Pork, and peas seasoned with nutmeg. "Our guests sit in small groups that stretch from the kitchen to the living room and the evening ends with dancing."

Mrs. LORENZO B. TAYLOR, Houston, Texas

A buffet-supper hostess, Marilyn Taylor says that "twelve is no problem." A hot tray and big copper chafing dish keep the food warm on her round dining table. She decorates with ivy, yew and fruit. "My husband says I bring the yard into the house." When the weather is nice, guests take their plates outdoors to tray tables arranged in the patio and "enjoy the best of Texas."

DI PIETRO



KARLSON



ant-Glazed Roast Pork is ringed with marinated artichokes and apples. Other items: peas with nutmeg, tomato aspic, and fruit.

CURRANT-GLAZED ROAST PORK

the butcher crack the backbone from ribs of a 5–6-pound center-oin of pork so that carving will be easy. Wipe meat with damp cloth. off excess fat. Season meat with 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon per. Place in an open roasting pan, fat side up. Roast in a moder- slow oven, 325° F., allowing 35–40 minutes per pound, or until t thermometer registers 185° F. About 1½ hours before meat is , remove from oven and pour all fat from pan. Heat 1 cup cider you like, sauterne with 1 jar (10-oz.) red-currant jelly until blended, pour over meat. Continue roasting until meat is done, basting uently with the glaze. To serve, remove meat from pan and keep n. Skim excess fat from sauce and stir in 1 cup consommé. Bring mixture to a boil and pass it with the roast. Makes 8–10 servings.

STRAWBERRY-GLAZED WHIPPED-CREAM PIE

Pastry: Place 1 cup biscuit mix and ¼ cup softened butter in a 9″ pie-pan. Pour in 3 tablespoons boiling water and stir mixture with a fork until dough forms a soft ball and leaves the sides of the pan. With the fingers pat dough evenly over bottom and sides of the pan, bringing it up over rim and pressing dough into a neat edge. Prick all over with fork. Bake 10–12 minutes in a very hot oven, 450° F., until golden. Remove from oven and cool.

Filling: Wash and drain 6 cups fresh strawberries. Save out a few of the most perfect. Hull the rest. Mix ½ cup water, 1 cup sugar and 2½ tablespoons cornstarch in a saucepan. Crush 2 cups of the strawberries and add. Bring mixture to a boil and cook until clear, 3–5 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon butter and enough red food coloring to give glaze a bright color. Rub through a strainer. Arrange remaining strawberries in pie shell, mounding them up in the center. Spoon the warm glaze over, making sure all the berries are covered. Cool. Before serving, whip 1 cup heavy cream, sweeten to taste and arrange fluffs around edge of pie. Garnish with a ring of the perfect strawberries. Makes 8 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

A shimmering Strawberry-Glazed Pie makes the right ending for this menu: Crabmeat Casserole, fresh-vegetable tray, toasted rye slices.



NORMAN KARLSON

DINNER

to please a man

"Happiness for man . . . much depends on dinner," said Byron. Beef for dinner will make the man you love happy, thinks the JOURNAL: *deviled short ribs served with mouth-watering sauce; country steak simmered in onion gravy; a corned brisket of beef with crisp tender cabbage; spiced beef with sour-cream gravy. With these, plenty of vegetables, the kinds of desserts men go for: red-cherry pie under a lattice crust; fruit-filled apple dumplings.*

MENU I
Deviled Short Ribs of Beef with Gravy
Parsley-Buttered Wide Noodles
Green-Bean Salad
Sweet Pickles
Lattice-Crust Red-Cherry Pie
Coffee or Tea

DEVILED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

- 6 pounds short ribs, cracked into serving-size pieces
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 (10½-oz.) cans consommé
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1 tablespoon minced onion, fresh or dried
- ¾ cup prepared mustard
- 2 cups fresh white bread crumbs
- Dash of cayenne (optional)
- ⅓ cup melted butter

Place short ribs on a rack in roasting pan; season and roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., until tender, about 1½–2 hours. Cool, transfer to another pan or onto aluminum foil, cover and refrigerate until the next evening. To make the sauce, pour off all fat and leave about 3 tablespoons drippings in the roasting pan. Bring to boiling point and stir in flour. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until lightly browned. Add consommé, vinegar and onion and cook until slightly thickened. Cool, pour into a bowl. Cover and store in refrigerator. A half hour before dinner take ribs from refrigerator and trim off any fat. Spread each rib well with mustard and roll in crumbs lightly seasoned with cayenne, if you like. Place on a baking or broiler pan and spoon a little melted butter over each piece of meat. Bake until golden in a hot oven, 400° F., about 30 minutes; or broil, slowly, turning to brown evenly. While they are browning, heat the sauce, adding a little mustard to taste (about 2–3 tablespoons). To serve, arrange ribs on parsley-buttered noodles. Pass gravy in a sauceboat. Makes 4–6 servings.

GREEN-BEAN SALAD

- 2 (1-lb.) cans cut green beans, drained
- 1 onion, peeled and thinly sliced
- ¼ green pepper, cored and cut into julienne strips
- ½ teaspoon orégano
- ½ teaspoon dill
- ½ teaspoon basil
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ¼ cup red-wine vinegar
- ¼ cup olive oil
- Salt and pepper to taste

Place all ingredients in a bowl, toss lightly, then cover and marinate for at least 2 hours in the refrigerator. Toss occasionally. Serve very cold. Makes 4–6 servings.



BEN SOMOROFF

Bring dinner to his desk if he's "too busy to eat." Beef short ribs, buttery noodles, a green-bean salad.

LATTICE-CRUST RED-CHERRY PIE

- Pastry for 9" two-crust pie
- 2 (1-lb.) cans sour pitted red cherries
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract
- 1 tablespoon butter

Drain cherries and reserve ½ cup of the liquid. Mix cherries, the ½ cup liquid, sugars, tapioca and almond extract. Let stand 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Line pie plate with pastry, allowing ½" overhang. Pour in cherry mixture. Dot with butter. Roll remaining pastry into a rectangle and cut into ½" strips and form a lattice top crust. Turn edge back onto edge of pan and press lightly with a floured fork. Bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., 35–40 minutes or until crust is golden and pie is bubbly.

This has its best flavor when served warm. Makes 6–8 servings.

MENU II
Country Steak with Onion Gravy
Whipped Potatoes
Corn Kernels in Cream
Italian-Style Bread Butter
Tossed Green Salad
French Dressing
Chocolate Dessert
Coffee or Tea

COUNTRY STEAK WITH ONION GRAVY

- 2–2½ pounds top round steak cut 1"–1½" thick
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 teaspoons seasoned salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 4–5 onions, thinly sliced
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ¾ cup chili sauce
- 1 can (10½-oz.) consommé
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Mix flour and seasonings and pound into both sides of the meat, using a mallet or edge of a plate. Brown onions in 2 tablespoons shortening, using a heavy skillet or Dutch oven. Remove, drain on paper toweling and set aside. Add remaining shortening to skillet and brown meat slowly and well on both sides. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil, cover tightly, reduce heat and simmer for 1 hour. Uncover and add browned onions. Cover again and cook until tender, about an hour more.

Skim sauce to remove excess fat. If sauce seems too thick, thin to desired consistency with a little water. Adjust seasoning to suit taste. Makes 4–6 servings.

CHOCOLATE DESSERT

A small tart filled with chocolate pudding with a bit of whipped cream or topping. Or it could be chocolate tapioca; or chocolate ice cream, with hot fudge sauce. Any of these will top this meal with grace.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

HEFTY! BEANY! BEEFY!

2 NEW SOUPS *from* Campbell's



EW CHILI BEEF SOUP. *Here's a soup please a man* — to keep the whole mily happy! Tender pink beans and od lean beef are carefully simmered ith tomatoes, onions—and spiced just ght with chili. Campbell's Chili Beef a great soup for hearty eaters. A ight, friendly treat that's ready to rve in just four minutes. Ladle out enerous helpings of this good soup hen the family's hungry . . . when iends come to call. Hearty, happy new ting from Campbell—Chili Beef Soup!

NEW VEGETABLE BEAN SOUP. *Take seven sun-ripened vegetables*—carrots, potatoes, celery, onions, tomatoes, cabbage, turnips. Add the special goodness of plump California beans and tiny lentils! Then simmer with fine lean beef in a beefy broth. That's how Campbell makes Vegetable Bean Soup! It's a hearty soup. A sturdy country-kitchen soup—just naturally nourishing. Have it hot and ready to please your family any time of day. Great new eating from Campbell—Vegetable Bean Soup!



MOON WALK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Key put his big, red, hairy hand on my shoulder, and we started walking down the deck. "Not today," he said. "I'm making my official farewell calls. How's . . . everybody?"

I knew he meant mostly mother, and I tried to give a true answer. "All right," I said, "I guess." (That was because I suddenly realized she'd spent a lot of time the last week just standing around the house staring at things. She'd straighten up an old painting of some old ancestor or hold a piece of grandma's Venetian glass up to the light, and just stand there thinking. Besides, she'd been letting us do almost anything we wanted.)

Key stopped and gave me a sharp look. "Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no," I said quickly.

I was only eight, but I understood why he wouldn't come to see us anymore. The week before Luke and I had been trapped in the bathhouse and overheard him ask mother to marry him, and her explain why she wouldn't.

"Guess what?" I said, looking up. "Uncle Si sent mother a cylinder of helium and a box of balloons. U. S. Government surplus. They're coming over right on this trip. Willie Boot, the freight agent, asked me what they're for. I don't know. Do you?"

"I haven't any idea," said Key, "but I trust you are all prepared for the worst."

We went and found Luke then, and the three of us sat together the rest of the half-hour trip. Key told us about his new assignment in Paris, asked us how the *Me Too* paint job was holding up, and how Grover was. Grover's our six-year-old brother. Key kept us talking. Otherwise, I guess we would have just sat and listened to the churning sound of the ferry engine and stared at the bay because for a while, somehow, the whole world seemed bright, blue, sunny and sparkly except for us.

We told mother about the helium and balloons as soon as we got home and she piled us all in the station wagon and drove right down to the freight office on the Trebel side of the ferry run to pick them up. Neither Luke nor I told her about seeing Key on the ferry. We just didn't know how to bring the subject up, I guess.

Back home again, we stowed the stuff in the barn until we would hear from Uncle Si.

That night the dishwasher was humming, Grover and I were watching TV, and mother and Luke upstairs moving her desk away from the east bedroom window because she had suddenly decided the view of Kent was too distracting. After all the years her desk had stood there!

With all this noise it was a shock to hear, "Attention!" (pronounced "Ah-ton-see-on!").

Nobody but Uncle Si ever yelled at us in French. And there he was, looking a mile high as usual, putting down his luggage in the dining room just as if he had dropped out of an airplane through the roof.

You'd have thought we hadn't seen him in a year instead of just five weeks. Grover started climbing up him as though he were a tree. Luke and I yelled together, "How long can you stay?" Mother, arriving last, gave him a hug and said, "You're supposed to be in London! When did you get back? Have you eaten?"

"One question at a time!"

He threw his topcoat on a chair, hoisted Grover up and started toward the hall phone.

"What's the helium for?" I asked as we all waited for Lilly Reilly, the telephone operator, to answer.

"Got here, did it?" Uncle Si asked. "How about the balloons?"

"What're they for?"

"You'll find out," he teased, giving Grover another hoist and jiggling the phone. "Think that operator's gone on strike?"

"She'll get to you," mother said, giving his collar a tug. "Honestly, Si, I never understood why you don't meet any good tailors in Washington, London and Hong Kong the way other Americans do."

Uncle Si looked at mother in her neat walking shorts. "You sure those aren't too tight?" he said. "People should float around in their clothes. Half the trouble in the world today comes from the tight collars and pants diplomats wear. Make a note of that, Alex," he said to me. Uncle Si had given us a *Family Journal* one time; I'm in charge of it because mother says I'm the one who always has a pencil behind his ear.

As soon as Uncle Si made his date and hung up, he said to mother, "You haven't changed your mind, I suppose?"

Mother looked startled and tried to get us kids to take his things up to the room where he kept his fishing rods, rifles and all his extra clothes.

"I'm sure the boys know all about it, Amy," Uncle Si said, sliding Grover down to the floor.

"Sure," said Grover. "Mother doesn't want us to grow up to be Navy brats. We won't grow up to be Navy brats, mother, honest! Will we, Alex? Will we, Luke?"

The next time we told him anything, he'd know it!

"Navy brats?" mother said unhappily. "I never used such an expression in my life." But she didn't reprove Grover, and that's just how she'd been all week. She said to Uncle Si, "Children must have a chance to put down firm roots when they're young—especially nowadays."

Said Uncle Si, "But roots are put down in family relationships—not in a particular place."

"I don't want the boys to have anything like what we had." (Mother and Uncle Si had practically brought each other up after their parents were killed in an automobile crash.) Then a thought struck her. "Key didn't ask you to come!" she exclaimed, ready to be angry.

"No, honestly," said Uncle Si. "I had some accumulated leave, that's all. When's Key leaving, by the way?"

"I don't know exactly," said mother, "but everyone must understand: my decision is irrevocable."

And she stampeded into the kitchen to heat up leftover clam chowder and codfish cakes for Uncle Si. He cocked his head ruefully at the three of us.

We share Uncle Si with twelve cousins all over the country, and because he can't remember birthdays he gives us presents whenever he thinks of a good one. The only present worth giving is an idea, to "expand the horizons" and go on forever, he says. Uncle Si was a good influence that way, but I don't believe he ever intended to expand our horizons in the direction of the U. S. Navy. He probably thought we knew enough about it as it was.

We used to wake up in the morning to the *whoop . . . whoop . . . whoop* of the ships testing their alarm systems before they slid out the narrows on maneuvers. In certain winds the Navy planes from Anvil Air Base finished their takeoffs parallel to our beach. Sometimes helicopters, and even blimps from faraway Cape Haddock, would whir over mother's head when she was hanging out the wash.

But the truth was, we weren't especially well acquainted with the Navy. Where we lived, up at the north end of Trebel, the nearest Navy installation was the one on Kent Island. Even with the radar base down at the south end, most of Trebel was just summer resort and most Trebel Islanders had no connection with the service.

Well, three years ago this spring—mostly thanks to Uncle Si—we got very well acquainted with the U. S. Navy and they with us.

It began one day when, at the tail end of a long mean March northeaster, we went out to inspect the cairn that all of us—even Grover, who could only toddle at the time—had built as a memorial to daddy. Uncle Si had suggested we put it right where daddy learned to swim and row and sail overlooking the East Bay he loved. Uncle Si says men have used rocks this way for aeons and it was fitting. It showed daddy was one with all the men down the ages who had fought and died



h forward the line of civilization and
t took six-foot waves without losing a

a stone had moved in the cairn, as
but at the end of the pier we found two
missing and a shark-shaped metal thing
ng against a piling.
e said, "It's a torpedo. A lost test
o." He finally convinced mother it was
ess but very valuable, and we managed
it up.
t day our phone, which always broke
during heavy storms, was back in work-
der, and mother called up the torpedo-
lab. After a telephone operator, a
ry and a public-relations officer, she
got a lieutenant commander named
n. None of them seemed to understand
we were.
said to the lieutenant commander, "If
just look west, you'll see a big old
farmhouse standing by itself. There's
l red barn up back of it and a pier in
—— Well, we can see you! Let me try
" And she stopped and thought. "Look,"
id "we're on Trebel Island, just oppo-
e southwest end of Kent."
urned out they'd been looking east all
ne. The lieutenant commander said they
send for the torpedo at once and thank
ery much.
t was mother's first conversation with

had our picture taken by the *County*
while we got a reward of $100 from the
nander, Submarine Force, Atlantic Fleet.
lf. Mother wouldn't get in the picture.
e'd had to be talked into letting us take

Thales was asked what was difficult,
id, "To know one's self." And what
asy, "to advise another."

DIOGENES LAERTIUS

oney. She stood over at the side with
nant Commander Weedon, who'd ex-
d that the reward and publicity would
rage the search for another lost torpedo.
rned out to be a tall guy with crisp
h-red hair, who stood very straight with
te-topped cap clasped under his arm.
ward he took us on a tour of the lab—
rts that weren't secret. Grover stuck to
utenant commander like glue and asked
ons all the way back to where the gig
aiting to take us home again.
en, one day that April when mother was
kitchen making a chocolate cake for
TA bazaar, she saw Lieutenant Com-
er Weedon, a chief petty officer and two
s come walking up from our pier, sud-
stop, point up at our roof and then
across the terrace. At the same time
ont doorbell rang. This hardly ever hap-
l at our house. Everybody, except pos-
off-islanders, even at parties, came
gh our kitchen. Grover, wearing an old
life preserver and a beat-up southwester,
tearing down the stairs just in time to
mother tug open the crotchety front door.
ling on the old millstone somebody put
here for a doorstep ages ago were two
shore patrollers. The lieutenant com-
ler, the chief petty officer and two sailors
unceremoniously in the back way.
on't be alarmed, Mrs. Martinchester,"
eutenant commander said quickly. "We
ght something was amiss. There's been a
er-light SOS from this location every
ninutes for the past forty-five. You *do*
a blinker light, don't you, Mrs. Martin-
er? Up there on that little balcony?"
over was tugging at her sleeve.
/ait just a minute, darling." Then she
d at him more closely and said, "Oh."
was me and Harrigan," Grover said
under the old southwester.
" said mother automatically, and she sat
on a dining-room chair.
was *I* and Harrigan. We been playing
ng battleship."
w," said the tall shore patrolman
ptly, "he couldn't send an SOS. He's too
It must have been this Harrigan."

"Harrigan's his imaginary friend," mother said softly.

Well, as soon as mother had recovered a little, she explained to the men how Uncle Si had given us and Pinky Watts, Luke's friend who lived upshore from us, the set of blinker lights he had bought in a Government-surplus sale because he thought we might like to learn Morse code. Uncle Si had given us the code books too.

"I had no idea they had learned so much," she told them as she led them through the playroom to the balcony, "especially this one," she added, giving Grover a pat.

"Look here, sir," the chief said to the lieutenant commander, giving the signal shutter a couple of quick jerks, "it's a real Number X-three-two-oh-five, eight-inch battleship model," and he went down on his knees to follow the electric cord back into the playroom, "rigged up with an adapter for house current," he continued from under my old desk. "Does Washington allow anybody to buy these?"

After the others went back outside, the lieutenant commander placed his cap on our toy chest and took Grover between his knees. He pushed the old southwester back on Grover's head so he could see his face. Then he told him that he was a very good Navy man to have owned up so promptly and not to have been frightened. He explained about the shepherd boy who cried "wolf" all the time. "The rescue system would break down if people rang false alarms or sent SOS's for nothing."

"Aren't we allowed to learn Morse code anymore?" Grover asked him.

"Why, sure," said the lieutenant commander. "I just wouldn't send SOS. In fact, I don't believe I'd flash any message out across the bay. It might confuse the Navy."

This seemed to be a joke he and mother shared silently. "Well, if you ever see an SOS from here again, you'll know there really is something wrong," she told him.

"He was awfully good with Grover," mother said to Aunt Candy, our daddy's sister, telling her about it over the kitchen phone after dinner that night. "I thought he must surely have children of his own, but he said 'Nor wife, either.' . . . Oh, Candy, no. I always think there must be something wrong with a man who isn't married at his age. . . . Well, of course, it would be a nice change to be paired off at parties with someone besides Flounder Benson or Old Doc Demuth, charming as he is even at seventy-two."

She had been laughing, but she stopped then and said seriously, "I appreciate your thought, Candy, but I have my life mapped out. Since Grandpa Martinchester gave us the place, I intend the boys to grow up here as their father did. . . . Thanks, darling. Come over when you can!"

What happened next was that somebody asked the commandant to let them add his herb garden to the annual Bay Garden Club tour. The committee thereby got a whole Sunday-feature spread. Mother and Aunt Candy, and Lieutenant Commander Weedon, were in some of the pictures so I pasted the story in the *Family Journal* along with the one about our finding the lost torpedo. Up to then, these were all the clippings I had.

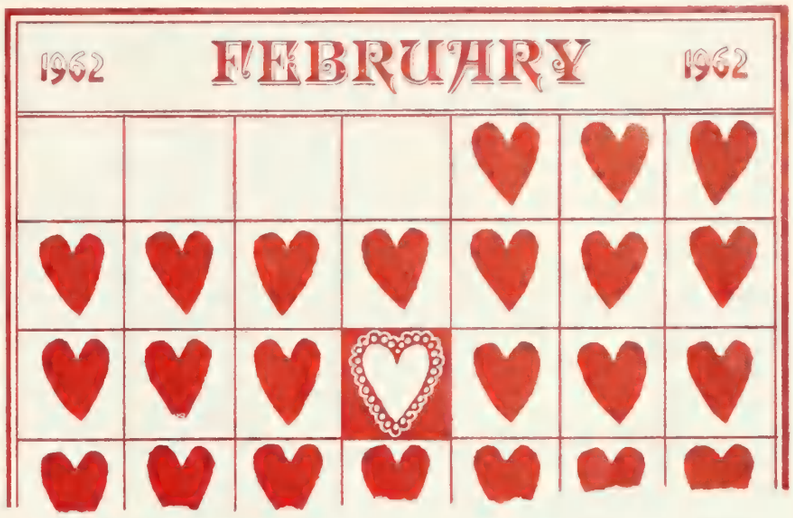
The next week Key took mother, Aunt Candy and Uncle Hughlen to the ballet in Eastport. Then he took mother to the Navy Relief Ball. The next week the mackerel were running, and he took Luke, Grover and me fishing. That's when he found out we hadn't got daddy's old rowboat, the *Me Too*, in the water yet. So every evening he came over from Kent in a launch after office hours and we worked almost as long as the light lasted. Then mother fed us cookout suppers on the terrace. Soon none of us could remember being without Key.

One night after we were all in bed, and the sound of Key's departing launch had died away, Luke said, "I just thought I better tell you kids we might get a new father."

In about five minutes Grover piped up, "Who's it going to be?"

"The commander, dopey," said Luke.

"That's what I thought," said Grover, and then, half asleep, "Harrigan likes him."



February's quiz about your heart

February is "Heart Month"—a good time to consider some questions and answers that could make the difference between a heart that will carry on efficiently for a long time or a heart that may falter too soon.

Q. What does overweight do to the heart?

A. Excess pounds put a constant and needless strain on the heart. Eventually its ability to meet the regular demands placed on it is impaired. To help keep your heart healthy, *keep your weight down.*

Q. Is there any special diet that will protect the heart and blood vessels?

A. There are still many unsettled questions about the relation of diet to diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Authorities generally agree, however, that some limitation on the kind and amount of fat in the diet is desirable. But a healthy person probably should not make drastic changes in his diet without medical advice.

Q. Do stress, strain and tension harm the heart?

A. Anyone who is under constant emotional stress many hours of the day probably runs a greater risk of diseases of the heart and blood vessels than the individual who takes things in his stride. All excesses —emotional and otherwise—certainly do the heart no good.

Q. Does exercise help the heart?

A. Many authorities now believe that the more active you are, the less likely you are to develop coronary heart disease. After middle-age, it is wise to avoid sudden or strenuous activities to which you're unaccustomed. But for your heart—and your health in general—some form of regular physical activity should be continued throughout life.

Q. How often should your heart be checked?

A. Even if you've never had any symptoms that suggest heart trouble, don't neglect a periodic health examination. If your doctor finds that all is well with your heart, think of the comforting assurance you'll have. If, however, something should be amiss, your physician—thanks to new drugs and new treatments—may spare your heart further damage and, with a few sensible restrictions, help you live long and actively.

An informative account of the heart, and how the more common types of heart disease are treated, is presented in Metropolitan's booklet, *Your Heart.* Clip and mail the coupon below for a free copy.



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It was the next Saturday that everything collapsed. And Luke and I told Grover we *weren't* going to have a new father.

"It's lousy," he said—the worst swear word he knew. Then in about five minutes, "Maybe I'll send another SOS."

"Who to, dopey?" said Luke.

Much later Grover said timidly "Well, I might do *something*."

Now even Uncle Si couldn't change mother's mind.

"Please, Si," said mother. "I burned my bridges, as far as Key goes, so it's futile to discuss it."

We were all silent for a long minute, then Grover said, "Well, why don't we discuss the stuff in the barn?"

So we did.

Uncle Si told us about a new sport where guys tied balloons to their belts and went soaring around the countryside in great gentle leaps.

"The way you'll walk when you walk on the moon," he said, leaping the salt shaker over the teapot and sugar bowl.

"You mean we're going to the moon!" Grover yelled.

"No, not this week, Grover. But the generation you boys belong to will, someday. What we're going to do is practice walking on the moon now so you won't get dizzy when you do get up there."

"Oh, boy!" we all said.

"Just a minute," said mother. "You're going to tie balloons to their belts and let them go floating over the landscape? What's to prevent them from floating away?"

"We'll always be heavier than the lift of the balloons," Luke said.

"A," said Uncle Si as though grading papers.

"It makes me nervous," said mother.

"Perfectly safe," Uncle Si assured her. "I'm going to hold them with a long guide rope while they're learning to hop. And I'm not going to attach the balloons to their belts. I'm going to have a sturdy canvas seat and harness made. And, to make you feel better, we'll follow that famous balloonist's idea for landing: I'll give them a knife to cut the lines or puncture the balloons one at a time to come down gradually, should it be necessary—but it never will be."

Mother shook her head.

"Oh, mother!" we all protested.

"Actually, it's educational," Uncle Si said, bringing up the thing that would interest her most. "We're going to do a lot of mathematics, figuring out how many cubic feet of helium we need, how many balloons. We'll learn how gas behaves under various conditions; and study the weather."

"It mustn't interfere with school or homework," said mother, coming around.

"You can come balloon hopping too, mother," Grover offered.

"Sure," said Uncle Si. "There's really nothing to it. We'll start by hopping over the stone walls and work our way up to hopping over—oh, say—the lilac bush."

"Oh, boy!" we all said.

Uncle Si got out a notebook and pencil, and before he went out to keep his date we made up a list of equipment to get. The next day after school we all went to Peasley's hardware store.

"Horse weights?" said Ev Peasley thoughtfully. (In case you don't know, years ago they attached these to bridles for parking horses. We were going to use them to hold down the balloons once we got them filled with helium.) "Horse weights," said Ev again. "Yup. Yup. Got some." We weren't surprised. Grandpa Martinchester says Peasley's haven't dropped a line of merchandise in three generations. "Close to a dozen out back under the hedge. How many you want?"

"We'll take the dozen," said Uncle Si.

We also bought yards of nylon rope, canvas webbing, a big slip fastener to attach the guide rope to our harness, hose clamps, drafting paper, a logbook, a knife in a case to slip on our belts, and a small American flag. Luke said we had to have a flag on the top balloon. We already had a barometer.

We bought buckles, hooks, metal rings and staples for the cobbler to make the canvas seat and harness adjustable to all of us, which Uncle Si designed after he and Luke spent hours poring over a book called *Meteorological Balloons*.

They announced that it would take thirteen balloons to cut Luke's weight in half, eleven for me and seven for Grover. They figured out how to arrange them to balance our weight evenly, and the lengths of rope for each balloon. Luke learned the most. Grover and I understood some of it, but we had our own assignments: weather observations; current five-day forecasts from the weather bureau; a sign saying "Moon Walk Headquarters" for over the barn doors. We soon had a barnful of balloons, tied down with horse weights, filled about seven-tenths full because, Uncle Si taught us, as balloons rise—or get hot—they expand.

Grover was to have first turn because it seemed easier to tie on balloons than untie them. We'd all use the same three balloons attached in a line to the middle of the harness across the back of our shoulders. The flag would be tied to the top balloon of that group so it would fly about twenty-five feet above our heads. Grover would then have two balloons attached to each shoulder to make his seven, I would have four, and Luke would have five.

Uncle Si said all the kids were welcome as long as they didn't weigh more than thirteen balloons' worth and were willing to learn the mathematics and other stuff. Mother said they had to have permission from their parents. Pinky, of course, we counted in from the first. He weighed the same as Luke. But the day his mother and father came to look around, as other parents had, they said he was too young to be an aeronaut.

The town buzzed for a week, but there were other things going on: graduations, weddings, and the hundredth anniversary of Admission Day. No one was around on the big day but us.

We had the harness ready with Gro seven balloons fastened to the corncrib, the others in clusters along the main ais the barn for my turn and Luke's. They floated there for five days while the we turned squally. Grover and I were const tapping our barometer to see if the n would rise. We made so many calls t weatherman in Eastport, he became as ested in our project as we were. "Chir astronauts," he got to saying as he'd han Then, one afternoon when his barometer a tentative rise, he called us instead of wa for us to call him. We tapped our gla confirm.

Tomorrow!

But as we were coming back down fro barn we heard a foghorn from far off T Point, and before we sat down to supp fog swept in.

"It won't last forever," mother "Here," she went on, pulling a letter out c skirt pocket in an effort to distract us.

"Dear Martinchesters," it said, "I'm ing day after tomorrow, but I can't go wit telling you how much it meant to me to you all. I am especially sorry not t Grover, but who knows? Perhaps som we'll have a reunion. If ever I can do any for you, I am sure you will not hesitate t in touch with me. Many thanks for happy hours. Stroke, boys! Sincerely, k

I guess mother thought that last would us laugh, remembering when Key had t us in the *Me Too* to try and teach us t like the Navy. "Stroke, not *soak!*" Ke finally yelled as we kept splashing him, a had thought it awfully funny up until n

"Key can tie knots," Grover said drea pushing his potato around with his fo

Mother refolded the letter and put it in her pocket, looking down at it for q while.

The foghorns and the muffled ferry w answered each other up and down the all night and all the following day. It w

CONTINUED ON PA

Grab your apron and a bottle of Heinz Ketchup and cook up one of these

praise-winning



ALMOND CHICK-UP

TINUED FROM PAGE 82

, thick, muggy cloud bank, so wet that ry leaf and eave dripped. At one o'clock next morning, two or three storms must e been rolling around the bay. We were all roughly awake. The telephone bell kept gling for no reason, and the night light in hall would dim and then brighten. A h of blue-white light went through the se, the thunder cracked and the night t went out for good.

'Transformer," Uncle Si said cheerfully m his room.

'Oh, dear," mother said, "no electricity for hole day! And the telephone's sure to be ."

We three kids huddled anxiously in the dow until the next flash of lightning wed the barn still standing. We drifted k to sleep. It seemed only a minute later t Grover jounced us awake.

'Hey," he said, "I think it's calm."

We ran to the window. The sun was just ning up. The bay, looking like a piece of k-and-gray satin ribbon, rippled only when ull plunged down for his breakfast. We went er Uncle Si.

'Perfect!" he exclaimed, wide awake in a ond.

'It's only five o'clock!" mother said plainly from her room.

The earth sparkled as we opened the back or. Luke's footsteps showed dark in the king grass, and drops of water scattered he ran ahead up the path.

Mother was standing sleepily in her pajamas d robe in the kitchen doorway. "Come back breakfast when I call you," she said, and, vning, "I guess I can fix us something on kerosene stove."

'We'll balloon-hop down for it at the ond-story window!" Grover called back.

Everything was secure in the barn. We slid doors wide open and maneuvered the ness outside. We weighted it down with se weights while we got Grover buckled in. tested all the knots and connections, and Uncle Si attached the guide rope to the back and took a couple of good turns of it around his hand. We snapped the safety knife in its case to Grover's belt. Then we began untying the weights. As soon as the last one was off, Grover rose a foot and then gently came down.

"Whee," he said, giving a slight push and going up three feet.

Our hearts rose with him, and we laughed.

After a couple of tries and a few pushes from Uncle Si, he stopped going up and down in the same place and learned to shove off and make headway. Luke and I stood with our mouths open as he went down the field in five-foot leaps with Uncle Si holding the rope and running jerkily about twenty-five feet behind him with his shirttails flapping. Above, the huge balloons whipped along at an angle, came to a milling rest, then whipped along again as Grover bounced away from us.

Mother stuck her head out the kitchen window. She was laughing—for the first time in a couple of weeks. "Funniest sight I've ever seen," we heard her exclaim.

"Look! I'm a kangaroo!" Grover was yelling.

"You're supposed to be walking on the moon!" Uncle Si gasped.

"I'm a kangaroo on the moon," yelled Grover.

Grover sailed over the forsythia bush at the foot of the slope and took three or four jumps back and forth over the big rock that stuck up in the middle of the pasture. Uncle Si had a time keeping the guide rope out of the way. Luke and I could hardly wait for our turns. We started getting the extra balloon clusters out of the barn and weighted down.

When Uncle Si and Grover came leaping back, Uncle Si dropped to the ground, wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

"*I* should have some balloons too," he said.

Grover bounced gently in front of him for a minute, then he bent over, grabbed Uncle Si's feet and pulled himself down, lying almost flat with his arms out straight ahead and his nose about six inches off the ground.

"I'll bet if I had a couple more balloons I could fly over to Kent and see Key before he goes," he said. "Today's the day, you know."

"We'd have to attach an outboard motor to the seat of your pants," Uncle Si said.

"Well, it was *one* idea," Grover said.

Nobody paid any attention. I slid into the rig as Grover got out, and Uncle Si and Luke tied on four more shoulder balloons. Suddenly I was bouncing. Grover handed me the safety knife. Uncle Si held the guide rope thoughtfully; then he slipped off the snap fastener at my back.

"There's really no need for this," he said. "You can't float away, nor can you even fall and scrape your nose, as Grover just demonstrated."

I was pleased not to have to be on a leash. I took one big jump away. It was like flying with the gulls in slow motion. I went over the stone wall, down around the house, took one leap over the spring and one over the lilac bush. The tool shed took me two tries. The second time I went right on over. Uncle Si and Luke and Grover cheered, and mother came to the window. I waved at her.

"Breakfast is almost ready," she said.

"Aw," I said, bouncing up and down five feet at a time, "can't Luke have his first turn before breakfast?"

"Oh, all right," she said. "I'll get dressed."

Luke was the most spectacular. We got all thirteen balloons tied on, transferred the safety knife, and he went down the pasture in about two leaps, jumped up on the roof of the kitchen ell and rapped on mother's bedroom window.

"Which way to the mountains of the moon, lady in the moon?" he shouted.

Then he jumped up to the blinker-light balcony, onto the main roof, along the ridgepole, over the chimneys, down to the roof of the front stoop and back to the ground again beside the pear tree.

"I want to do that," Grover said.

"I'm afraid you're too little," Uncle Si said.

"Well, then, can I go up with all Luke's balloons and float and make observations with the field glasses?" Grover wanted to know.

"Float?" said Uncle Si.

"You said I would float if I had all Luke's balloons," Grover reminded him.

A SONNET TO DEATH

By MAE YINGLING COTTERMAN

I thought of you as enemy, a foe
Who came to claim that which I held most dear,
To leave me empty-handed stark with fear
By grief attended. Waiting, head bowed low,
I heard your quiet steps, now swift, now slow,
As surely down my days your tread drew near;
Then I beheld your face unveiled and clear,
And stood ashamed that I should dread you so.

You who, since time began, held in your hand
The key to worlds unseen by mortal eye;
How weak my faith that I'd not understand
That souls live on and only bodies die;
Seeing with mercy's wings your feet are shod,
I now believe you messenger of God.

prize-winning recipes!

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RULES: Just mail your original recipe with name and address to Heinz Ketchup Contest, Box #57-H, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Recipes must be postmarked no later than June 1, 1962, and received no later than June 15, 1962. Each recipe submitted must be accompanied by one neckband from Heinz Ketchup, Hot Ketchup or Chili Sauce.

The 10 prize-winning recipes will be selected by an independent organization in accord with these standards: presentation of the recipe (completeness, accuracy, and clearness)—30 points; visual, taste, and appetite appeal of finished dish—25 points; freshness or individuality of recipe (your own special touch)—20 points; appropriateness of recipe (its use of Heinz Ketchup, Hot Ketchup or Chili Sauce, and desirability as a family dish)—15 points; appropriateness of recipe name—10 points.

Each recipe must be named, and category indicated. Four permissible categories are: Main Dishes, Vegetables or Side Dishes, Salads, Desserts. Each recipe must be a family recipe, serving four to ten.

Contest open to any resident of the U.S.A. except employees of the H. J. Heinz Co., its advertising agencies, the Reuben H. Donnelley Corp. and their immediate families. Entries become property of the H. J. Heinz Co. to use as they see fit. None can be acknowledged or returned. Contest subject to all federal, state, and local regulations, and void where prohibited or restricted. Winners will be notified as soon as judging is completed, and a list of winners will be available after September 1, 1962 to those who accompany their entry with a stamped and self-addressed envelope. Decision of judges is final. Duplicate prizes in event of ties.



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"So I did," said Uncle Si. "Well, maybe we can tie you to the cowpen fence with the guide rope and let you go up and take a look around."

"Breakfast!" mother called from the kitchen door.

We tied the rig to the cowpen fence and added a few horse weights for good measure.

The sun had been up an hour, and the bay had changed to look like a piece of blue linen. High up a few white puffs of cloud had formed, and as we went down the path a slight current of coolness touched our hot foreheads, damp from exertion and excitement.

"Well, we're all ready to go to the moon," Uncle Si said to mother as he held open the kitchen door and let us duck under his arm.

Scrambled eggs were steaming on our plates, and we didn't waste any time.

"I just as lief go to the moon and stay there," Grover announced.

"Goodness!" mother said with her fork in mid-air. "Why?"

We all stared at him astonished.

"Never mind," said Grover belligerently.

"All right," said mother. "We all feel that way sometimes, I guess."

She and Uncle Si resumed eating, but Luke and I, dimly disturbed by the tone of that "Never mind!" looked at each other. Uncle Si broke into our thoughts by sending Grover to get the binocular and weigh it on the kitchen scales. Two pounds. That would be all right, we figured.

Half an hour later we were back at the barn, checking knots and connections once more before adjusting the harness to Grover. We payed out the rope and detached the weights gradually so there wouldn't be a big jerk that might break a few connections.

Uncle Si said, as Grover with the binocular around his neck went slowly upward "It's breezing up."

"Gosh," Luke and I said, dismayed.

"Oh, I don't think it'll get too windy before you get another turn," Uncle Si reassured us.

Grover was up as far as the guide rope would let him go when Luke suddenly yelled, "Hey! He forgot to take the safety knife!"

"Haul him down!" said Uncle Si. "Have to take proper precautions."

We began pulling away. Then the guide rope fell on Luke's head, and Grover went floating free, bobbing up and down over the barn.

"Impossible!" said Uncle Si. "Wait till I get my hands on that Captain Boggs!" (He was the one who helped us splice the ropes.)

We didn't stop to examine the rope; we just assumed the knot had given way at the slip fastener.

"Grover!" Uncle Si yelled as we ran around the barn to where he was hovering about fifty feet up.

"What?" said Grover.

"Have you got a pin or anything sharp on you?"

"No, I haven't," said Grover.

"Try to pull down on one of the ropes and break a couple of balloons with your fingernails."

"I already tried," said Grover, and as he began to drift across the upper pasture he raised the binocular to his eyes and looked around the landscape.

"No enemies in sight," was what we heard him say.

"Alex," said Uncle Si, "you follow Grover. Luke, come on, you tell your mother; I'll get my rifle."

But mother had seen it happen. She grabbed Luke as he came in the door.

"The phone isn't working," she said. "Send an SOS toward Kent; and keep sending until you get an answer."

She jumped in the station wagon with Uncle Si and his rifle. I couldn't keep up with Grover so I had run back for my bike. We threw it into the back of the car. When we reached the corner of the lane, Grover was hanging almost stationary about seventy feet up across the shore road. Mother leaped out of the car.

"Grover," she called, "are you *sure* you can't pull down one of the balloons and break it?"

"I'm sure," he said.

Mother swallowed. "Well, don't you worry; Uncle Si will get you down with his rifle."

"I'm not worrying," Grover answered as an updraft lifted him about twenty-five more feet. He shot up another ten as the binocular fell down to a limb of a wild-cherry tree.

"Oh," cried mother, "why did you take it from around your neck?"

We couldn't understand what possessed Grover to let any weight go. But before we could think any more about it, he blew away across the road over the old town cemetery.

"Is it safe to try to shoot?" mother asked Uncle Si.

"It's risky with him dangling from below; I don't believe I'll try it unless I'm sure there's no other way."

"Yes," said mother. "Take the car and get the fire department—or someone from down at the ferry ——"

"Right," said Uncle Si, "although I can't imagine what they'll be able to do."

Mother was pulling my bike out of the back of the car, and Uncle Si left so fast he drove right out from under it.

"We won't leave you alone!" she called to Grover. I didn't know she could ride a bike that well. She stood up pumping and lit out on the road through the cemetery gates.

I jumped up on the stone wall. It was hopeless to try to catch up, but I could see mother careening down the gravel paths, jouncing over graves and just missing the monuments as Grover floated gently over her head in a catercorner direction across the three-acre plot. Beyond, there was nothing but thick woods—and no way to follow him. Just then

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KEN MURRAY'S GIANT JOKE BOOK
PUBLISHED BY ACE BOOKS, INC.

the wind veered and Grover began to move toward the ferry. Mother stopped short.

"I'll have to follow you along the shore road," she called to him.

I ran back along the wall and snagged the binocular while mother pedaled back through the cemetery gates. Luke came up the lane on his bike.

"I got an answer to the SOS," he said, "but I don't know what it said."

"That's all right," said mother, "perhaps someone will come," and again she stood up, pumping, to get alongside Grover, who was already drifting well south about two hundred and fifty yards west of the road. I jumped on Luke's handlebars, and we wobbled after her.

Grover went up and down but proceeded in almost a straight line for a mile until we came to the county road. There he dangled a minute, spun slowly and shot up about two hundred feet.

I guess it was at this point that we all became really frightened. The weather had changed so fast we hadn't even noticed. When the big clouds shaded the earth, Grover came down; when the sun came out he mounted.

We had dropped our bikes in the middle of the concrete and were almost run over by a carload of tourists from West Ferry. From the other direction came a whole parade of vehicles including the fire engine, Flounder Benson, the sheriff, in his old blue car, Ev Peasley and Willie Boot in the volunteer fire truck, Uncle Si in our station wagon with Grandpa Martinchester, and Uncle Hughlen with Aunt Candy. They all just parked anywhere and converged on us, looking skyward.

"Don't you worry, Amy," Flounder said, "we'll get him."

"He'll probably come on down by himself," said Willie.

"How are you doing, Grover?" Uncle Si called through cupped hands.

"OK," Grover replied calmly, clearly and remotely.

"Good boy!"

"We've sent to Eastport for a fire net," Ev Peasley said to mother, "in case we have to drop him into it."

"Don't worry," again said Flounder. "There's dozens of ways of getting him."

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ng onto the back of the truck and we'll
u," Ev added.
as now about 8:30 in the morning. We
l that, besides Ev's ordering the fire
omebody had requisitioned a Navy
ter and somebody else had notified
ast Guard and the news that a small
as drifting out to sea in a balloon had
beyond Eastport to the AP and UP.
switchboard was jammed.

he time we got to the golf course,
r had already passed over the heads of
le of flabbergasted early golfers. Uncle
ped out at the ninth hole, rifle in hand,
ved Uncle Hughlen on, holding up his
o stop the rest of the cars.
can't do anything this way," he said.
e got to make a plan and get some
a helicopter, perhaps. Wait!" he inter-
himself. "Here's the shore patrol."
jeep driver yelled, "They're sending a
ter!"
l barely got the words out of his mouth
ne whirred overhead and settled down.
eedon leaped out.
ody stopped to wonder how it hap-
to be him. But later, grandpa said the
must have had his eye on us. Key
n had come into his office about 7:30
orning to sign a last-minute report be-
atching his plane to New York and
As always, he went to the window to
ver at our place, received the SOS al-
mmediately, picked up the phone and
us. All he got, naturally, was the out-
er report. He'd then asked Lilly to send
der up to our house to find out what was
and let him know. Lilly was busy,
n't find Flounder on her first try, and
s she thought it was just us kids playing.
had run down to the Kent docks and
a destroyer which could flash a re-
to the SOS. Then he'd run back to his
trying to contain himself while watch-
r place through his binocular, and re-
ering mother saying that if he ever saw
S again he'd know something was really
. In about ten minutes he spied the bal-
Key didn't know who was attached,
knew what the SOS was about.
uisitioning a helicopter takes time, but
as the first thing he thought of and that
t he did.
n you get him?" Uncle Si demanded.
shook his head. He was watching
r, a tiny figure under the balloons, high
d almost out of sight far over on the
side of the island.
tors are too dangerous. It was the first
I thought of too—the helicopter, I mean.
ys," he said to us, rumpling our heads.
re's your mother?"
Uncle Hughlen's car," Luke said.
w's Grover?"
e isn't scared," I said.
od! . . . What we've done," Key said
cle Si, "is send for a blimp from Cape
ck. They hover better. The only trouble
ey're at sea on antisubmarine duty, but
ill get here as fast as it can."
y," shouted the helicopter pilot over
ise of the rotors, "maybe we could create
h draft up there to keep him from going
er the water."

"I'll go with you," said Uncle Si. "Maybe I can get a shot from above and drop him into a hayfield."

"Right," said Key, "and I'll get things organized down here."

The helicopter, carrying Uncle Si with his rifle across his knees, barely missed a light plane that was wobbling in. A redheaded reporter from upstate jumped out full of questions. Then we saw there were many small planes in the sky.

Key said to the shore patrol, "Tell the Coast Guard to keep the sky clear."

By 10:15 he had a command post in operation outside the telephone exchange and Lilly's switchboard hooked in to the weather bureau in hopes there would be some way of predicting Grover's course. They kept repeating, "Variable winds, variable cloudiness, no change expected until sundown," except that once somebody added "Chin up, astronauts!" and Lilly passed the message on to Luke and me. By that time she had been so impressed by Key that she didn't overlook a hiccup

Although mother didn't know how it came about, she was transferred from Uncle Hughlen's car to the radar-station jeep, which was equipped with a walkie-talkie and, of course, could travel over much rougher terrain and keep her closer to Grover.

Mother didn't get the whole picture for a long time. Flounder just said the Navy was doing everything. Nobody happened to mention Key's name. Purposely, nobody told her about the Navy crash boats, Coast Guard cutters, lobster boats, dredgers, yachts, scows, sloops and even skiffs that were being deployed up and down the bay ready to fish Grover out. The one thing that really bothered mother was his getting out over the water.

From all over the Eastern Seaboard came ideas for bringing Grover down. One said to throw him rocks to put in his pockets. Another said shoot up a breeches buoy. A helicopter started out from New York with a

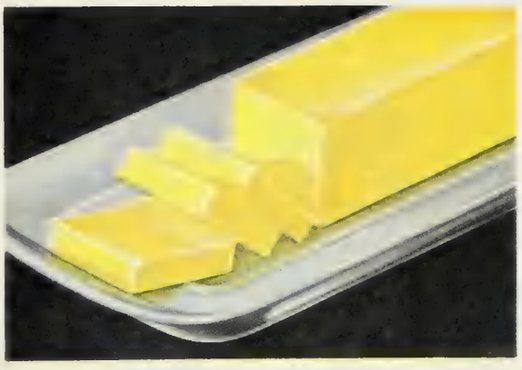
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lasso expert from a rodeo playing there. Key had told Lilly to accept every idea that came along. "We may need them," he said, for Uncle Si had just sent word the helicopter was too bumpy to chance a shot unless Key felt it was the only way out. So he came back to the command post.

Reporters and photographers, chased out of the sky by the Coast Guard, were all over the place trying to hire bicycles, open-top cars and binoculars.

While the blimp battled head winds a hundred miles at sea, its captain worked out a rescue plan with Key and Uncle Si via radio.

The redheaded reporter from upstate came along at one point and said to them, "Say, I just came back from the barn. I thought you said the knot or the rope broke. There's no sign anything broke."

"Are you sure?" asked Uncle Si.

"Sure."

After the reporter had gone, Key said, "What do you think?"

"He could have slipped the fastener off himself if the rope went slack for a second," said Uncle Si—"if he was watching for the chance."

They looked at each other. The question was *why?* They seemed to know the answer.

At eleven o'clock Grover traveled the two miles directly above Main Street. Miss Partridge, his schoolteacher, who lives at the junction of Main and Ocean, happened to be shaking out her mop just as he swooped down to about forty feet. She dropped the mop and nearly fell out the second-story window.

"Grover!" she yelped, clinging to the sill.

Grover responded politely. "Good morning, Miss Partridge." In about a second he shot up again.

"What on earth are you doing?" she called after his departing feet. "Come down from there at once!"

By this time we had stopped being so frightened. Grover had been in the air more than three hours, and was still safe. He continued to be calmer than anyone, except mother. He didn't talk very much, mainly because he didn't stay down low enough long enough. Also, it was hard to be heard above the whir of the helicopter. His attitude was lofty and detached—only natural under the circumstances.

Besides, who could be frightened with Uncle Si and Key getting things so well organized? They had Flounder impose some regulations on the crowd. Mother's jeep, the fire truck (with its first-aid equipment and the fire net which had been delivered on the 10:30 boat) were given a clear road. Everyone else had to keep a hundred yards behind them—even Uncle Hughlen and Luke and I.

The wind veered again. Grover started floating over rooftops toward the mounds, a group of little hills that divide the northern and southern parts of the island. The town water tower is on one of the mounds, and it became apparent shortly that Grover might be going to hit it.

"Thank God!" I heard Willie Boot say.

Mother was standing in her jeep, clinging to the windshield.

"Hold on, Grover," Uncle Hughlen and grandpa were yelling.

"Grab hold, kid," the reporters shouted.

Everyone saw him touch the top of the tank, rise and drift off again.

"What happened?" mother said. "Wasn't there anything for him to take hold of?"

Some high-school boys who had been scrambling up the ladder to meet him were immobilized. "He shoved off. He just took his foot and shoved."

Mother sat down.

"He said, 'Where's Skeet?'— or something like that," one of the boys reported to her.

Just then the walkie-talkie squawked, and the sailor listened.

"Commander Weedon says to tell you the blimp is slated to pick him and your brother up at the golf course in half an hour."

Mother looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Then she grabbed the walkie-talkie.

"Key!" She kind of choked and whispered, "I didn't know you were here," and thrust the instrument back.

"Grover!" she called out. "Oh!" For he was already sailing over the next mound. "Catch up, somebody," she said, "and tell him Key's here!"

Everybody was willing. The jeep driver nearly jerked her head off turning around. But the message was actually relayed to him over a loud-speaker from the radar base as he floated by. At that point, we were told later, he tried to pull down the balloons and break them (whether for the first time or not, nobody knows), but it was a fact: he couldn't.

Just beyond the radar station at Trebel Point the Atlantic Ocean licks the base of the lighthouse. As we arrived there the wind seemed to grow brisker. For the first time we saw the flotilla stretching for three or four miles inside and outside the mouth of the bay. Mother clasped her hands in front of her mouth, and all of us felt the cold grip of fear again.

Grover blew across the point about five hundred feet in the air. The helicopter swooped around him, but nothing could alter his course. The walkie-talkie squawked again. "Aye, sir," said the sailor and, to mother, "Commander Weedon says to tell you they're in the blimp and on their way here. Another thirty minutes and they'll have him, he says."

Grover bobbed along toward the lighthouse. Everybody abandoned cars and bikes to run after him.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has the respect of intelligent men, and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

THOMAS STANLEY
THE SUNSHINE STATE

"Don't worry, mother," was what we thought he shouted as he whipped out over the seething water, "I can swim!"

Something else was lost in the sound of the breakers and the stutter of the helicopter motor, but we saw him point up the bay. Everybody turned, and there in a sunny break in the clouds we saw the shining silver blimp coming our way.

All our family stood close together on the rocks at the farthest point out in the water. We tried to gauge how soon the blimp could reach Grover as the distance grew between him and us. The whole town was lined up figuring the same thing.

We actually saw most of what happened, passing the binocular around among us; the rest we put together afterward.

It was high noon when the blimp whirred over our heads. Far above Grover it slackened speed. The small boats moved out to leave a quarter-mile circle underneath. The helicopter veered away.

On shore everyone stopped talking. A big door in the back of the blimp opened. A shallow, round, saucer-shaped device began to descend on long cables. A man, legs apart, stood in it, holding to two of the three cables.

"It's Key," mother barely breathed.

He dropped down past the top balloon, and we saw him stoop, pick up a long stick from the saucer and reach out with it toward the rope between the first and second balloons.

"Boat hook," said Flounder. "Quite a trick if he can snag a rope."

He tried and missed, rocking and slipping with the effort.

There was a long pause. Then the blimp maneuvered away slightly and came back and dropped the saucer down to the level of the balloons attached to Grover's left shoulder. That brought Key closer. Again he reached out with the hook, and again. On the third try he hooked one rope.

The saucer swayed and seemed about to spill Key into the sea eight hundred feet below. He pulled, and we all prayed that the ropes, knots and harness would hold.

Grover didn't seem to move. The boat h slid up the rope until it hit the balloon broke it. Grover sprang up and away in sunlight. Every cloud had disappeared.

Again the blimp maneuvered upward around to bring the saucer near the ballo on Grover's shoulder. Once more Key t and tried again until he finally hooked a r This time he first twisted the boat hook in rope before it could touch the balloon. He the rope close enough to grab it, but meant he had to balance in the saucer f few seconds, leaning against one cable with shoulder while he worked with both a around it.

"I can't look!" said Miss Partridge, had left her housecleaning to follow Gro

Mother had a grip on my shoulder that a bruise for a week, but I didn't notice at time.

When Key had the rope in his right ha he carefully squatted and lowered the b hook into the bottom of the saucer, rose began to pull again. Grover moved clo Key then got hold of the main rope for cluster of balloons. In another minute Gr was touching the edge of the saucer. Key his shoulder down the cable, grabbed the ness and pulled Grover over the edge.

A deep breath taken at once by a coupl hundred people makes a noise almost l enough to drown out the surf. But it wasn' over.

Grover clung to one of Key's legs with l arms. Above them the balloons pul danced and fluttered, and got tangled in cables. As the blimp began to haul the sa back up, we saw that they would prever from ascending to the opening.

Then the shots began, two by two. Uncl his rifle against his cheek, stood in the op ing, held by the belt by two sailors, b photographed by a Navy photographer, shot the entangled balloons out of the until the last one was gone and the re saucer could be hauled aboard. Shoo down and across Key and Grover was ris than ever, and the pictures of Uncle Si's are impressive. You can tell he would n make a mistake. It was one o'clock wher dropped his rifle to his side and stepped b to let the saucer come in at his feet.

Mother gets hysterical only on really seri occasions: when the cake falls or the cou commissioners recommend an inadeq school budget. At least, that's what Uncl says. In real personal crises, she is almos cool as a clam. So she was pretty self-contai all the time Grover drifted in the atmosp and even while her jeep, followed by the wh town, was dashing to meet the blimp a landed again on the golf course. But whe did come down and Uncle Si handed Gr out into her arms, she began to cry. scared Luke and me more than anything had happened all day, and we tried to away the movie cameramen and news tographers who were taking her picture.

Then Key came down the blimp st Mother, holding Grover against her, m toward him, and both of them were wrap in Key's arms, without a word, for a while until Key said, "Don't you think need a permanent father more than a per nent home?" And I saw mother's head against his shoulder.

Luke and I, although near enough to that softly spoken question, felt kind of out, but then Key looked up and becko us behind mother's back.

"Come on," he said, "let's get out of he

He took Grover out of mother's a Flounder and the shore patrol had a hard t clearing a path toward Uncle Hughlen's ca

"Why'd you do it, kid?" the redheaded porter called out of the throng at Grover.

Hungry, exhausted and only six years he never gave himself away—that is, if he anything to give away.

"It was the first time Harrigan and I been anywhere alone," he said.

"Who's Harrigan?" about fifteen newsr called after us desperately, but we were ready in Uncle Hughlen's car and startin bounce down the fairway toward the s road and home.

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THE BARGAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

She could rope, and she could shoot, and she knew when to ride behind her pa and keep her mouth shut.

Every time a drive came through looking for water, she and Adam rode out to meet it. A lot of men saw her and hungered for her, but she never saw a one until Cole Wilson drove his cattle in; then it was just as if there was no one in all the world but them.

Adam should have known right off, but he didn't. He went out to meet this stranger, and for him it was no different from any other time. He sized it up to be a good herd, and saw that Cole looked like a good-enough man. That was all he saw.

Dicie saw a whole lot more. Cole did too. That's how it happened that he asked Adam if he could water his herd and let it rest a day or so. This wasn't uncommon, and Adam never suspected, nor missed Dicie the next day.

Their falling in love went like a prairie fire. By the time Adam smelled smoke, it was roaring out of control. Because she was his one great weakness, it seemed to Adam that nothing but trouble could come to Dicie through Cole Wilson. She was the flower of his life, and although he was proud to have her admired, he could not bear to have her touched. As soon as he knew what was going on, he rode for the camp and tore it up looking for Cole. It didn't take much looking. He saw the sorrel first, tied in among the trees, and Cole and Dicie were there, clinging together in the shade of the rocks above the water.

Adam rode in on them. He cut the sorrel loose and it went thundering through the grove and up the draw. Then he pulled his rope and slung it around Cole, pinning his arms tight to his sides. Adam held it taut and jerked Cole along to the place where his horse was tied, and all the time Dicie ran along beside and begged him to let loose.

"You get on that horse, mister, and don't ever come back this way," Adam bellowed. "Every animal you got can die of thirst and you right along with it. You stay clear of us."

"Pa," Dicie screamed, "let go of that rope. If you drive him off I'm going with him."

"You get yourself right up here by me," Adam said, "and keep quiet."

Cole struggled against the rope and Adam pulled it closer. He gave it a nasty jerk. "If I ever lay eyes on you again I'll drag your carcass so far you'll ——"

He didn't get any further. Dicie threw herself against the rope and wound herself up against Cole.

"Drag me, too," she cried. Tears were streaming down her face, but her eyes were flashing and her voice was mad. "Drag us both, pa. Wherever Cole goes I'm going too."

Adam let up on the rope and Dicie and Cole got free of it. Cole swung up on his horse. Dicie made to get up with him, but he said something to her, and then he swerved around and rode on down to his herd. They were moving out by sundown.

Adam took Dicie home and all the way she pleaded with him. Nothing she said made any sense to him. To Adam she was like somebody with a fever. He lost his reason when it came to Dicie. She was everything pure and beautiful in his life, like a gift from heaven that he was bound to hold tight. Adam was blind to what was right—he had shared God's other gifts, but he could not share Dicie. A man would have to be next thing to a saint before he would seem fit as a suitor for his girl.

That's how Adam felt, and when they got to the house he told her ma to lock her in her room, then he rode out to the rim of the hill and watched the herd.

By night there wasn't a sign of Cole, or his men, or his cattle, and Adam went up and let Dicie come out. She was still dressed for riding, but her face was calm, and she ate supper and talked the same as always. After the meal they went out on the veranda and then she asked them just once more. Her voice was low and soft and full of pleading.

"Pa," she said, "will you let Cole stop in when he comes back this way? Will you just give him a chance to show you what he's like?"

"He's a saddle bum," Adam said. "He's nothing. He went behind my back like a snake, and he'd hurt you, Dicie. If he sets foot on this land I'll shoot him."

"Now, Adam," Dicie's mother said softly, but Adam's heart was closed and he didn't want to hear.

Dicie just sighed and kissed them both, the way she always did, and then she went slowly upstairs and shut the door to her room.

That was the last time they ever saw her. She slipped out in the night and Cole was waiting. She left a note for her mother, and a message for her pa. She told him that if he ever wanted to see her again he'd have to come and beg her to forgive him. It enraged him.

Adam tore the note in two and got his horse, and he rode hard all day and all the next day, but Cole and Dicie had gone on ahead of the herd, and the closest he got to them was in Harte City. He was twenty-four hours too late; they'd been married there and no one knew which way they'd gone.

After that things soured for Adam Dwain. He was like a man without a heart. He let his ranch slide. He watched Dicie's mother pining and that didn't seem to touch him. When the big drives came through he seldom rode out to meet them, and he had the water posted with signs that said it was his water and anybody wanting any had to come and ask him.

He didn't break his bargain with the Lord, but the spirit was gone out of it. Adam never turned anybody away from that water, but he never wished them well. He just didn't care. Fences broke and he rode out to take a look, but if the men didn't mend them it didn't matter to Adam. He was the same as dead. He was wounded so deep he thought he couldn't be hurt further, but the worst was still ahead. That came two years after Dicie ran off. They got a letter one day. It wasn't much of a letter, just one piece of paper, and it told them that Dicie had had a baby boy and died. It told them where she was buried, and how the boy was. It plunged Adam right down into hell.

Right away Dicie's ma wanted that baby. She begged Adam to write to Cole. She thought about the baby, reckoning on how big he was. Time slipped on and she thought about what he was doing. Then she would say softly to Adam, "I reckon Dicie's boy must be standing up now."

Adam never heard her. He had no yearning at all for that young one. All he wanted was Dicie. She was his heartbeat, his life's blood, his breath, his flesh. He prayed to forget, but he was out of touch with the Lord, and he drove himself, and exhausted himself trying to forget. It was no use. Seven years went by, and the pain was just what it always had been.

In all that time Cole never drove a herd that way again. Dicie's ma used to pray that he would. Every time she saw dust rising in a yellow cloud she would go out on the veranda, and shade her eyes, and watch for the rider to come and ask for water. Someday, she told herself, it would be Cole. She couldn't give up thinking about the boy. She knew when he was toddling, and saying his first words. She wondered what woman was mothering him. She lay in bed, and long after Adam was deep asleep she would be awake, softly crying for him. But seven years is a long time to wait, and she had given up on Cole.

Then a year came that was like the one when Adam first entered the valley. The dryness started early. The sky was hard and bright one day on another. And the air was like powder, sucking the moisture from everything. For miles around the grazing was burned brown. In town, folks with gardens lost their crops. Some places wells were going dry. People watched the sky for rain, and there was nothing but sun, streaming hot and bright and burning the breath out of every living thing.

The drought spread over the country for miles, creeping like a dry, brown plague, so that not a trace of anything green was left. Water holes sank into scummy pools, turned mucky, and finally lay like cracked dishes, empty to the sun.

Adam's water flowed. People came from miles around and watered their stock. It was almost as if Adam were God, the way they came, begging him for water, falling down beside it and splashing it over their heads, and almost crying when they thanked him for it.

He was still indifferent. The water was there, it was theirs. It was as if he didn't see them, or know there was a drought. And then, one night, when the sun was rimming the horizon with flaming gold, and the coolness was creeping up to the veranda where he and Dicie's mother were sitting—then, at last, Cole came.

At first he was just another rider, a speck against the glow of the sunset, a cloud rising, horse galloping, and then he was in the yard, standing at a distance, hat between his big hands, feet set apart.

Dicie's ma knew it was Cole by the way Adam jerked up in his chair. She saw Adam's hand go for his gun, and she cried out. It was the first time in all her life she'd gone against him, but she threw herself at his side and screamed out, "The boy, Adam What about the boy?"

Adam's hand slid away from his gun. He stood up and faced Cole, and the hate he felt was like a snake coiling around his feet, hissing. His voice was thick with it.

"What do you want?" he said.

"My herd's dying," Cole said. "I want water."

"You go near that water and I'll turn all my boys on you."

"Adam," she gasped, "the boy, Adam."

"Where's the boy?" Adam said.

Cole jerked his head over his shoulder. "He's back in camp. I didn't aim to use him to soften you up."

"Oh, Adam," she begged, "tell him to bring the boy in."

Adam looked as though he were struggling with his hate. It seemed to burn up through him so that you could almost feel it with every breath he took. Finally he said, "I'll make you a bargain. You bring that boy in here and then you can water your herd."

"What about the boy?" Cole said.

"You get the water. We get the boy," Adam said. "That's the bargain. Take it or leave it."

"No, Adam," she cried. "Not unless he wants it. Just let me see the boy. Just let me see him this once."

Cole regarded them thoughtfully. Even in the half-light of dusk they could feel his scorn, it was there in his face, and it was almost as if Dicie were right there sharing it.

"I heard you made another bargain about that water," Cole said slowly.

"How about the boy?" Adam growled.

"No," Cole said.

He turned on his heel and swung up on his horse. He flipped the reins and was turning back when Adam began to curse him. "You won't find any water for a hundred miles. You'll lose every steer you've got. What good will you be to your boy then?"

Cole slapped his horse and in a minute he was gone, and there was nothing left but the sound of hoofbeats, thumping in the distance, and then the soft sound of Dicie's ma crying.

Adam tried to say something to soothe her, but it wasn't any use. She wanted the boy so much it was breaking her heart. She wanted him so much that just to see him would be enough. Just to know he was alive, and that he stood tall and straight, and maybe looked like his mamma.

Adam stood it as long as he could, and then he crashed into the house. A long time ago he had told Cole he hoped his herd would die of thirst and him along with it. He still felt that way. His mood was black as ashes, and he was spending the night with the devil. He was tasting revenge and it had a good taste, and nothing would spoil it for him—not the picture of Cole's cattle dropping on the hard, dry ground, and Cole standing by helpless, not the sound of his wife's crying, not the memory of Dicie, nothing.

Adam slept sound that night. He didn't sleep like a sinner, even though he had broken his bargain with the Lord. If God was angry with him Adam was the last to know it. He lay there deep in sleep while heaven began to churn. The sound was ominous. It grew in the distance, grew to terrifying proportions. Thunder rumbled, a low, terrible, gurgling sound that grew louder and louder. Lightning flashed across the black sky, lighting up the ground so that the ranch house looked like a small wooden block on the great, flat table of the land. The wind stirred along the river, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

SONNETS FROM THE PTA

By NANCY C. PERRY

I
When I consider all the school plays I
Have looked on, these things I remember yet:
How brocade curtains left from days gone by
Can costume Rosalind or Juliet,
And velvet portieres make noble lord
And king; how when Achilles speaks his piece
His shining helmet, silver shield and sword
Transport the captive audience to Greece
(Courtesy Alcoa); how opera cloak
Embossed with gilded paper fleurs-de-lis
Doth make a most effective Bolingbroke.
All these things I recall; but vividly
There stands one memory above the others,
The program footnote: Costumes by the Mothers.

II
I wait the moment as I would my doom.
The Light Brigade has charged, and Kipling's "If"
Been answered. While I feel my face grow stiff
With fright, my son stands up to face the room.
My heart is pounding and my vision blurred;
I clutch the folding chair with fingers crossed
And breathe, "The Runaway, by Robert Frost."
With mumbling lips I follow word for word
In idiot's pantomime the lovely lines
And bob my foolish head to every beat.
My son, unheedful of the torture, shines
A smile at me as he resumes his seat.
I peel my aching fingers from the chair
And ask myself, whence came his savoir-faire?


EASY CHICKEN CACCIATORA
1 ready-to-cook 3 to 3½-lb. frying chicken, cut up
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 medium clove of garlic
1 teaspoon oregano, crumbled
Salt and pepper
1 to 1½ cups sliced mushrooms
1 No. 303 can (1-lb. size) DEL MONTE Stewed Tomatoes
Brown chicken in olive oil with clove of garlic. Before turning chicken, sprinkle with oregano, salt and pepper. Remove garlic. Add mushrooms; brown lightly. Add DEL MONTE Stewed Tomatoes; cover. Simmer 30 min. Uncover; continue cooking until sauce is reduced to desired consistency and chicken is very tender. Good with spaghetti or rice. Serves 4 to 5.
These are ready-seasoned with onion, celery and green pepper — really handy for soups, stews and casseroles. And we love them just plain as a vegetable. I think you will, too.
Sue
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
STEWED TOMATOES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

it began to swell until it was a great rushing noise that swirled in the cottonwoods, setting their tops to thrashing and singing.

Along about midnight thunder began to crack. The wind hurled itself against the house. Lightning streaked the skies and then it began to rain. The rain came in torrents. The sky was a great blanket filled with water, and when the lightning slashed across the heavens it rent the blanket and water poured down on the parched land.

It rained and it rained. All night it rained, and Adam's lake filled until the dam spilled over, water gushed down the rocks and into the riverbed, and a swirling current rushed along and into the old watering hole away down in the meadow where Cole's herd was waiting.

By morning the river was running high and full. The world was purified. Things were coming to life again. New growth seemed to be rising through the brown crust of the land. It was like a miracle.

Dicie's ma sat out on the veranda in the cool, washed air, and she thought she could hear the herd moving along. There was no cloud of dust, but she could see a kind of smudge on the horizon, and she knew Cole was driving his cattle on up the draw. The miracle hadn't touched her at all. It was just as if she had died there on the veranda the night before.

Adam saw what had happened as soon as he woke up. He smelled the good, clean smell of rain, and suddenly he shuddered. He knew that Cole's cattle were not going to die of thirst, and it was plain to him that the Lord had taken the matter into His own hands. He thought about how the valley had opened up to him and saved him long ago, and he thought about Dicie, and suddenly it was as if a great mound of rocks broke away, leaving his heart free to beat again. He saw then t he had denied both the Lord and the ones loved when he turned Cole away.

Adam went down to the veranda and he s the smudge on the horizon, and he looked his wife and he saw what a terrible thing had done to her. He sank down on the ch beside her and took her hands in his and the hurt and anger he'd been storing up f nearly ten years drained out of him and said gently, "Ma, I'll ride after them. I'll the boy, just for a while. I'll beg Cole. May he'll let him stay until he comes back this w I'll get down on my knees to him, ma."

Then he stood up and started down t steps to get his horse. He was about at t corner of the house when they heard t horses. It was only a gentle thudding at fir hoofs hitting soft ground, and then in a lit it was a regular pounding, and they could s two riders coming up to the house.

Dicie's ma looked up slowly, and then all once her hands locked tight in her lap, and h face crumpled into lines and tears, and s choked, a great, gasping sob broke loose a she clamped her mouth tight to stop the trem bling.

It was Cole all right, and this time he ha the boy. It was Dicie's boy. There was n mistake. He sat his horse proud, his head he high and his black hair shining. His eyes we like hers, too, big dark eyes that said he w proud and aimed to stand by his pa no ma ter what came.

Dicie's ma sat still and cried softly, a Adam stood still and waited.

"I wouldn't trade my boy," Cole said, "n matter what terms." His voice was husky a full of feeling, and he was looking at Dicie ma with the kind of look he must have ha for Dicie. "But I reckon I could give him you for a while, if you want him. It's rough u ahead, and he could stay until I get back th way."

Dicie's ma's hands unclasped and sl reached out, then she gave her eyes a goo wipe, and stood up, and smiled, and Ada stepped forward to get a good look at the bo

"How about it, son?" he said softly. "Yo want to ride with me for a while? Till your p comes back?"

The boy nodded. He looked at his fathe and Cole gave him a pat. "You mind you grandpa," he said; "he'll make a man of you. Then Cole swung around and was gone.

For a minute the boy looked uneasy, an Adam reached out and took the halte "He'll be back," Adam said. "Don't yo worry, son, he'll be back."

It was what he should have said to Dicie, a that time ago. He knew it now. The word even came easy, and natural, almost as if sh knew he meant them for her too. EN

NEXT MONTH

The night the white-robed riders ap peared on the streets of Greenwood Georgia, Hallie was practicing a pian piece for Miss Corrine's wedding. I a moment, everything was changed Would the wedding ever take plac after this? And would she ever be abl to look at Miss Corrine, Mr. Jess, Adam or her own father without thinking o the bitter secret she must keep forever?

A DREAM OF MANSIONS

By NORRIS LLOYD

complete in the March Journal, con densed from the novel soon to be pub lished by Random House.

MISS FLUFFY RICE SAYS—



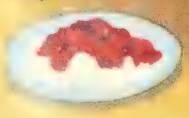
Try my Rice-Shrimp Combo! Good eating's so easy with rice!

Such a help for busy days—the good and easy dishes you can fix with rice. Here is the "how" of one family-pleaser. More suggestions below.

To serve five: Combine 2 cups water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 chicken bouillon cubes, 1 tsp. curry and 1 cup rice. Cook to boiling, stirring. Cover and cook over very low heat about 14 minutes, until rice is tender. Meanwhile, heat frozen shrimp soup (undiluted) and pour over the hot rice. If you want to fancy it up—and make an even *heartier* dish—add additional cooked shrimp.



More easy ideas!



Pour hot chili con carne over freshly cooked rice.



Pour hot pea soup over hot rice; add 1½ cups frizzled luncheon meat.



Cook rice in tomato juice. Serve topped with cheese sauce.

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Easy, delicious versatile, nutritious RICE is your most useful food!

Rice Council

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Tilley glanced resignedly at her good shoes and followed her employer outside.

The lengthening shadows were chilly, the air still warm. A faint autumny fragrance came from the cottonwoods, so vividly yellow that the very air under them glowed. Mrs. Marrable grasped the poplar; Miss Tinsley followed with a bag of peat moss.

The hole Juan had dug looked almost deep enough to swallow the entire tree, but that was the way Mrs. Marrable always planted, and the flourishing results justified her. Now, using a stone away from the edge, she bent to look critically in, let out a little cry, and reached exploringly at her bosom. "My watch!"

"Did it fall in?" Miss Tinsley also bent. "I don't see it."

"Down there—no, *there*—almost under that rotten clump ——"

Miss Tinsley's last and accurate thought was that she was going to have to go down into the hole; behind her Mrs. Marrable bent swiftly for the stone, straightened, and struck her untidy head with all the force of her small body.

Miss Tinsley pitched instantly in. From the bottom of her disjointed huddle in which she subsided from the bottom, the fall seemed to have broken her neck. It hardly mattered, as nothing could have repaired the back of her head.

A pair of tiny rose-breasted birds chased each other into and out of the cottonwood, a small nub of dirt dislodged itself and rolled lazily down onto the occupant of the hole. Mrs. Marrable sprinkled peat moss. Methodically, a small elderly woman whose main interest was her gardening, she planted her fifth poplar.

She the only daughter of a retired colonel, Mrs. Marrable had been taught early that appearances were everything. Inadequate meals did not matter, nor servants whose wages were in arrears; overdue—as long as the servants were correctly uniformed.

She married late, a bulletheaded man twenty-five years older than she, with cold gray eyes and considerable oil holdings. Or everyone thought. When Joseph Marrable died at the age of eighty-five, Mrs. Marrable, left with only her mother's jewelry and her husband's life insurance—and not much of that—was believed to be a wealthy widow.

Another woman might have sold the jewelry, invested the modest capital, and eked out a genteel but respectable existence; Mrs. Marrable had broader ideas. A nephew was doing well in the investment business in Albuquerque, and after a field trip there she bought an old house in the North Valley.

A good half of her capital went into the purchase, but it was a shrewd investment. Mrs. Marrable cleaned her diamonds, ordered her mail by the quarter pound, and settled down to be an eccentric old woman of considerable means.

In spite of her childhood training, she was surprised at how well such a deception worked. The very economies she practiced seemed a matter of tolerant amusement to George Marrable and his elegant catlike wife, Vera, and Mrs. Marrable found early that the larger her tongue, the greater their deference. They would never have owned to an intent living on a pittance—Julia would have treated her like an unwelcome servant—but they wooed Mrs. Marrable with expensive Christmas and birthday gifts.

Most important of all, they were hers to command. At a summons, George, a large well-cut man, and Julia, in her minks or her Thai silk suits, would drop everything and come out, bringing flowers or candied fruit or a piece of black pottery from one of their trips to San Ildefonso.

One evening George telephoned to say that he and Julia were worried about her out there in the country. A woman who had done nursing for Julia's mother had been pensioned off on the condition that she spend a month with Mrs. Marrable before she retired.

"It doesn't commit you to anything, unless you like her," said George anxiously. "But you're known to be a woman living alone ——"

With the acerbity that worked such wonders for her, and a relenting, "Oh, very well," Mrs. Marrable accepted what might have been called her pilot companion.

Miss Beauvais was a French Canadian, almost Mrs. Marrable's age, but wiry, tireless and talkative. She had been very saving, and had a nice nest egg, about $10,000. Sometimes she thought of investing it, but then she felt safer with it in the bank. "I have a sister in Quebec—she'll be glad of it when I die."

Because of Julia and George, Miss Beauvais left Mrs. Marrable's house in perfect health at the end of the month. But an idea had been planted. Surely there were other elderly women, spinsters or widows, who had a nest egg and no sister in Quebec? No one to come and investigate if they suddenly . . . left Mrs. Marrable's employ?

No particular line had been crossed, no barrier passed; this was a seed that had flowered secretly in Mrs. Marrable's mind. She said pleasantly to George when he telephoned, "You're quite right, I do feel much more secure. . . . No, Miss Beauvais was anxious to go and visit her sister. . . . I don't trust agencies; I believe I'll advertise."

Mrs. Marrable received a number of answers to her discreet

> Mature companion to older woman in North Valley. Pleasant surroundings. Cooking, no housework.

She chose a Mrs. Bosworth, who met all the careful specifications. Savings of her own: "I'll be very frank, Mrs. Bosworth. I hope this will be a permanent position for you, but I don't want you to take it in the hope of a bequest in my will. I have relatives here in Albuquerque, and of course that is all taken care of. . . . Oh, I see. Then that isn't a consideration."

The lack of relatives: "I'm an old woman, and my heart isn't strong. I don't want someone who will be running off to mind sick grandchildren or attend weddings, or —— No? Admirable; I think we'll do very well."

And they did, for three months and three salary checks which Mrs. Marrable promised herself she would get back. She announced gratifiedly that a stock of hers had doubled and showed every sign of continuing to rise. She jotted in the margin of her newspaper, saying as if to herself, "Four . . . no, four thousand five hundred. Very nice indeed."

Mrs. Bosworth made inquiries about this rewarding stock. Mrs. Marrable was brisk and dismissing: her own money was one thing, she said; responsibility for someone else's was quite another. Mrs. Bosworth was not to think of it.

Predictably, she not only thought of it, she insisted, and Mrs. Marrable gave in gracefully. Offered a check for $6000, all Mrs. Bosworth possessed in the world, she said in a tone of authority that there was a discount for cash. The bank might possibly be interested in Mrs. Bosworth's reason for closing out her account, and as it was a very sensitive market—Mrs. Marrable said this forebodingly—it would be wiser not to mention anything about investments. "You could say," she suggested, "that you're going on a trip."

Murder, the hollow echoing word itself, was not allowed to enter her mind. With Mrs. Bosworth's cash in a tapestry knitting bag, she went into Albuquerque, ostensibly to have her broker carry out this delicate transaction, actually to open an account in the name of Mrs. James Wilson. She explained to a bank official that she would prefer to call for her statements herself, and was put down tolerantly as one of those suspicious little old ladies who had probably been hoarding money in her mattress for years.

Mrs. Bosworth, pleased and excited about her business venture, became a nuisance at once. She took an almost proprietary interest in the financial page of the newspaper; and although she had been docile in the beginning about not knowing the exact nature of her unlisted stock, she began to ask more and more penetrating questions. It was obvious that she would have to be silenced.

Ironically, Mrs. Bosworth provided the means for her own exit. One of the bathroom pipes had burst, and plumbers were digging behind the house. Mrs. Bosworth, passing the hole, said with a little shiver, "I'd hate to fall in *that*."

A pity she hadn't, reflected Mrs. Marrable grimly—but this was not the only hole in the world. In fact, holes, in this blazing country, were readily explained. Trees. Now that she thought about it, a tree would be very nice at the edge of the lawn. . . .

Mrs. Bosworth became the first poplar.

Mrs. Marrable was braced for some kind of inquiry—she even took the trouble to char a spot in the floor of the guest room to explain why she had dismissed the woman—but none ever came, except, mildly, from George and Julia.

Mrs. Marrable exhibited the spot on the floor. "She might have burned us both in our beds," she said indignantly. "Really, the carelessness ——"

In the course of three years, dotted with failures—women who kept a close hold on their savings, or turned out to have exaggerated their means, or did not like life with such an imperious, penny-pinching old woman and left—Mrs. Marrable had amassed a little over $27,000. She was not aiming at great wealth, merely a continuing of the existence she enjoyed—a weekly cleaning woman and gardener, an occasional trip to Phoenix or El Paso, a nicely chilled martini before the dinner someone else had prepared and would wash up after. Perhaps most of all, the deference and cosseting from George and Julia, the heady feeling of power.

On her first Christmas in Albuquerque, George and Julia gave her a pair of beautifully wrought branched candlesticks. On the second, an exquisite Chimayo rug. Last Christmas, in their anxiety—or possibly their hope—over Mrs. Marrable's bad attack of flu, George and Julia had tendered the platinum, discreetly diamonded lapel watch.

And all Mrs. Marrable had to do was be suitably critical and sharp-tempered with them both.

On this October afternoon, Mrs. Marrable gave a last tamping to the earth around her new poplar, put the shovel back in the garage, and returned to the house to erase Miss Tinsley's outer presence.

Clothes and toilet articles went speedily into the suitcase, to be burned or buried later; the suitcase itself was initialed, and would have to be disposed of at a point distant from the house. For the moment, Mrs. Marrable put it at the very back of her closet, taking out at the same time her canvas shopping bag. Empty pint whisky bottles, garnered from the dump that afternoon, jostled inside it; Mrs. Marrable stowed them behind stacked towels on a shelf in Miss Tinsley's bath.

She was none too soon. With an important crunching on her crushed-stone driveway, George Marrable arrived.

A little out of breath, and very genuinely angry, Mrs. Marrable went to the front door. She said instantly, "Is Julia ill?" and, at George's bewildered denial, "I thought it was an emergency, that otherwise you would have telephoned first. But my nap can wait."

George was as ill-at-ease as she had intended him to be. He said, running a deprecating hand over his hair, "We've had a call from friends of friends in the East ——" He interrupted himself to ask curiously, "Where's Miss Tinsley?"

Mrs. Marrable's breath checked; there on the floor beside her accustomed chair stood Miss Tinsley's black-calf pocketbook. How had she forgotten that? Somehow she gathered her voice again; she said grimly, "Don't mention that woman's name to me," and moved slightly so that she stood between him and Miss Tinsley's chair. "Do you remember I mentioned that she had behaved rather oddly one evening? Well," said Mrs. Marrable, her face distasteful, "I find now that she had been drinking. She was certainly drunk today."

George gaped, visibly recalling Miss Tinsley's rabbity presence. "*Drunk?*"

"Of course I sent her packing. The language she used —— Her room reeks of liquor; perhaps you can find it, although I looked."

George, guided patiently, eventually discovered the cache of bottles behind the towels.



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He said in an awed voice, "She certainly put it away, didn't she? Like me to put these outside for you?"

When he came back into the house, he remembered his errand. It concerned the small cottage across and obliquely down the road. Would she rent it for a month or so to a friend of friends, a young woman from the East with an ailing nephew?

A neighbor—and a woman at that, watching, noticing — Mrs. Marrable shook her gray head firmly. "I don't feel up to the cares of a landlord, George."

The ruddy face fell, which meant that his friends were wealthy, Mrs. Marrable reflected; money always went straight to George's heart. He said, "You know best, of course, Aunt Elsa, but it's too bad. The boy's out here for his health; his aunt, a Miss Crewe, is strange to the Southwest and doesn't know which way to turn."

Was his glance very slightly puzzled? *Had* he seen the black pocketbook—now safely under the couch—or, seeing it, recognized it as Miss Tinsley's?

A sharp little pulse of fury beat in Mrs. Marrable's throat. She said coldly, "As this young woman's comfort seems to be so very pressing, I suppose she may have the cottage for a month. But make it clear that she takes it as she finds it; at my time of life I really cannot be running about with light bulbs and frying pans."

George said hastily that he would see to everything, that Miss Crewe and the boy would certainly appreciate it, and that he was sorry about having disturbed her nap. At the door he added concernedly, "You shouldn't be alone here, you know, Aunt Elsa. What will you do—advertise again?"

The thick dark gray eyebrows arched over the hooded-turtle green eyes. "Certainly," said Mrs. Marrable.

Although the mutual friend who was a link between George Marrable and Harriet Crewe's brother had theoretically explained about James's asthma, Harriet still had to clarify the situation. She said to George when he met them at the airport, "There's a brand-new sister, not able to travel yet. It didn't seem advisable to wait until she is."

Into this statement were capsuled James's last severe attack of flu, his following week in an oxygen tent, the doctor's flat, "Get him out of this climate, fast," to a man whose wife was just commencing a difficult labor.

Fortunately there was Harriet, and there were planes. When James's new sister was six hours old, he and Harriet were lifting steeply out of Idlewild.

Now, driving in George Marrable's car between shorn gold fields, with the mountains rearing bluely to the east, it seemed to Harriet that James was already a little less blue about the lips, a little more alive and small-boyish. As she was thinking this, George Marrable said, "Here we are—up ahead, on the right."

Perhaps because of the light in which she first saw it, it would have seemed impossible to Harriet then that the cottage should ever become a place of terror. Small blue-doored white adobe, taking gracefully a reflection of pale gold from sheltering cottonwoods. Lots of windows, lawn; from somewhere, the lament of an invisible cow.

There were a fair-sized living room, a small bedroom for James, another for Harriet, and a complete little kitchen whose back door opened on an arc of red-brick patio. What enchanted Harriet was the view to be had from almost every room: the Sandias, blue a short time ago, now a shadow-creased cream and topaz.

Harriet and James settled into the cottage gratefully like a pair of homeless animals. It was a luxury to have a permanently based toothbrush [illegible] clothes on hangers, food that could be had without ritual or delay. Apart from that, Harriet's mission-accomplished seemed a peculiarly hollow victory. It had been essential to get James to a high, dry climate; well, here he was, and what next?

At present James was a talker. It was not the usual excited spate of childhood, but a mild, reflective stream of consciousness. He had seen a lizard under the woodpile that morning, a very dark blue one with a spot of white on its throat. Did Harriet like Theodore Roosevelt? Mrs. Marrable had shown him the bird feeder in her garden.

Harriet came fully to attention: above all she did not want a politely worded request to keep her nephew at home. "James, you're not to go over there. I told you, remember?"

The round blue gaze, enormous in the small face, made her feel a monster of severity. "But I help her with the weeding," said James defensively. "She said I did."

Harriet had a reasonably clear idea of James's help: the steady flow of questions, the volunteering of a large stock of random information, the total dismantling of one weed. She said weakly, "Well . . . but not every day and you're never to go to the door."

James looked indignant at her notion that he would; he was an extremely proper and conventional child and did not, Harriet suspected, wholly approve of her.

But she continued to worry about the frequency of the visits to Mrs. Marrable's garden; George had been pointed about his aunt's reluctance over any involvement with tenants. Suppressing her own growing curiosity about the old lady across the road, she rented a car and began driving herself and James on short occasional trips.

Coming back from one of these, perhaps a mile from the cottage, she passed a small elderly woman walking briskly, wearing Sherlock Holmesish tweeds with a matching cap, cotton stockings, and sturdy low-heeled shoes. Even before James's pleased and possessive announcement, Harriet knew that this was Mrs. Marrable.

Civility demanded that she halt the car, introduce herself and offer a lift. Mrs. Marrable, examining her with disconcerting green eyes, declined briskly; this, she said, was her constitutional.

"But I want to thank you, Miss Crewe, for the occasional loan of James. Quite apart from his weeding abilities, he seems to know a good deal about dinosaurs."

Harriet smiled politely. "I hope you won't let him become a bother."

Mrs. Marrable's eyes rested briefly on James. "Oh, he's never that."

So that was Mrs. Marrable. A rather tart, cosmopolitan old woman who wore her flashing rings and wrinkled stockings with equal aplomb—perhaps an odd resident for the valley, but, except for seeing to it that James did not wear out his welcome in that quarter, of no concern to Harriet. Why, then, was she going back over every word and gesture of that short encounter, looking for something that had surprised her?

Mrs. Marrable's glance at James. It had held none of the tolerance or amusement that might have been expected; it had been totally cold and expressionless.

I mustn't let him go there so much, thought Harriet vaguely, but the little brush of strangeness on her mind was already fading, and by the time they reached the cottage it was gone.

Mrs. Marrable watched the car out of sight, and deliberately did not respond to the erratically waving arm in the rear window. Her feet moved steadily, her cane came down measuredly on the gravelly road edge. No one could have guessed at the pulse of anger in her scarf-bound throat.

The boy was nuisance enough—noticing and perceptive, but hardly to be repelled, under the circumstances. The harm he did to her borders and the damage to her nerves from his incessant voice were small beside the risk of seeming a woman with a secret, a woman who ordered a small recuperating boy out of her garden.

And now here was his aunt—not the distraught, inefficient woman George's description had led her to expect, but an extremely poised girl who was courteous but not deferential. Mrs. Marrable liked a rounded face and a wealth of hair in young women, and Miss Crewe's face was economically spare, her hair a polished dark curve except where wind had ruffled it. Most of all, Mrs. Marrable had not liked the intelligent black-lashed gray eyes—very faintly curious, surely?

This was George's doing, and he would pay for it. Meanwhile, Mrs. Marrable would rid herself of the girl and the child promptly at the end of the stipulated month. If any extension of the lease were asked, she would say that she had promised the cottage to a friend from San Francisco.

Mrs. Marrable reached her house none too soon. Mrs. Dimmock, her new companion, was due to arrive at four o'clock; it was now a little after three.

Mrs. Alice Dimmock was a widow, aged fifty-three, who had taken up practical nursing after her husband's death. She had moved to New Mexico the preceding year with a wealthy patient who was now recovered. She had no family and, away from her apartment for weeks at a time on cases, no close friends. As she had no church affiliations, she would not be going tiresomely off at inconvenient hours. She did not drink or smoke.

Mrs. Marrable did not allow herself to estimate or even think about the size of Mrs. Dimmock's nest egg, although something told her it was not inconsiderable. Perhaps at some future time —

In spite of the crisp nights, the new poplar was taking hold nicely. Mrs. Marrable had cut it back, and a few early cottonwood leaves had drifted down warmly on the raw earth. When it grew it would make, with the others, a pleasant sloping line of shade; she might put a lawn chair there, from which to enjoy her garden in the late afternoons.

James said on a gray, gold-leafed day, "Mrs. Dimmock spies on people."

Harriet said, "What people?" before she could catch herself, and then, with severity, "If you can say a thing like that, you must be spying on her."

James's large-eyed, pathetic look crept over him. He said, "I watch for letters from home, and she watches our mailbox too."

"Nonsense, she's watching theirs."

"Mrs. Marrable gets their mail," said James triumphantly. "She always does. Anyway, Mrs. Dimmock put something in our mailbox last night. I saw her."

Harriet felt perturbed. James was not a liar, but a meticulous observer, and if he said that Mrs. Dimmock had put something in their mailbox chances were that she had, however odd it seemed.

She said casually, "Did you help Mrs. Marrable weed today?"

"I was," said James in an injured tone, "but Mrs. Dimmock sent me home. She said"—his voice minced indescribably—"'Mrs. Marrable doesn't want little boys around. Run along home now and play.' Let her weed her own damn garden," said James amazingly.

Harriet offered to wash his mouth out with soap, but she was stiff with anger. If this was a message from Mrs. Marrable—and it could hardly be anything else—how much kinder of her to have said it herself, or at least not to have exalted James in his weeding.

The shift of black branches made the lights of Mrs. Marrable's house appear to move—and then, one by one in orderly procession, they went out. The night was complete again, unpunctured, unperturbed. Harriet switched off the lamps in the living room and sat down by the window.

Fifteen minutes, half an hour. . . . She was merely being vindictive on James's behalf, Harriet realized; she would sit here fruitlessly until midnight, while Mrs. Dimmock slept under her blankets, snug and dreamless. She stood up stiffly in the dark living room, and dropped instantly back on her chair.

The short, thick shadow seemed to glide up the faintly paler road. There was no sound above the wind, but the mailbox flap gleamed dully, twice. Mrs. Dimmock reappeared briefly on the road, mingled with shadows and was gone.

She *had* been there, hadn't she? Harriet was so stupefied as to not quite believe her own senses. Bemusedly, she went in to look at James, proceeded to her own room, took a lingering bath, brushed her hair with an attention she hadn't given it since New York. All this consumed an hour—by which time surely, Mrs. Dimmock was in bed. And after all, whose mailbox was it?

Shivering in her warmest robe, Harriet went out into the dark. She opened the mailbox, slid a postal card out, and walked rapidly back behind the shelter of her car to light a match. The communication that Mrs. Dimmock was sending off with such secrecy was addressed on one side to Mr. Hugh Darrah at a street address in Albuquerque. The other side was completely blank.

James was more talkative than usual in the morning, Harriet less attentive. She poached his egg, drank her own coffee, and said absently, "That's nice," to a number of probably horrifying statements.

What, if anything, should she do about Mrs. Dimmock?

She was only a tenant, and what went on in Mrs. Marrable's household was hardly a concern of hers; on the other hand, it was through George Marrable that she was here at all, and he had expressed his concern over his aunt. What if interference on Harriet's part were to lose Mrs. Dimmock her job—but again, what if noninterference were to result in harm coming to Mrs. Marrable?

The problem was solved for her at nine-thirty; it was not Mrs. Marrable who strolled



"Do you realize there isn't a sitter in town who will touch you with a ten-foot pole?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



"Of course it's good, Eugene. We kept it in Tupperware!

Mom says the reason everything stays so good so long in Tupperware is the airtight seal they have. It keeps the air out. When you keep the air out, the flavor stays in. Tupperware can't leak, either. And it's plastic, so it won't break if we drop it. She buys it at parties so she can see how it works. Remember that party she had while we were in school?"

Tupperware parties are fun. Come to one soon, or have one of your own. Call your local Tupperware distributor for your nearest dealer's name, or write Dept. J-2, Tupperware Home Parties Inc., Orlando, Florida.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

See Tupperware in the Yellow Pages under Housewares or Plastics

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

past the shielding trees to her mailbox, but Mrs. Dimmock.

Coincidence, or design? Harriet snatched up a postal card, scribbled her brother's name and address and "J. fine, writing soon, H.," and was out in the crisp gold-and-shadows morning.

She did not glance across the road, but the sharpness of Mrs. Dimmock's attention was like the tightening of an invisible string between them. As though deaf to the sound of the approaching mail car, Harriet opened the box, started to slide her postal card in, took out the one that lay there, and examined it with a puzzlement that was easily visible from twenty yards away.

The mail car, a dusty old blue Ford, pulled up; Harriet handed in the two postal cards, took three letters in exchange, and chatted a minute with the cheerful young driver. What she said was good morning, and wasn't it chilly out of the sun. But for all Mrs. Dimmock knew, she was disclaiming all knowledge of the card addressed to Hugh Darrah, and asking if the driver remembered picking up any others from this box.

The blue Ford crawled to the Marrable mailbox, gathered speed and was gone. Harriet lingered nonchalantly in the sun, and behind her Mrs. Dimmock's light, breathless voice said, "I'm afraid you've found me out, Miss Crewe."

"Oh?" said Harriet, turning and smiling. "How?"

"My postcard—though it wasn't much of a postcard, was it?—to my godson. You see"—the discreetly blued white curls tipped to one side, the guilelessly clear eyes twinkled at Harriet—"he worries about me, way out here in the country. He made me promise to write, but I warned him I'd be too busy and I thought that blank card might teach him a lesson." Seeming to feel that something else was wanting, Mrs. Dimmock added with an air of apologetic loyalty, "Mrs. Marrable always has correspondence to be taken care of, and she doesn't approve of her companions' carrying on their own. So I took the liberty of putting it in your box."

Not *it*, thought Harriet, disbelieving this look of unimpeachable innocence as much as anything else; *them*. And what palpable nonsense it all was anyway. The worrying godson—well, possibly. But not even difficult, demanding old Mrs. Marrable could object to a postal card. Particularly a blank one.

She said coolly, "How is Mrs. Marrable? You can assure her, by the way, that my nephew won't be bothering her again."

Mrs. Dimmock ignored the last part of that. "Not too well this morning—she seems to have eaten something that's disagreed with her. I do hope she's better tomorrow, it's her birthday." The demure pink mouth smiled tolerantly. "Just which one she won't say, but at her age, and with her heart, they're all an accomplishment now."

"Oh, really?" Harriet could not have explained her own hostile reaction. "I would have said she looked very strong and well indeed."

"Nerve," explained Mrs. Dimmock wisely. "She's living on her nerve."

Mrs. Marrable watched from her dining-room window, and tried to analyze her instinctive fear of Harriet Crewe, because fears once taken apart could never regain their whole strength. Was it the faint curiosity in the gray eyes? The presence of the perceptive, question-asking child? The fact that the two of them had sprung out of nowhere, through George?

Mrs. Marrable put a hand briefly over her heart until she remembered that it was perfectly fine; she had simply made so much use of it as a delicate organ that she was more aware of it than, say, her liver.

George. . . . Ridiculous. He and Julia were a pair of greedy fools, living up to their income, confident of the large legacy which would shortly be coming. No, Mrs. Marrable amended to herself, Julia was greedy, but far from a fool. And George, whatever random question might raise itself in his essentially dense mind, was the last man to suspect, or even allow suspicion to be directed toward, his wealthy old aunt.

Mrs. Dimmock was really a prize. The woman was cheerful, but she did not hum. She effaced herself quietly but with poise. She was even a good cook, although she did not know what to do with game. To think of last night's pheasant, a gift from George and Julia, made Mrs. Marrable crampish again. Mrs. Dimmock had devoured hers with relish, but then she probably did not know what to expect of pheasant. She had said surprisedly to Mrs. Marrable, "Bitter? Oh, do you think so? Mine isn't—it's delicious, really. Perhaps you've a cold coming on; that can affect your sense of taste."

Fortunately Mrs. Marrable had eaten very little of the pheasant, but she had spent a restless night, full of unpleasant wakings and equally unpleasant dreams. They would simply not have pheasant in future, decided Mrs. Marrable.

NEW BABIES—$1000 EACH

When Jeffery James Rankin was born at 5 A.M. last August 7 in Oakland, California, his parents had exactly $88.05 in the bank. Yet Jeffery James was a "planned baby" and today is thriving, lively, pink-cheeked.

For the 4,200,000 babies born in the United States last year, the average cost was $1000 (hospital bills, doctors, food, clothing, diaper service, toys, and so on). How do parents such as Jeffery James's, with an income of $4560, pay these bills?

OUR BABY IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

—next in the "How America Spends Its Money" series—will tell you. Coming

in the March Journal

Mrs. Dimmock moved springily about between dining room and kitchen, setting the table, raising and lowering pot lids, finally bringing in lunch. Creamed asparagus on toast and a small glass of white wine for Mrs. Marrable, a cheese sandwich for Mrs. Dimmock.

Over coffee, Mrs. Dimmock said meditatively, "People—particularly nurses, as I used to be—are always curious about their predecessors. Sometimes it's to keep from making the same mistakes. That can be a help, you know."

Mrs. Marrable glanced sharply into the guileless pink face and set down her cup with care. She said, "In the interests of not spreading scandal, I won't name names, but your predecessor turned out to be quite a drinker."

Mrs. Dimmock's eyes widened. "You don't mean she ——"

"Got drunk," supplied Mrs. Marrable brusquely. "She certainly did. Used vile language, threw things about—I was very lucky to have got her out of the house."

Mrs. Dimmock shook her head wonderingly. "And I suppose you'd never know, to look at her?"

"Oh, there were signs," said Mrs. Marrable darkly. "I imagine that as a nurse you've seen some odd specimens too."

"Have I not," said Mrs. Dimmock cheerfully, picking up her sewing; if the devil did not find work for idle hands, Mrs. Marrable would. "Dear me, you'd be surprised."

Like a number of people, Mrs. Marrable had a rather fearful interest in medical secrets—the more so as they appeared to repose so cozily under Mrs. Dimmock's tidy curls. When her companion reached serenely for a button, she said proddingly, "Peculiar invalids, I suppose?"

Mrs. Dimmock gave her light, tolerant laugh. "I'd say the families were often more peculiar than the invalids. In fact, sometimes, where there's money"—the button was in place now, and the needle stabbed sharply up through it—"you wonder whether whatever happened was accidental." She lifted her gaze significantly and dropped it again to the flashing needle.

Mrs. Marrable went as usual to lie down, but a few random gossipy words had thrown her mind into a turmoil. Possibly the wine had not gone well with the cream sauce, because she felt extraordinarily queasy.

"Where there's money," Mrs. Dimmock had said.

The pheasant, George's pheasant, so oddly bitter.

The diamond lapel watch, tendered when she lay critically ill—but she had recovered.

Nonsense. Even spurred on by Julia, George would not ——

Presently Mrs. Marrable got up and changed into her old tweeds, ready for her walk; she was at the door, cane in hand, when the telephone rang.

It was Julia, dropping her assured Junior League voice for a fonder tone. "Aunt Elsa, how are you?"

"Quite well, thank you. As usual," said Mrs. Marrable dryly. She never, as a matter of principle, inquired after Julia's health.

"I'm calling about tomorrow. George and I have a little something for you, and we thought we'd drive out at about six, if that's convenient for you, and perhaps have a birthday toast before we take you to dinner."

So George had found a rare old vintage, which he would anxiously await her reaction to, and the little something mentioned so airily had cost them a good deal. "That would be very nice," conceded Mrs. Marrable. "Six—yes, six would be fine."

"We'll see you then. Oh—how was the pheasant?"

There was only solicitude in her voice, but Mrs. Marrable smiled grimly at the opposite wall. "Delightful," she said.

The wind of the night before had been only a preliminary blow. It rose again, rushing at the cottage as though out of the whole black valley it had found a single prey. Rain began to prickle at the windows. By nine o'clock thunder was crashing; the lightning, before Harriet hastily drew the living-room curtains, vivid white trickles over the invisible mountains. Here for such a short time, she could nevertheless appreciate the gratitude of the land for the soaking rain.

It was time, past time, for her weekly report on James. Settled in the small blue armchair opposite the front door, notepaper on a magazine, Harriet wrote:

Dear Ann and Hal: James goes for another checkup next week, but you wouldn't believe his appetite. He ——

Something plunged against the door. Harriet's head snapped up, her heart banged, although the door was locked. After a tiny breath-held interval there was a scratching on the glass of the front window, a blind seeking sound that turned her cold until it was followed by a throaty whimper.

Foolish with relief, she went to the door and opened it a little. The most enormous dog she had ever seen pushed past her into the lighted room.

Half collie, half . . . cow? Collie head, anyway, beautiful slender brown and white; enormous barrel poised on long girlish legs; sweeping, plumy tail. No collar with tags. "Who are *you?*" said Harriet, and the delicate jaws parted in a smile, the tail swished, the huge body collapsed trustingly on the rug.

Let it stay until the storm was over—not her decision, really, because the dog looked immovable. It seemed to know the cottage; it did not circle the room, or sniff at chairs and tables, or go through any of the reconnoiterings of a strange dog. It simply basked in the warm dry shelter, soft eyes unwinking on her.

By ten-thirty the rain was only a faint splashy toss in the dripping cottonwood. Harriet held the front door open, and said mandingly, "Out." The dog waved i kindly at her. It was not going anywhe night. After a few more stern and unav orders, Harriet gave up and went to bec

In the morning there was snow o mountains, remote and dazzling. The greeted Harriet and James with hosp pleasure and refused to go out until, great craft, Harriet fed it a large bowl c ter. Perhaps half an hour later the telep rang, and she lifted the receiver on Mrs. rable's sharp voice. "I believe you had there, Miss Crewe?"

A man, thought Harriet irrelevantly, v probably not have shocked Mrs. Mar half so much. "Just for the night. It ca during the storm, and I couldn't get it ou

"It has dug holes in my lawn," said Marrable measuredly, "and ruined sever my best chrysanthemums. You do reme that I stipulated no pets."

She seemed almost to be trembling anger. Harriet, restraining herself, said that the dog had merely taken refuge; she not known it would prove so immovabl answer to a further query she said that nc had not fed the dog.

"Good," said Mrs. Marrable more ten ately. "I dare say you think I'm a crank my garden means a good deal to me. I've considerable time and effort and money it, and it's one place I won't have trespas James, of course, is welcome, but then J is not a large animal."

How unfair, thought Harriet, hangin moments later, to fluctuate so toward a c One day he was unwanted, the next he welcome. Unless, of course, the statement Mrs. Marrable did not want to be bothere little boys was Mrs. Dimmock's own in tion. Was it possible that Mrs. Dimmock, carried on her correspondence so peculi did not care to have any spectator on the mediate scene, especially a curious, rem bering boy like James?

For the first time since her arrival, Ha looked around at the white-painted cot with something that was, as yet, only a va distaste. Partly to dispel it, partly because had promised James days ago, she took that afternoon to a ceremonial dance a pueblo north of Albuquerque, and to din afterward. She would have been much h pier if Mrs. Marrable, with George and J and bowing waiters in attendance, had not tered the inn dining room and been seated tables away.

She was driving back to the cottage wh the edge of her headlights picked up the t coated figure of a man walking rapidly Mrs. Marrable's driveway. The front d was open to meet him, as though there were time to lose. He slipped inside, and the d closed rapidly behind him.

How swiftly Mrs. Dimmock had su moned . . . was it Hugh Darrah? And not a fond godmotherly chat; not with t urgently held door, that rapid entry.

What, then? A forcing of locks, a rifling drawers? Perhaps a tying up of Mrs. Di mock, to support the story of a man who h threatened his way in?

In her unease, Harriet forgot James's ni pill. She got it for him, and was standing side his bed waiting for him to swallow t last of his water when she saw the topcoat man walking rapidly back along the road; spite of his haste, he was hungry for a cig rette; he halted, and the cupped flare of match showed a dark eyebrow before it we out. Harriet took an instinctive step bac ward, even though she was invisible in t near-darkness of James's room, when turned his head and appeared to stare direc at her, then recommenced his rapid stride. few minutes later there was the faint, unm takable slam of a car door.

Harriet retreated to her bedroom and w asleep almost as soon as her hand left t light switch, but twice in the night she wo to the scratch of nails on glass and the shu der of weight against wood, the seeking, d termined sounds of the huge dog that kne the cottage.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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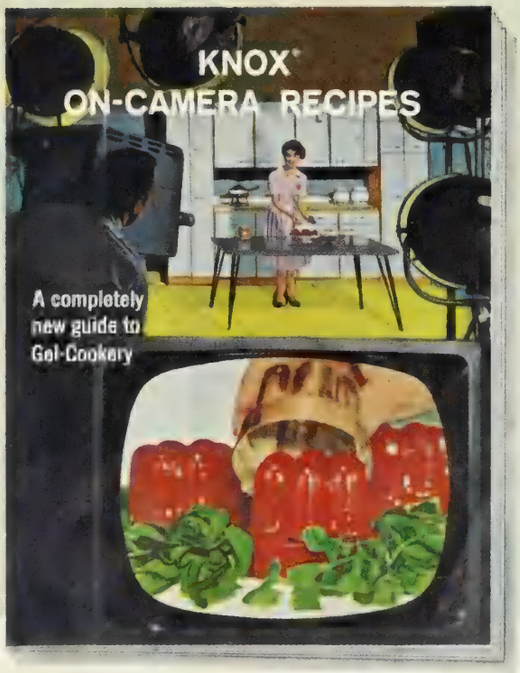


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ALL PROTEIN—NO SUGAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

The dog.

Mrs. Marrable was not superstitious, but she had felt a sweeping coldness at the sight of the huge brown-and-white shape loping unhurriedly across the road. She had been free of it for over a year, and now it was back—because the cottage was tenanted again. Because of Harriet Crewe.

After all these months, the dog—its name was Chloë—could hardly remember Rose Hull, the tenant of the cottage until she became Mrs. Marrable's second companion. It remembered warmth, perhaps a hand stroking its head, a human voice addressing it. And now the cottage had all those things.

Even if it did remember Rose Hull, there was nothing for it to find but a poplar between other poplars. It was a stupid animal to be coming back at all; the same instinct which had made it avoid the poisoned meat Mrs. Marrable had coaxingly laid out in the beginning should have warned it.

But other people were superstitious even if Mrs. Marrable was not. They were apt to give dogs almost human emotions, and wonder that one came persistently to a place where was no carelessly topped garbage can, no bowl of water, no welcome of any kind. Chloë, always a wanderer, had belonged to Rose Hull for only a few months, but because of her enormous size there were certainly people who remembered the association, and people who remembered were people who might wonder.

The dog had undoubtedly circled the cottage on many a night, found it dark and silent, loped back over the fields to wherever its current home was. Now Harriet Crewe had reopened the cottage, and waked puppy memories of rugs and floors and furniture.

In a way at once confused and certain, Mrs. Marrable began to hate Harriet Crewe.

In spite of an unaccustomed cordial, Mrs. Marrable returned to her house at nine-thirty. George and Julia did not accept her perfunctory invitation to come in: "I can sit up a few minutes, although I am rather tired."

The living room had been immaculately tidied. The single lamp that was lighted shone softly on Mrs. Dimmock's white curls bent to her sewing. At Mrs. Marrable's entrance she bustled about, taking her employer's coat, switching on the lamp beside her chair, inquiring if it had been a nice evening.

"Very pleasant."

"Mrs. George is so attractive, isn't she?"

The archaic reference fell soothingly on Mrs. Marrable's ear; it had an old-family-retainer ring. But she only said shortly, "I dare say."

Mrs. Dimmock, usually so perceptive, did not seem to take warning. She said chattily, "Would you care for anything before you go to bed? One of those delicious-looking jellies they brought?"

Mrs. Marrable had in fact eaten very little dinner. Even after Harriet Crewe had left the inn dining room, walking as though she wore Julia's sables instead of a well-cut but not very new raincoat, the stir of hate was like a physical seethe. She said thornily, "Well, yes, if I must have something," and Mrs. Dimmock went light-footedly to the kitchen cupboard and returned.

The foil and the inner wrapping were temptingly laid back, and the nested colors glowed coolly through their faint mist of powdered sugar: red, orange, yellow, sharp lime. Mrs. Marrable stretched out a hand, and the lamplight seemed to rush into her mother's large solitaire. Slowly she drew her hand back; she said, "I believe it's too soon after dinner. Have one yourself, Mrs. Dimmock."

There was a queer little pause. Then Mrs. Dimmock said, "Oh, may I?" and her scrubbed deft fingers hovered, dipped, chose a lemon jelly.

She bit into it, grimaced, and reached hastily into her sweater pocket for a handkerchief. When she could speak she said, "It must be an acquired taste, but oh my!"

Mrs. Marrable, sitting coldly still in her chair, knew exactly what the fruit should taste like: sweet and cool, with an intriguing orchard tartness just under the surface. There was nothing in it to offend even an unaccustomed palate.

Why was Mrs. Dimmock staring at her so curiously? With a brusque gesture Mrs. Marrable replaced the lid of the box, glanced at her watch and rose. She took the box with her to her room, but she did not eat any. The lemon was her favorite, as Julia and George knew, and if her nerves had not been on edge from the combination of the dog and the presence of Harriet Crewe behind her at dinner, she would have selected the lemon unerringly.

Balanced against that was the reassuring thought: *They wouldn't dare.* (But what better time? thought Mrs. Marrable almost professionally. On her birthday, when they had brought her expensive gifts, taken her out, been seen bending affectionately toward her at dinner?) And as far as not daring went, was it here that Harriet Crewe—the convenient stranger so suddenly installed in the cottage—might play some as yet undiscovered role? Surveillance, blackmail, poison—not thoughts to sleep soundly with, and Mrs. Marrable did not.

George and Julia knew that they were her sole legatees. Granted that they were growing impatient—because it was always wise to believe the worst—what was the best procedure?

To tell them that she planned to alter her will would be to precipitate action. To go on passively as she was would take far too much toll: quite apart from the chill of this new perspective she would not be able to go to dinner with George and Julia, nor accept any of the delicacies they sent. Severing herself from them would destroy a large part of her pleasure in existing.

She woke unrefreshed to a damp gray morning, but in one of her many restless wakings she had found at least a temporary solution. After breakfast she dispatched Mrs. Dimmock to the garage to find an old leather jacket in the steamer trunk there and called George at his office. She made an inquiry about one of her stocks, and then announced briskly that she was about to leave for a checkup at her doctor's.

George was predictably surprised; Mrs. Marrable made no secret of her dislike and distrust of the medical profession en masse. "I hope last night wasn't too much for you, Aunt Elsa."

"Not at all. I have simply come to the conclusion that a woman of my age ought to take reasonable precautions ——" She stopped short. There, across the road, pointed head searchingly down, came Chloë. Had Harriet Crewe had the dog in the cottage for the night again, in spite of her express orders? Mrs. Marrable's temples pounded; it was all she could do to hear what George was saying.

"—— so let us know, will you?"

Small danger that she would not. "Yes," said Mrs. Marrable, and hung up.

At a quarter of twelve, figuring out with fair accuracy the length of time she would have had to sit in a doctor's waiting room, Mrs. Marrable sent Mrs. Dimmock to the grocery, and called George again.

She had had, she said, an absolutely clear bill of health. The doctor had said that if all his patients were as sound as she, he would soon be in the poorhouse.

"Good!" said George heartily. "That's great. I'm meeting Julia for lunch; I'll tell her."

They would, would they not, hesitat tamper with a woman whose doctor, ha theoretically just found her in the be health, would be called in to sign the d certificate?

But Mrs. Marrable was not elated; in cold tidy mind was a shadow of warning she—*she*—had been driven to such a de tion. What her companion had to say at l shook her further.

Mrs. Dimmock had been thinking it for a long time, and had finally decided t vest her savings.

"I know you're familiar with the mark said Mrs. Dimmock, turning her clear, h ful blue gaze on her employer, "and I tho you might be able to advise me."

To Mrs. Marrable, it was as though th the leafless poplars had suddenly turned made her a sweeping bow. It struck her c She said at once, "Indeed I can advise Don't dream of doing anything so foo Mrs. Dimmock."

Mrs. Dimmock looked as though she been slapped. "But all the experts ——"

"Never mind the experts. The stock ma is one thing if you can stand the loss with being hurt; it's quite another if it's your l savings you're putting in."

"But it's not as though I had anyon leave it to. The responsibility is all mi Mrs. Dimmock's white curls quivered, rosy skin suffused. "I suppose I can starve please."

"Certainly you may—but not on my vice," said Mrs. Marrable. "And now sha go into the living room?"

How ironic, she thought behind her ri cigarette: the days and days of suggestion quired to produce any response from the ers, the spontaneous offer from this wo whom she had no wish to rob or harm—pa because it wasn't necessary, partly because was such a satisfactory companion. Sensi cheerful, as thrifty as even Mrs. Marra could desire. Besides, it was much too s after Miss Tinsley.

It was on the following morning that much weather-stained letter arrived for M Tinsley.

It was not Miss Tinsley's name on the velope that disturbed Mrs. Marrable—c munications had arrived from time to time other dead women—but its obvious age. though the postmark was indecipherable ab such scrawled notations as "Not at this dress" . . . "Misdelivered here." By all rig the letter should have been consigned to dead-letter office long ago; what kind prankish fate had persevered with it?

In her bedroom she opened the letter read a few brief badly typed lines:

Dear Edna: What's the great secret? Coul even guess from your call last night. This is ju line to say I hope to be out your way next T or Wed. and hope you can get an hour or so o we can talk things over.

Yours in ha

The great secret, thought Mrs. Marra crumpling the letter and hurling it into corner fireplace, *is that dear Edna is dead.* F that she was, babbling—but babbling too tle and too late. And just when, by the w had she done that? Mrs. Marrable's tidy m went sorting back, found an evening when had felt the onset of a cold and retired to b early with aspirin and her warm milk, leav the living room to Miss Tinsley.

Al—and what a rakish name to associ with a watery-eyed wisp of a woman—h neither come nor called. The sole inquiry Miss Tinsley, a few days after her burial, h come from a woman with a light-manne telephone voice; in answer to Mrs. Marrabl "Miss Tinsley is no longer in my employ, a I'm afraid I can't tell you where you co reach her," she had said an impersonal tha you, as though anxious to get on with a list people to whom she had been instructed sell something.

As Mrs. Marrable rejoined Mrs. Dimm a tiny muscle under her right eye leaped a began to twitch; it went on twitching, though she lifted a hand to cover and still She walked abruptly to the dining-ro

THEME SONG FOR FUNNY VALENTINES

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

A fool and his heart
Are soon parted;
Yet a wise man in love's
Out of luck.
With fortune's wheel spinning,
Somebody keeps winning,
While somebody else
Gets stuck.

When love calls the tune
Let us whistle.
Hurrah! Rigadoon!
Spinaree!
Though the chance we are taking
Is surely heartbreaking,
You're the valentine, funny,
For me.

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Physicians recommend St. Joseph Nose Drops For Children because they contain *approved decongestant* Neo-Synephrine,* plus other preferred medication.

Quickly shrinks swollen membranes, opens stuffy nose, checks sniffles and sneezes. Your child breathes easier, is more comfortable . . . right away!

Children welcome these specialized nose drops because they contain no oil—no sting. Pleasant to use.

*Reg. trademark of Winthrop-Stearns Inc.

COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

From the makers of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children

indow and jerked aside one of the cream irtains.

And saw Harriet Crewe, dark hair blown, aring at the poplars.

They were ugly and dead-looking without eir leaves; it was difficult to imagine them in eir thick lacquered green or upthrusting old. There was certainly nothing about them attract and hold that clear gray attention in e profile turned to Mrs. Marrable, unless ——

But Harriet Crewe could have no possible onnection with Miss Tinsley. Mrs. Marrable ealized with shock that the methodical mind hich had carried her safely through the last ree years was beginning to veer in all direcons. It was a little like being in a dark room nd hearing a sound that seemed to come om all four corners at once.

The eye muscle jerked under her shielding alm. Mrs. Dimmock gave her a glance of indly solicitude. "You don't think you might e catching cold? Let me get you some aspirin, be on the safe side."

Mrs. Marrable took the aspirin and retired her bedroom, where she lay very still with a ot cloth over her eyes. Out of the dimly stirng images behind her closed lids came a sudden and welcome answer that she ought to ave thought of before this: *Go away*. Taos or hoenix or Juarez. She would stay away until arriet Crewe's tenancy was up and the cotage was vacant again; she would resume the ld footing with George and Julia. Her life ould regain its pleasant serenity.

Mrs. Marrable dozed. In what seemed part f a dream Mrs. Dimmock's voice said, "Oh, ut you must let me ——" and a man's anwered, "My own fault, but if you have some auze ——"

Mrs. Marrable leaped roughly off her bed, ecause it was not a dream. She followed the attern of echoes that still hung on the air into he living room, and found her companion, ulia and a man she had never seen before.

Julia said breathlessly, "Oh, Aunt Elsa, I'm o sorry—did we wake you?" and introduced he man as Hugh Darrah. She had had a unch date with a friend in the valley, and on er way back from the inn her car had come o a baffling halt. Mr. Darrah, a business riend of George's, had fortunately happened y, but in tinkering with the engine—successully—had cut his wrist badly.

There was no doubt about that, in spite of is deprecations; the freshly wrapped gauze round his right wrist was beginning to stain. t must be a nasty gash indeed to have turned Mrs. Dimmock, a nurse, so pale in the background.

"How very kind of you, Mr. Darrah," said Mrs. Marrable in her brisk dry voice. "Won't ou have a drink by way of our thanks?"

Because with the sleep out of her eyes she aw a number of things that she wanted to examine. Mr. Darrah was an extremely peronable man, much younger than George, vith intelligent eyes and a look of easy activity even when he was standing still. George was n El Paso. Put those factors along with Julia's ightness of bearing, her almost-girlishness, nd Julia was lying. Mr. Darrah might have vorked on her car engine, but they had been ogether for some time; it was implicit in their manner with each other.

Hugh Darrah demurred but finally accepted drink; Julia had sherry. When Mrs. Dimmock arrived with the tray, Mrs. Marrable said indifferently, "You've met my companon, Mrs. Dimmock," but it seemed that, over he flurry of Darrah's wrist, no formal introductions had taken place. Mrs. Marrable made them, and watched the man's face with a sharpened gaze while he repeated his thanks for the bandage. She had an impression of having seen him before, and recently.

"Do you live in the valley, Mr. Darrah?"

"Temporarily, while my landlord remodels."

"And you're in the investment business?"

No, Darrah said; he was with a building firm which had the contract for a new housing development on the heights. There was the matter of a loan —— Mrs. Marrable appeared to listen attentively, but her mind was already on her trip—and also the fact that poised, beautifully groomed Julia should not be allowed to think that she had got away with anything.

At the door she said pleasantly, "Do have your car seen to, Julia. George would be so worried if he knew you were driving it around the valley in that condition."

Julia's lashes did not flicker. "Oh, I shall. Take care of yourself, Aunt Elsa."

"Indeed I will," said Mrs. Marrable.

Harriet, coming back from a walk with James, saw Julia and Hugh Darrah emerge together from the house. Carefully unsurprised, she smiled and waved at Julia behind the wheel as the red Fiat nosed to the edge of the driveway.

Greetings were unavoidable. Julia introduced the man beside her, adding, "Miss Crewe has Aunt Elsa's cottage. And this is little"—she paused, groped, and said with relief, "John."

James said how do you do with a degree of reserve. Harriet found herself gazing at Hugh Darrah's innocent hazel-eyed face, which said mutely, *You see? All open and aboveboard. I'm a friend of the family*.

But, thought Harriet, watching the Fiat disappear, no ordinary friend of the family would choose an evening when only the paid companion was at home, park his car a safe distance away, enter and leave the house with such urgency.

Besides, Julia hardly looked, in her pearly cloche and gently fitted suit, like the kind of family a man like Hugh Darrah was a friend of.

James, who had an appreciative eye for Fiats, said admiringly as they turned in at the cottage, "She's beautiful, isn't she?"

Harriet kicked at a pebble. "In an undernourished kind of way," she said.

Mrs. Dimmock was washing up when Mrs. Marrable went out to the kitchen and said abruptly, "We're going on a little trip."

The shining stemmed glass slipped under the flow of water, was recovered just in time by the deft pink fingers. Mrs. Dimmock, setting it carefully down, cast an inquiring glance at her employer.

"A trip, a journey," said Mrs. Marrable testily. "I thought perhaps Phoenix, before the bad weather sets in. There are very nice motels along the way. We'll leave tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" echoed Mrs. Dimmock in consternation. "Oh, dear, if I'd known I would have bought stockings in the village this morning." She looked down at her sturdy legs. "These are gone, and they're my last pair. And toothpaste. Oh, dear."

Mrs. Marrable would not have dreamed of lending either; she had an almost physical repugnance to such small intimacies. "The market has both, and you might as well have the gas and oil checked, too," she said shortly. "And get a road map while you're there."

Mrs. Dimmock departed with obedient haste. Mrs. Marrable, passing her companion's door after the car had gone, heard a drip of water from the bath. Even the smallest drip meant work for the electric pump. Annoyed, she opened the door, proceeded into the small bath and tightened the faucet.

Apart from that, everything was sparkling: tiles snowy, towels neatly folded, small glass shelf over the basin bare, mirror above it polished. Curiously, Mrs. Marrable pulled the mirror back, and the cabinet shelves were equally meticulous. Bath powder, nail scissors, small bottle of aspirin, tube of toothpaste . . . half full. Had Mrs. Dimmock overlooked it?

A rapid search of the bureau drawers yielded six pairs of stockings, in two boxes of three each, still in their cellophane.

So Mrs. Dimmock had gone off to the village for another errand. Mrs. Marrable clenched her hands quietly and went over the possibilities. Drugs of some kind? Hardly, with that equable nature. A traveling supply of liquor, to be consumed discreetly in tea or coffee cups? No again, in view of her cheerfulness in the morning, the steadiness of her hands, the almost childish whites of her eyes.

A telegram, then? A telephone call, although she had said that she was as good as alone in the world?

(But then neither had Miss Tinsley admitted to a friend so interested in her affairs as to be called surreptitiously, at night.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

Know what a dime, one safety pin, two keys, a tiny flashlight and a lipstick add up to?

My good friend, Elsa, calls this interesting collection her "emergency kit." I call it good insurance. Actually, almost every woman carries something or other in her pocket or purse, "just in case"... from a spare bus token to an extra pair of stockings!

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But back to Elsa and her collection. There are ideas for all of us here, too. That dime is for a phone booth, on the highway, in the city when there's no way of making change at a nearby store. The safety pin explains itself. A tiny flashlight is *importantly* handy after dusk to look for an address, find a keyhole or foothold. The keys are an extra car key and house key, should your keychain be lost. And the lipstick is a real spare tire if you've left your usual cosmetic on the dressing table!

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NTINUED FROM PAGE 107

A monstrous suspicion entered Mrs. Marble's mind, and turned her as cold as ice.

When Mrs. Dimmock returned with stocks, toothpaste and road map, her employer s seated at the desk in the living room, writ- the necessary notes for the milkman and ndryman. She turned her gray head casually. "This eye is bothering me. I wonder if 'd write and remind Juan to put burlap r the roses. No, Juan is away, he's sending ousin instead. His name is Al, I believe."

Mrs. Dimmock took the vacated chair and ked up the pen. Mrs. Marrable had never n her companion's handwriting before: for sons of thrift she wrote out marketing lists self (one half pound butter, one bunch car- s, small) and there had never been occasion Mrs. Dimmock to leave her a note.

Fascinated, she watched the pen move in a ge airy "Al" and did not see the rest.

Al, whom she had automatically thought of a man, was a woman friend of Miss Tiny's, a friend to whom she had mentioned a reat secret," a friend who would know that Miss Tinsley drunkenness—the ostensible ason for her dismissal—was as unthinkable a G string.

Al was Alice Dimmock, who sat looking up Mrs. Marrable with her clear, innocent ue eyes.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Marrable into a y eternity which, she knew on another level, uld not have lasted beyond two heartbeats. We'll put that out before we leave tomorrow. l like to make an early start, so it might be st if we did a little packing right now."

She walked briskly from the room; only th her bedroom door closed behind her did e grind the heel of her palm savagely against r fluttering eye. The pain was welcome, but e very uncontrolledness of the gesture was a rning. As deliberately as though she were ing watched, Mrs. Marrable walked to the ndow that faced the mountains and stood oking out, a small elderly woman in a black ess, enjoying the view.

The fields had dimmed, the mountains were mberly dark except for the peaks, a radiant se gold in the last of the sunlight. Mrs. Marble, staring, saw only her companion's comrtable pink face and guileless eyes. *Al.* Docring one portion of the pheasant, pretending spicion over the jellies. Shaking her head in rror over Miss Tinsley's supposed drinking ut. Offering her own money for investment—at had been a trap, and how fortunate that rs. Marrable had sidestepped it.

So Mrs. Dimmock could not be sure; in ct, Mrs. Marrable's firm refusal of any stock ansactions must have shaken her somewhat. ut a woman who had played her part so oroughly would not dismiss her suspicions sily. Now was the time to remove her, beore she could raise a hue and cry; before the olice, to whom she might go, could demand roof of the continuing existence of Miss nsley and all the others, simply to quiet her.

It still seemed incredible to Mrs. Marrable at she could have been so deceived; it was e a mocking insult, an open jeer. Her face lt entirely askew, as though her tic had frozen the midst of a twitch. Careful . . . careful. e must be guided by reason and not by ge; the period of greatest danger, when she ad been unwarned and unarmed, was past.

There was no longer any doubt about Mrs. immock—but what had she done on that retended errand for stockings and toothaste? A telephone call? Almost certainly, but whom? There were a very few possibilities: lia, George, Harriet Crewe.

Mrs. Marrable would have to find out beore she disposed of Mrs. Dimmock.

While Mrs. Marrable stared thoughtfully at er ceiling that night, Harriet Crewe slept adly in the cottage across the road. Twice, hen tree branches snapped off by the rising ind struck the roof, she found herself sitting p in bed, heart pounding, eyes straining at ne low-set windows. When she realized that was only the wind, she sank back into the in sleep of uneasiness.

For the first time in her life, she was frightned of a dog. At one point, fright had beome near-panic.

After listening to the six-thirty weather report, she had half expected Mammoth—James's christening for the persistent Chloë—because the dog was obviously nervous in storms. When the seeking sounds began at doors and windows she said to James's plea, "James, we can't. If you keep letting a dog in, it expects to live with you; and besides, if it wants shelter, it can go in the carport. Mrs. Marrable doesn't want it here. Anyway, it has a home of its own."

And perhaps, Harriet thought while she got dinner, that was what bothered her about the dog: from its bulk, it was fed well and regularly, and yet in any inclement weather it came through the night to try to claim the cottage. It showed a disturbing sense of ownership, benevolent but firm, as though once in command—tail waving, jaws parted amiably—it might exclude all other occupants.

She was about to call James to the table when she heard a clatter from his room and a breathless, "No, Mammoth." Harriet flung a tablespoon into the sink and ran in. James had evidently opened one of the windows to talk to the dog through the screen. The screen now lay on the floor, and in the half-dark Harriet could see the narrow head and forepaws pushing into the room.

It gave her an almost atavistic stab of fear. She pushed against the enormous chest with all her strength, saying sharply, "No! Down!" only to feel the huge weight pressing farther through the window. She said pantingly, "James, get the screen," and a second later the narrow edge of metal did what not all her force had been able to do. Mammoth thrust unavailingly against the screen and at last dropped back into the darkness.

Harriet whipped the window closed and found that, ridiculously, she was shaking. She did not even scold James. Instead, she went all through the cottage to make sure that the windows were tightly fastened.

Against, of all things, a dog.

Lying awake through the black hours of the night, Mrs. Marrable realized that her present situation could not be endured. Mrs. Dimmock knew, and it was only a matter of time—even hours, possibly—before, discarding all other possibilities, she might manage to get hold of Juan and question him. Juan could not relate the planting of the last poplar to the vanishing of Miss Tinsley, as he never penetrated the house and would not know who was or was not there, but if he were asked he would certainly say that he dug unusually deep holes for Mrs. Marrable and no, he did not do the planting himself.

Mrs. Marrable had thought to lure Mrs. Dimmock on by a promise to invest her savings profitably, and thereby give herself a few days' grace in which to discover the woman's confidant, if there was one, and lay her own plans. Now she knew that she could not.

Watch Mrs. Dimmock as closely as she might, she could not possibly close every loophole. She could not guard the telephone every instant of the day, she could not prevent the passing of a note, she might listen unaware to a prearranged signal telegraphed in her presence. Perhaps more important, she could not stand this quiet and mortal combat with Mrs. Dimmock; her eye, which had now begun to twinge as well as twitch, was proof of that. *After all, I am not a young woman,* thought Mrs. Marrable angrily but practically.

She did not want to sleep, but she was dangerously close to not hearing the very soft sounds down the hall when they came. Instantly she sat bolt upright.

In the lull before the wind recommenced its roar about the house, the sounds became quite clearly the brush and occasional pat of a hand seeking its way along a wall. Mrs. Dimmock, whose night sight was poor, was guiding herself along the hall in the direction of the kitchen.

Or the telephone?

Mrs. Marrable flung her nightgowned legs over the edge of her bed, pressured the knob of her door silently open, and stepped into the black hall.

Mrs. Dimmock could be going to telephone only because she had been unsuccessful in her earlier effort; Mrs. Marrable felt a heady wave of triumph. She reached an unerring hand to the kitchen light switch, calling in the same second, "Mrs. Dimmock? Is that you, Mrs. Dimmock?"

The sudden brilliance of the kitchen was blinding, but Mrs. Marrable, who had been expecting it, had a slight advantage. Through narrowed lids she watched her companion turn and cup a hand over her eyes. Mrs. Dimmock said apologetically. "I thought I heard the telephone, but I must have been dreaming."

"Obviously," said Mrs. Marrable in the cross tone of someone waked uselessly out of sleep. There was nothing to show the cold, decided steadying of her pulse. She squinted at the electric clock, which showed a surprising twenty minutes after six. "As you're up," she said tartly to Mrs. Dimmock, "would you mind heating me some milk? I'll never get back to sleep otherwise."

Mrs. Marrable had suddenly remembered the wheelchair, light and nimble, which had been put away in the hall closet after her recovery from an accident two years before.

Under cover of the kitchen sounds and the helpful wind, she opened the closet door, whisked the chair out and into her bedroom. Moving rapidly, unaware of the icy brick floor beneath her bare feet, she crossed to her bathroom door, switched on the light, closed the door to within an inch. Carefully, so as not to topple the pile beside the corner fireplace, she picked up a short thick log and stepped quietly into the closet across from the near side of the bed.

She heard water rush in the kitchen: neat, dangerous Mrs. Dimmock was rinsing the pan. She heard the sharp flick of the kitchen light switch, and then her companion entered the bedroom. Glass in her hand, white curls tousled, voluminous pink flannel nightgown swaying, Mrs. Dimmock glanced at the bathroom door and then set the glass down on the bedside table ——

Mrs. Marrable came out of the closet and swung the log heavily. In almost the same gesture she caught the toppling woman under the arms and maneuvered her the few backward steps to the waiting wheelchair. After a few seconds of silence broken only by her own rough breathing, she turned on the bedside lamp.

Mrs. Marrable felt Mrs. Dimmock's pulse, and it was a stubborn wide-spaced stir in the dangling wrist. But she was beginning to breathe loudly, almost snoringly.

Mrs. Marrable turned her back and got dressed. Her mind informed her coldly that she must also dress Mrs. Dimmock. It was very distasteful, and something she had never done before, but in the end she managed it. Slip, white blouse, dark blue skirt.

Surely she was almost dead? Her color was bad, so was her breathing. Mrs. Marrable flung on her coat, opened the door of her bedroom which led out to the patio, and walked around the house to the Cadillac. The morning was deep steel gray now instead of black, and so wild that a branch of cottonwood came hurtling down only a few feet away from her. Quietly, not touching the headlights or revving the motor, Mrs. Marrable drove the car around to the back of the house. She reentered her bedroom, cast a glance at the motionless Mrs. Dimmock, and stood thinking.

What *should* Mrs. Dimmock have done? Got up early (disturbed by the wind), made herself a cup of coffee, gone outdoors on some errand . . . to get the milk? No, that was left at the door. To leave a note for the mailman?

Mrs. Marrable wrote the note, requesting that all mail be held at the post office until her return from a trip, and went out and put it in the mailbox. She made herself a cup of instant coffee, and washed the cup and saucer and spoon as neatly as Mrs. Dimmock would have.

It was now almost eight o'clock, in spite of the dark wind-torn gray. If she called George, who was back from El Paso, George could not call her and find the house empty, or drive out at an inconvenient point. Mrs. Marrable lifted the receiver on what she slowly realized was total emptiness. She had no telephone; a line was down somewhere.

Mrs. Dimmock could not have called anybody. For this she had rushed into a barely conceived plan, for this she had a half-dressed woman in coma to dispose of. A taste of rage filled Mrs. Marrable's throat; it was a full minute before she could even control herself. But she must, because the most difficult part lay ahead.

She hung the pink nightgown neatly on the hook in Mrs. Dimmock's bath and took the woman's coat and scarf from her closet; those would wait until the last. Was there anything else? Pocketbook. Mrs. Marrable found it, discreet black calf—odd, all her companions had had black-calf handbags—and searched it carefully. There was nothing in it that there shouldn't have been, and Mrs. Marrable put it on the bed with the coat and scarf.

She became aware of the steadily rising wind and the savage ache below her right eye. It was now almost nine o'clock, but there was no hurry. Dutiful George would call, and when he found her line out of order he would almost certainly send some busybody around to investigate.

Ten o'clock came, and Harriet Crewe.

Mrs. Marrable answered the door. There was no question of her not letting Harriet in on such a day; dust swirled into their faces and the wind made it impossible to communicate except in a shout. So, for the first time, Harriet stood in the long vault-ceilinged living room, shivering in her envelope of cold air, trying not to stare about her.

"Such a day," said Mrs. Marrable mildly. "Not very good for sinus, I'm afraid." She had been holding a pad of cotton against her right eye.

Harriet said hastily, "I'm sorry to bother you, but your nephew ——" and explained George's anxiety.

"How kind of George," said Mrs. Marrable perfunctorily. "I had found out about the telephone, and my laundryman reported it for me, but it won't do any harm to have it reported again. You may tell George that we're quite all right now. Mrs. Dimmock went out early this morning—she would go out, although I warned her—and got a nasty blow from a tree branch. . . . Excuse me."

She walked rapidly into the inner regions of the house. Harriet heard the slam of a refrigerator door, a rattle of ice, a severe, "But *I* would prefer that you *not* get up, Mrs. Dimmock, at least just yet. Nobody should know better than you that blows on the head must be watched. . . . It's Miss Crewe; George was worried about the telephone and called her. Now do rest a few more minutes. My sinus will do very well," said Mrs. Marrable's voice with an exasperated kindness, and her footsteps proceeded back through the house.

Harriet said as she entered the living room, "If there's anything I can do?" and Mrs. Marrable shook her gray head.

"She's fel: a bit faint for a few minutes, and I thought she'd be better off resting awhile.

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that's all. Right now," said Mrs. Marrable, smiling a trifle wryly, "she's anxious to get up so that I can lie down. Thank you again, Miss Crewe."

She watched Harriet out into the whirl of wind, down the driveway, along the road and into the cottage. Then she locked the front and back doors; she would now operate from the door in her bedroom. The small amount of blood on Mrs. Dimmock's white head had undoubtedly dried, but she took the plastic covering from a freshly cleaned dress and arranged it carefully on the car's front seat.

The providential wheelchair was easy to handle; its rubber tires left no marks on the brick of the patio or on the few yards of ironhard earth to where the car waited, its door open. Mrs. Dimmock did not notice the icily blasting wind, but Mrs. Marrable found it an active enemy, even with the woman propped against the side of the car, when she had to struggle with the coat.

Mrs. Dimmock said something.

It was not merely a blur, a reaction to the cold and to being moved, nor was it a moan or protest of any kind. Mrs. Marrable stared into the ashy face—what tenacity the woman had, even dying!—and said wheedlingly, "What is it?"

Out of some almost unendurable effort, Mrs. Dimmock muttered, "Told. H——"

A last breath from her lungs; or H for Harriet? The single aspirant came again like a ghastly stutter, and Mrs. Marrable put her face close to Mrs. Dimmock's. "Harriet?" she said coaxingly, and the white head seemed to dip forward a little. Mrs. Marrable maneuvered the unresisting body into the front of the car and closed the door. There was no witness at all, not even a crow.

Mrs. Marrable returned the wheelchair to the hall closet. Back again in her room, she went to the closet where her seldom-worn evening clothes were kept.

She had realized three years ago, in a cool and businesslike way, that at some point it might become necessary for her to flee. Therefore the bank account in the name of Mrs. James Wilson, and the white wig which she now unpinned from inside a black crepe dress.

Ironically, she had bought the wig long before she had ever seen Mrs. Dimmock. It was short and fluffy, the greatest possible alteration from her own dark gray hair, and with it on she seemed to become an entirely different woman. With a last glance around her, she took an empty nose-drop bottle from her bathroom cabinet, locked the bedroom door, and hurried to the car.

She remembered to sit as Mrs. Dimmock sat, crouched a little forward, hands high on the wheel. She drove coolly past the cottage. Perhaps half a mile beyond she neared a man leading a palomino. Deliberately she veered toward him, saw the horse fling up its head and sidestep, swung exaggeratedly to the far side of the road so that the wheels bit gravel. In the rearview mirror she saw that the man had turned to stare furiously after her.

A dirt turnoff, perhaps twenty-five yards from the paved turnoff, led to the main drain. It was the kind of mistake a slightly concussed woman might make while driving through wind-driven dust, and Mrs. Marrable swung boldly into it.

It was, thought Mrs. Marrable with genuine regret, a pity about the car.

A number of people might have seen the small wind-bent kerchiefed figure that presently crossed the fields. At a glance it would have seemed a cleaning woman hurrying home after a morning's work. There was certainly nothing to connect it with erect and deliberate Mrs. Marrable, who never wore anything but a hat on her head and always carried her silver-headed cane.

She entered the house by her bedroom door. The battle with the wind had exhausted her, but before she hung up the black coat, her oldest and shabbiest, she took the plastic from the pocket, smoothed it out on her bed and examined it. Apart from the rumpling, there was not a mark on it; in fact, it could very well go back where it had been, over her newly cleaned dark blue silk. It did.

Almost stumbling in her weariness, Mrs. Marrable swallowed two sleeping pills and lay down on her bed. How silent the house was, silent and safe.

Harriet kept a piñon fire going all morning. Quite apart from its cheerful look, faintly spicy scent and magically preoccupying effect on James, it spread a necessary warmth; the cottage which had seemed so snug was unable to hold out the wind. Sharp little slices of it came in around window frames and under doors, dissipating the comfort of the valiantly simmering wall heaters. Presently, although it meant shutting out the day completely, Harriet drew the curtains at both living-room windows.

Normally she liked an occasional display of bad weather, but this morning she found herself both nervous and depressed. It was the kind of feeling she associated with some dreaded task or appointment, but today there was no such thing. Certainly it was not concern over Mrs. Dimmock, who had driven off earlier in the black Cadillac; although the roads were wild with tumbleweed and the visibility poor, the woman was competence itself. Harriet wondered idly that she had left her employer alone in such an obvious state of discomfort, and then remembered that something had been said about a prescription for sinus.

Was that it—a feeling of being overshadowed by the two women across the road, almost of responsibility for a situation which was certainly not of her making? Harriet possessed knowledge which Mrs. Marrable did not; on the other hand, Mrs. Marrable had been introduced to Hugh Darrah in her own house. (But in what guise, under what pretext? How easy for a man like Hugh Darrah to make a friend of Julia if expedience required it, and be presented as such.)

Like someone in a joke, Harriet had argued herself into a state of anger at Mrs. Marrable for having consented to rent the cottage at all when her doorbell rang. It was startling to open the door on a whirl of wind and Hugh Darrah.

Something of what Harriet had been thinking must have left traces on her face, because after his rapid glance at her and an explosive comment on the storm Darrah was very formal indeed. He hated to bother Harriet, but he had talked to Julia Marrable on the phone earlier and both she and George were concerned about their aunt's continuing lack of telephone service. He had volunteered to drive over and see if anyone was working on it, and had found no repair truck and no one at home. He assumed that as far as Harriet knew everything was all right?

Harriet felt a flash of irritation; from this, and from George's earlier call, there was a very faint implication that if everything should turn out to be not all right the blame would fall upon her. She said a little crisply, "I'm afraid I have no idea, but they know my phone is working, and I'm only across the road."

Darrah's instincts were at war with his formality; he walked absentmindedly across the room and stood before the fire, holding his hands behind him to the blaze. James, on the hearth, withdrew into himself as neatly as a caterpillar. Darrah said mildly but questioningly, "It's not much of a day for the road. I trust Mrs. Marrable is a good driver?"

"It was Mrs. Dimmock." The correction was automatic, but Harriet felt that she had been trapped into it. "You'd know about that, wouldn't you, as she's your godmother?"

Darrah's glance remained steady, but Harriet, across the room, almost flinched from his sharp surprising anger. He controlled it instantly. "Godmother, nurse, and now extremely good friend. And she's an excellent driver. Mrs. Marrable is in good hands."

"Mrs. Marrable isn't well; she's lying down," said Harriet. Angry herself a moment ago, she was now propitiating for no very good reason. "I do seem to have a lot of information, don't I? It's only because George called me and asked me to go over and che up."

She hesitated over telling Darrah that M Dimmock had been struck by a tree bran and decided not to: for one thing, it wou sound gossipy; for another, the woman cou not have been really hurt or she would n have been driving the heavy black Cadilla And certainly Mrs. Marrable, in her d thorny fashion, had been most solicitous.

James said unexpectedly from the heart "Mrs. Dimmock's not such a good driver and it was as astonishing as if one of the bric had spoken.

Darrah gave him a measuring and uncordi look. "What do you mean by that?"

Harriet knew, dismayedly. Gratuitous ho tility from James, who basked happily in t company of adults, was the unvarying sign for an asthma attack; feeling his chest tighte and his lungs begin to labor, he was willi to attack anyone in sight. She said casuall "Time to lie down, James," and James sa angrily, "I *am* lying down," but Darrah ha understood. He smiled at James.

At the door he said quietly to Harrie "Anything I can get?" and she shook h head.

"It's the wind. It'll pass."

He did not say, "Poor kid," or any of t other commiserating, headshaking things Ha riet had learned to dread. He said briskl "He's tough, he'll make it," and perha because it was an odd but true adjective apply to spidery, conservative James, Harr felt her eyes fill with ridiculous and bad timed tears.

She said steadily enough, "He's been fi until now," and Darrah gave her an une pectedly long, gentle look.

"You've had it all, haven't you?" he sai "Here, and"—he nodded obliquely in t direction of Mrs. Marrable's house—"there

Before Harriet could reply to that, or eve wonder at it, he had whipped a card out his pocket and was writing a telephone numb on it. "If you get hung up about James, anything else, I'm here. Maybe ten minut away."

He had to wrench the door open against t wind, and then wrench it shut. There, Harri thought bemusedly, went the spy, the arc plotter, the enemy. It was a pity that, Jul notwithstanding, gentleness and an enormou comprehension emanated from him. He coul slip around a million doors, and still not d anything vicious. She felt, in a way, bere of her adversary. Like anger, he had shore her up; like a kind word spoken to stress, h had undermined her.

She wished that he had not said "or any thing else," because what could there be She tucked the card behind an oval mirro

At shortly before two o'clock, when th wind was beginning to ebb, a telephone r pairman replaced Mrs. Marrable's branch snapped line. In order to test the phone an report in, he used the doorbell and then h knuckles, but woke no response. A few mi utes later he knocked at the door of the cotta across the road.

Harriet said, "Of course. Right here," an showed him the telephone. When he had lef she stood frowning at the fire. Odd, surel that Mrs. Dimmock hadn't returned? Odd still that Mrs. Marrable did not answer h door, sinus or no sinus; for all she knew, th summons might have been Mrs. Dimmock locked out without her key.

Harriet was faintly cheered by the sudde realization that Hugh Darrah could not b very worried about his godmother in spit of the storm; if he were, he would certainl have called long before this to ask if she wer back. But Mrs. Marrable, whom George an Julia treated like the very best glass —— Gloomily, at a quarter of three, Harriet calle George.

George said, "I'll—let me see, I'll drive ou right away. I think perhaps I'd better stop a the house for Julia, just in case ——"

Surely that was not a note of solemn jubila tion in George's voice?

Julia was evidently not at home, becaus when the long blue car arrived a scant ha

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

"SHOW US HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL"

The young American woman, as our coast-to-coast survey shows, envisions two kinds of beauty for herself. One is for daytime—an easy-to-care-for, natural beauty. The other is for evening—more glamorous and alluring. Yet many women are unsure of their beauty techniques, afraid of "overdoing" their makeup. Here are the important questions they ask:

"*Everyone seems to be wearing eye makeup now. Where do I start?*"

There is a lot of fun, flattery and fashion in eye makeup. The color of your lashes determines the color of mascara you use. If lashes are blond, brown or red, wear brown mascara. If very dark brown or black, use black. Are your eyes blue or green? An exciting way to intensify their color is to use, in addition to the basic mascara color, a touch of matching blue or green. Apply it only to the tips of lashes already coated evenly with brown or black. For evening you'll want eye shadow, which comes in cream, stick or powder form. The brown-eyed can wear almost any shade—turquoise, green, or a color to match a costume. Brown eye shadow, used sparingly, is becoming too. Blue eyes and green eyes become bluer and greener under matching eye shadow. Apply shadow to the center of the eyelid, then with your finger blend it carefully up and out. Dust lightly with powder for staying power. Eye liner takes a little more practice, but there's a trick to it, and with experience you'll find it as easy as lipstick. Using the liquid or pencil-type liner, hold the eyelid taut and draw a thin line as close to the base of the lashes as possible. At the eye's outer corner slightly extend the line up and out. Use black liner with black or very dark lashes, brown with lighter hair coloring. Above these beautiful eyes there should be prettily arched eyebrows, plucked neatly to their natural line and gently accented with pencil. If thick and low over your eyes, thin the lower edge.

"*To look really glamorous at night, should I use a different makeup shade?*"

If you want an ethereal look, use a foundation and powder a fraction lighter than your daytime shade—but *just* a fraction. Your basic makeup colors for foundation and powder should match your own skin tones as closely as possible. If you want to glow, use a *very* sparing film of rouge on your face over foundation, then powder lightly to just the tone you want. (We learned this from a movie star.)

"*I'm afraid to dye my hair, yet it's such a drab color. What can I do?*"

Hair tinting is very much the fashion today. With one of the temporary or semi-permanent rinses you can add wonderful highlights and rich tones. Usually the shade nearest your natural color works the best. Cover gray hair with a semipermanent rinse or use the permanent colors. Some women who wish to be dramatic change their hair color as the seasons change. To be recommended to those whose husbands find it becoming!

"*What can I do about dry skin?*"

Use a moisturizer daily. Spread a thin film over neck and face area before applying foundation and powder. One young woman we know uses rich cream on elbows, arms and legs below the knee after every bath. Not always possible timewise, but a good mark to aim at. Heated houses, frequent baths can dry the skin.


Vee-Form by Modess
anatomically shaped . . . because

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

hour later George was alone. He looked pale and strained, and said to Harriet, "You don't mind coming over with me?"

Harriet minded very much. "I don't think your aunt ——"

"If something has happened," interrupted George ponderously, "she might want a woman with her."

It seemed highly unlikely to Harriet—Mrs. Marrable looked like the last person in the world to want alien hands on her buttons or shoelaces—but in spite of his ramrod demeanor there was something almost beseeching about George. James was asleep. Harriet said, "I'll get my coat," and seconds later was out in the cold gray afternoon.

George rang Mrs. Marrable's doorbell. The silence inside was everything Harriet had dreaded—and then all at once it wasn't silence but an odd shuffling sound. The door whisked inward without warning, and there stood Mrs. Marrable, obviously roused from sleep and not grateful for it.

George said, "Aunt Elsa! We were worried—are you all right?"

"I was until I was awakened," said Mrs. Marrable pettishly. "Really, Mrs. Dimmock ought not to go off and leave me like this when I do manage to get a little relief. It must be almost lunchtime, and she seems to have made no ——"

Something, perhaps the total silence of the house, seemed to penetrate then. She said sharply, "What time is it?"

"Almost three-thirty," said George in an apologetic tone.

"Three-thirty!" Mrs. Marrable sat down abruptly and passed a confused hand over her forehead; even in the dim room her rings flashed. "Then where is Mrs. Dimmock?"

Her first reaction was indignation: "I told her quite distinctly that she was not to go out. She wanted to drive into the village to ... something for my sinus, and she seemed ... pletely recovered ——"

"Recovered from what?" inquired Geo... It was a measure of the peculiar strain in ... that he had interrupted Mrs. Marrable.

Severely, she recounted her compani... accident with the tree branch. "But I told ... it was better to be on the safe side. To pl... her I took two pills she gave me, and it se... to me that they must have been very st... indeed, because I fell asleep almost at on... in fact, I barely heard the doorbell just r... It appears," said Mrs. Marrable in a cold ... level voice, "that she was simply creating ... opportunity to leave the house. I can... understand it."

Harriet thought she understood it very ... carefully—because in spite of everything ... was reluctant to involve Hugh Darrah?— ... did not meet Mrs. Marrable's eye.

George said, "You don't think that perh... you ought to take a look around, Aunt E... To see if anything is . . . missing?"

Mrs. Marrable looked startled. She ... with conviction, "Mrs. Dimmock is no... thief, George."

"Oh, of course. Fine woman," said Geo... "But as you say, she wasn't herself. ... instance, she wouldn't normally have g... you such strong sleeping stuff, would sh..."

"Well," said Mrs. Marrable slowly, "... quite sure you're wrong, but still ——"

She left the room; it was only a minut... two before she returned. "As I thought, ... only thing missing is the prescription for ... sinus. Call the drugstore, George, and s... she's been there."

Mrs. Dimmock had not.

Harriet, who had hardly spoken since ... arrival, said something which did not seem ... have occurred to either of them. "You d... suppose that with all that wind and dust, ... being slightly dizzy, she might have take... wrong turning and gone off the road so... where?"

Mrs. Marrable said frowningly, "But th... are houses, people about ——"

"Not on the road to the drain," s... Harriet. She made it very quiet and con... sational, because Mrs. Marrable looked al... once as though she had received a phys... blow. "Fishermen go there sometimes, I thi... but it's usually deserted. It would be ... weather like this."

Mrs. Marrable closed her eyes and ope... them again on Harriet's face. "How clever ... you to think of it," she said slowly. "Geor... I think you had better call the police ri... away."

But George did not call immediately, ... cause the doorbell rang. Mrs. Marra... jumped nimbly to her feet. "Here she is!" ... said triumphantly, and went to the door.

Hugh Darrah stood against the near-da... and even before he said a word it was cl... that he was not a bearer of good tidings. ... somehow unfamiliar gaze did not seem to ... anyone in the room but Mrs. Marrable. "... afraid I've come with bad news ——"

He had heard it, he said, in the village ... boy who had been sternly forbidden ... vicinity of the drain had nevertheless skipp... school to go there. And there in the wate... gestures began—was this big black car an... woman half in and half out of the open do... She was a white-haired woman, and she w... dead.

Darrah had driven to the spot the boy ... scribed. The sheriff's car and police ambula... had left, but a deputy was supervising ... removal of the Cadillac from the water. A... cording to him, the contents of the woma... purse identified her as Mrs. Alice Dimmo...

Harriet watched Darrah, flinching for hi... Darrah watched Mrs. Marrable, who sat v... still in her chair, meeting the shock with ... steadiness undone by the rigidly clench... hands in her lap. She seemed to be waiting ... something, perhaps only power over h... voice. It was totally unlike itself when it can... frightened, almost supplicating. "George, ... you would get me some brandy ——"

No one spoke until George came back w... a glass that tended to tremble in his hand. M... Marrable drank the brandy with her ey... closed, as though to listen the more acut...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO. SUIT BY JEAN MERSEL. BLOUSE BY RHODA LEE. SCARF BY VERA.



WARDROBE PERFECTIONS...INVESTMENT No.1 How to dress well on practically nothing

By BET HART

What's the ideal wardrobe? Barbara J. knows it's one made up of clothes to depend on and love; clothes with fashion of the moment, but that will go on with the greatest of ease for several seasons to come. With these as prerequisites, Barbara J. plans her spring wardrobe, then makes her first investment. This (the first one of three for a wardrobe complete) is an all-important step. Not a hasty "buy it for a special occasion today, never wear it again," the investment is a carefully thought out one with a future in view. Barbara J.'s choice, a turquoise wool suit, starts her on her way to wardrobe perfections.

First investment, turquoise suit, costs $17.95. Skirt is slim, jacket cropped to just below waistline level. Today, Barbara J. accessorizes with beige—knows black patent would be equally as pretty.

With suit skirt, Barbara J. wears new silk shirt in turquoise-and-white paisley design. This addition, $5.95.

Cardigan neckline is perfect for scarves. Barbara J.'s choice: a flowered chiffon in watercolor blues, $3.00.

For an easy, casual look Barbara J. wears the jacket open, adds a white blouse, a pin and pearls.

me inward function. It seemed entirely ble that with no dramatics at all her heart t suddenly stop beating.

rrah said quietly when she had set down mpty glass, "I'm sorry. Maybe I should left this to the sheriff's office, but I ght ——"

's quite all right." Mrs. Marrable even him a small ghastly smile. "It's just—I seem to take it in. We were going on a omorrow, everything is packed. When all happen? Does anyone know?"

rrah shook his head. "The boy apitly went to the drain after his lunch but of course it might have been hours e that. Do you know when she left the ?"

rriet, speaking for the first time since rrival, said that Mrs. Dimmock had n by the cottage at about ten-thirty.

s. Marrable rubbed her eyes in a bered way. "I still don't quite —— She o relatives, as far as I know. George, call heriff's office and tell them that I will care of . . . everything."

orge rose obediently. Hugh Darrah ed his hands and said carefully, "I supthere'll be an inquest."

should imagine so, yes," said Mrs. able. "Poor Mrs. Dimmock. But of e the law must be complied with. Do call, ge."

hat was it that Hugh Darrah had called Dimmock? "Nurse, godmother, and extremely good friend." And there he allowing funeral arrangements to be hed for by a stranger. Harriet stood up, d and incredulous, and said to no one, "I get back to James."

ames knows you're here," said Darrah y.

es, but still ——"

Wait," said George surprisingly, and d down at Mrs. Marrable. "Aunt Elsa, won't stay here tonight alone, will you? e back with me; I know Julia would ——"

am afraid," said Mrs. Marrable with a return of her imperious manner, "that t the moment I do not feel up to being led about, George." She lifted her gaze ringly to Harriet's face. "I won't feel that lone," said Mrs. Marrable gently. "Miss e is just across the road."

ng after they had left, Mrs. Marrable d at the face of Harriet Crewe in her . Polite—and secret, the clear gaze dropinstantly away when Mrs. Marrable said, nnot understand it." The innocent voice hich she had suggested the drain, the y gaze she had directed at Mrs. Marrable. had she said nothing—because she 't quite sure of murder in this case, in of what Mrs. Dimmock had told her? Or use she was biding her time?

that case, she must not be allowed much to bide.

puty Armijo called on Mrs. Marrable routine questions the next day. The ediate cause of Mrs. Dimmock's death been drowning, but the autopsy had n internal bleeding from a prior head d. Had Mrs. Marrable any information erning that?

rs. Marrable explained. "I can't think she went out in such a wind—oh, the note he mailman, and I must remove that —but she came in quite dizzy, and said a branch had struck her. Of course I inl that she lie down with some cracked ice owel."

rs. Marrable touched her pouched right "I don't know whether you suffer from s, officer, but I was dreadfully ill with it morning. I shouldn't have mentioned it rs. Dimmock in her state, but she kept ing that she was quite all right and wanted down to the drugstore to have a prertion of mine refilled."

rmijo nodded. "We found the bottle in her e," he told her. He consulted notes. "Then eemed her usual self when she went out?" sked.

have no idea, as I didn't see her go out. ed, I had asked her not to," said Mrs. Marrable, and frowned. "I did think it odd that she gave me two pills instead of one, but I trusted her so ——" She paused, gazing down the arched and glimmering room. "It's hard to ask, officer, but—did she suffer?"

Armijo pocketed his notes with finality. "I don't think so. In her state—she got another blow from the steering wheel when the car went in—she couldn't have felt much. The doctor says people react differently to concussion, but it's a wonder she got as far as she did."

Mrs. Marrable gave him a very sincere gaze. "Mrs. Dimmock was an extremely strong woman," she said.

Harriet, still caught in a queer depression, fell back on an old remedy: she took James to the zoo. When they got back Hugh Darrah's car was in the drive, and Darrah himself was emerging from around the back of the cottage.

He had stopped by, he said, and, finding no one home, had been about to leave when he smelled smoke from inside. "It's O.K.," he said hastily at Harriet's expression. "Just your fireplace—the damper was closed. Luckily, your back door wasn't locked."

"But the fire was out."

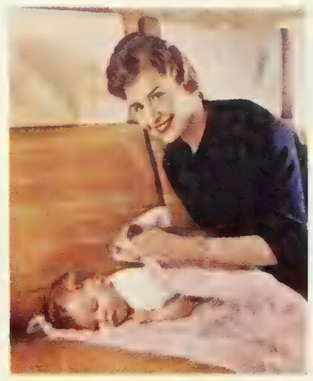
"Not quite," said Darrah, apologetic but firm. "It couldn't have done any damage anyway, except you'd have found the place full of smoke." He smiled briefly. "I hope you don't mind my bursting in, but I thought the worst."

Harriet said automatically, "Of course not. I'm very grateful," but she felt a little bewildered. "James, did you touch the damper?" she asked.

"No," said James, but he would have said that in any case and he was an inveterate tinkerer; no function of a house escaped his attention.

Should she, Harriet wondered uncertainly, ask Darrah in? He had stopped by (why?) and he had gone out of his way to be of service;





Mrs. Karen Parsons, recent Boeing jet passenger, says . . .

"Just one bottle— in 2,400 miles!"

"Last November," says Mrs. Parsons, "my little daughter, Kim, and I traveled cross-country by Boeing jetliner. It took us just over four hours to cover 2,400 miles. I never had to change Kim, and I gave her just *one* bottle. Actually, our Boeing flight was so smooth and quiet she slept almost all the way. That gave me the chance to enjoy the most thrilling travel experience of my life . . . a trip by Boeing jetliner."

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on the other hand, his reaction to Mrs. Dimmock's death was bafflingly careless. Pink-cheeked from the cold, hair shining darkly in the sun, Harriet said a little stiffly, "Well, thank you again ——"

"All the Darrahs were volunteer firemen," said Darrah, laughing at her from behind a perfectly formal face and voice. "I suppose you'll be leaving soon?"

In a twinkling his manner had changed. He was not amused or even casual, he was unmistakably hopeful. Was he worried about his affair with Julia, thinking that Harriet might say something to George? Containedly savage, Harriet dug for her key. "Fairly soon; it all depends on my brother. James?"

"But your lease here is up in about a week, isn't it?"

"Unless Mrs. Marrable cares to renew it. But there must be apartments," said Harriet with a cool and furious smile, "and I might settle down here for quite a while. It's such a lovely climate."

There was still a faint, bitter smell of smoke in the cottage. James had not been in his room for more than a minute before he came stalking out. "Who's been in my room?"

"Nobody," said Harriet.

"Oh yes they have. Come and see."

There was no difficulty in arriving at a decision in the case of Mrs. Alice Dimmock. Her erratic driving had already been reported by the indignant palomino owner, the turnoff to the drain was a notoriously misleading and the newspapers were still c cling highway fatalities attributa the storm. Mrs. Dimmock b another statistic.

With the bottle recovered fro sodden black-calf bag, Mrs. Ma prudently had her nose-drop scription refilled and was the able to attend the simple funera bore her bereavement well—sh yet to cry at a funeral—but he was solemn and curiously old when George drove her back house she had a small glass of w and water. George had a larg over which he observed perfu rily, "Poor woman—dreadful

"These roads are shocking Mrs. Marrable. "How was Paso trip, George?"

George swallowed part of his the wrong way. Scarlet and eyed, he said too heartily, "Oh,

"Something is wrong," obs Mrs. Marrable pleasantly. "W it, George? You aren't having ble with Julia, are you?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that." G looked genuinely horrified. "It the fact is that one of my c friends—wonderful fellow—is very bad jam." A fine perspi had broken out on his forehea progress of which Mrs. Ma watched with fascination. "H well, it's too complicated to g but he's got to dig up twen thousand dollars right away." Ge fingers clenched whiteningly, a ently without his knowing it. "I to help him out, but I'm a bit extended myself and it just occ to me that maybe ——"

Mrs. Marrable's world spun her; she could only stare at the est of ironies. They had both playing the same game, she o side. George and Julia on t They were broke, or nearly, an expensive presents, the air of w and position had had only one pose: to woo a rich old aunt leaving them everything. And t Paso trip, of course, had been desperate effort to raise money probably for immediate payme pressing creditors.

Mrs. Marrable could almost leaped at George in her passion the years of iron control held he frowning glance. Instinct warne that the situation could be save at least partially retrieved, if she to her own position—and she badly underestimated George.

She said in her brisk dry voi advise you to steer clear of your in the future, but if it's importa you I would be willing to advan thousand. Certainly no more."

"He'd be very grateful," George, taking out his handker "Very grateful, and of course get it back."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. rable, and went to her desk. thousand—over a third of wha owned. But she was sure tha would get her money back, ev George had to borrow it somew else, and then she would be firm

(But suppose Harriet Crewe to George with the tale Mrs. mock had told her? George w not ask for money then, he w demand it.)

It always came back to Ha Crewe—and Mrs. Marrable rea suddenly why the girl was ke silent. She was afraid for herself James; she was putting in her week at the cottage as though suspected nothing, and then, she was a safe distance away would go to the police.

Or so she thought.



This diaper comes out of the wash already folded.

This is a Redi-Fol® Pre-Folded gauze diaper by Chix. It goes into the wash folded, it comes out of the wash folded. It goes on baby folded, it comes off baby folded. Wild little horses can't unfold it; Redi-Fol is pre-folded when it's *made*, and stitched to stay that way for keeps. It saves you the work of folding 3,640 diapers a year; it comes with extra padding where it counts; it also comes in a double-padded nighttime style so you don't have to bother with two diapers. If you want to get a little rest and fold your hands, not your diapers, try **REDI-FOL BY CHIX**



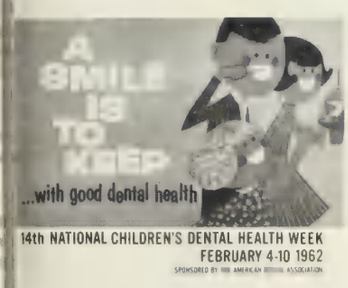
The almost-certainty that Hugh Darrah
l entered the cottage for the purpose of
rching James's room—he must have poked
orously at the ash-covered remains of the
, and closed the damper himself to provide
ne convenient smoke—turned Harriet cold
l definite.

She did not know what was going on, nor
he moment did she care, but the few facts
had were not pleasant. Hugh Darrah and
s. Dimmock had been in some form of col-
ion, and now Mrs. Dimmock was dead.
m a composed and sturdy autocrat, Mrs.
rrable had altered into a harsh, sallow,
king shell—and Hugh Darrah wanted pos-
sion of the cottage just across from her, or
something in it. Why else search James's
m, disarranging the books James hoarded
lously but never read; why else urge Har-
so gratuitously out? It could not be only
interest in Julia, because under Mrs. Mar-
le's eye he would have less freedom than
where else.

Very well, Harriet would leave. She would
her brother as soon as the time difference
wed him to be home. Hugh Darrah could
e the cottage. He could, thought Harriet
ly calmly, have the whole Southwest.

(But what had he wanted in James's room?)

The afternoon was interminable. Harriet
ndoned a book, lost four games of soli-
e before she discovered that for some rea-
, of his own James had pocketed the ace of
des, and finally went into her room to com-
nce the arduous job of packing all but the



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mediate necessities. She was interrupted by
telephone, and it was Mrs. Marrable, with
mehow surprising invitation: would Har-
come over at six and join her for a cock-
? And James, of course, for whom hot
colate would perhaps be strong enough?

er voice had lost its imperious quality; she
nded lonely and old, shaken by the pros-
of another solitary evening. But then it
not, Harriet reflected, a house in which
could care to live alone; its very size and
mnity would mock at a single occupant.
said they would like it very much, and
g up. An instant later, almost guiltily, she
ed up the receiver and placed a long-
ance call to her brother's home in Con-
icut.

he circuits were busy, the operator re-
ed; should she keep trying? Harriet
ced at the windows, beginning to blue.
said she would put the call in later. It
ck her suddenly that James had been sin-
rly quiet for the last fifteen or twenty min-
, and she said inquiringly to the cottage
rge, "James?"

mes wasn't there.

arriet was seized by a formless panic. She
d, "James?" and then "James!" but her
e echoed foolishly back at her. He was
here in the cottage. Her heart had begun
go irregular with presentiment when the
door opened and he marched in. His ex-
sion presaged no good for anybody; his
le bearing had the militance and precision
which he was accustomed to deliver bad
s.

e said to Harriet with a dark satisfaction,
mebody's been living in the mud house."

arriet had said with the exasperation of
f, "James, I *told* you not to ——" before
registered. The mud house, the ruined old
be stables in the next field. She said auto-
ically, "Nonsense," and James bristled.

They have so. There's cigarette butts and
e cores and a blanket ——"

the end, Harriet went with him.

mebody had certainly been living here;
ebody still was. On a ledge in one of the abandoned stalls was a nearly full package of cigarettes with matches laid neatly on top, and no one merely seeking refuge for the night would have left those—nor would he have left the blanket neatly rolled against one wall. Whoever it was intended to come back—to watch the cottage? To enter it?

Harriet shivered suddenly, although she stood in a lance of mote-filled sun. The ridiculous notion seized her that at any moment she might turn to find the doorway blocked, and she said with unusual sharpness, "Let's go, James," and was outside again with a feeling of narrow escape.

James said importantly, "Are you going to tell Mrs. Marrable?" and Harriet pulled her distracted thoughts back.

"I don't know . . . yes. In the meantime, don't go there again, James."

Mrs. Marrable thought as she replaced the receiver that she had disarmed the girl—for the time being at least. Harriet Crewe would not accept hospitality from a woman upon whom she had already informed. Meanwhile, she would proceed with the rest of her preparations.

She had been hoarding sleeping pills and other drugs for three years—some from the accident to her hip, some from an attack of shingles, others from various companions approaching a difficult age. After a careful inspection she selected four capsules for Harriet and two for James. She took the precaution of tasting the powder she extracted; it was not appetizing, certainly, but when she had added a sprinkle of confectioners' sugar the bitter medicinal bite was cut.

"James," said Harriet very casually at seven o'clock, "finish your chocolate; we must be going."

Mrs. Marrable sprang instantly to her feet. "Oh, you mustn't, it's early." She picked up Harriet's old-fashioned glass and extended her hand. "May I have your cup, James?"

James, who had been sipping manfully at his hot chocolate, downed the rest of it with a resolution that made Harriet's lips twitch. It had evidently been no better than her own cocktail. She said hastily, "Just a very little for us both, please—it really is late," and, when Mrs. Marrable had left the room, met James's appalled eye with a warning shake of her head.

It was indeed difficult to relate this Mrs. Marrable to the tart, energetic woman Harriet had first seen marching dauntlessly along the road. It was not only her somehow shocking appearance—the careless smear of powder on the twitching yellow skin under one eye, the indefinable look of an inner crumbling—she seemed like someone waked from nightmare, talking eagerly and gratefully about nothing, the dry authoritative voice become almost a babble.

She had obviously been fonder of Mrs. Dimmock than anyone knew, and she must be pitifully lonely; her gaze clung hungrily to Harriet's face. Harriet felt disturbed and a little embarrassed under such rapt attention; if it had been anyone but Mrs. Marrable she would have thought her slightly drunk.

But shock and grief had countless aspects, and so, Harriet discovered, did unease. She began to yawn uncontrollably, not the small yawns of boredom but deep engulfing yawns that, inevitably, infected James. They must, she thought, have looked a sprightly pair of guests when Mrs. Marrable came in with a tray on which, dismayingly, the glasses and James's cup were full.

Harriet's old-fashioned was crammed as before with flotsam and jetsam, and as before it had a lurkingly unpleasant taste. Could Mrs. Marrable possibly have used grapefruit rind (somewhat spoiled), or pimiento instead of maraschino? She took a second polite sip, and sent a signaling glance at James.

"We've had an awfully nice time, Mrs. Marrable, but we really must be on our way now."

"But you must finish your drinks," said Mrs. Marrable, almost pleadingly, glancing from face to face. "Are they terrible? I'm afraid I'm a very inexperienced bartender. Let me ——" She started to rise.

Better the devil you know than the devil you don't know, reflected Harriet rapidly; what unearthly mixture might she produce next? She said in haste, "Oh no, it's very good," and then there was nothing to do but finish it.

At last she was free to rise and explain, with some difficulty in this atmosphere, that she would be vacating the cottage ahead of time.

"Oh?" said Mrs. Marrable, putting a hand to her active and powdery eye. For a disconcerting second she seemed to be peeping at Harriet around it. "Has something come up?"

How explain the mushrooming unease—more than unease that she had come to connect with the cottage and everybody around it? The feeling that there was something very wrong just out of sight, the ruthlessly patient dog that kept demanding entry, all the things that were as premonitory of ugliness as chills and fever were of a cold? "No, I just ought to be getting back East, that's all. James?"

James came sluggishly, although earlier he had looked as though he would leave on wings.

"Oh—I think you ought to know, Mrs. Marrable, that there's someone staying in the old stables."

Harriet was braced for an angry reaction from Mrs. Marrable, who had a ferociously strong sense of property and other people's duties concerning it, but for a horrifying instant the dry lips seemed about to open on a burst of laughter.



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Perhaps it was only a grimace of pain, controlled at once. "Is there?" said Mrs. Marrable.

She did not quite close the door after Harriet and James. On the cold still air she listened to the click of high heels along the road, the girl's voice saying, "Come on, James. . . . Tired? So am I," and then the opening and closing of the cottage door.

When she had listened to the silence for several minutes Mrs. Marrable went to the sink and washed Harriet Crewe's old-fashioned glass and the cup James had used. She changed into her crepe-soled gardening shoes, dropped her own set of cottage keys into her sweater pocket along with two packages of matches, and let herself out into the night. She did not bother with a coat; oddly, triumphantly, she did not feel the cold at all.

Neither James nor Harriet Crewe was apt to hear the snap of a twig or the tiny clatter of a pebble, but Mrs. Marrable circled the cottage with care. She knew perfectly well that the girl's tale of someone in the stables had been bravado; nevertheless, she sent a long stare across the fields before she used the back-door key. The uneven silhouette was a solid black against the sky—*but what was this*, creeping at her out of the dark, as soundless as she?

Chloë. Huge; head down, tail still, eyes watchful. Mrs. Marrable caught a breath of loathing. She opened the back door of the cottage very quietly, and held it. She said wheedlingly, "Come, Chloë, good girl. Come."

On the couch in the living room, one stockinged foot dangling over the end, Harriet battled with the drug. It wasn't much of a fight—a twitch of her hand, an occasional glimmer between lashes that fell instantly—but, perhaps because she was responsible for him, and had seen him fall still dressed into that disturbingly swift sleep, she had not the inertness of James, covered with a blanket on his bed.

Her mind had been too dulled to know anything but immediacies. James was ill, and so was she. Hugh Darrah had said . . . had left his telephone number . . . she had put it behind the mirror over the bookcase . . .

Straining her eyes wide, feeling the room slip a little around her, she had groped behind the mirror. The card wasn't there, and her brain could not grasp the fact that it must have fallen behind the bookcase. She would not lie down on the couch, because she might fall asleep; she would simply sit on it and think what to do.

Mrs. Marrable studied her with care and contempt. She was not shamming. Breathing could be simulated, but the eyelids of a supposed sleeper awake and alert behind them always trembled under a sufficiently close scrutiny. Mrs. Marrable was about to move away when the girl's lashes parted suddenly, showing a flash of gray and then blank white before they met again.

As stubborn as Mrs. Dimmock, thought Mrs. Marrable with a sudden stab of rage.

Soundless on her crepe soles, she crossed the living room, locked the front door, deposited in the corner of an armchair a twist of paper. On the bookcase beside the chair was a glass ashtray containing two cigarette ends. Mrs. Marrable tipped it into the upholstery at a careful slant, as though it had toppled from the arm, and struck a match and held it to the pressed-in paper.

There was a brief bright flame, a faint smell of scorched fabric, and that was all. Angrily, because negligent smokers constantly burned themselves to death with no assistance at all, Mrs. Marrable went to the kitchen for a knife, slit the upholstery, tumbled the stuffing out, and set another match.

This one caught, slumberously but certainly. Smoke boiled yellowly from the stuffing, the edges of the fabric were a series of pointed flames. Mrs. Marrable moved the chair close to the curtains, saw the hems catch, listened to the eager growing sound of fire.

On the couch behind her, Harriet Crewe slept.

The smoke in the room was already thickening. The curtains were half gobbled up in flame, the pointed tongues beginning to lick toward the door. They made a weird witch light, a secretive crackle—cackle?—in the uncaring silence.

Mrs. Marrable went swiftly into the kitchen, where there was only a strong smell of smoke. All her blood seemed to rush into her head with an uneven thunder, because in front of the back door, head watchfully up, bulk braced against any attempt to move her, was Chloë.

"Chloë," said Mrs. Marrable in a rising voice. "Good girl. Get up!"

Chloë growled softly, and the smell of smoke curled in more strongly.

Mrs. Marrable checked her drumming panic. She leaned over the dog to the doorknob and pulled and the enormous weight braced itself and nothing happened. The dog simply lay there, willing to burn to death, willing Mrs. Marrable to burn to death.

A hoarse sound caught in Mrs. Marrable's throat. She ran toward the living room, and was met by a wall of smoke and reaching flame. A spark caught her sweater and she slapped it out, feeling the heat it had acquired in an instant.

She ran back to the kitchen door and wrenched at the dog's massive shoulders, undeterred by the deepening growl. In despair she seized at its forepaws, and the long silken nose wrinkled back, the narrow jaws flashed like lightning. Mrs. Marrable snatched back a hand from which blood had begun to spurt, and used her foot.

"Chloë!" she shrieked. "*Chloë!*"

Harriet's stinging lungs brought her to partial consciousness. Dimly she felt heat, but she accepted that passively until someone began to scream in high trailing arcs of sound and the deep-rooted sense of responsibility for James stirred lazily. For just a second she opened her eyes. She stared directly into Hugh Darrah's face, bent as he lifted her from the couch, dark against the fringing radiance of fire across the room. He said rapidly, "James is outside—duck your head," and Harriet turned her face blindly into his shoulder as they neared the bewildering flames. Then the door came wrenching open and icy night air poured over her like water.

The screaming had stopped.

Like someone drunk or dreaming, she accepted the lights and the turmoil that presently shattered the quiet black valley night. There were a fire engine and then another, cars with beaconing red lights on top, an ambulance into which James, still sleeping, was lifted, and in which Harriet was told she must go too.

Hugh Darrah said something which didn't quite penetrate but fell as familiarly as a pat on the shoulder. The last thing Harriet saw was Mrs. Marrable's twitching face.

Beside her, in charge of her, was a uniformed man.

James was all right in the morning, although the hospital would keep him another day. Both he and Harriet were objects of buzzing interest up and down the corridors, and every now and then a phrase emerged: "Drunk and out of her mind . . . seventy if she's a day . . . Valdez in Emergency said attempted homicide."

In midmorning, the man Harriet had seen beside Mrs. Marrable the night before arrived. His name was Armijo, and he took from Harriet a statement about the previous evening: Mrs. Marrable's unusual demeanor, the odd taste of the drinks, the sleepiness that had overwhelmed Harriet and James immediately afterward. He said that under the circumstances a full investigation would be opened in the death of Mrs. Dimmock.

"She was obviously afraid you knew something about it, Miss Crewe. When did you begin to suspect her?"

"*Suspect* her?" Harriet had thought herself completely recovered, but she had to check an impulse toward unbalanced laughter. "I was worried about her, I thought she was being victimized. That's why I went to her house last night. She seemed so . . . forlorn."

Armijo gave her an examining glance and stood up. He thanked her, said that was all for now, and hoped she was feeling better. They might have a few questions to ask her later.

"Where is she now? Mrs. Marrable?"

"Here," said Armijo; and at Harriet's face, "She seems to have suffered some sort of collapse, and she's under heavy sedation." His sudden wry expression seemed directed mostly at himself. "Don't worry, she's being well watched. You'll be here in Albuquerque for at least a few days?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I ——"

Up the corridor, suddenly, came a walk Harriet knew, a rapid and intent walk.

"Yes," she said.

Hugh Darrah cosseted her; he told her very little until she had been released from the hospital. Before leaving, Harriet looked in on James. Perched high against his pillows, happy and important as a robin, he was holding court for a cluster of young nurses, saying as Harriet came around the door, "I said all the time she was crazy, but nobody would pay any at——"

This lunch at the inn—late, at almost two o'clock—was very different from Harriet's earlier visit. For one thing, it was not James

"MERRY VALENTINE, DARLING!"

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

She didn't get that said quite right.
She means she's rawther fond of you;
She likes your hands and hair and height,
Has never wished your eyes were blue,
Instead enjoys with all her might
Their rawther sailor-sea-green hue.
Smile your smile and her delight
Is fresh and sheer as mountain dew,
You are her rawther shining knight
(She is, alas, your sometime shrew);
Her love will last and last, how trite,
And last and last and last, how true!

but Hugh Darrah who sat across from her; for another, she was being taken care of, told that a drink would do her good.

A near table was briefly haunted by the ghost of a small elderly woman, poised and imperious in black. Gradually, Darrah dispelled it.

Edna Tinsley, Mrs. Dimmock had told Hugh Darrah fiercely, was the very last woman in the world to disappear precipitately and without warning. She was caution itself, frightened of bus conductors, reduced to abject terror by timetables. Apart from that, if she had left or lost her job she would certainly have come back to the apartment they shared in Albuquerque.

Mrs. Dimmock put two and two together, and got the worst. When Mrs. Marrable hired her to replace her missing friend, Hugh Darrah argued that if her suspicions had any foundation it was not a healthy spot. He did not take very seriously the suggestion that a wealthy old woman in the valley had done something sinister with her middle-aged companion; nevertheless, for his own peace of mind, he insisted on a regular means of communication—a blank postal card daily, which would commit Mrs. Dimmock to nothing if it was found.

Darrah, in Albuquerque, grew both curious and uneasy. By the time he took a room in the village, Mrs. Dimmock's suspicion had become conviction. There was the insistence that she have means of her own but no relatives, the gratuitous lie about Edna Tinsley's drinking spree, and Mrs. Marrable's unaccountable attitude toward Harriet and James.

"She hated you both from the beginning," said Darrah, "just for being there. Mrs. Dimmock warned James away from the place—she was afraid of what might happen to h he began asking questions."

On the night of Mrs. Marrable's bir dinner, when she was alone and unguard the first time, Mrs. Dimmock had summ Darrah to the house. They arranged tha ning that in the event of any unforeseen opment Mrs. Dimmock would leave a sage for Darrah in James's room in th tage, should she be unable to reach hi telephone. She would tell Harriet that Marrable had sent her for something the

"She knew," said Darrah gently, swi ice in his glass, "that you didn't trust her

Harriet colored, and met his eyes. " didn't." . . . And how exactly backwar had had everything, even Darrah's app interest in Julia. (But not, she was stil vinced, Julia's in Darrah.) He had wa look at Mrs. Marrable in her own settin an appraisal of her attitude toward her panion; besides, it had occurred to hi Julia might be of use later. She was.

"Julia said the old lady went into a when she saw the dog. She blamed the thing on you, said you'd been feeding it she as much as said that James was burn the cottage down someday, playin matches as he constantly did. This came the blue, according to Julia, so it look though she meant to establish James as bug for a reason. On the whole it see said Darrah, grimacing, "a fairly good t move into the stables—it's cold out there see what went on."

On the still air, he had heard Harri James talking as they crossed the road t Marrable's house at six o'clock. Whe did not emerge, it was clear that they ha asked for cocktails or dinner—and sure was odd, when she hated them both? ing alarmed, Darrah had let himself in cottage with the key Mrs. Dimmock ha him, and called the sheriff's office.

"I didn't know what she was up to, thought maybe fire, so I fixed the curta Armijo could see in and went into Ja room." He gave her an apologetic "Sorry about letting it get so far—sh shrewd as the devil, and if she hadn' caught in the act —— Those curtains m cellophane, the way they went up. If it consolation, the fire didn't get to your but some of James's clothes may be d

Clothes, when it might so easily hav their lives. . . . Harriet sent a mute look the table, at which Darrah picked u empty glass, studied it minutely, and down again. "I—I suppose you'll be back East?"

"Well," said Harriet in the same st way, "yes."

A patient waiter hovered, and wa tioned away by Darrah's head. "You'll ably have to testify," he said hopefully.

"I suppose I could go and come back

"You might get to like it out here Darrah very formally. "The climate perb, and on a fine day there are rattle on the mesas. You do like rattlesnakes?

Something ridiculously delicate see hang on her answer. "From a child. Harriet.

The body of Edna Tinsley emerge the reluctant earth five weeks after it h tered. The day was gray and still, cal good deal of concern to the keeper of buquerque Sunshine Chart, and pres timid snow began.

Chloë was on hand, an object of a curiosity to the small crowd of bys until someone volunteered the infor that the dog had belonged to a woman Rose Hull, who had been Mrs. Mar tenant and then companion. Come to t it, what had become of Rose Hull? the dog hung around the place like that

But the remains under the second were not those of Rose Hull. The ide tion in a rotting calf pocketbook belo an Elizabeth Duarte. After that, in a m row, were Iva Turner, Rose Hull an Bosworth.

Someone was heard to remark that lady had achieved the ultimate in gardening.

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STARS IN MY HEART

By MARY W. SCHIFFMANN

The grocer put the carton of milk on the counter. "Where were you going last night, all dressed up?" "To the astronomy class I have every week."

"Oh!" His voice changed, deepened from the small-talk tone it had held. "Tell me—do you think the world is *really* round?"

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Because a telescope has a relatively sm field of view, it is not much help in covering t entire sky. It really takes a group of people f this; so, when we wanted to count "shootin stars," we had meteor parties. Almost a clear night when the moon is not too brig you can be fairly sure of seeing a shooting st or two, but at certain times of the year regul "showers" of meteors streak across the hea ens—often seeming to come from one v cinity. The meteors of early August are call the "Perseids," because they shower from t constellation Perseus; those of the winter fro the constellation of Gemini are called Gem nids. Our meteor parties all seemed to be he in cold weather; bundled up to the eyes, we s with our backs to one another, watching t sky. Suddenly a voice would call out "Time and the timekeeper would record a meteo Some of these we were able to plot on the s maps we all held, and once we saw one th was also seen by parties at Smith and Vass colleges, so we were able to calculate its heig by triangulation. It was interesting to lea that meteors begin to glow at differe heights—some as high as a hundred mil some much lower; and that most burn in ashes before they come as close to the earth twenty miles!

Modern sky watchers are not used to sitti still for hours at a time in subfreezing te perature, so after an hour we would go into t heated observatory for hot soup (it was w time, and coffee strictly rationed), and th out for another hour. While we watched, talked of this and that—it is amazing ho close you can feel to a person who is sitt back to back with you in the dark.

By the time our watching session was ov it always seemed too late to go to bed, so v would go up into the dome to look through t telescope. It was after one of these mete parties that I saw my only comet; and aft another, zodiacal light—that strange lig which, some think, is reflected from the myri dust specks traveling round the sun, some which had been falling through our air a burning up as the very "shooting stars" v had been recording that night!

I began to haunt the Yale University libra and read, half comprehendingly, all that could find of professional literature. The d ference between a professional and an amate

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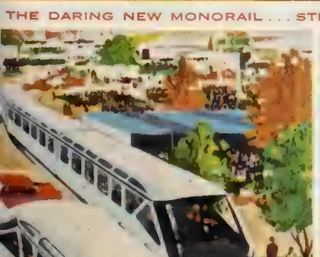
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Here a whole world (or, rather, a whole universe!) opened up to me. I learned that amateurs can be of real help to professional astronomers. There are millions of stars, thousands of which are known to be worth studying, as well as countless galaxies and clouds. Professional astronomers, of whom there are only a few thousand in the world, simply cannot keep track of every celestial happening. This is partly because so many events come without warning. An eclipse of the sun or moon can be predicted and watched for; a "new star" cannot. Moreover, the professional astronomer may have cloudy weather while an amateur a hundred miles away may have clear skies and opportunity to make a valuable observation. So the amateur can make a real contribution to science by keeping watch of the skies.

In the New Haven society, for instance, some of us helped keep track of the hundreds of stars that vary in brightness. Others observed all occultations visible in the New Haven area. Occultations—occasions when the moon passes over and hides a star—occur several times every month. Observing them helps to improve our present measurements of the earth, the moon and the distance between them—information which will be of vital importance when we send a man to the moon!

Because a telescope has a relatively small field of view, it is not much help in covering the entire sky. It really takes a group of people for this; so, when we wanted to count "shooting stars," we had meteor parties. Almost any clear night when the moon is not too bright you can be fairly sure of seeing a shooting star or two, but at certain times of the year regular "showers" of meteors streak across the heavens—often seeming to come from one vicinity. The meteors of early August are called the "Perseids," because they shower from the constellation Perseus; those of the winter from the constellation of Gemini are called Geminids. Our meteor parties all seemed to be held in cold weather; bundled up to the eyes, we sat with our backs to one another, watching the sky. Suddenly a voice would call out "Time!" and the timekeeper would record a meteor. Some of these we were able to plot on the sky maps we all held, and once we saw one that was also seen by parties at Smith and Vassar colleges, so we were able to calculate its height by triangulation. It was interesting to learn that meteors begin to glow at different heights—some as high as a hundred miles, some much lower; and that most burn into ashes before they come as close to the earth as twenty miles!

Modern sky watchers are not used to sitting still for hours at a time in subfreezing temperature, so after an hour we would go into the heated observatory for hot soup (it was wartime, and coffee strictly rationed), and then out for another hour. While we watched, we talked of this and that—it is amazing how close you can feel to a person who is sitting back to back with you in the dark.

By the time our watching session was over, it always seemed too late to go to bed, so we would go up into the dome to look through the telescope. It was after one of these meteor parties that I saw my only comet; and after another, zodiacal light—that strange light which, some think, is reflected from the myriad dust specks traveling round the sun, some of which had been falling through our air and burning up as the very "shooting stars" we had been recording that night!

I began to haunt the Yale University library and read, half comprehendingly, all that I could find of professional literature. The difference between a professional and an amateur

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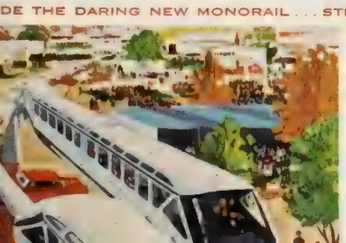
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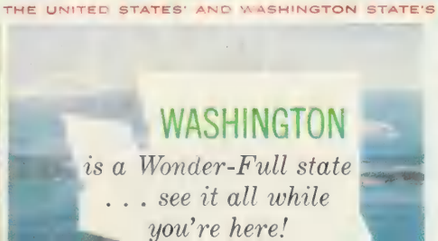
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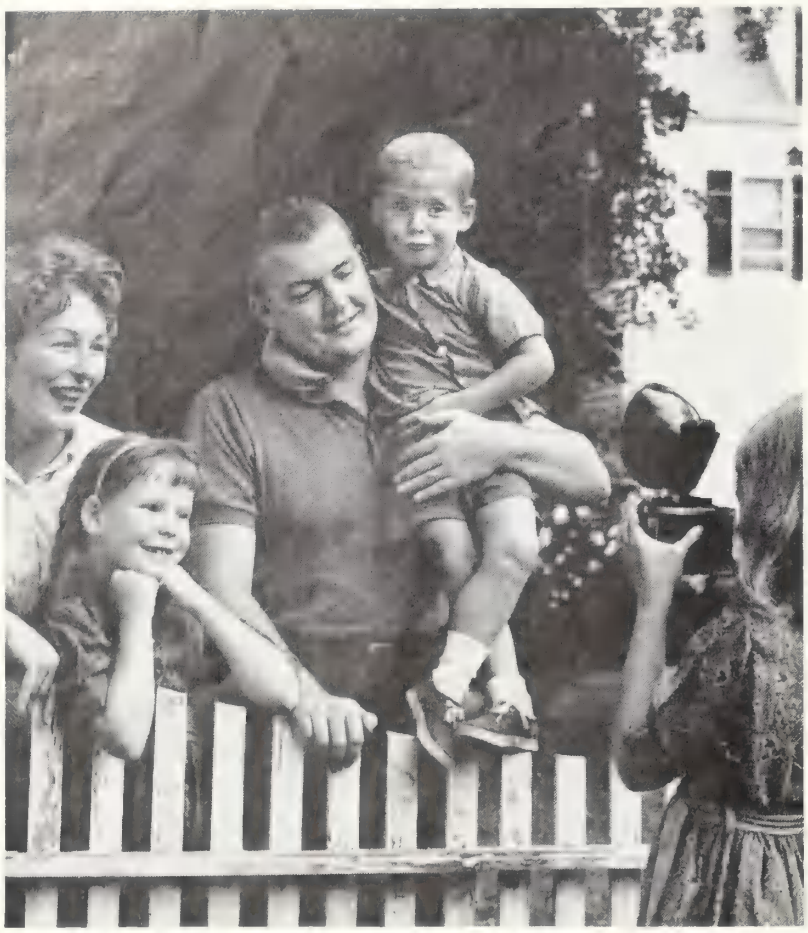
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astronomer is not, fundamentally, that the professional earns a salary (although amateurs are always complaining that their jobs interfere with their astronomy). It is rather that the professional astronomer uses mathematics.

Professional reports tend to be expressed in a kind of mathematical shorthand. We may say, "in six hours or so"; the professional gives "0.27638 day." This makes original reports look forbidding enough to scare one away for life. I had forgotten most of my hard-won college mathematics, but what I could not understand I simply accepted. With this philosophical attitude, I found I could usefully read *The Astrophysical Journal*, where interesting new discoveries and theories are published.

In the midst of all this study, I moved to New York—a move that changed my life, for in swift succession I fell in love, married and had a baby. The housing shortage was at its worst, and our first real home was in a dreary district far from parks and open skies and (it seemed) from stars. For two years my husband and I never went out together, for we had no one to take care of little Peggy. The only place I went was the monthly lectures of the amateur astronomers' association, and it was with real relief (and my husband's full approval) that I began attending again the class in advanced astronomy that met once a week.

Before I left New Haven I had found out the name of the amateur astronomers' association in New York, and now I started attending the class in advanced astronomy which met once a week. This is a class from which no one ever really graduates; year after year old students and new study together the current books, trying to keep abreast of the current explosive development of astronomy.

Through this class—called "Recent Advances in Astronomy" to describe its continuing nature—I met many interesting people, and came to know them in a rather special way. I might share the excitement of tracing the life history of a star with a young woman, yet never know if she was married or single, rich or poor. I felt equally compatible with the young college boy who called me "Mary" and the gentleman of eighty-four who said his education would be completed only when he was carried out feet first. There were shabby people among us, as well as those who could afford the most elaborate equipment. Some joined casually, having been stimulated by the popular demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium and wanting to learn more; others were working seriously for professional degrees. Most of us never learned much about one another's private lives—not through lack of sympathy but simply because we had too much astronomy to talk about!—but we felt a peculiar understanding. And we had the distinguishing mark all astronomers share. When we go outside, we automatically look up—to check the skies and to orient ourselves.

In a group composed of so many young star-gazers it would have been strange indeed if some had not paired off, and we did have occasional romances. But the couple I found most appealing were a retired professor of economics and his wife, who took up astronomy enthusiastically now that they had "time to study." Her eyes were poor, so he read the lessons aloud to her. They were so inseparable that he looked incomplete the night he turned up alone, saying that his wife had to have an operation. All the time she was sick he never went out at all, except to come to astronomy class. I believe it helped him to have something "big" to think of during this anxious period.

The professor was not the only one who turned to the stars for comfort. There was the young woman who came to me for advice about becoming a professional astronomer. I had known her for a long time, for she had joined our group years before in order to keep up the work she had begun in college, and had continued to attend class even after her marriage. Now she told me that her husband wanted a divorce; she felt her life falling apart, and thought astronomy might give her something permanent to hang on to. She soon left the city and so I never learned whether she had followed my advice; but perhaps the stars did steady her, for later she married again.

Five years after I joined the "Recent Advances" class, we found ourselves unexpectedly leaderless. Since it was an emergency, s since I happened to be the only member av able whose native language was Englis accepted the job, and have held it for ei years now.

Now that my daughter is fourteen, I am longer so tied down; but I spend most eveni typing dictation for my husband, who i translator, and I seldom get far from ho Most of the time I keep to my own orbit, dom seeing anything but my four rooms a attic, and the pleasant tree-lined streets Flatbush. I often think of the man who swered an advertisement for a summer cott with a distant view, and found it all hemn in. "Ah," said the agent, "you can see nine three million miles every sunny day!"

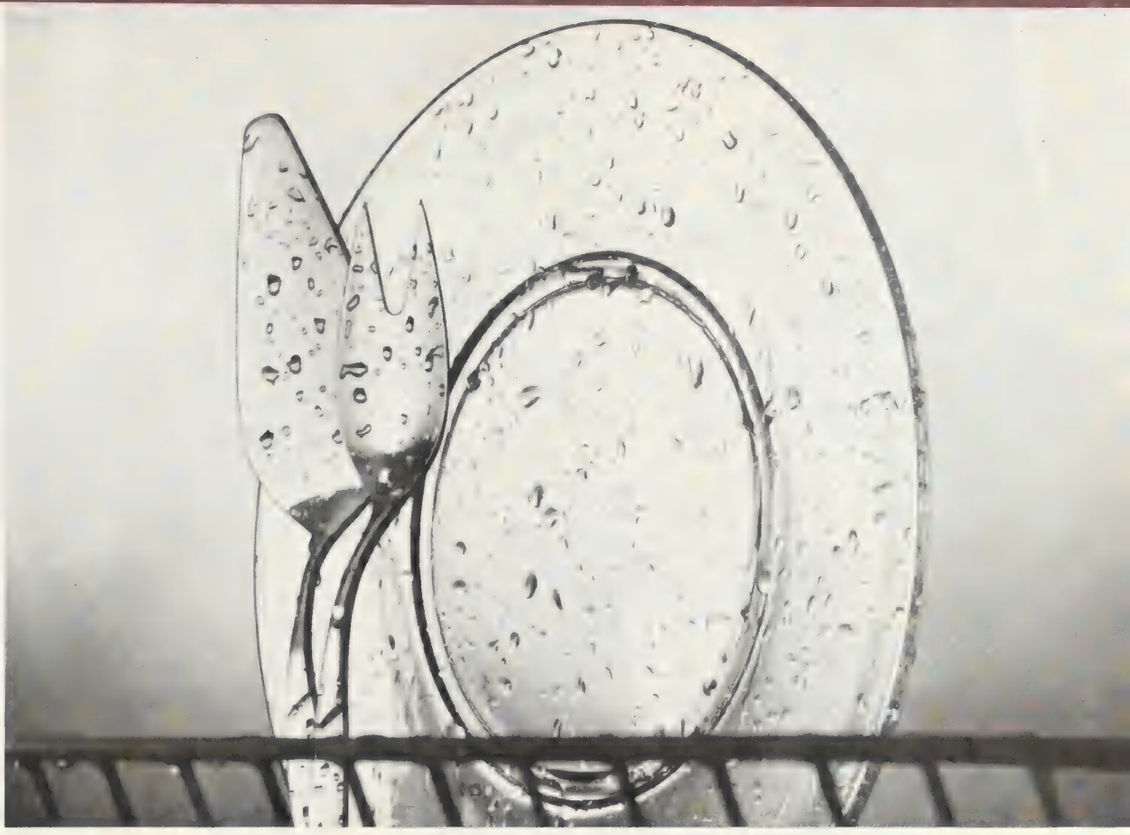
So can I. And I can see even farther o clear night. I can see the nebula of Ori where even now stars may be being born; a the faint ghostly light of the nebula of A dromeda, the most remote object the nak eye can see. I can see Sirius, brightest of stars, and know that it is actually not one s but two—Siamese-twin stars, one young a vigorous, the other dead of old age, and incredibly squashed together, weighing as mu as the sun, but no larger than the earth. In constellation of the Lyre I can find cool b Vega, or bold Betelgeuse, the red star of Ori I know that the bigger, more brilliant star see in the night skies are probably spinn quite fast, while others less spectacular (l our own sun) are rotating in a sedate a matronly manner. I can tell the seasons by wheeling of the great constellations: one of earliest signs of spring is the sickle of L shining in the east just as night falls; in a tumn the Northern Cross beams down fr almost directly overhead.

Best of all, the stars are there for us a Astronomy doesn't ask your politics or race sex or age or even college degree. One of t most important discoveries about how the s shines was made independently in America Hans Bethe, who was a Nazi refugee; and Germany by C. F. von Weiszaeker, who w related to an important Nazi general. Willia Herschel, who discovered the planet Uran was originally an organist who began to stu the stars as a hobby. Today, at professior meetings, women astronomers such as Ru Roman, Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin and Cha lotte Moore Sitterly present their reports wi as much assurance as the men, and get t same respectful attention. It is true that ha dling the largest telescopes is considered t strenuous for a woman to manage for a fu night; except for this, there is no reason for woman to feel at a disadvantage in astronor ical circles. Indeed, women excel in what think of as the "bookkeeping jobs"—recor ing and handling hundreds of thousands bits of information. It is interesting to no that long before woman suffrage could ha affected England's Royal Astronomical S ciety, two distinguished women were admitt as associate members: William Herschel's d voted sister Caroline, who helped him grin mirrors for his telescope and recorded his o servations; and Annie Jump Cannon, of Ha vard, who produced the monumental Hen Draper catalogue of stellar places and spectr types in the early decades of this century.

One of the most characteristic expressior of astronomers is "exciting"—for, like Kip ling's Elephant Child, they have a "'satiab curtiosity" about the universe, and are willir to work hard for the sake of satisfying it. Lor before the ancient Egyptian pyramids we built, people knew that their very lives de pended on energy from the sun; but centuri passed before they found out that our hot su is really a star like those millions of others tha seem so cold and remote; and it was long still before someone dared suggest that mi lions of miles out in space there might be a sta like our sun . . . with a planet like our earth . . and perhaps, on that planet, life!

Every day astronomy is helping us answe questions that have plagued man since the be ginning of time. But many questions remai unsolved, and will continue to spur us t bolder effort and greater discovery. One thin above all I have learned through my study o the stars: for the mind's adventure there is n journey's end. EN

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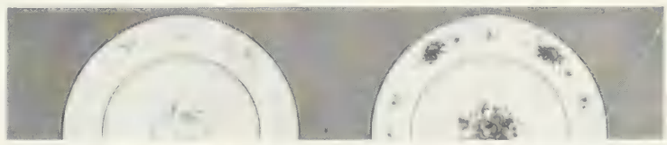
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O CHILDREN VER BENEFIT ROM DIVORCE?

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

ecause basically they get more satisfaction an dissatisfaction from quarreling—however hemently they deny it—the child's attitude ward them and toward his own eventual arriage is going to be distorted to some deee. But if they are divorced and if the mother as too deep a tendency to seek quarrels, there a chance she may involve herself, and her ild, in another marriage of a similar pattern.

If you will look back at the letter from which quoted you can see why I suspect that the al issue is quite different from the mother's estion whether to divorce or not. The flavor the letter suggests that father and mother ve been locked in an endless tease-and-beased relationship and that they are involving e boy. The mother feels that the father mes home all set to be mean, which I have doubt he does. But if he were asked his ew of the conflict he might say that she atches him resentfully from the minute he nters, puts the worst interpretation on everying he does with the boy, until he gets so ad that he sometimes does pick on him. nother indication that the mother doesn't nderstand what's gone wrong is her statent that her husband is totally lacking in dmirable qualities and that she discovered is just as soon as they were married. If true, hy did she not suspect it before they were arried? (This doesn't sound like the whirlind marriage of crazy teenagers.) Two grown eople don't fool each other that easily, ough they may fool themselves. And if he as that bad, why did she go on living with m when there was no child to consider, and hy did she then have a child by him? I sound like a district attorney. It's not that I'm critical of her as a person. If I'd heard the father's story instead, I'd be just as skeptical of his interpretation. I'm only emphasizing the point again that when two people, who were once enough in love to marry, reach the stage of considering each other scoundrels, and if they can't talk things out together, they need to talk them over with someone else.

I've concentrated on one type of marital problem because it's so common and because it brings out the issue of the child's welfare. But psychiatrists and other counselors have found dozens of other psychological factors which work to undermine marriages. Some are superficial, but many are complex and hidden from view in the unconscious. Infidelity is often basically caused by self-doubt or resentment toward the spouse rather than true infatuation. A couple who have married supposedly for a partnership of mutual cooperation may reveal by their subsequent behavior that each is unconsciously expecting to be totally dependent on the other, like a small child. A woman who is well adjusted in most respects but who is overcompetitive with men may, without any realization of it, respond to and marry a man whose forcefulness is inhibited already, and then fail to express any confidence in him in whatever success he may achieve afterward. And a man, because of forgotten hurts in his own childhood, may be impelled to undermine his wife's serenity. Romantic attitudes and sexual responsiveness which seemed ideal during courtship may disappear after the wedding, not because the individuals were insincere but because certain attitudes toward sex and marriage deeply absorbed during childhood sometimes play cruel tricks with adult feelings.

Though I've urged professional consultation, I don't want to leave the impression that it's a quick-and-easy solution. If there is good will on the part of both partners and if the roots of their problem do not go very deep, they may be able to achieve considerable understanding and harmony in a few months' time. If the conflicts are severe and have their main origins buried in the unconscious, they may be satisfactorily coped with only through intensive psychoanalysis lasting several years.

However, it would be compounding an American misconception, I think, to imply that a marriage can be a success only if both partners are ideally adjusted. The general spirit in which a marriage is lived is more crucial than any of its specific aspects. For example, despite the importance of a good sexual adjustment in most marriages, there are instances which show that its absence may not cause failure if the partners have great devotion to each other and to their joint endeavors.

Visitors from foreign lands and anthropologists who've studied marriage in other parts of the world are always impressed with the extraordinary emphasis on romantic love in America, the widespread acceptance of the notion that love strikes two people like a bolt of lightning and that this mutual attraction automatically assures their living happily ever after. This despite the fact that we have one of the highest divorce rates in the world. It's not that there isn't a large kernel of truth in the magic power of love. Even in countries where marriages are arranged without the participation of the young people it is assumed that they will come to love each other. But in most parts of the world marriage is heavily invested with other purposes and obligations, too, which are taken very seriously: the fulfillment of God's design; the rearing of children to carry out the work of the family or to perpetuate its honor or to serve the nation; the selfless co-operation of the couple themselves in their daily toil, which is vital in most countries just to keep a family alive. In America such considerations are not ignored altogether, especially by the parents of the bride and groom. But with our indulgence of the young, the ease with which we make a living, and our official credo that love conquers all, I think we let many children grow up assuming that everyone is entitled to receive happiness in marriage as a gift (like a wedding present from Cupid). Then if it's not forthcoming they assume that it has been snatched away by a spouse who was hiding his selfish nature during the courtship.

Anybody who has been at least moderately successful in his marriage knows that it doesn't take care of itself, any more than a business or garden does. A great deal has to be learned at first about one's spouse and oneself. Countless adjustments and accommodations have to be made in a hurry. As the years unroll it becomes evident that cultivation is still necessary, in the sense of discussion, consideration and graciousness. Even with these benefits a marriage may lose some of its sense of meaning unless the couple share a genuine devotion to the rearing of their children, and to other causes. The happiness that comes from marriage is, of course, simply a by-product of the effort and love that are invested in it.

We assume that our children will come to understand the spiritual, altruistic and realistic aspects of marriage from the example we try to set, as well as from the teachings of church and literature. If there is no example they surely won't learn it through words. But perhaps as parents we should make more of an effort to be explicit in words, too, especially during adolescence, when their capacity for idealism is high but when, at the same time, they have an inclination to be excessively romantic and also self-centered.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

HE KILLER AD BEEN PAROLED

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

f trial. Maryland recognizes the borderline atus of criminals who are mentally unalanced, but not legally insane. Such ofnders can be sent to the state's Patuxent stitution for treatment. When a board of view feels they are ready to live outside the stitution, they are released on a probaonary status, similar to parole, on the condion that they continue to see a psychiatrist gularly.

New York has a law, passed in 1960, which ermits the court to examine and recommit ersons released from mental hospitals to hich they had been sent following acquittal n grounds of insanity. It does not apply to he criminal who may be legally sane, but still angerous. One wonders why such a law ouldn't be extended to all dangerous felons ho go on parole.

Under Massachusetts' Briggs Law, enacted n 1921, anyone indicted for a crime for which e had previously been convicted, anyone inicted for a capital offense, and anyone previusly convicted of a felony is given a psyhiatric examination before being tried. But gain, this seems like closing the barn door fter the horse has been stolen.

The most frequently raised objection to any lan to require examination of paroled felons the "shortage" of psychiatrists. It is claimed hat such programs would require untold han-hours and waste the time of experts by aking them examine individuals who would ever commit another act of violence.

Obviously it is not imperative to examine orgers and similar felons whose crimes are not physical menace. In his earlier book, *Crime nd the Human Mind*, Dr. Abrahamsen names ese as the types of offenders who should be iven thorough examinations at the time of eir trials: all sexual offenders, pyromaniacs, urderers and assaultists.

If the same yardstick were applied to paolees, just how big a load would it be for xaminers? New York paroled 4616 prisoners n the year 1959. Of these, 130 were guilty of urder or first-degree manslaughter, 137 of rape or other sex crimes, 385 of assault and attempted assault and 14 of arson—a total of 666.

If each of these parolees was given two examinations a year, of two hours each, the load would be only 380 man-days of examining. Double the time to allow for writing reports, and so on, and the job could still be done by three or four psychiatrists. Allow for the fact that the total number of parolees in New York on January 1, 1961, was about twice the number paroled in the year 1959, and you still have a job of manageable proportions. In smaller states one full-time examiner, or several consultants, could handle it.

Would compulsory examinations infringe on a parolee's "freedom" or constitute harassing an individual who "had paid his debt to society"?

Dr. Banay's reply to this is: "Nonsense. The examinations are not punitive. Society has as much right to examine felons as it does typhoid carriers, or to require epileptics to take an examination before they're allowed to drive. For the protection of society, sex criminals should be on parole for life."

Whatever their private remedy, all the experts agree that you can't keep every criminal in jail for life or every mental patient in an institution forever. But neither can society afford the risk of turning felons loose without better safeguards than we have against their committing new crimes.

One answer is the indeterminate sentence, with minimum and maximum limits fixed by the court. Since 1936 all persons sentenced to prison in New York State have received this kind of sentence. Such prisoners can be paroled at any time after the completion of their minimum sentence, less time off for good behavior and work willingly performed. When released on parole, the inmate is not a free man, but can be returned to prison at any time until the expiration of his maximum sentence.

Some top criminologists believe the solution is the *completely* indeterminate sentence for violent and heinous felons. New York has such a law under which certain types of sex offenders can be sentenced for from one day to life. While in prison, the prisoner must be given a psychiatric examination every six months. He can be paroled at any time, but only after he has been given a "clean bill of mental health," and can be returned to prison if he violates his parole rules or appears to be "slipping." But although there have been more than 40,000 sex felonies in the state since the law was enacted in 1950, it was used only 243 times by the courts through 1960. Of the 243 sex criminals sentenced under the act, 115 were paroled. Only 15 were returned for parole violation or for a new crime.

Dr. Guttmacher thinks it would be sufficient to call a parolee up for psychiatric examination if his parole officer sensed something was wrong. But parole officers are more overworked and underpaid than psychiatrists and in almost as short supply, and few of them are qualified to diagnose emotional troubles.

Dr. Guttmacher also favors psychiatric outpatient clinics for probationers—open at night so as not to interfere with their jobs. This sounds logical, but why not make it for parolees too?

Dr. Abrahamsen goes so far as to suggest that potential murderers could be detected in advance if we had a system of clinics in which "maladjusted persons in conflict with society and with themselves" could be examined and treated. "The task," he admits, "is great, but considering the great number of homicides causing unspeakable suffering to the persons involved and producing serious damage to society, it would be more than worth the cost."

Perhaps the most workable solution of all is the suggestion of Dr. Vernon Fox, chairman of the Criminology and Corrections Department, Florida State University. He thinks the idea of mental checkups is sound. To reduce the load on examiners, he would have all prisoners serving time for violent felonies diagnosed as completely as possible by a psychiatrist, a clinical psychologist and a psychiatric social worker during the thirty days prior to their release from prison. Each soon-to-be-paroled prisoner would be given a complete battery of psychological tests, which Dr. Fox believes are more penetrating than most psychiatric diagnoses based on short interviews.

Prisoners whose tests indicated a need for psychiatric follow-up could then be supervised through the parole system for as long as necessary—even for life. Parolees would be supervised closely at first—several times a month—then once a month, then at less frequent intervals, finally by "implied supervision" only.

During the implied-supervision period, the parole officer, preferably a psychiatric social worker, would keep in touch with the parolee's employer, church, social agencies, and the like, but would spare him the embarrassment of direct supervision. The parolee could be given a final examination before his final release from parole.

Before going to Florida, Dr. Fox did this sort of examining for the Michigan Parole Board. Using the Rohrschach (ink blot) and other tests, he was able with considerable accuracy to advise the board on parole of prisoners about whom it had doubts. On the basis of the tests, he would sometimes recommend parole through regular channels. In other cases, parole was recommended only in a rural environment, where there would be fewer aggravations to trigger a new outburst. In still others, he recommended parole to a specific parole officer known to be able to handle a particular type of person. In some cases, he recommended against parole under any circumstances.

Dr. Fox's plan would offer society the protection of psychiatric and psychological supervision of potentially dangerous ex-felons without wasting the examiners' time on those who the prerelease tests indicated were almost sure to be nonviolent.

Of course the problem is not simple. It will cost money to provide the psychiatrists and psychologists and social workers to do the job. There are sure to be mistakes, and a chorus of "I told you so's" when a parolee diagnosed as "safe" kicks over the traces.

All these risks and all these costs we can afford. But can we afford the risk of a Lawrence Moser next door, a Joseph DeSalvo upstairs?

As the Reverend Mr. Osborne said in his sermon: "All this tragedy is to no avail if we learn nothing from it. All of the seven people who have been scarred for life or who are dead will have suffered in vain if we do nothing about it."

END

Aunt Louise makes MARY LYNN'S WEDDING CAKE

BY ELAINE HANNA



DI PIETRO



NORMAN KARLSON

Dan and Mary Lynn cut their cake—and this beautiful cake deserves a closer look! Beautiful to behold—luscious to the last crumb—made with loving hands.

"Making Mary Lynn's wedding cake was a labor of love," says Louise Caldwell, aunt of our February bride. (See page 68.) "I'm really just an amateur—have never had a decorating lesson, and I've no special equipment. Just a regular-size mixer, a set of wedding-cake pans, a few inexpensive decorating tips and . . . courage!" We were so impressed with her beautiful cake, pictured here, that we asked her to share her recipe and decorating ideas with you. Here they are, step by step, to help you make a wedding cake for someone dear to your heart.

Step-by-step directions 1. You will need the following equipment: one 16″ cake pan, 2″ deep; one 13″, one 10″ and one 7″ cake pan each 2½″ deep; one 20″ circle of plywood about ¼″ thick; heavy aluminum foil and waxed paper; eight 12″ circular paper doilies; 1 large lazy Susan—to make frosting and decorating easier; white pasteboard cake dividers cut to measure—one 13″, one 10″ and one 7″ in diameter; one 3¼″, one 2″ and one 1¼″ plastic bell molds; 2½″ cookie cutter; 4 yards narrow white satin ribbon; sprays of artificial lily of the valley; decorating tips—rose, star and leaf.

2. Three to four days before the wedding day, start baking cakes. You will need 10 recipes of the basic cake recipe given here to make Aunt Louise's four-tiered wedding cake. This makes eight layers—two 16″, two 13″, two 10″ and two 7″ layers. As each layer is baked and cooled, wrap securely in aluminum foil and keep in a cool place. Cover the 20″ circle of plywood smoothly with heavy foil, fastening it underneath.

3. Two days before the wedding, make sugar bells and decorative roses of white frosting, using a No. 124 rose tip. Form each on a piece of waxed paper. Bells and roses should dry 4–6 hours or overnight.

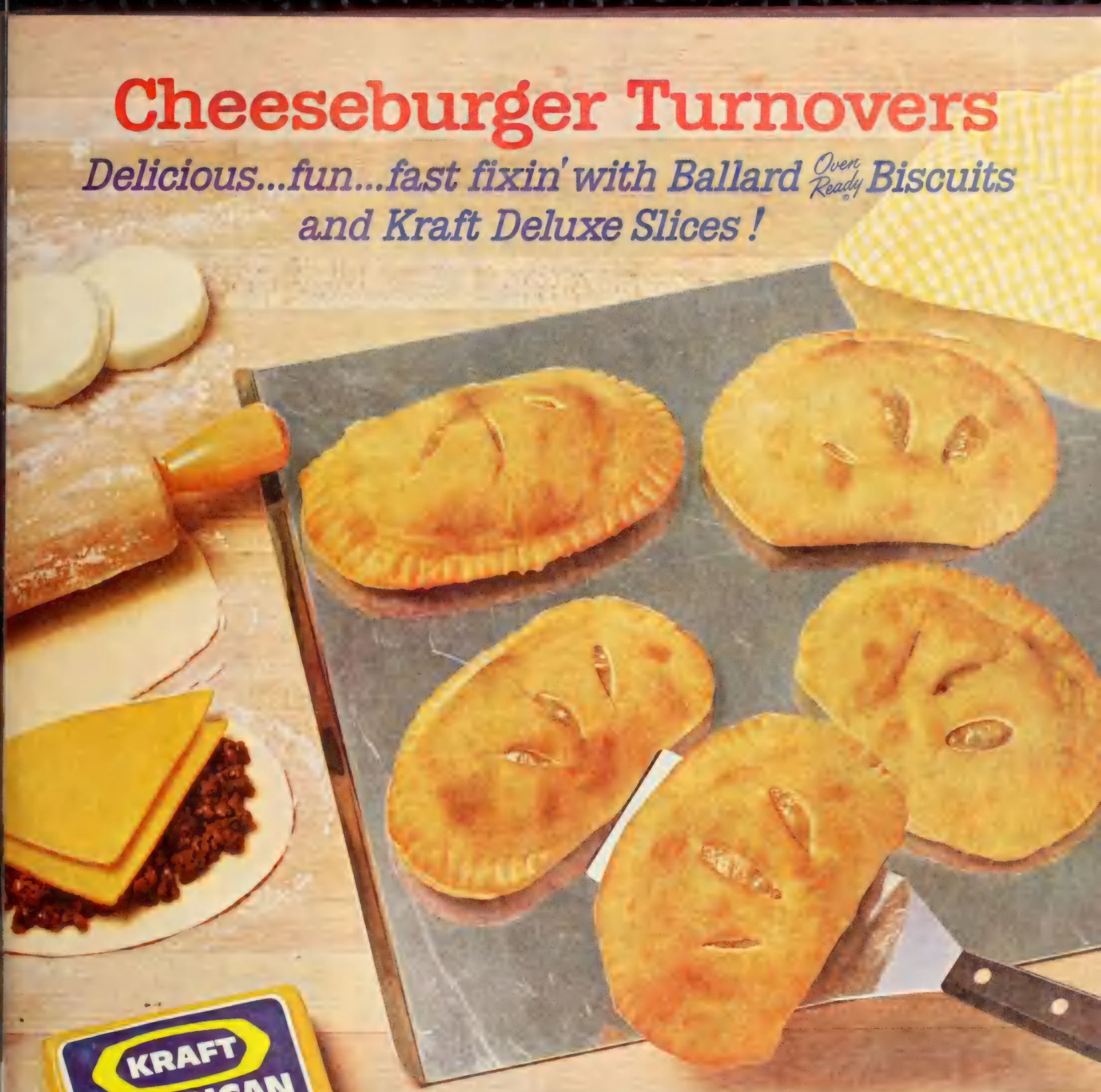
4. The day before the wedding, put foil-covered plywood on lazy Susan. Arrange doilies on foil so that they extend gracefully over edge of circle, taping them to center of board. Cover outer edge of doilies with triangles of waxed paper—the points of the triangles should be just under the edge of the cake when it is in place. They will protect the doilies while the cake is being frosted and can be easily pulled out after decorating is completed.

Assemble the cake: Place one 16″ cake layer on prepared board. Spread with pineapple-coconut filling. Cover with second 16″ layer, bottom side up. Frost top lightly to seal crumbs. Place one 13″ cake layer on a 13″ divider. Spread layer with filling. Now place cake and divider on top of 16″ tier, taking care to center it. Cover with second 13″ layer, bottom side up. Frost top lightly. Repeat until all layers are in place. Then frost the cake. Starting from the top, lightly frost

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

Cheeseburger Turnovers

Delicious...fun...fast fixin' with Ballard Oven Ready® Biscuits and Kraft Deluxe Slices!



Easy to fix. Two tender Ballard OvenReady® Biscuits, rolled out, filled with hamburger and topped with rich Kraft Deluxe Slices, turn into a juicy, delicious, meal-size turnover in mere minutes. Serve piping hot. Cheeseburger Turnovers make an instant hit at mealtime or any time. Try them and see!

CHEESEBURGER TURNOVERS

Serves 5 for less than $1.00!

- ½ lb. ground beef
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 can Ballard OvenReady Biscuits
- 5 Kraft Deluxe Slices Pasteurized Process American Cheese

Combine meat, onion, salt and pepper, and cook over low heat 5 minutes or until lightly browned.

For each turnover, place 2 biscuits, slightly overlapping, on well floured surface. Roll until each biscuit forms an oval about 5 inches long. Place about 3 tablespoons of meat mixture on 1 biscuit and top with 2 half slices of cheese. Moisten edges with water, fold the second biscuit over the meat and cheese, and seal with fork. Prick top.

Bake in a hot oven, 425° for 8 to 10 minutes until golden brown. Serve as a hot sandwich, or top with catsup or mustard.



Get both at your grocer's dairy case



Mrs. Gavin's new winter coat replaces "the mauve one I have worn steadily for the past ten years." In blue tweed, it has double-breasted closing, graceful, easy flare. Price is typical of what she spends, $95.00. "This is one of my husband's favorites," Mrs. Gavin added her white ribbon lace gown from Balmain last spring. It came with a huge pistachio-green satin stole. Here Mrs. Gavin wears it with her favorite color, turquoise.



ROGER PRIGENT

MRS. JAMES GAVIN CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

She has found ready-to-wear prices high in Paris, and plans to buy most of the girls' clothes and many of her own from home. "I stocked up on American shoes."

The stand-bys she brought with her include: a mauve winter coat, 10 years old; a gray wool sheath bought 6 years ago; a green wool jacket dress and a gray tweed suit, both 2 years old. For evening wear she has: a short green *peau de soie*, 7 years old; a black lightweight-wool sheath costume she had made in Italy 10 years ago; a pink brocade dress bought 7 years ago; and two long gowns—a 10-year-old red brocade and her Inauguration dress, a brown velvet skirt with a jeweled top. To go over these, Mrs. Gavin has a fur stole and a red silk coat. Before leaving for Paris, she bought a black wool suit and three evening dresses, two of them short. In Paris she added two short dresses and a long white gown from Balmain.

Mrs. Gavin used to wear her hair in a chignon, loved hats and "wore them all the time." Now with a shorter, fuller hair style she has just a few back-of-the-head ones that don't crush her hairdo, usually finds a small veil is the best solution for occasions that demand a hat. She has gold and pearl jewelry for daytime, almost always wears one of her gold charm bracelets—a special favorite is made up of all her husband's medals. For evening she wears pearls, adds glittering earrings.

Mrs. Gavin organizes her wardrobe on a yearly rather than a seasonal basis, has clothes she can wear almost any time during the busy September–June period in Paris. Her black wool with the jacket stole "is the ideal costume. The hemline has gone up several times with fashion changes." Her new Paris clothes fit this plan—the beautiful Balmain will be as pretty at a midsummer ball as it is in midwinter. Like everything Mrs. Gavin lives in and loves, it will undoubtedly be in her wardrobe ten years from now.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

sides of each tier to seal crumbs. Let dry 1–2 hours. Then frost the entire cake (starting from the top as before), making the surface as smooth as possible. Let dry at least 2–3 hours before decorating. *To decorate:* First decorate the sugar bells with a narrow edge of frosting. Put aside to dry. When decorating the cake, begin at the top. Connect each tier to the one below with a decorative design. Mark semicircles with cookie cutter; use decorative tip to outline. Complete decorating as you wish. Pull out waxed-paper triangles. Make a large design around base of cake to "seal" it to board. Arrange bells and roses on cake. Secure with white frosting. Add lily-of-the-valley sprays and white satin ribbon bows.

AUNT LOUISE'S GOLD-AND-WHITE WEDDING CAKE

Basic recipe for one mixing

- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs, room temperature
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 teaspoon lemon flavoring
- ½ teaspoon almond flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 1 cup milk, room temperature

Line the bottom of each cake pan with waxed paper. Cream butter, shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add flavorings. Sift flour with baking powder and add to creamed mixture a little at a time, alternately with the milk, beginning and ending with flour. Fill cake pans about half full with batter. This makes a very high cake. The pans can be filled ⅓ to ½ full if you prefer more shallow tiers. The basic recipe will make about 7 cups batter. To half fill the pans, you will need about 14 cups batter, or 2 mixings for the 16″ pan, 10 cups batter for the 13″ pan, 6½ cups batter for the 10″ pan and 3 cups batter for the 7″ pan. When you require 2 mixings to fill a pan, turn first mixing into prepared pan or a bowl and refrigerate while you mix the second batch. Bake 16″ and 13″ cakes in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., about 1 hour and 15 minutes for the 16″ and about 1 hour and 5 minutes for the 13″, or until tops spring back when touched. Bake 10″ and 7″ cakes in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 50 minutes for the 10″ and 45 minutes for the 7″, or until tops spring back when touched. Remove from oven and cool in pans on wire cake racks for 10 minutes. Loosen edges of cakes and invert on racks. (An oven rack can be used for the largest cakes, or tie two cake racks together.) Peel off waxed paper. Cool thoroughly before wrapping in foil. Remember you need to bake *2 cakes* of each size to make a tier.

Pineapple-Coconut Filling

- 3 (1-lb.-4-oz.) cans or 7½ cups crushed pineapple
- 2¼ cups sugar
- ¾ cup lemon juice
- ¾ cup cornstarch
- 1½ cups coconut milk or water
- 3 cups grated fresh coconut or
- 3 (3½-oz.) cans or packages flaked coconut

Heat pineapple, sugar and lemon juice in a large saucepan. Mix cornstarch and coconut milk or water. Add to pineapple mixture. Cook and stir until thickened and no taste of cornstarch remains. Remove from heat and stir in coconut. Let stand until cold. This amount (12 cups) is sufficient for spreading between layers of the 4-tier cake.

Frosting

Basic recipe for 1 mixing

- 1 cup white vegetable shortening
- 2 (1-lb.) packages confectioners' sugar
- ½ cup milk
- Juice of 1 or 2 lemons

Beat shortening until light and fluffy. Add sugar and milk alternately, beating after each addition. Add lemon juice and beat until mixture is very smooth. Keep covered with a damp cloth to prevent drying.

For Decorative Uses (roses, sugar-bell trim and tip decorations): Make up 1 mixing of the basic frosting recipe, but reduce milk to 1–2 tablespoons to make frosting firm enough to hold shape of decorations.

Sugar Bells

- 2½ pounds superfine sugar
- 1 egg white, unbeaten
- Cornstarch
- One 3¼″, one 2″ and one 1¼″ plastic bell mold purchased from a local bakery or bakery-supplies manufacturer

Mix sugar and egg white. Rub between palms of hands until egg white is distributed evenly throughout sugar. Dust inside of each mold with cornstarch. Fill molds with sugar, packing mixture down very firmly. Level off the surface. Invert mold on waxed paper. Carefully remove mold. Allow sugar molds to dry at room temperature about 1–2 hours, depending on size. Do not allow to dry until solid throughout. Hollow out the bells by carefully scraping the moist sugar from inside, leaving a shell ⅛″ to ¼″ thick. Use a small spoon or knife or handle of a spoon for the smallest bells. Sugar removed from inside can be used to fill other molds. Allow to dry overnight at room temperature.

To decorate your cake like Mrs. Caldwell's you will require 3 large bells, 10 medium size and 16 small.

YOUNG HOSTESSES ACROSS AMERICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

PHYLLIS WAY'S PECAN ROLLS

Pour 1 cup boiling water over ½ cup sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine, and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir and set aside until the butter is melted and the mixture is lukewarm. Dissolve 1 package active dry yeast in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water to which you have added ½ teaspoon sugar. Add the yeast and 2 beaten eggs to the first mixture. Stir in 4–4½ cups sifted flour until a soft dough is formed. Beat well. Then cover and refrigerate overnight. When ready to use, prepare this topping:

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine. Stir in ⅔ cup firmly packed brown sugar and 2–3 tablespoons dark corn syrup. Divide this mixture evenly between two 8″x8″x2″ pans. Scatter pecan halves over the sugar. Roll the dough out into a rectangle about ⅜″ thick and 12″ wide. Brush with a little melted butter and then roll up, the long way, like a jelly roll. Cut into 24 slices, each ½″ thick. Set these on the brown-sugar mixture. Place the pans in a warm place, cover with a towel, and let rise until double in size, about 40 minutes. Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., until golden, about 20 minutes. Makes 24 rolls.

MARILYN TAYLOR'S CRABMEAT CASSEROLE

Pick over 1 pound fresh crabmeat to remove bits of bone and shell. Place in bowl and add 2 chopped, hard-cooked eggs, ½ cup mayonnaise, ¼ cup boiled salad dressing, 1 peeled onion, grated, ½ cup finely chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard and 3 tablespoons chicken broth or sherry. Toss 1½ cups fresh bread crumbs with 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add ½ cup to the crab mixture. Turn into a buttered 2-quart shallow casserole and sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes, until casserole is bubbling. Garnish with parsley. Makes 6 servings.

JANE YOUNT'S HOT CIDER PUNCH

Pour 1 gallon apple cider into a large kettle. Add 4 washed and thinly sliced lemons and 4 washed and thinly sliced oranges, 8 broken sticks cinnamon, 1 teaspoon whole cloves and 2 teaspoons whole allspice. Heat very slowly until the punch reaches a boil. This should take about 45 minutes. Cool and strain. Pour into containers. Cover and refrigerate. Reheat before serving. Float additional thin, seeded orange and lemon slices on punch bowl for garnish. Makes enough punch for 30 generous and warming servings. END

What's New in Pudding? Plenty!



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For light, mild "Swiss-type" flavor, choose Royal *Chocolate* Pudding. Or for rich, dark and sweet "Dutch-type" flavor, it's Royal *Dark 'n' Sweet!* Only Royal makes it!

Flavor the only change? No ma'am!

Royal Pudding is made from a New Recipe. You don't boil it so you can't scorch it. New-Recipe Royal is done when you see the first bubble. And it sets creamily smooth every time. It's easy and practically foolproof. (The new package directions tell you all about it.)

Did Royal stop there? Never!

All flavors actually supply *more* rich food energy than the milk you make them with! Try all four New-Recipe Royal Puddings—

Vanilla—Butterscotch—
Chocolate—Dark 'n' Sweet

All Fine Products of Standard Brands Inc.



STUART

Mary Lynn Morrill sets her table for a February dinner party.

A bride's first dinner party

"I selected my silver pattern while I was still in the twelfth grade," writes our *How America Spends Its Money* bride, Mary Lynn Morrill. "It was almost by chance: two local department stores gave every girl in our graduating class a silver spoon, in the pattern of her choice. Those two spoons started me off. When my foods class took a field trip to a Charlotte department store, I saw this bone-white china and knew it was what I wanted to go with my silver. Although later at college I looked at other patterns, none ever appealed to me as much as my first selection.

"Be sure your husband likes the patterns you choose," Mary Lynn's letter continues. "Then he will also enjoy helping you do the dishes!"

Mary Lynn found her own advice easy enough to follow, since by high-school-graduation time she was already dating her future husband, and by the following Christmas knew they were going to marry. "But I made the final decision on my crystal only *one week* before I sent out my wedding invitations! I selected it because it was the least expensive fine crystal with a platinum band that I could find."

Here is Mary Lynn's youthfully appealing menu, and a recipe:

MENU

Ginger Ale and Grapefruit Juice
Oven-Baked Chicken Quarters—Sweet-Potato Casserole
Broccoli Spears with Browned Butter
Strawberry Heart Salad—Mayonnaise
Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce
Poundcake—Coffee

STRAWBERRY HEART SALAD

Add 2 cups hot water to 1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin. Soften 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin in strained juice of 2 lemons. Add to strawberry-flavored gelatin and stir until all gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Stir in 2 packages frozen whole strawberries, thawed. Spoon into 12 heart-shaped molds. Chill until set. Turn out on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise.

"I WANT A TRADITIONAL WEDDING"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

in casual, smart clothes and viewed from a certain angle, Mary Lynn was enough like Mrs. Kennedy to cause perfect strangers to stop her on the street.

The real furor developed after several of Mary Lynn's classmates at Meredith College decided she deserved national publicity, and notified the college publicity office. Soon thereafter, a picture story ran in the *Raleigh News*, was picked up by newspapers across the country and abroad. Mary Lynn was deluged with fan mail. "I'm not bad-looking, six feet tall, blue eyes, like hunting, water skiing and Hemingway," wrote a prospective swain. A guitar-playing song writer dedicated one of his songs to her, and a homesick G.I. in Ethiopia wanted to be her pen pal.

How did Mary Lynn feel about all this attention? "Well, I wasn't real sure at first," she said. She *was* sure that she resented people's assuming that she had adopted the "Jackie Look" deliberately: "Why, I *always* wore my hair bouffant, and I *always* dressed simply!" Very soon she decided to be flattered—"*anyone* would enjoy being compared to Mrs. Kennedy!"—and was delighted at the outcome of the election.

She was not pleased, however, when one newspaper cast Dan in the role of jealous fiancé. "Dan was completely understanding about the letters I got from boys," she said—and indeed he had written gallantly from Atlanta, "I'm just glad that so many people can enjoy looking at such a beautiful girl." He also agreed to let her accept one of the modeling jobs she was offered.

But Mary Lynn's heart was set on home economics. She adored living in the Practice House at Meredith, where as hostess she was asked to feed five girls on 85 cents per girl per day, managed to get through the week on $19. Returning home last summer after her graduation, she announced to her mother that she was going to take over the family cooking. But her father's bland, low-cholesterol diet proved tricky, and David and Douglas threw her finances off by eating as a midafternoon snack what she had planned to have for supper. There wasn't much time, anyway; after all, she had a wedding to plan!

In the years of their engagement, Mary Lynn and Dan had talked about every conceivable kind of wedding. Since Mary Lynn alone had 65 relatives living in the Charlotte area, a "small" wedding was out of the question; they decided to mail invitations to a maximum of 500 friends and relatives, of which 300 were expected to attend.

"Think of all the presents we'll get!" cried Mary Lynn ingenuously, as thrilled by the prospect of unwrapping lots of frilly packages and recording the gifts and donors in her white satin bride's book as by the presents *per se*. (As a treat, Dan used to bring her a dollar's worth of gum and penny candy, each piece wrapped separately.) The sun porch where Dan usually slept when he came for weekends was cleared of furniture early in the summer, and devoted solely to the display of Mary Lynn's shower and wedding gifts, which arrived at a staggering pace.

People in Charlotte love to entertain, and Mary Lynn was given four showers—one for college friends, one for family, one for church friends, and one for girls Mary Lynn had known in high school. In addition, there were five luncheons, a bridge party, a rehearsal party given by the Morrills, and the bridesmaids' luncheon given by the matron of honor (Dan's sister-in-law) and her mother.

With so many parties scheduled, Mary Lynn was more concerned with clothes to wear before the wedding than with a trousseau to take on the honeymoon—especially since she and Dan planned nothing more formal than a leisurely drive through the mountains to their apartment in Atlanta. Astute buying provided her with a well-rounded, inexpensive wardrobe. (As her mother had predicted, Mary Lynn was going easy with the $700 her father had set aside for her wedding.) In her bride's book she listed under Trousseau:

1. Going-away suit, hot pink—$8.50 (reduced from $13)
2. Going-away hat, pink with veil—$1.00 (reduced from $4)
3. White, green and black dress—$13.50 (reduced from $19)
4. White cotton with embroidery—$4.00 (reduced from $9.00)
5. Green polished cotton—$5.00 (reduced from $10)
6. Green dress with rickrack (made myself) $1.50
7. Hot-pink bra—$1.50
8. White high heels—$2.87 (reduced from $6)
9. White lace bra—$2.00
10. White gown and peignoir—$6.00
11. Gifts: turquoise nylon gown
    pink gown and robe
    gown with beige lace
    blue slip and pants
12. Lent by friend:
    2 dresses
    1 cocktail dress
    1 bag

These clothes, with those she already had on hand "in good condition," would easily take her through the prenuptial parties, honeymoon and the first months of teaching. "Thank goodness I have lots of pretty aprons," she said. "Home-ec students always notice aprons first thing."

The largest single expenditure for the wedding was the $150 caterer's fee for the reception, a special rate offered them by Mrs. Schoof, a church hostess who does catering occasionally for friends. The fee included service (two butlers and a maid), a masterful fruit punch with an elegant ice ring of lemon and lime slices, *petits fours*, pulled butter mints and home-toasted pecans. Mary Lynn's aunt, Louise Caldwell, offered to make the wedding cake "as a labor of love," and an artistic friend, Libby Wilson, volunteered to decorate the refreshment tables. The rental company where Doug had a summer job provided the Caldwells with silver punch bowl and cups, plates, silver serving dishes and candelabra—all free of charge. Even adding in $76.75 spent for invitations, $20 for stamps and the $75 anticipated for flowers, Mary Lynn's reception would cost only a little over $325.

A real stroke of luck was finding the wedding dress of her dreams at almost the first place she looked. Determined to wear satin despite the anticipated heat of August, Mary Lynn brought home a lovely gown of heavy white satin with a becoming bateau neckline, a chapel train, and a mantilla veil of illusion and lace. (Total cost: $119.85.) When she tried it on, David and Doug teased her about the interminable rows of buttons, but anybody could see they were impressed.

In the middle of July Dan packed a small rented trailer with odds and ends of furniture from the Morrills' attic in Winston-Salem, the Caldwells' in Charlotte, and drove it down to Atlanta. Most of the pieces were to be

How the Caldwells Spent $700 for the Wedding

Reception—caterer's fee, including service, food, punch	$150.00
Invitations, for 500	76.75
Stamps (for invitations and thank-you notes)	35.00
Wedding dress	82.35
Veil	37.50
Flowers	76.99
Photographs	75.00
Bridesmaids' gifts	35.00
Music	10.00
Other clothes, incidentals	85.87
Janitor and sexton's fees	10.00
Mother's dress	25.75
	$700.21

eturned eventually, but Mary Lynn and Dan vanted to buy their own furniture carefully; n the meanwhile they needed to fill up the arge (14′ x 18′) living room, bedroom and itchen of their apartment.

Apartments were scarce and rents high in hat area, so Dan was pleased to find this one or $70 a month, even though he had to sign a uly 1 lease to get it. His National Defense cholarship provided $2200 a year, plus $400 xtra for his wife (he would be allowed $400 nore if he and Mary Lynn should have a baby). Since Mary Lynn would be earning 4300 teaching home economics and history in Briarcliff High School, she and Dan antici- ated no difficulty in surviving on the total of 6900. In fact, after deducting taxes and basic xpenses such as school fees ($900), rent $840), food ($850–$900), utilities (including as heat, $160), they expected to save $1700 r even more.

"We'll be in good shape unless the car reaks down—or a baby comes," Dan ven- ured. (They want to have children, at least our; but not right away. As for the car, it is a 55 model with 100,000 miles and a limited ife expectancy.)

"But we're cutting corners so close," Mary Lynn reminded, "that I'm not kidding when I ay we can't afford to have the car cleaned if Douggie and David soap up the windows and aint 'Just Married' on the back!"

But the twins, models of behavior all sum- ner, seemed far more inclined to help their ister than to harass her. On the verge of going ff to college (David to St. Andrew's for a najor in business, Douglas to Pfeiffer to study or the ministry), perhaps the boys realized hat Mary Lynn's wedding presaged a more omplete separation of the family. David tayed close to home all summer to help his nother paint the house and generally prepare or the wedding; Doug, rushing in late from a hard day at United Rent-All, invariably topped off in the sun porch to gloat over Mary Lynn's newest gifts before cleaning up for supper.

The overwhelming list of close to 400 pres- nts included: a complete silver service for ight, 2 fifty-piece services in stainless steel, a complete set of "everyday" china and a nearly complete set of Bavarian china, "every- day" glassware for eight, 17 pieces of fine rystal, a mahogany dining-room suite, a round table with 4 matching chairs, a mosaic coffee table, 12 place-mat sets with napkins, 4 tablecloths with napkins, 5 kitchen towels and dishcloths, 45 bath towels, 17 crystal or silver bowls or compotes, 5 vases and 3 figurines, 48 pillowcases, 11 sheets and 7 blankets, 4 coffee- pots (one electric), 4 frying pans (2 electric), a teapot, 3 silver platters, a set of kitchen knives, 4 cookbooks, 3 clocks and 3 lamps, 2 candleholders, 4 salad-bowl sets, 7 aprons and a lazy Susan, 4 salt-and-pepper sets, a sugar and creamer, 3 pictures, 2 planters, an oven- refrigerator-freezer set, a sandwich grill, a Dutch oven, assorted pots and pans, a large variety of miscellaneous glassware, measuring cups, strainers and peelers, a meat thermom- eter, a cookie-and-pastry press, a bun warmer and 4 straw baskets, an electric iron, a mail- box, book ends and *Leaves of Gold*, 2 ice buckets, 7 ashtrays, 10 service trays, 2 sets of steak knives, a poem, several substantial checks, and a 4300-mile trip to Canada—taken, with the parents of the groom, the pre- vious summer.

Mary Lynn had deliberately kept the week before her wedding as free as possible; even so, the atmosphere of excitement increased until Duchess, the affectionate family collie, began to catch the fever and pranced about, waving her plumy tail and being commendably toler- ant of strange visitors she would ordinarily have chased away. Mary Lynn was a little con- cerned about her father, who had been in poor health, but her mother reassured her: "Don't worry—he's thoroughly enjoying all the fun. If he gets tired, he'll just go into his room and shut the door; he knows how to take care of himself." What concerned Mrs. Caldwell was the weather. Which would be worse—for Mary Lynn to wilt from the heat in her satin dress, or for rain to spoil the reception?

The day before the wedding a constant stream of visitors kept the screen door slam- ming, the big hassock fan whirring. Many brought home-grown tomatoes, Lima beans, cucumbers, cookies and poundcake. These offerings Mrs. Caldwell accepted gratefully—out-of-town guests would be arriving later in such quantities, and at such unpredictable times, that planning a formal meal was hope- less. She had ordered an enormous ham espe- cially cooked and sliced; the home-grown veg- etables would supplement this nicely! All afternoon Mamie, the Caldwells' part-time maid, was kept busy shelling beans, slicing to- matoes, spreading husky sandwiches, and pouring out quantities of minty iced tea. At about six Mrs. Caldwell gathered up some eight or ten guests and took them off to a nearby cafeteria for supper, leaving latecom- ers to fend for themselves. Mr. Caldwell, step- ping rather gingerly around people and plat- ters of food in the crowded kitchen, succeeded in broiling his own meat patty and slipped out onto the cool back porch to eat in relative quiet.

Gradually, the wedding party collected at the Little Church on the Lane for the re- hearsal; by eight o'clock, they were lined up to march in. First the ushers: David and Douglas, looking unusually serious; Dan's brother Jim; his college roommate, Marcus Lawrence. Then the maid of honor, Mary Lynn's college room- mate, Martha Biles; and Jim Morrill's wife Carolyn as matron of honor. (Mary Lynn and Dan had introduced Jim and Carolyn, had been in their wedding just a year before.) Next, three pretty bridesmaids—a cousin and two college friends. After that came three more young cousins as junior bridesmaids. And now it was time for Mary Lynn and her father.

But the ripple of unease that had been spreading through the church now burst out openly. The organ broke off; the bridal party halted, whispering. A bridesmaid giggled. From the front pew, where Mrs. Caldwell sat with Mrs. Morrill and Aunt Thelma, came a distressed cry: "What *is* that *music?*"

Dan and Mary Lynn had made a "deal": he would walk out to Mendelssohn's traditional wedding march, if she would walk in to Musorgski. The music was the promenade from *Pictures at an Exhibition*—undeniably stately, but dissonant, polyrhythmic, and quite different from the familiar *Lohengrin*.

"It sounds like a bunch of Cossacks rid- ing!" objected someone.

"That's an army march, not a bridal procession!"

"Seems as though, since we've been waiting for years to see you two get married, you could at least get married to *happy* music!"

For a moment there was near pandemo- nium; then Dan, standing near the altar with his father, capitulated. "It doesn't matter. Play Bach. Play Purcell. Play *Lohengrin*. It was just an idea."

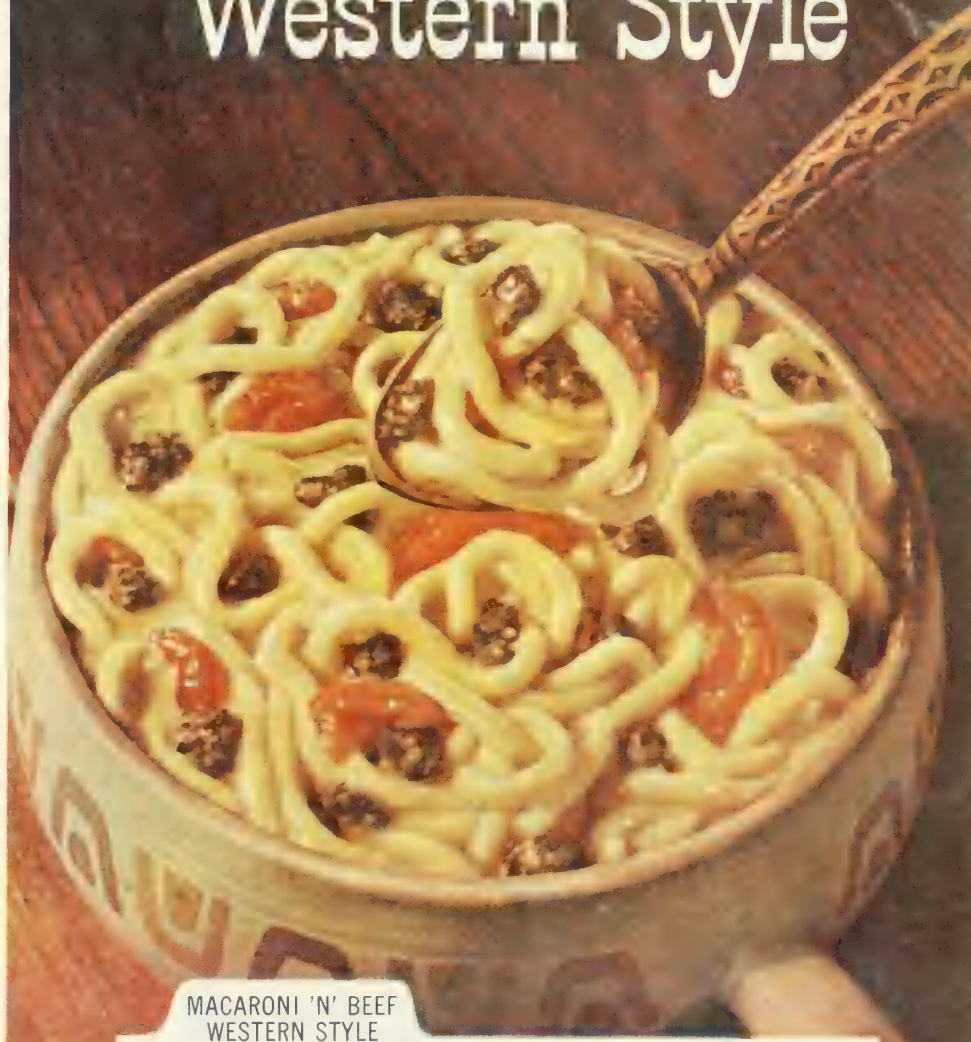
And so the organist put aside Musorgski and launched into the familiar *Lohengrin*. Mary Lynn and her father proceeded down the aisle. Aunt Thelma, exchanging a relieved smile with Mary Lynn's mother and Dan's, remarked, "*Here Comes the Bride* may be trite, but at least we know what it *means*."

After that, Bishop Spaugh moved the re- hearsal along briskly, and soon the wedding party, relatives and close friends piled into cars and headed, sixty strong, for the nearby Kirkwood Room where the Morrills were hosts at an elegant party. Guests exclaimed over the magnificent centerpiece of fresh fruit, helped themselves to dainty sandwiches, cheese rings, coconut balls and miniature wed- ding cake. Some drifted out onto the lantern- lit terrace even though it had been raining hard, and the night was windy and damp. "Don't tell the Caldwells," confided Kitty Johnson, the assistant minister's wife, to an out-of-town guest, "but the downpour this afternoon *flooded* the church basement, where they were to have the reception in case of rain tomorrow! If it *does* rain, I don't know *what* we'll do." But when Dan drove Mary Lynn home a little later, there were a few stars out.

Mary Lynn was too keyed up to sleep much that night, and was up early, unable to eat any breakfast but green grapes and saltines. She took one of the "nerve pills" her doctor had prescribed, and generously passed them around among her family. Duchess's barking

NEW RECIPE IDEA

Macaroni 'n' Beef Western Style



MACARONI 'N' BEEF WESTERN STYLE

Easy, one-dish dinner with robust, beefy flavor

The smooth golden cheese sauce in FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni is given a hearty Western-type flavor by adding ground beef and plump tomatoes. Here's a robust dish that is just the thing for man-sized appetites and takes just minutes to make.

- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅛ teaspoon basil
- 2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
- 1 can (1 pound) tomatoes, drained



In skillet, cook beef, onion, salt, pepper, and basil until meat is brown and onion is tender; stir to separate meat particles. Add mac- aroni and tomatoes. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

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announced the ten-o'clock mail delivery with piles of presents; Mary Lynn, wielding a large kitchen knife, ripped open wrappers with the happy fervor that invariably caused amusement: "*Nobody* likes to open presents the way Mary Lynn does!"

At noon, dressed in a smart, bold-patterned silk sheath and perky hat, Mary Lynn set off with her mother for the bridesmaids' luncheon, given by Carolyn Morrill and her mother for the bridesmaids, Aunt Thelma and Dan's two grandmothers. Although she still appeared a little nervous, she ate some of the tempting food, smiled over the bridesmaids' appreciation of her gifts to them (small silver crosses and silver-plated Revere bowls centered with gay artificial flowers). Coming outside after the luncheon, she was cheered to see that the sun had burst forth. Suddenly four-thirty seemed too long to wait!

Everyone agreed that it was a lovely, *happy* wedding. The bridesmaids, in frothy mint green and pale yellow, couldn't help smiling. Douglas and David, handsome in their white jackets, watched their sister with open admiration as, ethereal and starry-eyed, she drifted down the aisle on her father's arm. Dan, calm and expectant beside his distinguished-looking father, gave a quick smile to his mother before he moved forward to meet his bride at the altar. Mrs. Caldwell was a little misty-eyed when her husband placed Mary Lynn's hand in Dan's, and later when Bishop Spaugh, pronouncing the familiar words, seemed to give them fresh meaning. But she was smiling when the joyous notes of Mendelssohn's wedding march rang out.

The sun was shining mildly by the time the receiving line formed on the velvety lawn outside the church, and the rain-washed scene looked rather like an Impressionist watercolor—men in light summer suits and women in lacy frocks and flowery hats moving along the line of bouffant-skirted bridesmaids toward the punch tables, decorated with gauzy nylon net over mint-green cloths, festooned with ribbons and flowers, and covered gleaming trays of mints and cakes and nuts. Aunt Louise's cake, a five-tiered masterpiece of delicacy, rose splendidly above a small tulle-swathed table. (David, who had made the lazy Susan on which the cake rested, was disappointed to find it completely hidden by ribbons and Shasta daisies.)

Mary Lynn, who had not been sure she would last long enough to shake hands with all the wedding guests, found that she could hardly bear for it to be over. After all, she was saying farewell to as well as greeting her friends; some of them she might not see for a long time.

Embracing a close friend who had shared the woes and wonders of living in the Practice House, she felt momentarily on the verge of tears. The next instant she was smiling brilliantly at an attractive woman in a broad-brimmed hat. "Dan, this is Mrs. Abernethy, who gave us that marvelous electric broiler and had that wonderful bridge party and 'everyday' shower."

Suddenly it was time to cut the cake, and from then on all was a whirl of confusion—her mother reminding her that she was to dress in the church, her brothers and Marcus huddled together in a last-minute effort to learn where Dan's car was hidden, her bridesmaids clustered at the foot of the church steps with hands outthrust for her bouquet. She hesitated, flung it wide, and laughed at Betty Lou's spectacular catch. Then she hurried inside to dress.

At the bottom of the steps, the guests gathered to wait for the bride and groom to reappear. The junior bridesmaids passed around straw baskets filled with rice. Nobody had been able to find Dan's car, parked on one of the tree-shaded side streets near the church, but the little Volkswagen which was waiting to drive them to the getaway car did not escape being decorated with a Just Married sign. Just when it seemed they were *never* coming out someone shouted, "There they are!" and Mary Lynn and Dan were running down the church steps, hand in hand, laughing and calling good-byes and ducking hopelessly to escape the pelting rice.

The next instant, they were in the little Volkswagen and gone.

A wedding dreamed about for a lifetime—and over so soon. Mrs. Caldwell, coming slowly down the church steps with her daughter's wedding dress folded carefully in her arms, nodded good-bye to the last guests, realized with surprise that it was just after six. How quickly the time had gone! And was it worth while—all the planning and shopping and expense?

Mary Lynn, while in college, had been asked to define what she was looking for in marriage. "We won't be rich," she said promptly. "Professors don't get rich. Our main goals are happiness and a family."

Mrs. Caldwell, walking up the sun-dappled sidewalk of Moravian Lane, toward the car where her husband and her sons were waiting to drive her home, could take pleasure in the conviction that her daughter was launching out into marriage with a fine husband, a full, interesting year ahead, and a wedding she could remember with pleasure the rest of her life.

SHAPING THE '60'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

One 24-year-old from the East said her man was "very ethical, a fine family man, perhaps even too sacrificial. His faults? He doesn't read enough. He doesn't exercise at all—he'll have a coronary from rolling down the car window someday. He's stodgier than I thought he'd be."

A 22-year-old daughter of the South was annoyed that her husband "continually looked at other women." But she was forgiving: "All in all, though, he does have a sweet way about him which makes me love him ever more." And completely admiring, an Illinois wife said, "My husband is much more thoughtful than I thought he would be; he never forgets special days."

One in three wives, in fact, could find nothing unfavorable about their husbands after they were married. Close to 40 percent reported their mates were "even better, kinder, more thoughtful" than they ever thought they would be. From a delighted Floridian, "Exceptionally understanding with me, especially about sexual relations." A 19-year-old bride, "I didn't realize he would be so easygoing and affectionate." And a young wife from New Mexico discovered in marriage "what a truly wonderful person my husband was."

Other spouses pleased their wives with their maturity, ability and intelligence. Not a few said their men were wonderful husbands, were helpful around the house. To the delight of 60 percent of our brides, their grooms turned out to be more attentive than they had expected, more affectionate, more companionable.

Those who were disappointed in their mates found them selfish, self-centered, jealous or immature.

"He is really just an overgrown baby," a Cincinnati girl said of her husband. "Completely helpless"—a 22-year-old from Washington. And a young Michigan wife charged her husband with "Lack of consideration. Inability to give sympathy. A feeling of inferiority. Complete disregard for finances."

Many said their husbands neglected them, either going out without them (golf widows) or staying home without them (television widows). Several wives complained of their mates' sloppiness, fussiness or stubbornness. "He doesn't hang up his clothes or pick up his shoes," said a 22-year-old Wisconsin wife. A Massachusetts girl complained, "He never shaves on vacation; there's no order to his personal effects."

There was frequent disappointment in their husbands' potential for success: "He has never found a job he likes." . . . "He doesn't seem to have quite the drive I thought he had."

Others found their husbands more frugal, less intelligent or more dull than they ever thought possible.

Less-usual problems, but no less annoying, were: "I wasn't aware that he disliked so many foods." . . . "He drives too fast." . . . "Doesn't brush his teeth, doesn't shine his shoes." . . . "My husband drinks much more than I had ever dreamed." . . . "Does not like to try new dishes."

In-law problems slipped into the comments often: "I never realized he was so close to his family and that he would spend every night and every weekend with them." And a Florida wife: "His parents still have so much influence over him."

More intimate problems: "Our sexual life is disappointing. When I want to make love, he's too tired; when he wants to make love, I *have* to."

LOVE IN MARRIAGE

Young people, they said, are well advised to avoid any "sexual experimentation" before marriage, although they were somewhat more permissive with boys than with girls; 57 percent would counsel daughters against such relations, but only 38 percent would instruct sons to abstain.

"We will tell our children," a California woman said, "that their female and male organs were given them by God for a very special and wonderful purpose, to reproduce." A 22-year-old said, "I would tell my son that the number of 'conquests' isn't a means to measure his manhood." And a New England wife: "It only brings fear of discovery, guilt and dissatisfaction. The most wonderful part of marriage is discovering the wonders of lovemaking with your lifelong chosen mate."

About one young woman in four would explain the dangers and problems of sexual relations before marriage without expressing disapproval. "I'd show her the advantage of choosing right over wrong and then trust her," a young woman said. Another mother would tell her son, "You may end up marrying a girl you don't want with a baby that you don't want."

Relatively few said they would leave the decision entirely up to their sons and daughters—or to books, the family doctor or the minister. One said, "I don't think you should spring sex information on teenagers. They should have had education on the subject gradually since the age of three. Also, a loving atmosphere at home helps them to understand how love and sex are combined."

Others would set few limitations: "It's all right as long as he's smart enough not to have relations with any girl who was innocent or dirty." And one young wife said, "I really believe it's better for the man to have had experience before marriage." Another: "If my daughter had relations with a man she planned to marry, I wouldn't want to know about it."

Many divided the responsibility for sex instruction: "I'd let his dad speak to him when the time comes, but I would explain the girl's viewpoint to my son."

FOR RICHER OR POORER

Money, too, is one of the better-or-worse facts of marital existence. At the very least, it is a source of conversation, if not a source of controversy.

Most of our young wives have avoided making money a major issue in their marriages by following a budget. A Michigan bride said, "Before we buy anything, we talk it over. We don't try to keep up with the Joneses."

Some get off easy: "I let my husband handle the money." But almost as many wives handle it entirely themselves too. "He is irresponsible, so I take care of the money," a Missouri wife said. And still another wise wife: "I handle all the money. He gets an allowance."

Other systems: Calm Discussion, Equal Responsibility ("Each his own"). "Money doesn't go as far as I thought it would," a young wife from the Southwest said. "Duties and responsibilities are harder bosses than my parents ever were."

Three percent had no problems *and* no budget ("We don't quarrel, but we don't handle our money very well either"). Two percent said, "There is nothing left after bills to

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ght over." Whatever the system, if any, three ut of four of our wives endors d the joint ecking account.

Few (only 28 percent) said more money ould make their marriage happier. And al- ost none would have married a rich man she idn't love as much as her husband.

OES SHE FEEL PRETTY?

Because they have "less time" since they arried, many of our young ladies give less ttention to their personal appearance. Typi- ally, a 27-year-old Georgia peach said, "I ave much less time and actually need much ore now."

Still, 40 percent say they actually spend ore time now on their appearance than they id when they were single. The reasons gener- lly offered: "To keep my husband inter- sted" . . . "to make my family proud of my ooks."

"Being married is no excuse for a sloppy ppearance," a 22-year-old New Jersey wife aid. "I buy better clothes, but less than I used o." A Chicago wife: "Since I've married, I ave learned more about cosmetics and fash- ons." And a young woman from Albuquerque: I have more money now for clothes and osmetics."

Most of them give more attention to their air, first of all, and have more beauty treat- ents since they've married. A number said ey buy better clothes—more expensive, more tylish—and they buy more and better cosmet- cs.

More than 40 percent of those who give ss attention to their personal appearance eglect their hair mainly; secondly, they are ot as neat, not as fashionable. A 19-year-old rom Pittsburgh said, "I give less attention ecause it is not as important as it was when I as single."

Nineteen percent say they do not use cos- etics well. More single women than married, or example, use eye makeup—mascara, liner nd shadow. Both married and single women old us they use more makeup on special ccasions than they use daily. Only 9 per- ent of our young wives use eye shadow very day, whereas nearly 50 percent use on an evening out.

Almost half of these young women con- lude that they don't make the most of their ooks and eagerly seek help and advice. Like heir single sisters, they rely overwhelmingly n magazines for beauty tips.

Are they still interested in attracting men? Though married, 28 percent answered a re- ounding, "Yes!" But they added promptly hat "it was all in fun . . . not serious . . . just for kicks." Only 5 percent thought their husbands would mind or object.

WHAT'S COOKING?

Certainly, the culinary arts have been enhanced with marriage, if you accept the evaluation of these young wives. Half rated themselves above average to excellent cooks even before they were married; after, no less than 97 percent said they were above average to excellent.

Not untypical, a 19-year-old Missouri girl said, "When I first got married, I hated cooking; since then, I have learned to enjoy it very much." And she added happily, "My husband will eat just about anything and so will I."

Men seem to be less willing to try new dishes, less likely to enjoy highly seasoned recipes than their wives. Most prefer some version of roast beef, steak or pork, in that order.

A Pennsylvania wife was pleased to tell us, "He is very tolerant of my experiments." A 22-year-old brought up in the Southern tradition said, "I usually try some new dish every two or three weeks. Then if my husband likes it, I prepare it regularly."

Over and over again, women expressed surprise and pleasure in cooking: "Cooking is a joy to me," said a 27-year-old, "and I don't think it could become a bore since there is always something new to try."

"I love to cook," an Indiana girl said, "and my husband loves to eat." Several said, "I think he thinks I'm a better cook than he thought I would be." A small-town Iowa wife: "Now that I'm married and cooking for my own husband, I find that food tastes a lot better than it ever did before."

And the highest compliment a man can pay his wife: "My husband has often told me that I cook better than his mother."

Our young marrieds felt they were better housekeepers than they were cooks before marriage, but improvement after was not quite as notable: 67 percent judged they were already above average or better housekeepers when they were single; 94 percent promoted themselves to that classification after. And most viewed being a good housekeeper a greater asset to a happy home than being a good cook.

One of the more surprising discoveries was the number of husbands who help their wives cook and clean house. Over a third of the men (38 percent) help with the cooking and close to half (42 percent) pitch in on house cleaning.

MORE OR LESS RELIGIOUS?

Though these young women profess to be more religious than they were before they married, they attend church less often now. Religious practices in the home are limited to saying grace at meals—and few husbands and wives do that (about four out of ten).

Only one family in six reads the Bible regularly. Still, over 90 percent endorse a strict ethical code, believing their happiness depends on it.

"I think a high moral code is absolutely essential to form any sort of a decent foundation for a solid marriage and proper atmosphere to raise children," said a 24-year-old Missourian.

A more unusual response: "I do not equate honesty and a strict ethical code with organized religion. Historically, they have been found absolutely essential." A New Jersey wife considered these standards highly flexible: "I think the ability to change with changing standards of honesty and ethics is more important than a strict code."

Most agreed with a New York girl, 20 years old: "If you cannot be honest with yourself and your husband, you cannot have a happy marriage. Without some code of ethics, there is no way to guide yourself or your children."

And just how young American wives who are now mothers conduct their lives and guide their children is the subject of the Journal's next exclusive Gallup survey of The Woman's Mind.



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MILES PRODUCTS

WHAT THE BRIDE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BUYING

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

The day Mary Lynn married Dan Morrill (see page 68) she undertook, among other responsibilities, the management of half a million dollars. That's how much a college-educated couple normally can expect to earn in a lifetime. And Mary Lynn, whose knowledge of values is amazing even for a graduate home economist, will undoubtedly succeed in buying at least $600,000 worth of goods for her $500,000.

The way newlyweds handle their money can influence their whole financial future. If both are working, they have an excellent chance to accumulate some family capital—a chance they won't have soon again.

The Morrills' basic budget of about $280 a month (after deducting taxes and Dan's tuition) leaves $2000 a year for their special furniture fund and other savings. Other couples, for various reasons, may not be able to achieve so modest a living expense or hatch so big a nest egg. For one thing, Atlanta is a relatively low-cost town. In another city, the Morrills' budget might be as much as $40 higher. (See chart.)

The Morrills have a maid twice a month, entertain, have meals out occasionally, run a car, and are buying furniture of good quality. Here are some of their moneysaving skills:

Supermarket strategy. In most parts of the country, a bride who keeps her food bill under $80 a month can consider this expense mastered. Mary Lynn spends about $71 a month for food and cleaning supplies, and this is how she does it:

She plans menus a week in advance, using seasonally abundant meats offered as "specials." She uses meat moderately—a half pound of lean chopped beef for two. Her frequent use of fried chicken exploits one of the best current bargains: modern growing methods have enlarged supplies of broiler-fryers and made them a supermarket "leader" often sold at or near wholesale cost.

She watches for canned-goods sales, then stocks up on these items. She bought a whole case of tomatoes at 10 cents a can, used them in casseroles, chili, spaghetti.

For cooking, she uses grades B and C. She buys asparagus for its attractive appearance *only* if planning to serve it by itself; in a casserole she would use the cheaper cut pieces.

She "stretches" costly foods. For example, she mixes whole milk with reconstituted nonfat milk to make "half and half." (The dry milk makes nonfat fluid milk for 8 cents a quart.) Mary Lynn's half-and-half blend has excellent flavor and as much protein, minerals and vitamins as regular milk. Nonfat-milk powder can well be the working bride's best friend in making low-cost, high-protein soups, omelets, custards and baked dishes.

She buys the large sizes of foods, cleaning supplies and toiletries; takes advantage of all the "cents off" offers on soaps and detergents. (Savings on large sizes average about 14 per cent.)

She avoids expensive desserts that can so easily wreck a budget, looks instead for low-cost desserts (ice milk at 29–39 cents a quart) and bakes her own cakes.

A government study reports that working wives usually feed their families nourishing meals but spend more for convenient, quick-cooking foods than full-time homemakers. The Morrills save time without undue extra expense by preparing a roast or ham large enough to last for several meals, by serving fewer but larger courses, by shopping together once a week, by eating at a moderate-price restaurant if both are busy—as during exam week.

Shopping for sales. The Morrills' clothing expense is $17.50 a month, comparing most favorably with the $25–30 considered reasonable for a young couple. Of course Dan's campus needs are less demanding than those of a young husband in business or professional work. Besides, Mary Lynn is an expert at planning wardrobes and finding values.

BUDGET FOR A NEWLYWED COUPLE

(Here are monthly costs of the Morrills' basic budget in different cities*)

Houston	$265	Minneapolis	$310
Atlanta	280	Pittsburgh	310
Baltimore	286	Portland, Oregon	311
Philadelphia	294	Los Angeles	314
New York	297	St. Louis	314
Kansas City, Missouri	298	San Francisco	317
Cincinnati	302	Boston	318
Detroit	302	Chicago	325
Cleveland	308	Seattle	326
Washington, D.C.	308		

*As estimated from Bureau of Labor Statistics data

She achieves variety by combining different blouses with suits and skirts, ghtening basic dresses with attractive accessories.

She watches for sales. Highly selective and practiced, she can quickly scan ack of 20 dresses and pick out just the one she knows will be becoming and rmonious with her current wardrobe. Among such expertly chosen values e four two-piece dresses bought for $2 each; a basic black dress ($10); a id wool suit ($10); a summer cotton she made herself for $1.50.

A young couple can learn the technique of timing their buying to take adntage of sales. Price reductions occur in a recurring annual pattern:

rniture, rugs	Feb., Aug.	Dresses	April, June, Nov., Jan.
nite sales	May, Aug., Jan.	Men's suits	March, April, Dec.
pliances, TV sets	June, July, Jan.	New cars	Aug.
usewares	Feb., Sept., Jan.	Used cars	After July 4th
oes	Jan., Juiy	Tires	May, Aug.
ats	Aug., Nov.		

In buying furniture and other equipment, young couples often are safest sticking to middle-priced lines. This policy avoids both the possible inequacies of the cheapest goods and the premium sometimes commanded the costliest lines because of extra detail or exclusive styling, but not cessarily better basic construction.

(For a report on how the Morrills developed an over-all decorating plan fore starting to shop for furniture, see page 72.)

The cost of a car. Automobile expense is one of the Morrills' biggest bills. nce Dan recently had an expensive motor job done on his 1955 car, we adsed keeping it a while longer. We did suggest a reduction in their autosurance bill of $169 high, because Dan is under 25 and must pay the outhful driver" rate.

Besides liability insurance, Dan also had collision insurance, which pays r any damage to his own car. The liability insurance protects against potenlly ruinous damage suits; it is essential. But in the case of the Morrills' der car, collision insurance is less vital, and dropping it would save approxiately $40. Uncle Sam partly insures a car owner against damage to his own hicle—nonreimbursed casualty losses are tax deductible even if the accint is your own fault.

Medical care. As a graduate student, Dan can use Emory's medical facilies; through Mary Lynn, he also benefits from the board of education's surance program. In buying health insurance, young couples can save by king advantage of group plans which cover the employee's wife or husband well as the employee. Group enrollment saves as much as 35 per cent of the st of the same coverage bought solo.

In selecting a health-insurance plan, newlyweds should compare maternity ovisions. Many plans provide only limited benefits; some, none at all. Other ans do provide some payment for obstetric care, but require a waiting period nine or ten months. Mary Lynn's plan provides for a $100 payment after ne months.

The new breadwinner's life insurance. Dan's $10,000 life policy, at a cost $11.60 a month ($149.20 a year), included double indemnity for accidental ath. We suggested that the cost be reduced to $106 by changing to a $5000 hole-life policy with an income rider which would pay $6000 from date of sue (a total protection of $11,000), by paying the premium annually, and by opping the "double indemnity." The cost of double indemnity would be vested more wisely in additional insurance paying for death from any use. After all, a widow doesn't need less money if her husband dies from nonaccidental cause!

Under Mary Lynn's employer's plan, both she and Dan have a $2500 life olicy at a cost of only $6.60 each per year. As the family grows, Dan can add his basic life policy, at small extra costs, to provide additional protection r the new Morrills.

IOW THE MORRILLS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

WHAT THEY GET		
Mary Lynn's salary	$ 358.33	
Dan's fellowship grant	216.67	
		$ 575.00
WHERE IT GOES		
Federal income tax	44.50	
Social Security tax	10.75	
State income tax	.56	
State sales tax (estimated)	3.95	
(TOTAL TAXES)		59.76
Food (including cleaning supplies)	71.00	
Housing (rent, $70; utilities, $7.25; phone, $6.25; maid, $10)	93.50	
Clothing (including cleaning)	17.50	
Medical (insurance, $8; other, $2)	10.00	
Car expenses (including insurance)	30.40	
Gifts and contributions	12.25	
Recreation, periodicals	5.00	
Personal care (haircuts, toiletries)	6.00	
Professional expenses (including dues, books)	12.00	
Life insurance	10.00	
Miscellaneous (postage, tobacco, other)	7.05	
(TOTAL BASIC LIVING EXPENSES)		274.70
Dan's' tuition		75.00
Furniture and other savings funds (including teachers' retirement payment of $21.54)		165.54
TOTAL		$ 575.00



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THE MORRILLS' TWO-YEAR DECORATING PLAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABRIEL BENZUR

The Morrills find a copy of a canopy bed in Rich's department store (left), and two chairs, a table to cut down for a coffee table in Atlanta Antiques Gallery.

old oil lamps or candlesticks with fixtures from the hardware store. It provides some essentials that you don't see, as curtains for both rooms and most of the bedroom furniture. It includes the purchase of inexpensive antiques and even permits the Morrills to buy their "sometime" piece, a grandfather clock.

Since the Morrills are decorating from scratch, a difficult prospect for any family, the wisest investment of all, perhaps, was a fee for a decorator's help in planning. The Journal invited Mrs. Evelyn Jablow, an interior designer in New York, to assist the Morrills in drawing up their spending plan so they can purchase at their own speed. Even if they decide to extend their buying beyond two years in order to build up savings in case a baby arrives or their car breaks down, their plan will always help them avoid costly mistakes.

This is how the Morrills, with Mrs. Jablow's advice, found the answers to these universal decorating questions:

Where do you start? With the background, Mrs. Jablow says. This means figuring out a color scheme, a project that always requires compromises. Mary Lynn loves green, Dan's favorite is brown, but both respond to the warmth and friendliness of red. So they plan for a clear, cheery red-and-white scheme with Mary Lynn's greens as accents and Dan's browns supplied by the warm furniture finishes.

How do you fit in everything you need? The Morrills had three "musts": a desk for each of them, since they each have "homework"; lots of seating pieces for entertaining groups of friends; and extra beds to put up visiting relatives or other guests. The huge closets in the apartment solved the extra-bed problem easily: the Morrills will buy folding beds that can roll into them. Dan's desk was planned into the living room, where it can double as a serving table for buffet suppers, the most practical kind of mealtime entertaining in their small quarters. Mary Lynn's desk will be in the bedroom, part of a three-piece unit with two chests.

By planning on small seating pieces—a love-seat-size sofa, a settee that camouflages the closed fireplace, a pair of open armchairs and two pull-up chairs—the Morrills can seat eight. The coffee table (an old drop-leaf cut down to low height) is large enough to double as an informal dining table for buffet parties.

What do you buy first? The things you need the most, Mrs. Jablow counsels. For the Morrills, this means the sofa and armchairs to replace the backbreaking ones they now have; a desk for Dan, who now hunches like a giant over Mary Lynn's old school-days desk; and shutters for privacy. The budget below lists the other furnishings in the suggested order of purchase.

The first item on it is a decorator's fee of $100, since Mrs. Jablow charges $50 for planning a room, furnishing floor and color plans, fabric swatches and furniture pictures. Other designers will do such planning at about $25 an hour. To find one, check the local furnishings store (it will usually answer a question or two free) or local chapters of the American Institute of Interior Designers and the National Society of Interior Designers.

THE MORRILLS' SHOPPING LIST FOR FURNISHINGS IN THE RECOMMENDED ORDER OF PURCHASE

LIVING ROOM

Decorator's planning fee ($50 a room)	$100.00
Love seat, 48" wide (extra charge in Mary Lynn's choice of fabric)	119.00
2 bow-back maple chairs in muslin @ $99.00	198.00
Fabric for chairs and love seat, 5 yards @ $2.50 a yard	12.50
Antique fruitwood desk	180.00
Maple desk chair	44.00
2 wall-hung shelf units (assemble-and-stain-yourself type), pine, @ $7.95	15.90
Antique ceiling fixture (wiring cost extra)	15.00
6 18"x80" louvered panels for 2 folding doors @ $9.99	59.94
3 tracks for folding doors @ $3.99	11.97
8 9"x36" louvered panels for two windows @ $4.10	32.80
2 folding beds for guests	40.00
Curtain fabric, 7 yards @ 75c a yard	5.25
Side table (assemble-and-stain-yourself type)	16.00
Hardwood settee in cherry finish	94.00
Green felt for seat cushions, 72" wide, 3 yards (labor cost extra) $2.34 a yard	7.02
Antique fruitwood drop-leaf table, cut down to coffee-table height	50.00
2 lamps (made from candlesticks)	15.00
Maple cupboard	345.00
2 fruitwood rush-seat antique side chairs @ $25.00	50.00
Antique mahogany washstand	35.00
Rug, fringed acrylic fiber, latex backed, 8'x10'	151.00
Antique iron trivet table	12.00

BEDROOM

Pair 18"x80" louvered panels for kitchen door @ $9.99	$19.98
Storage unit (not shown), composed of a dresser-desk and 2 chests	154.00
Maple bed	164.00
Mattress and box spring	140.00
Crocheted canopy	65.00
Maple-and-hardwood candlestand (not shown), assemble-and-stain-yourself type	10.00
Lamp (made from old candlestick or oil lamp—not shown)	10.00
Curtain fabric, 7 yards @ 75c a yard	5.25
Rug, fringed acrylic fiber, latex-backed, 8'x10'	151.00
Pine sleigh bench (assemble-and-stain type)	10.00
Old rocker (not shown)	25.00
Clock in cherry	225.00
TOTAL	**$2588.61**



"You're so late, Tom!
I was terribly worried.



All sorts of things went
through my mind...



I wondered if you were in an
accident, or had a heart attack."



"It made me stop and think how much we depend on you!"

Sometimes it takes an incident like this to help a man see his responsibilities more clearly. Suppose something really did "happen." What would become of his family? How would they manage? And then he may think about his life insurance, and wonder if he has enough.

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

callous, or glossing things over. He paused a moment before Eugenie's door to get himself in hand completely.

When the doctor at last pushed the door open, he was surprised to hear laughter. His patient, entirely recovered from the anesthetic and propped up high on pillows, greeted him smilingly. "Fred was reading me such a funny story," she said gaily. But the hand she extended to the doctor was icy cold, and Fred Foster's eyes betrayed deep concern.

Before the doctor could begin his carefully thought-out speech, Eugenie said quietly, "It's cancer, isn't it? If it hadn't been, you would have said so as soon as you came in."

"Yes, it is, Eugenie," the doctor replied as quietly. Fred Foster made a little sound but Eugenie's expression did not change.

"You don't need to mince words with Fred and me. Is it in an incurable stage?"

"Definitely not!" the doctor said emphatically, drawing a chair closer to Eugenie's bed. "It is not one of the more unruly types of malignancy. It *is* invasive, but it doesn't appear to have got very far. There is a good chance that it is still localized, as we call it. It would have been better, frankly, if you had sought a specialist when the symptoms first appeared. But it is still the sort of thing we cure in a high percentage of cases.

"I have especially high hopes of a cure in your case, Eugenie, because of your temperament and courage. For instance, look at the calm way we are talking this over. So often a conversation of this kind is a ghastly ordeal. I have wished many times that the public could have a clearer idea of the new philosophy about cancer."

Fred Foster looked up quickly. "A new philosophy about cancer? I'd like to know about it!"

"It is simply that we doctors, and enlightened people in general, more and more are coming to regard cancer as we do any other dangerous or recurrent disease: tuberculosis, for instance, or chronic heart or kidney disease. Not as a sentence to early death, but as something to be battled with every weapon we have.

"In the first place, nowadays, we have a growing percentage of complete cures, due to earlier discovery. And the life span of 'inoperables'—those incurable under present conditions—has increased a great deal. Even the terminal phases need be no more harrowing in most cases than those of other diseases, through a more enlightened use of narcotics, mood elevators, tranquilizers, and in some cases hypnosis.

"Then we have many ways of keeping a cancer under control, when there is not a cure for it as yet. For example, in cancer of the breast we have found that removal of the ovaries, sometimes of the adrenals too, may delay the inroads of the malignancy. Certain hormones, especially some of the corticosteroids, do the same thing in other types of cancer. Chemical solutions by injection are often helpful. There are even authenticated cases of cancers that disappeared of their own accord.

"I am perfectly sincere when I urge so-called incurable patients to hold on confidently for as long as they can. There is a good possibility that something almost miraculous in the way of a cure may turn up almost any time now. But all this doesn't apply to you, Eugenie"—turning to his patient. "You are far from being in the incurable class. You are what I call a 'first-class risk.'"

As the doctor talked, the look of taut acceptance on Eugenie's face had been changing to one of hope. "I suppose you will do a complete hysterectomy?"

"No. For true invasive cancer of the cervix, the kind you have, authoritative opinion today is pretty solidly behind irradiation. First with radium applied locally, and later with deep X ray from the new, powerful cobalt machine."

The hope vanished from Eugenie's face. "Doctor, I've counted on you to be honest with us!" she said reproachfully. "Isn't cobalt used only in the most desperate cases?"

"Far from it, Eugenie. Where it is available, and that includes all but isolated communities in this country, cobalt X-ray therapy represents the safest, most penetrating and effective technique for delivering X ray specifically to the deeper body tissues. The radium eliminates the local cancer, the cobalt X ray takes care of possible extension, or metastasis, to more distant organs and glands." The doctor explained also that the local application of the radium had grown into an exact science, doing away with much of the former concern about burns and harm to adjacent tissue. There would be some temporary inconvenience, but much less than from surgery. And the expense should not be greater than for surgery. The Fosters again felt reassured.

The next morning, powerful capsules of radium were placed in direct contact with the affected area, and retained there for about fifty hours.

Dismissing Eugenie from the hospital on the fourth day, the doctor told her "You are going to feel tired and a bit depressed for a few days. The local irradiation has that effect, but it soon passes. You will start the deep cobalt therapy tomorrow; it will take from three to four weeks. Don't worry about a vaginal discharge or even a little temporary bleeding. These things will be due to the treatment, and they, too, will go away.

"When the cobalt treatment is ended, you'll be able to do about anything you wish. I'll be seeing you at decreasing intervals for at least five years. Aside from that, Eugenie, just put this experience behind you and go on with your usual busy and useful life."

"I will, Doctor. I'm going to fight and I'm going to be cured. I can't tell you how much that talk you gave Fred and me in the hospital has helped me."

"Well, Eugenie, in that case I guess we're even. You'll never know how *you* helped *me* that night."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses German measles in early pregnancy.

A CONVERSATION ON MANNERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

towels in the bathroom, the flowers you will have. I go through my house like a hotel manager or a mechanic, inspecting all the rooms in which guests may find themselves.

There should be no last-minute discoveries of something you've forgotten to make you feel rushed and rattled just as people arrive. I always allow myself time to rest and to dress without having to hurry. There are so many details in giving a party, but it should be enjoyable rather than hard work. You should never plan anything that you are not sure of really being able to handle.

The good party begins with your guest list. Naturally you will invite only people who are congenial and who will interest one another. There should be a nucleus of people who know one another, who are friends, so that conversation will be easy and there won't be that great strain of having to introduce *everyone* to everyone else. If you live in a large city, as I do, you should allow a fair interval between the time for which you invited your guests and the time you actually sit down to eat. It is nice to have time for drinks before you are rushed to the table because the soufflé will fall or the soup will be cold. With today's unpredictable traffic conditions many people who set out in time and mean to be prompt get held up and arrive late. Allow a good half hour.

Other rules I've put down for myself (I'm talking now about seated dinner parties): have the plates hot; keep flowers in the center of the table low so the guests can see one another; play music softly (if at all) so as not to drown out conversation.

When it is time for coffee in the next room, don't break a conversation or a general good mood by leaving the table too abruptly; wait until there is a pause and the guests are ready to move. I'm rather nervous at every party I give unless I know the people well, and afraid that everything will go wrong. I don't know of anyone who isn't.

Another facet of good manners I would like to talk about is writing notes. I think it's almost a neglected art today. My sister and I were brought up to write thank-you notes and I think they are very important. Of course you should always write a note after receiving a present, or spending a weekend as a house guest, but I think there are many other times when a thank-you note is appreciated—after a dinner party, for example. I myself have always been in the habit of writing my host and hostess and I am always pleased when people are considerate enough to thank me in this way.

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANGE

As a clue to tell which cans of food to use first, keep a crayon handy to mark the month and year on each label when stocking the canned-food shelf. It is easy to tell at a glance which are the older foods which should be served first.

Miss M. F., Jennings, Missouri.

It is not necessary to write a note after a cocktail party or a small informal dinner (but I think it is nice to thank the hosts by telephone the next day). It's amazing how pleased people are when you let them know that you appreciate their efforts. In a note, it's not the length that counts—three or four lines are enough. You can keep them from sounding insincere by mentioning some special thing—perhaps what you most enjoyed about the weekend, or how much you liked meeting So-and-so at the party, or when you first used your new present.

Notes to sick people? Yes, I do write them, but usually only to people I know well—otherwise I send flowers. Make it a rule to keep them cheerful and never mention news that's the least bit sad or depressing. Writing notes takes the smallest bit of trouble, and once you get accustomed to doing it it takes no time at all. The same applies to politeness in general—with a little practice you'll find it's the easiest thing in the world!

That's why children should be started as early as possible on proper manners, so that they will soon become a habit with them. Learning by example is not enough; you must teach them to do the right thing. I find that most of them imitate their parents, and if mothers and fathers are at all sloppy in their manners the children will be too.

Bringing up children is a continual round of do this and do that. You must teach them to say "Please" and "Thank you," to bow or curtsy to grownups, and say "How do you do?" nicely—not "Hi" to adults—to write thank-you notes, to be well behaved in other people's houses and when their parents have guests.

Children should not be allowed to show off in front of visitors, to make a lot of noise and demand attention. I find the best way to discourage this is simply to leave them alone. Adults often bother them with banal questions, not realizing that a child's world is sometimes of a greater horizon than their own and that their imagination is tremendous. Although my children are very young, I like them to do very much what they like when older people are around. They don't like to have a fuss made over them.

As children we were made to learn the Golden Rule. I think that's a whole philosophy of manners by itself, rolled into a single sentence: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." After all, what are "manners" but simply a way of treating people the way you would like them to treat you? If more of us remembered and tried to live by the Golden Rule, bad manners would cease to exist. END

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

much right to poke fun at others. At that point our son jumped in with his own brand of sarcasm. Bobby smugly asked if I'd had Diana's riding outfit tailored by Omar the Tentmaker. I reproved Bobby and ordered him to apologize to his sister, now in floods of tears. Instead of supporting my attempt at discipline, Tim shrank back, put his hands over his ears and begged everybody to be quiet.

"I needed his strength and his co-operation, regardless of how tired he was. Even when he isn't tired he doesn't help me keep the youngsters in line. Suddenly it seemed as though I just couldn't stand his weakness and the way he habitually evades his authority as a husband and father. I was frustrated, frantic.

"In thirty seconds I was shrieking at him like a banshee, the children were screaming at each other, and somehow in the uproar the supper tray was overturned. Both youngsters were fiendishly delighted by the trouble they had stirred up. They thrive on scenes. Tim doesn't.

"He sneaked off to bed with nothing in his stomach, looking old and beat, pale as death. He put in a miserable, wakeful night in the guest room, and I felt sick of myself and the way I'd abused him. In the morning I woke with a pounding headache and a determination to apologize. But at breakfast I spoke of my headache and Tim said his morning headaches were as regular as a clock, and that he hoped I wouldn't consider it necessary to visit the doctor and run up another unnecessary medical bill.

"I was cut to the quick by his stinginess, his lack of sympathy. My good resolutions went out the window. I reminded him how I always sympathized with his ailments—and he has many. Three years ago in the holiday season, he had an ulcer operation and I practically lived at the hospital. The children and I postponed our Christmas celebration until he could come home and share the tree and presents with us.

"The phone rang and it was my mother-in-law. Tim sees her ten hours daily at the plant, he and brother Arthur ride to work with her, and why she needs to phone our house several times a day is beyond me. Well, I answered, and foolishly mentioned my headache. She immediately said she had a headache and a backache as well. She added that my doctor, who happens to be her doctor too, had told her there was nothing wrong with me except nerves and too much pill swallowing. Tim got on the phone and was very solicitous about his mother's health; he advised her to stay home and spend the day in bed.

"I could have used a day in bed myself; something he didn't suggest. It was out of the question anyhow. The whole house was due its weekly vacuuming—even my mother-in-law grudgingly concedes I can beat her as a housekeeper and cook—and the children had me tagged with a chauffeuring schedule that would have flustered a taxi driver. The social life of our three youngsters centers in a superactive church, located twenty miles from us. For several years I have urged them to join a church nearby, but they refuse to give up their accustomed activities and old friends. As a result I average 250 miles a week in heavy traffic lugging them to meetings of their clubs and organizations. When I tried to plan my driving chores that morning, I found that everybody's engagements conflicted. A blazing row burst out and I felt like an early Christian martyr chained to three wild horses.

"Tim and I are proud of our bright, attractive children, but we get little pleasure from them. We've tried to make them happy. I've tried especially hard to provide them with the advantages Tim had as a child and I did not have. Yet all three youngsters are selfish, demanding, quarrelsome, unappreciative, unkind to one another, hateful to their father and me. I guess some of it is our fault.

"Tim favors our son at the expense of his sisters, and they resent it. He will do anything for Bobby. Partly to offset Tim's partiality, I lean toward my daughters. I want Diana and Fay to have a pleasant childhood to remember. My sisters and I have no pleasant memories of our childhood, I can assure you.

"I was the eldest of four girls. My father, a dedicated man, fantastically generous by his own standards, was a minister. To father the needs of the poor and unfortunate, whether members of his congregation or not, came ahead of my sisters and me. If my dear mother had lived—I was just ten on the terrifying, awful day I watched her topple to the kitchen floor, dead of a heart attack—I imagine she might have persuaded father to a course of moderation and common sense. He burdened my sisters and me with the suffering and problems of the whole world.

"The door of our house stood open always. In the dining room was a large sugar bowl that father kept filled with coins wrung from his meager earnings. As was well known in our little town, anybody in a financial bind was welcome to walk into our house and help himself from the sugar bowl. We had a steady stream of visitors, who often repaid their small loans. 'Everybody according to his need' was my father's favorite maxim. Everybody, that is except my sisters and me.

"Our needs carried no weight with father. They were the needs of average girls for pretty clothes, recreation, fun. All through four years of high school I got by with one skirt and one blouse and one sweater set. I never had a gym blouse or gym shorts, a school requirement for every student except my sisters and me; my father regarded a gym costume as frivolous and unnecessary, argued down the principal. We were excused from the rule.

"One Easter a rich and kind parishioner endowed my sisters and me with money for new shoes, new gloves, new hats. Just as we started to the store somebody came running in with the news that a Mexican family traveling through town to the apple orchards had wrecked their jalopy and couldn't pay for the repairs. 'Give me the shoes and bonnet money, Jill,' said father without hesitation. I refused. He slapped my hand, slapped it hard, and jerked away the money. I cried, my little sisters cried. The next day we wore shoes that were polished but falling apart to the Easter services, and no hats and gloves at all. The Mexican family had the car repaired and was gone. Their need, according to father, was greater than ours.

"Last Easter I outfitted Bobby and our daughters from head to toe, everything new from the skin out, and I bought each of them *two* pairs of shoes. My next-door neighbor, a good friend but a bad manager and frequent borrower, was in a budget mess with her husband, so I bought shoes and Easter bonnets for her youngsters too.

"Tim and I had a dreadful quarrel. Or rather I quarreled and yelled and stamped my feet. He stared at me with a look of hatred and disgust and said my extravagance would bankrupt him. I suppose I did get carried away. Where my children, or any children, are concerned it's impossible for me to be much impressed by lectures on thrift. There are times when I just can't bear for Diana and Fay to do without anything.

"Tim doesn't understand. That's natural, of course. Since he was born into prosperous circumstances he has no idea what Easter finery and little luxuries can mean to a child. Or the satisfaction a grown woman can feel just in loading a freezer, unpacking brown-paper bags and stocking her pantry shelves. It sounds crazy, but if I notice my supplies are low, I get this panicky feeling, as though the children and I might starve, and so I race to market and fill the gaps on the shelves.

"Tim has no conception of the bitterness of poverty, the fears and the scars it leaves. Poverty and my father's altruism robbed me of my education. I got straight A's in high school, but there was no money for college. When I met Tim at nineteen I was working in the telegraph office; he was ten years older, a college graduate. When we married Tim had already been drafted by the Army but granted six weeks of grace before reporting at camp. I was romantic and deeply in love and hoped for at least a brief honeymoon. Tim spent that six weeks hard at work at the plant. I scarcely saw him.



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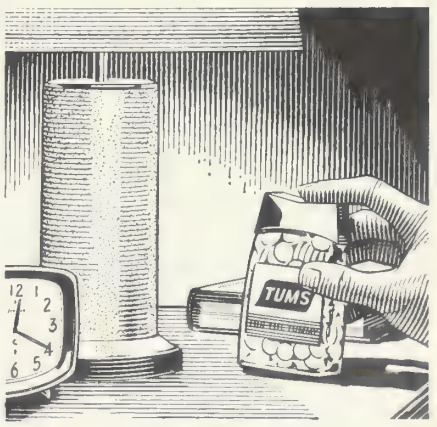


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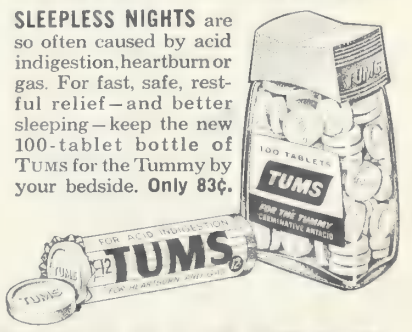
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Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

"During the two years he was in the Army, I lived with his family. I pleaded for a job in the factory so I could learn the business. His mother said no. So I kept house for them all. It often seems to me that my marriage never recovered from that bad beginning. It seems to me that Tim is still under the domination of his mother, that moneygrubbing and his business mean more to him than his children and myself. He and I have no companionship. He avoids it. He spends as little time at home as possible. I love Tim, but I don't make him happy, and most of the time I'm wretchedly unhappy too."

Tim Tells His Side:

"With her energy and drive Jill could have made a success of any career she chose," forty-five-year-old Tim said in a weary, hesitant voice. "A profession would have forced her to accept discipline. I can't play the heavy husband in a never-ending battle. As a result, Jill has made her own rules and made a mess of our lives.

"She has virtually ruined our children. One minute she smothers the kids with possessions they neither need nor appreciate, the next minute her temper explodes and she denounces them for ingratitude. Then, conscience-stricken and overcome with compunction—Jill is warmhearted and *wants* to be a good mother, I'm sure—she chauffeurs them twenty or thirty miles to some social affair she has previously said they couldn't attend.

"Naturally they are confused by such goings-on. All three are jittery and nervous. I've done my best to help my son escape our home conditions by encouraging his participation in the Little League. Bobby is a born athlete. Except for his fine muscular coordination, which I envy—I was always a duffer at sports myself—Bobby is quite a bit like me. He thinks before he speaks and he speaks slowly enough to be understood.

"Diana and Fay carry on exactly like their mother. They screech and scream like jungle parrots; they rattle along so fast it's impossible to figure out the trivial cause of the most recent dust-up. If I attempt to correct or to slow them down, they're impudent and rude. It's hard for me to ask Bobby to treat his sisters as ladies when they don't behave like ladies. Yesterday Diana banged him on the head with an ashtray.

"Jill's overemphasis on clothing has made our girls vain, materialistic, sloppy. The other evening Diana hung her winter coat on the floor, and when I protested she sassed me. Next day Jill sent out the coat to be cleaned and pressed again. If she had a normal, sensible concern about our daughter's appearance, she would restrict Diana's diet and stop serving her rich desserts. Jill is a superior cook and the sight of her pies and cakes often tempts me to forget my own calorie counting.

"In a peculiar, limited sort of way, I think Jill loves me. My laundry is done to perfection and my socks are beautifully mended. Jill hurls herself at keeping our house in order as though her life depended on it. Not long ago I watched her fly at the kitchen, mud-tracked, piled with dishes, pots and pans; in fifteen minutes she had everything sparkling clean. I congratulated her. At once she turned on me, tears in her eyes, and said bitterly, 'I'm only a scullery maid. I've been a scullery maid for twenty-five years. That's all I'm good for.'

"When I first met Jill, I admired her willingness to work hard, her bubbling personality. At nineteen she was supporting herself and a younger sister. Although I was tremendously attracted, I was ten years older and in uniform. I suggested we postpone marriage until I finished my Army stint. It was her idea that she move in with my parents, whom she professed to adore—perhaps it was true then—and keep house for them during my absence.

"Against my better judgment, we were married right away. I had just been granted a special furlough to put the affairs of the family business in shape, superintend the installation of machinery to fufill War Department orders, and so on. In consequence Jill and I had to forgo an elaborate wedding and a honeymoon trip, something she never forgot. I bought her a mink cape as a consolation present, something she soon forgot. Indeed, she passed along the cape to her sister for a high-school-graduation present.

"It is Jill's habit to tell only half of every story. She complains we've had no vacation for three years. That is quite true. Every June my brothers and I receive a vacation bonus. My brothers take vacations. I don't. I take the money. For three years my annual bonus has gone to pay off the bills Jill has contrived to run up behind my back. Two years ago I settled and closed out three delinquent department-store accounts. In a matter of weeks Jill had located several other accommodating department stores whose collection agencies shared handsomely in last year's bonus.

"Jill complains because our household bills—those I can catch up with—are seen by my mother at the factory and settled by our bookkeeping department. The custom dates back to my military service. My people generously continued to pay my full salary while I was overseas and the checks went to Jill at my request. In addition, she received the regular Army allotment for wives. When I returned from Japan I expected to buy a house and asked Jill for our bankbook. I then found we had no savings. None. With her food and lodging provided by my parents, Jill had frittered away thousands of dollars. She had nothing to show for the money. The only explanation of the debacle I could ferret out was that she had 'helped' her sisters and several comparative strangers through numerous dire emergencies.

"For a year after I came home Jill and I camped out in a trailer, while I accumulated the down payment for a house. She thought my people should have bought a place for us. Perhaps her dislike of my mother originated then. In those days I lost hope of teaching Jill the value and meaning of independence, practicality, financial responsibility, and arranged for our bills to be mailed to the factory. As a businessman, I must maintain my credit standing.

"A year ago I was sued by a music shop I had never heard of. It turned out that Jill had finagled credit from the shop owner to buy a violin which she gave to our postman's child. Last month she 'loaned' $35 worth of beef from our freezer to a chronically distressed neighbor. On another occasion Jill needed a hat for church. She bought six bargain hats, nonreturnable, at a sale. She distributed four of the hats among the ladies of the choir. Three years ago I had a long, expensive stay in the hospital, following an expensive operation. Jill welcomed me home with the surprise gift of a grand piano. That year my vacation bonus covered the down payment on the piano and a portion of the hospital bills.

"Our medical expenses have always been appalling. I've had several serious illnesses, and Jill yells for the doctor if she hears one of the youngsters sneeze or if she has a headache, a backache, a cold, a cough. Sometimes I think she and my mother are in a race to see which of them can be the sickest with the least excuse, but at least it can be said for mother that she is old and works too hard for a woman her age.

"Jill has the serene and mistaken conviction that my resources are inexhaustible. The factory is prosperous at the moment—knock wood!—but my family and I operate a small-business in an era geared to big business. We've been lucky in hanging on to enough defense orders to meet the overhead. Then, too, quite recently I was lucky enough to introduce a do-it-yourself carpentry kit which seems to be catching on nicely. With the economy expanding so fast, a company the size of ours can't slow down or we're done for. Last year we grossed over a million dollars, but we had to invest $250,000 to develop and advertise the kit. Fortunately Jill has no inkling of our last year's gross; she would at once assume the million was pure profit and hers to disburse.

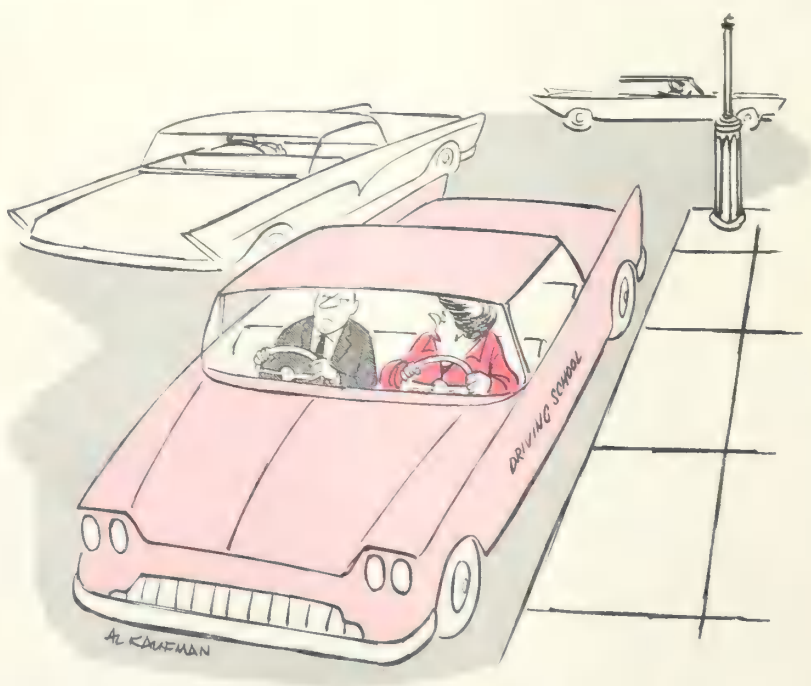
"I don't talk business to her. For years she has tried to wangle a job at the plant. In one week she could disorganize a complex organization that functions smoothly because it rests on a solid basis of family loyalty and a roughly equal division of labor and rewards. In the erroneous belief that I carry the whole load, Jill wants to shove my mother and brothers to the bottom of the heap. Brother John is a salesman and an advertising expert, which I'm not. Brother Arthur, our personnel manager, is a wizard at recruiting the thorny, temperamental, in-scarce-supply skilled workmen our defense contracts depend on. Moreover, Arthur is my mother's mainstay and favorite, which is fine with John and me. She and Arthur live together.

"By rights, my mother is entitled to collect a lion's share of our profits. She inherited a majority interest of the stock when my father died. Theoretically she could take over management and toss out my brothers and me at any time, a fact of life that Jill ignores. When I was graduated from the Harvard School of Business, my dad proved his faith in my ability by sinking his capital in the factory which was to be a showcase and test for my ideas.

"I thought Jill with her quick, sharp mind, her energy, would be an ideal wife. Instead, her extravagance has paralyzed my ambition. Worry over her spending is always in my thoughts, unraveling and pulling away my confidence in myself. After everybody else has quit for the day, I sit in my office hour after hour and brood. I can hardly bear the prospect of the inevitable uproar awaiting me at home, the possibility a bill collector may be lurking at the corner ready to pounce."

The Marriage Counselor Says:

"Jill and Tim were difficult but rewarding clients. Although their troubles were of long



"I can tell by the tight little lines around your mouth that you're getting discouraged."

ination, they had inner resources, standards. Gradually they recognized how and why they were damaging each other and their children; that they were capable of change.

"First of all, Jill and I tackled the problem of her compulsive spending. Deprived of a normal childhood and adolescence, forced to assume responsibilities beyond her years, she had become an energetic, hardworking adult, but she still yearned for the lighthearted foolishness most of us enjoy in our teens. When she rushed out and bought six hats and gave away four (her father had preached the goodness of giving), she was obviously compensating for the poverty of her youth, buying the temporary emotional reassurance that she was no longer poor. She was also using her reckless buying sprees to revenge herself on Tim for fancied slights, to win his attention. Convinced that he valued his mother, his brothers, his business more than her, she got his attention by burying him in bills. If he was unsympathetic about her headaches—Jill's neurotic fearfulness of illness may have originated at the time she saw her mother die—she scored with an expensive visit to the doctor.

"In some ways I believe she was subconsciously challenging Tim to control her in the way her strict, loud-voiced father might have done. Slow-spoken, meditative Tim was not essentially a weak man, but was temperamentally opposed to hasty, violent action. Frequently as he was gathering his forces to discipline one of the youngsters she leaped to the child's defense or, worse still, launched a counterattack on him. His response was to close his ears and withdraw in silence. Then he smoldered.

"As we explored the mechanics of her behavior, Jill perceived its futility. Far from proving she was the rich and cherished wife of a strong man, her wild shopping binges and temper outbursts were weakening Tim and driving him away. To paraphrase an old down-to-earth Swedish saying, she was 'spitting in her own soup.'

"Tim would have been better advised to halt Jill's childish whims and troublemaking. His chilly withdrawals frustrated them both. Above everything Tim wanted peace and calm, a sane financial program. He invited Jill's extravagance by hiding the facts about the income; he encouraged her to kid herself that he could afford anything she wished. He aroused her jealous rage by permitting the major household bills to be paid through his brother's department at the factory. In this arrangement, despite his denials, I am reasonably sure he was punishing Jill for the worries she laid on him. The system was wholly ineffective; indeed, provoked her to seek fresh avenues of easy credit.

"As the first concrete step to improve the marriage, Tim changed his method of paying household bills and simultaneously Jill changed to a physician who was not her brother-in-law's confidant. In my opinion Tim was not abnormally tied to his mother. When he spoke to her about the numerous calls to the house, the older woman readily curtailed her telephoning.

"Next, with some trepidation, Tim opened the factory books to Jill. For the first time she understood their exact financial situation and realized that her extravagance was a menace to the welfare of the business and might actually threaten her children with poverty. To this day, however she believes that Tim earns and deserves a higher income than his brothers, and she may be right. In a family business such a situation is a commonplace. After all, Tim's mother was the majority stockholder: the point is that all the working members of the organization were satisfied. Tim would have been lost without his job as boss and policymaker.

"Jill made up her mind to practice financial restraint and save toward a definite goal—that overdue vacation. Without consulting the inlaws, she and Tim decided on a trip to Mexico and ringed a future date on the calendar. On the appointed date they bundled the children in their car, made the trip and had a memorable holiday. No relatives objected.

"Jill and Tim joined forces to bring their youngsters under control. In mimicking the battles of their mother and father, Diana and Bobby were bullying their elders and disrupting the household. Jill and Tim closed ranks in the matter of discipline and as far as humanly possible eliminated signs of favoritism. If Tim praised Bobby's athletic ability, he complimented his daughter's musical talents. He cut out casual promises, needling jokes. Jill resigned her position as an unpaid chauffeur for the children.

"One Sunday morning she and Tim announced a change in the family church affiliation. There were screams of anguish and noisy threats of rebellion from Diana and Bobby. But at a church within walking distance, they soon acquired a new circle of friends—and also acquired respect for their parents. The meaning of loyalty between brothers and sisters was spelled out to the small fry. Teasing was forbidden, disobedience punished. One evening Bobby absentmindedly called his sister 'Fatso' and, to his astonished chagrin, his father kept him away from an important ball game. With the reduction of her hours at the wheel of the motorcar, Jill became less tense and exhausted, less susceptible to minor illnesses, better able to handle her temper.

"I still see her and Tim occasionally on a professional basis, although Bobby is now eighteen and a star quarterback on his college team. At times Jill still flies off the handle. But Tim has become considerably more assertive and can usually calm her. She is considerably more conservative in spending. Most of the time, that is."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by

DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

Dieting: Restoring the balance of nature.

Boy in interview: "Well, I think I'm responsible . . . away from home, that is."

On the old farm, "delinquent" was something that happened to taxes. The woodshed was the juvenile court; the full woodshed, probation.

Safety match: No fiery temper in either partner.

Dyeing: A process that gives one woman a head start over another.

The older you grow the more you realize that happiness is seventy-five percent courage.

Lie detector: a child.

When they were asked, "Which is your favorite child?" mothers at one time replied, "The sick child until he is well: the absent one until he returns." Today's mother may well add, "The mixed-up child until he is straightened out."

Wife of a promising young executive: "If my husband gets another promotion we're ruined."

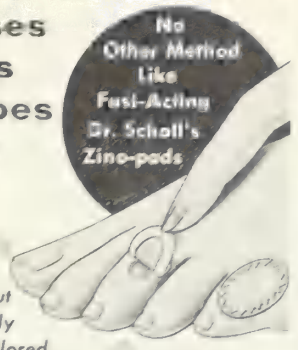
Nothing unites two women more quickly than to discover that each has a child she's worried about.

Oldest child to youngest, "One thing you have to master in this world is learning to face life fast in the morning."

Ends Pain Of Corns

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Bunions
Sore Toes
Tender
Spots

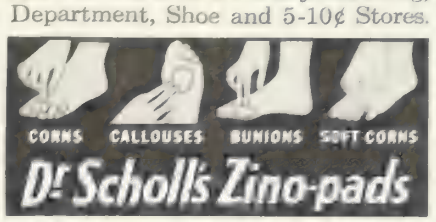
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Spring wardrobe on a budget

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

Pretty Mary Lynn Morrill is a perfect model for her own skillful sewing. She loves bright colors and always thinks in terms of further "possibilities" when she plans her wardrobe. For example, she will make a red wool skirt to match her coat; a sleeveless blue ottoman top to make her suit skirt double as part of a two-piece dress; and a bright cover-up jacket for her black crepe. As you can see, Mary Lynn's small investment in fabric has yielded her big fashion returns.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



$14.23 Mary Lynn's red spring coat is the essence of simplicity. The neckline has a self band rather than a collar, and the back has a gentle flare. She will make a matching skirt, wear it with a pretty silk blouse for a complete ensemble. Vogue Design No. 4331. With it Mary Lynn wears a petal fabric hat by Sally V.



$13.04 Cotton ottoman (at $2.98 per yard) is a wonderful weight for a spring or summer suit. This one in bright blue has a double-breasted jacket with a flat collar and a self tie. Mary Lynn plans to make a sleeveless blouse to match the slim skirt. Vogue Design No. 4318. Her becoming pillbox hat matches the suit.



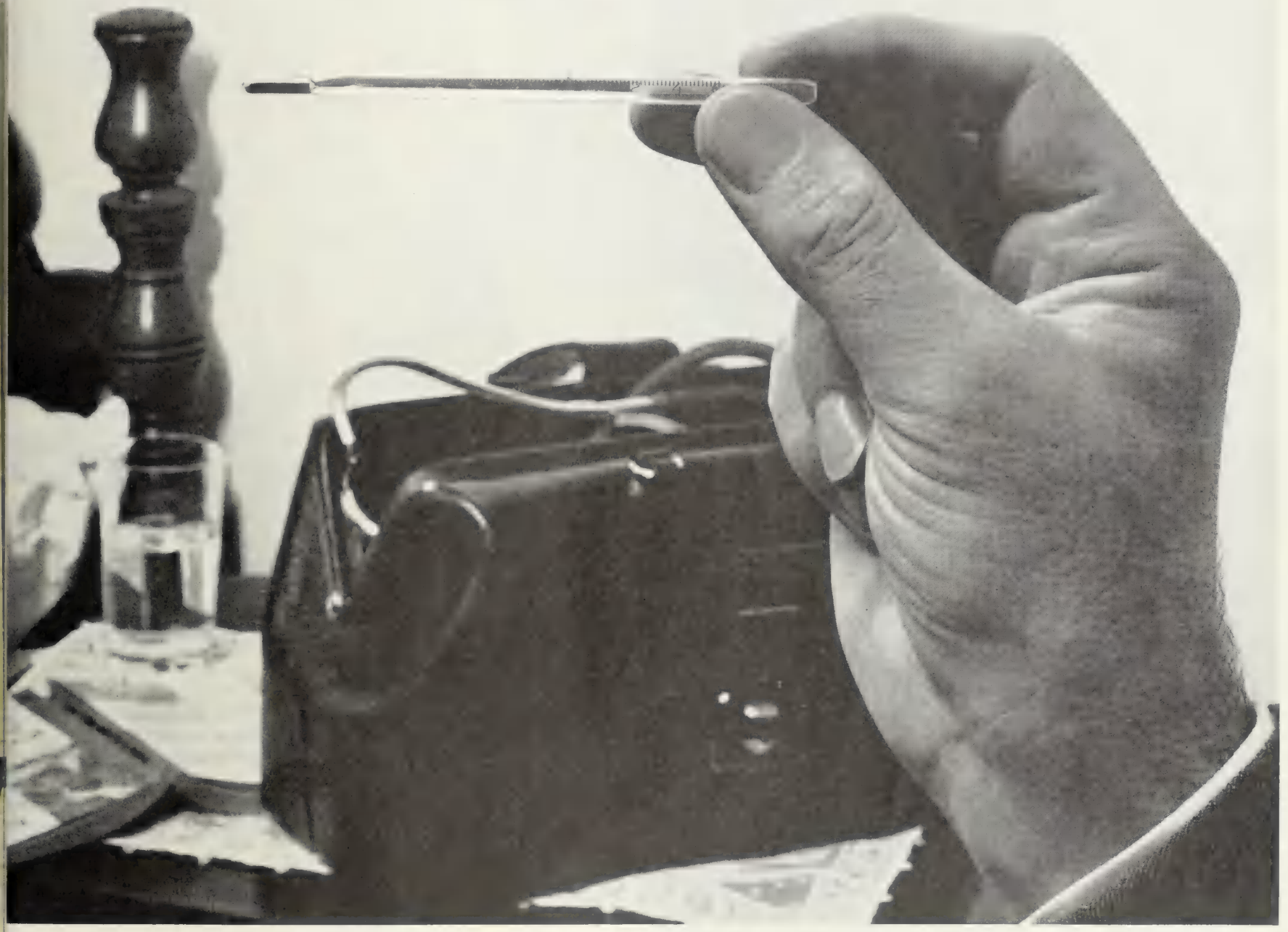
$8.94 Black Arnel-and-acetate crepe makes this charming sleeveless dress that can be dressed up or down. Mary Lynn considers this one of the most useful dresses in her wardrobe. She wears it with a bright turquoise satin belt, a matching ribbon cockade in her hair, and a three-strand pearl necklace. Vogue Design No. 5360.



$3.80 This bright cotton is gay, inexpensive and wonderfully becoming. The colorful stripe is printed on the diagonal and the dress is easy to make. The cummerbund might accent any one of the bright stripes in the material; the same is true of the headband. The dress zips up the back and is Vogue Design No. 5256.

For other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns, see page 136

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THE BEAUTIFUL AND ANXIOUS MAIDENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

maidens—three young girls. Two of them—Lizzie and Lida Dutton—were the daughters of John Dutton, who had run the village store until he was forced into exile. The third was Sarah Steer, the twenty-year-old daughter of Samuel Steer, once an insurance man, but now the Federal postmaster at Point of Rocks.

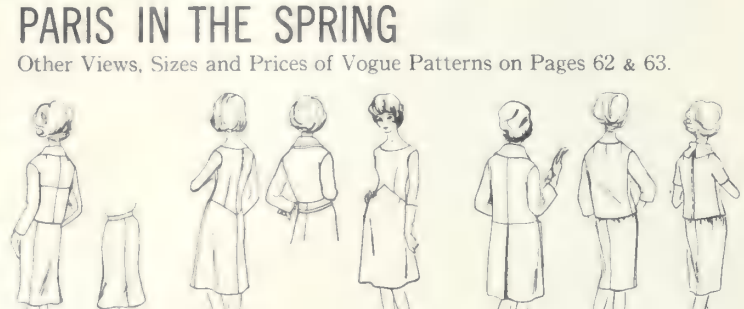
Sarah was tall and had a serene beauty. Before the war she had attended Friends' Seminary in Philadelphia and had the best education in town. She thought of herself as a poetess. She taught the smaller children and looked after her father's insurance business.

Lizzie Dutton was nineteen, a dark and vivacious beauty. She would have been sought by every man in town, had there been any men. But there were the teenage boys, and she took charge of them as the next best thing, apportioning and supervising the village chores.

The third member of the triumvirate was Lida, with auburn-colored hair, flashing blue eyes and fiery opinions. She was just eighteen. Lida was Waterford's Early Warning System. She had been posted as village sentinel on the long, white board fence in front of her father's house. She could spy all persons approaching town, and it was her duty to run for Lizzie, who then dispatched boys to warn the townspeople so that everything could be hidden from the marauders. She sat on the fence each day eating an apple, her braids swinging in the breeze, her feet bare. She knew everyone and talked with all who came by, even Mosby's men. Early in her tour of duty she put five of Mosby's men out of action by sending them to

PARIS IN THE SPRING

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 & 63.



1119 1133 1131 1124

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1119. Suit, blouse and scarf; 10–18 (31–38); $3.00. Version shown requires 4½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and scarf, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1133. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38); $3.50. Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 45″ fabric, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1131. Coat; 10–18 (31–38); $3.00. Version shown requires 3⅛ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 1124. Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $3.00. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit, 1¾ yards of 35″ fabric for blouse, size 14.

SPRING WARDROBE ON A BUDGET

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 134.



4331 5360 5256 4318

VOGUE DESIGN No. 4331. Coat; 10–20 (31–40); $1.50. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5360. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; Junior Miss sizes 11–13 (31½–33) and Misses sizes 10–18 (31–38); $1.00. Version shown requires 3 yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5256. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 14. Bodice and skirt have been cut on straight grain of diagonally striped fabric.

VOGUE DESIGN No. 4318. Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for suit, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Pa. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

ouse that had a severe case of mumps. She
ew that she could keep the raiders away
m a suckling pig simply by inventing a case
measles in the household of the owner. She
sn't above a fib if a fib was the best defense.
e was sly and conniving whenever neces-
y, and sometimes more often.

Neither Sarah nor Lizzie nor Lida was sat-
ed with things as they were in no man's
d. They wanted a few Federal troops to
bear on the south side of the river to frighten
raiders off. And they were angry because
trict blockade was maintained at Point of
cks, where they had always traded. But they
nained loyal to the Union.

n May, 1864, on Lida Dutton's eighteenth
thday, a foraging party of regular Confed-
te cavalry visited the village. They tore up
floor boards from the kitchens, split open
ttresses, and cleaned out the canned goods
m the cellar shelves. They left only scraps
the townspeople. Not even a candle was
on the Dutton shelves.

'It is about time something was done," Lida
d her mother, "and I am going to do it.
ee will see." Not for her the Quaker ad-
nition to young girls: "Thee is a child until
e is a woman grown. Children are to be
n and not heard. Thee will act accord-
ly." Having passed her eighteenth birthday,
considered it no longer applied to her.

The next morning Lida was gone. She had
up at dawn, trudged the two miles out
Mrs. Kinstrup's farm, borrowed old, blind
tsy, and had ridden bareback across the
untains to Point of Rocks. At the river she
d decrepit old Patsy to a tree and provided
n with food for the day. Then she hunted
and down the riverbank until she found a
ky scow hidden in the reeds. She was in
dstream before she was challenged by three
ion sentries on the north shore who lev-
d their carbines at her and ordered her to go
ck. They hadn't counted on Lida and her
ile. Once she started talking, no one could
a word in. Even Mosby's men didn't point
ns at women, she scolded. Any fool could
that she was so busy trying to keep the
at afloat that she wouldn't have time to
oot them. In her country, if a man saw a
man all alone and in trouble he would res-
e her, not shoot her. The soldiers obedi-
tly waded into the river, swam out to her
d pulled the boat ashore—on the Union
le. One even gave her a ride to Point of
cks on his horse.

ida wasted precious little time on her
cle, Samuel Steer whom she had given as
r excuse for coming to Point of Rocks. She
ept into his post office, delivered kisses from
e family, and asked to be introduced to the
lonel who served as the provost marshal of
e town. Once in his tent, she stood straight
her two bare feet, with her fists clenched
d her eyes sparkling, and delivered an im-
essive speech, a whirlwind recitation of all
at was wrong with the Federal Government.
no Union soldiers were going to be sent
ross the river to protect the citizens who had
nained loyal to the United States, then
ose citizens would have to protect them-
ves, she declared. The least the Govern-
ent could do was to lift the blockade so that
ey could purchase the necessities of life to
place what the Rebels had stolen. Then Lida
irled from the tent and left her audience
opping his face with a bandanna.

The colonel was a little confused. Lida left
n with the impression that *he* was to blame
r everything. When he got over the shock of
hat she had said, he even rushed over to
muel Steer's store to find her so he could
ologize for having broken off the interview
abruptly. The thing to do about the whole
ess, he told her, was to get the regulations
anged. If the people of Waterford could
ake some kind of demonstration of their loy-
ty to the Union, the blockade might be lifted.

The soldiers at Point of Rocks had never
en anyone quite like Lida Dutton before.
bur of them offered to row her back across
e river. Lida would have preferred the
lonel as an escort, but "the soldiers are all
ght," she confessed in her notebook. "The
e who took me to Patsy was quite nice-
oking. He thought I was quite pleasant and
lidn't tell him any different. He wants to call
upon me in Waterford and I did not discour-
age him. It would be nice to see a blue uniform
to take the place of the Secesh." The list of
provisions that Lida brought back from her
trip was another measure of her success. It in-
cluded "4 lbs. of sugar, ¼ of tea, same of
soda, two boxes of matches, 1 pair of shoes, 5
yards of calico, 1 tin cup and one iron spoon,
1 quart of molasses, 1 pint of oil, 3 yards of
Kentucky jeans, a half of plug of tobacco for
Grandma Kinstrup, 3 big ginger cakes, and 10
cents' worth of candy."

By the time Lida Dutton had coaxed old
Patsy back to Waterford, she had made up
her mind to publish a newspaper. As soon as
she reached home with her iron spoon, mo-
lasses and Grandma Kinstrup's plug of to-
bacco, she summoned her sister Lizzie and her
cousin Sarah and the three set to work. They
produced a most remarkable journal. The
three girls wrote every word and published
their pro-Union newspaper in a village almost
completely surrounded by Confederate sol-
diers—a daring enterprise indeed. Its fame
spread as fast as a woods fire in a dry spell.
Jefferson Davis himself was quoted in one
Richmond newspaper as labeling the *Water-
ford News* a "traitorous sheet."

The objectives, as Lida outlined them to her
coeditors, were threefold. The first was to
make a "demonstration of loyalty." This job
was turned over to Sarah Steer, who was a
master of noble sentiments. She dedicated a
poem that occupied almost the whole of the
first front page to Abraham Lincoln, "honest
of heart, true of purpose, endowed with judg-
ment rare." She plumped for Lincoln's re-
election, probably the only editor in the entire
South who supported him.

The second objective of the *Waterford News*
was the harpooning of the Confederacy, and
Lida reserved this all-important task for her-
self. She had her say about the presidency, the
cabinet, the generals, the currency, the food
and the morals of the South. Lida referred to



Jefferson Davis as "good old re*lie*able Jeff." Robert E. Lee was "Old Massa," and the Army of the Confederate States became "The Chivalry." . . . "Last week," Lida wrote, "The Chivalry scored still another brilliant victory. The Rebs bravely attacked the Widow MacMahon's barn, burned it to the ground, and carried off a sow and eight shoats."

The third objective of the *Waterford News* was men. If the Federal Government wouldn't send any soldiers to protect them, perhaps the soldiers had other ideas and could be induced to come on their own. Lizzie had been thinking about men since 1861 and she went to work with a vengeance. The "Marriage" column about the beautiful and anxious maidens was her idea. She also covered the pages with advertisements. "Wanted," she wrote, "a few tinkers to mend our buckets, boilers, coffee pots and tin cups"; or "Wanted: a few stores with dry goods, molasses candy, and other stationery suited to the tastes of the community. Young and handsome clerks not objectionable"; or "Wanted: a few young surgeons to mend our broken hopes."

The three young editors finished writing the first issue with a flourish, but no one had considered where it could be printed or how it could be financed. The girls had a total capital of $3.91 in United States money. Samuel Steer, of Point of Rocks, was the only man who knew any printers. The girls drew lots to see who would go across the mountain. Lizzie won. In some ways, this was an unfortunate choice, but in at least one way it was a good thing that Lizzie did make the trip.

Lizzie was not quite so determined as her sister. In the first place, she wouldn't hear of riding across the mountain bareback. In addition to borrowing Mrs. Kinstrup's horse, she had to borrow a buggy. In the second place, when she got to the river crossing, she couldn't find the boat that Lida mentioned. She stood on the riverbank for four hours trying to attract the attention of a soldier on the north shore. It wasn't until she decided to swim for it that she attracted attention and then several soldiers came at once, catching her behind a tree without much on. She put her clothes back on and had almost convinced the soldiers to take her across when a pompous officer appeared and adamantly refused to let her leave the Virginia shore. In the end, after much pleading, he agreed to carry the copy of the paper to Samuel Steer along with a hastily scribbled note explaining what it was and what had to be done about it.

Lizzie's troubles were far from over. She had no sooner reached the top of the mountain on her way home than a group of Mosby's men appeared. They had been watching her all day. As she reported later, when she was safely home, she had been "kissed by a dirty old man." The man took the buggy and harness and might have taken the horse except that he "was so old he could hardly stand up." Needless to say, Lizzie was forbidden to make any more trips to Point of Rocks. So were Sarah and Lida.

Meanwhile, the officious officer had carried the handwritten copy of the *Waterford News* not to Samuel Steer, but to the provost marshal, suggesting that it might be some kind of communication from a Rebel spy. The colonel read Lizzie's note to her Uncle Samuel and looked at the paper with its "Union Forever" on the masthead and promptly contributed $5 to a *Waterford News* fund which he augmented to more than $65 by the simple device of selling subscriptions. The next day Mr. Steer sent the copy off to a friend in Baltimore who was an editor of the *Baltimore American* and he printed up several hundred extra copies at his own expense and sent them out to most of the names on his out-of-town subscription list.

None of the girls knew that their little paper was about to become famous. They had quietly begun the second issue. By common consent, the administrative part of the newspaper business was now handed to Lida. Her first concern was getting the copy for the new issue to Point of Rocks. Lida thought that the most likely courier would best be her young fifteen-year-old cousin, Billy Steer, Sarah's brother. Billy was the oldest male then in Waterford and had been entrusted with the secret of the old Underground Railroad route. Besides, he would be the one person best qualified to deal with his father. Lida's proposal was outvoted; but not one to be deterred, she got Billy out of bed in the middle of the night and sent him on his way.

Billy Steer had no trouble reaching and crossing the river, but when he got to the Maryland side he stumbled into a Union picket line and was marched off to Frederick and lodged in jail as a Confederate spy. A week later he was allowed to write to his father in Point of Rocks and Samuel Steer sent a member of the provost guard up to get him out of jail, but no sooner had Billy signed an oath of loyalty to the Union and stepped out on the streets of Frederick than he was picked up for draft evasion by civilian authorities. This was too much for Samuel Steer; this time he came himself to Frederick to testify to Billy's age. "I think thee'd do best to stay on the Virginia side of the river," the elder Steer told his son as he got Billy out of jail for the second time.

"He didn't tell thee *not* to come back, did he?" Lida asked Billy when he reported. When Billy shook his head in the negative, she said firmly, "Then thee can go again."

As Lida saw the problem, the trouble was all on the Federal side of the border. What Billy Steer needed was some kind of credentials to stay out of jail. These credentials could best be furnished by making him some kind of Federal official. Lida decided that Billy should be appointed as Federal postmaster of Waterford. Lizzie pointed out to her sister that it was hardly legal for the President of the United States to appoint a postmaster in Virginia when Virginia didn't even belong to the United States at that particular moment. Lida wanted to know why Waterford didn't secede from Virginia. After all, Virginia had seceded from the Union, and what was good for the goose was good for the gander. Lida now sat down and wrote a nice chatty letter to Abraham Lincoln, explaining that Waterford was loyal to the Union—indeed, that some of the residents were even discussing the possibility of the town's secession from Virginia. Although no decision had been reached, she said, she thought it might be a good idea to appoint a Federal postmaster for the village. Such an appointment might help to make up people's minds. Lida happened to have handy a nomination for the post, a staunch Unionist, one William Steer, a lifelong resident. Lida neglected to mention that William Steer's lifelong residency was only fifteen years.

As long as she was writing to higher authority, Lida went ahead to outline the difficulties under which the people of Waterford were living and suggested that Federal authorities lift the blockade at Point of Rocks. By the time this letter was actually mailed, a week after Lida first wrote it, she had received the printed copies of the first issue of the *Waterford News*, so she sent one along, carefully underlining on the front page the laudatory poem Sarah had written about the President

In the meantime, the *Waterford News* had become famous. Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, wrote an editorial about it. Others read it and passed it along to friends. Nearly all who wrote to the editors enclosed a dollar for a subscription. By the end of July, 1864, six weeks after the appearance of Volume One, Number One, Samuel Steer was holding some 200 letters to the editor at Point of Rocks.

The patriotic content of the *Waterford News* may have made an impression on such people as Horace Greeley, but the common soldiers to whom it was delivered at Point of Rocks were interested in the beautiful and anxious maidens. Sixty-seven subscriptions had been sold by the colonel and sixty-seven copies of the first issue were passed around the Union camp until they were in shreds. Practically every soldier who visited the post office in the next few weeks stopped to ask Samuel Steer where Waterford was and if the beautiful and anxious maidens were really true.

After the raid on Washington by Gen. Jubal Early in July, it became imperative that the Union forces north of the river have some knowledge of Early's future strategy. Samuel Steer volunteered to try the old Underground Railroad route to Waterford, where he hoped he might be able to establish contact with Union sympathizers in the Shenandoah Valley and learn something of Early's movements. He was to take one Union soldier with him and it was announced that a volunteer was needed for a dangerous mission. The response was unenthusiastic until the word got out that the volunteer would probably get to see Waterford. Then 100 men stepped forward. The lucky man who accompanied Samuel Steer on the night of July 29th was a Private Alonzo Birch. The trip was later described by Mr. Steer in a letter to his daughter-in-law:

"Private Birch was only nineteen years old and not exactly the best man for the mission, being inclined to clumsiness. When he arrived at the rendezvous I found that his horse was so laden down with baggage that the animal could not move without banging and clanking. Upon investigation I found that the baggage consisted largely of stores such as coffee, tea, sugar and flour, although there were, by actual count, thirty-three different pots and pans. All these things had been collected by the soldiers of Point of Rocks as gifts to the young ladies of the village. While I was gratified at the thoughtfulness thus expressed, I tried to get Private Birch to leave everything behind, explaining that any noise would expose us to capture. His argument against leaving the things behind was a simple one and I strongly suspect that it was thought up for him by the combined minds of all the donors of the gifts. I was the important person, he told me. He would be making all the noise. If there were any Rebs about, they would come after him and I would get away. The main thing was that we should stay well apart. That's the way we did it. During most of that black night I walked along on foot, leading my horse, carefully marking the way. Far behind me I could hear Birch banging along, sounding like Don Quixote in full armor. The Rebs were moving north to Chambersburg that night, of course, and had left no pickets in that part of the state. If it had been any other night in the year, we'd have aroused every Secesh in Loudoun County before we were done."

The young ladies of Waterford had hoped for a slightly larger contingent of Federal soldiers, but they were more than happy with one. Private Birch was the war's biggest hero to them. Even the presence of Samuel Steer, who hadn't been home for three years, failed to detract from his welcome. Private Birch was led into the Dutton family parlor and enthroned on the sofa, where he was plied with everything good to eat that the girls could find. In Lida's notebook he wrote in a bold scrawl, "Private Alonzo Birch—1st Michigan Cavalry—Clinton County, Michigan." After it Lida wrote, "The very first Union soldier we have ever seen in this town." Lizzie also added a note of *her* own: "He is homely. He has freckles." That night, when Samuel Steer and Private Birch recrossed the river, they took the copy for the third issue of the *Waterford News* with them, and carried Lida's letter to Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln seems to have been highly amused at the idea of appointing a Federal postmaster in a Virginia town. In a letter to Lida, he thanked her for the paper and told her that Mr. Steer's credentials were on the way. He also informed Lida that the provost marshal at Point of Rocks had been ordered to lift the blockade once a week. At that time all Virginians who could present proof of their loyalty would be allowed to purchase goods in the amount of $10 per family.

The next soldiers to be brought to Waterford as a result of the newspaper were Confederates. The Civil War was a gossipy war. Pickets from both armies often met on neutral ground to trade and exchange news. Union soldiers on guard duty along the Potomac who had read the *Waterford News* wanted to know where the town was. They also wanted to know whether it was true that all the girls were beautiful and anxious. The Confederates of whom they asked these questions pricked up their ears. They were interested in beautiful and anxious maidens too. Toward the end of July, shortly before Private Birch's visit, several Confederate cavalry detachments rode through the village, the soldiers twisting and craning, but none of these detachments stopped. It wasn't until the middle of August that the Rebels found out the truth.

A detachment of the 2nd Georgia Cavalry under the command of a Maj. William Michener had been operating as a scouting force along the Potomac and had heard the rumors. Late on the afternoon of August 12th, as the detachment cantered south, it was discovered that the men had reached the outskirts of Waterford. The major told his men that they could stop and water their horses and look around. He was going exploring himself.

It was the custom for the women to collect their children off the street and draw the shutters tight on the approach of Confederates. Consequently, when Major Michener rode up the main street, he found only one building in which there was any sign of life—the little store which housed the insurance company. Sarah Steer was working inside. The major dismounted, a tall, dusty figure with light close-cropped beard, in a threadbare uniform with a saber at his side. He crossed the wooden sidewalk, opened the door and stopped. Sarah did not look up from her work. "Confederates are not welcome here," she said. The major laughed and Sarah looked up. And that was how Sarah Steer fell in love with a Confederate. There wasn't much said between them that first afternoon, but when Major Michener rode off he bowed from the saddle at a shuttered window on the side of the building from which Sarah was peeking. "Welcome or not," he said, "I'll return."

Come back he did too. General Sheridan was beginning operations in the Shenandoah Valley and regular Confederate cavalry had augmented Mosby's men along the flanks of the defensive effort. Almost every afternoon



"Relax—I'm just waiting for my husband!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

FEED THE REAL THING...





WITH **LEAN RED MEAT***

Once a day... every day... feed your dog the real thing! Rich, tasty Ken-L Ration—the nation's No. 1 canned dog food. Only Ken-L Ration—of all dog foods—is made with lean, red horsemeat*—including the steaks, chops, roasts—and other essential ingredients—all Government Inspected. There's no other dog in the world like yours! He deserves the honest-to-goodness *real thing.* Every single day of his life.

Packed Under Continuous Inspection of U.S. Dept. of Agr.

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for a time. Major Michener and his men would ride into town and water their horses at the old mill. And almost every afternoon Major Michener would ride up to the store building, dismount and enter. It was not long before he and Sarah were walking up the street to her house together after she had closed the office for the day.

There was naturally some disapproval in the village when it became apparent that Sarah Steer had taken up with a Rebel. Lizzie and Lida were the most furious. Sarah was as cool as she could be. She went ahead with her poem for the fourth issue of the *Waterford News*, calling on a "gentle zephyr" to cool the fevered brows of "our patriot army." She also wrote a long and impassioned editorial calling for the election of Lincoln and Johnson.

Major Michener obviously did not know of Sarah's literary efforts. All he knew was that Sarah believed in the Union and wouldn't change her views. Although this constituted what he called "wrongheadedness," he seemed to think of it as one of those unfathomable women's whims, something to be tolerated in one someone loves.

Lida's confidential aside to President Lincoln that some of the people of Waterford had "discussed" the possibility of secession from Virginia had, meanwhile, been handed on to the War Department. From there it reached the new state of West Virginia.

Operating in the northwestern section of Virginia was a band of guerrilla fighters known as the Loudoun County Rangers under the command of a Capt. James Key. Captain Key was no stranger to Waterford. He was a dedicated and resourceful Union man who had eluded and fought Mosby for the better part of three years, and many of his victories had been cheered, even in the *Waterford News*. But cheering Key and having his men in the village were two different things.

Hearing that Waterford was about to secede from Virginia, Key sent sixteen men to the town as a makeshift occupation army. They arrived at six o'clock one morning, took over the Quaker meetinghouse as a headquarters, and started out to look over the town. It didn't take them long to prove themselves worse than Mosby's men. They appropriated what they needed. And whenever they found a chicken and took it, they left a receipt for it which could be applied to West Virginia taxes at a later date when the village was formally annexed to that state.

The Loudoun County Rangers stayed in Waterford for just two days. Toward the end of the second day, Major Michener rode into town with seven men from the 2nd Georgia Cavalry. The fight that followed was the only battle ever to take place in Waterford. Of the sixteen Rangers, four were killed and two wounded. The ten others were chased out of town. Major Michener lost one man killed and two wounded. Both of the wounded became Lizzie's patients in the upstairs bedroom of the Dutton house.

After the battle, Lida wrote the only favorable note she ever allowed herself in behalf of the Confederates, and it was included in the next issue of the *Waterford News*. "I will take my hat off to one brave Rebel," she said. "When I last saw him he was chasing ten ruffians out of town all by himself. Some of the Secesh have some manly virtues after all."

On the morning of September 21, 1864, Lida was sitting on the front fence. As usual, she was barefooted, her hair hung down to her waist in braids, and she was eating an apple. Far to the south she saw a sizable cloud of dust approaching. The events of that morning were commemorated in a poem which Lida wrote on the occasion of her golden-wedding anniversary in 1916. Some lines of that poem go as follows:

Are they gray or are they blue?
Are they Reb or are they true?
I peer. I think I can see
My gallant husband-to-be.

The column was one of Union cavalry, of the 13th New York. At its head, like any true knight, rode a young first lieutenant by the name of John Hutchinson. Lieutenant Hutchinson was a dashing young man with black handlebar mustaches. He had enlisted as a private at the time of Fort Sumter and he had fought at nearly every major battle of the war. At Gettysburg he had been brevetted a second lieutenant of cavalry on the field of battle. A few months before he first arrived at Waterford, he had distinguished himself again at Yellow Tavern, winning a promotion and a medal at the battle in which Jeb Stuart was killed.

In later years, Lieutenant Hutchinson wrote down the story of September 21, 1864, for his grandchildren. "We were the first Union troops to come to Waterford," he said. "I saw a redheaded, barefoot girl sitting on a fence. I thought she was a Reb, of course. I took my hat off and asked her if there was anywhere I could get a drink of water. When I first spoke to her, I thought her blue eyes were going to pop out of her head. She didn't seem to be able to comprehend that I had actually spoken to her. She didn't seem to be able to speak herself. Finally she slid down off the fence and beckoned to me to ride up into the yard where there was a well. She got me an old, battered dipper full of water and handed it to me, still without saying a word. I looked at her more closely and I saw that she had tears in her eyes. While I was still drinking, she darted into the house and in a moment or two other women began appearing. The girl had been the only soul in sight when we first rode in, but now there were girls and old ladies and young women and children. Every one of them brought something—cakes, coffee, milk, cookies, fresh-baked bread, ham and chicken. They must have brought out every scrap of food they had in the town. They moved about among the men, who had all dismounted and were coming into the yard. I heard one of the soldiers tell another that this was the Waterford town which got out the paper, but I didn't know about that at the time. I tried to find the redheaded girl again, but she was busier than all the rest, and I never did get to say another word to her. I noticed, though, that she had put on a pair of shoes and that she'd put her hair up. Once or twice when I turned around quickly, I saw her looking at me. We stayed at the house almost an hour. When we mounted and rode down the street again there was a flag flying from in front of every house—the Stars and Stripes. I told the major that someday I was going to come back to that town and marry that redheaded girl. And she hadn't even said one word to me yet."

Waterford now had two beaux, one from each army, slipping into town to call on the beautiful and anxious maidens. They came in the late afternoon or in the evening and they went into the parlors to sit in the midst of the family groups. They brought gifts of things that had been scarce in the village for three years. Major Michener rode up from the fighting in the Shenandoah Valley on at least ten occasions during the early fall. Lieutenant Hutchinson came oftener. It is interesting to note that the two Confederate soldiers were still convalescing in the Dutton household throughout this period and that the lieutenant sat in the parlor downstairs drinking tea and never once discovered them.

It was inevitable that soldiers from both sides would meet. One October night a party of four Confederate cavalrymen came upon a lone Union sergeant watering half a dozen horses near the mill and chased him the whole length of the main street, firing their pistols and giving the Rebel yell. Some of the bullets broke windows or shattered wood in some of the houses. The courting privileges almost ended then and there. The good Quaker women wanted no more bloodshed, and on the day after the clash they decreed that no soldier from either side would be allowed in the village to call on the families. Lida finally got the rule rescinded. She made up several white flags out of scraps of cloth and posted them at each entrance to town. Beside each flag she placed a sign which welcomed all soldiers to Waterford, provided they left their arms outside the town limits or promised not to use them while calling in the village.

"We had no more troubles in Waterford and it is a wonder we didn't think of it in the beginning," Lida wrote many years later. "There were no more raids and no more shooting. Of course, at first some of the men didn't read the signs. One night Lieutenant H. came over from Harper's Ferry at about eight o'clock. He tied his horse at the barn and came to the kitchen door. We asked him to come sit in the parlor and have tea with us. While he was there Major M. came into the yard to see S. and W. [the wounded Confederates] and he found Lieutenent H.'s horse with a Union saddle on it in the yard. Major M. knocked on the kitchen door and then came into the house with his gun drawn. He told Lieutenant H. that he was his prisoner and that he would have Lieutenant H.'s pistol and sword. Lieutenant H. said that he understood he was visiting our house under a flag of truce. Major M. said he didn't know anything about a flag of truce and that he'd have the arms, thank you. I went to the kitchen door and called for Sarah. She came over and faced Major M. and told him the least he could be was a gentleman. All of us lit into Major M. then and told him he ought to read the signs when he came into town. He finally gave the gun and sword back to Lieutenant H. and promised he'd read the signs when he left town. We all sat and ate tea and cakes then, but Lieutenant H. and Major M. just sat across from each other and looked daggers the rest of the time they were there."

The war moved up the Shenandoah Valley. In November Major Michener was captured by Federal troops and was interned at Alexandria. In February, 1865, Lieutenant Hutchinson was captured near Waynesboro and was interned in Libby Prison. When she learned of Lieutenant Hutchinson's capture, Lida sat down and wrote her last letter to President Lincoln. She enclosed all the subsequent issues of the *Waterford News*, reminded him of their earlier correspondence, and suggested that it might be a good idea to exchange Major Michener for Lieutenant Hutchinson at the next prisoner exchange. She added a postscript that she thought the new postmaster was doing an excellent job, but that she thought he should have a horse. "He would not mention it himself, but it is nine miles from here to Point of Rocks and there are no good horses left in this part of the country." The President wrote back: "*Dear Miss Dutton:* I have received your letter of March 6th. Although it is usually my policy to get a major in return for a major, I have decided to send your letter to the War Department. I am sure your lieutenant will be returned to you in good health."

Major Michener and Lieutenant Hutchinson were exchanged during the last days of the war. Neither saw any further action. After the surrender, Major Michener walked all the way from Richmond to Waterford on foot and arrived in the village in June, 1865. He and Sarah Steer were married the next month. When he and his bride left for Georgia on their honeymoon, they traveled in a two-wheeled cart with "U.S. Mail" painted on it in big red letters. It was a gift of the father of the bride, the postmaster of Point of Rocks, Maryland. It was drawn by a fine young horse which was the gift of the bride's brother, the postmaster of Waterford, Virginia.

William Michener found his plantation burned, his slaves gone and his fortune dissipated. In the early spring of 1866 he and his bride embarked at Savannah on a ship bound for California. Their descendants live in that state to this day.

Lieutenant Hutchinson had rejoined his regiment on April 14, 1865, and was an eyewitness of the assassination of President Lincoln at Ford's Theater. As a matter of fact, he almost caught John Wilkes Booth as he rode down the alley that night. It was Lieutenant Hutchinson who furnished the first positive identification of the assassin and who established the fact that Booth had escaped on horseback. For several weeks after the shooting, Lieutenant Hutchinson was in charge of one of the cavalry details that tracked down the conspirators. During all the rest of 1865 he was held on duty in Washington as a witness in the investigations and trials that surrounded the assassination. It was not until April, 1866, that he returned to Waterford and asked for Lida's hand in marriage. By that time the village had returned to normal and Lida's father had returned from exile. Mr. Dutton was somewhat stricter than Samuel Steer had been. He objected to Lida's marrying outside the Quaker meeting, especially to a man still in uniform. So, on a dark and rainy night, John Hutchinson and Lida Dutton eloped. They walked out to Mrs. Kinstrup's farm, borrowed her old horse and new buggy and rode across the mountain to Point of Rocks. There they huddled on the front porch of Samuel Steer's post office until morning and were married by a traveling preacher who got off the train to do the job. They lived together for fifty-five years, had eight children, twenty-seven grandchildren, and an as yet undetermined number of great-grandchildren.

Lizzie Dutton, the most anxious of the beautiful and anxious maidens, and the one who started it all with her column, was still anxious. But in 1865, after the war was over, a little man came trudging over the mountains from Harper's Ferry. He was a tinker *and* a Quaker. Somehow a copy of the *Waterford News* pleading for a tinker "to mend our buckets, boilers, coffeepots and tin cups" had found its way to him and he had set out to answer the ad. He had walked all the way from Franklin, Indiana. He got no pots and pans to fix, but he did get Lizzie. END

MOTHERS

Mothers are what rise up gaily
To a thousand crises daily:
To the missing sock and buckle,
To the ivy-poisoned knuckle,
To the dank and earthwormed pocket,
To the ill-starred homemade rocket,
To the stark and wigless dolly,
To the nervous-stomached collie,
To the prom dress undelivered,
To the bathroom moist and rivered,
To the guppy's grave, to mourn it,
To the knee that knew the hornet,
To the jelly in the door lock,
To the home-bescissored forelock,
To the oversodaed moaner,
To the date who said he'd phone her,
To the bedspread with the clay on,
To the stepped-on spreading crayon;

FATHERS

Fathers are what say, "Why, dearie,
Why should you be looking weary?"
Fathers are what come from stations
To fantastic situations:
To the treetop-stranded kitten,
To the drain clogged with a mitten,
To the swallowed dime or nickel,
To the circuit short and fickle,
To the weeping Little Leaguer,
To the unwise dahlia digger,
To the TV picture rolling,
To the shoe that needs half-soling,
To the loud unwashered faucet,
To the tree with kites across it,
To the not-housebroken puppy,
To the sick and gasping guppy,
To the no-speed record player,
To the doll left on the stair,
To the unimproved report card,
To the teen who isn't sport-carred,
To the dentist's bill for braces,
To the newly-measled faces;
All the things we only grope with,
Fathers come back home and cope with.

By BARBARA A. JONES

DINNER

TO PLEASE A MAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

MENU III

Corned Beef Brisket,
Horseradish Sauce
Cabbage Wedges
Small Boiled Potatoes
Whole Carrots
Celery Hearts with
Tiny Beets Pickled in Vinegar
Fruit-Filled Apple Dumplings
Coffee or Tea

CORNED BEEF BRISKET AND CABBAGE

- 6-pound corned brisket of beef
- celery leaves
- onion, sliced
- 4 whole peppercorns
- 3 whole allspice
- 1 medium-sized head of cabbage

Wash meat under running cold water to remove brine on surface. Place corned beef in large pot and add cold water almost to cover meat. Add a few celery leaves, sliced onion, peppercorns and allspice. Bring to a boil, cover, reduce heat and simmer until tender, 4–5 hours. About ½ hour before the meat is done, skim excess fat from broth. Wash and trim cabbage. Cut into 6–8 sections. Cut out most of the core. Place on top of meat, cover and cook until cabbage is tender but still crisp. Drain both cabbage and meat well before serving. Boiled carrots and parsley potatoes usually accompany this combination. Serve with horseradish sauce. Makes 6–8 servings.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

- cup heavy cream
- teaspoon lemon juice
- tablespoons prepared mustard
- 2–3 tablespoons prepared horseradish

Whip cream until stiff. Fold in remaining ingredients. Chill until serving time. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

TINY PICKLED BEETS

- 1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) tiny beets
- ½ cup cider vinegar
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 whole cloves
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 peppercorns
- ½ bay leaf
- 1 onion, peeled and thinly sliced

Drain juice from beets, measure ½ cup and turn into a saucepan. Place the beets in a small jar. Add the vinegar, sugar, seasonings and onion to the beet juice. Bring to a boil and pour over the beets in the jar. Cover and chill—overnight is best. Serve cold as a relish. Makes about 2 cups.

FRUIT-FILLED APPLE DUMPLINGS

6 TART APPLES, PEELED AND CORED

Dough:

- 2½ cups sifted flour
- 3½ teaspoons baking powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup shortening
- ¾ cup milk

Filling:

- 1 pound mixed dried fruit
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 3 tablespoons butter
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening to consistency of coarse meal. Stir in milk with fork. Turn dough out onto a lightly floured board. Fold and turn lightly a few times. Chill. Wash dried fruit well. Place in saucepan. Cover with about 3 cups water. Bring to a boil, lower heat and simmer for ½ hour or until fruits are tender. During last 5 minutes of cooking add ½ cup sugar. Cool and drain fruit. Set aside and pit if necessary. Reserve 1 cup of the syrup. Place in pan with remaining sugar, water and rest of ingredients. Bring to a boil and cook for 3 minutes. Remove from heat. Roll dough into a rectangle 18″ x 12″. Using a knife or pastry wheel, cut into six 6″ squares. Place an apple on each square and fill center with the cooked dried fruit. Moisten edges of squares. Pull corners up over apple and pinch edges of dough together. Fold back pastry points at center to show fruit filling. Place 2″ apart in large baking pan and pour syrup around and over dumplings. Bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., for 10 minutes, then in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30–35 minutes, until apples are tender. Baste frequently with syrup so dumplings are nicely glazed. Makes 6 servings.

MENU IV

Bavarian Spiced Beef
Soür-Cream Gravy
Potato Pancakes
Red Cabbage with Apples
Winter Pears with Assorted Cheeses
Coffee or Tea

BAVARIAN SPICED BEEF

- 4-pound piece of bottom round
- ¾ cup finely chopped carrot
- ¾ cup finely chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ½ cup finely chopped celery
- ⅓ cup finely chopped white turnip
- ⅓ cup finely chopped parsnip
- ⅓ cup cooking oil
- ⅓ cup red wine vinegar
- ¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup water or red wine
- 2 cups consommé
- 1 cup commercial sour cream

Place meat in deep casserole. Wash, scrape and prepare vegetables. Pour oil into a skillet. Add vegetables and cook, stirring gently, for 5 minutes. Add vinegar, sugar and salt and cook 5 minutes longer. Cool. Pour vegetable mixture on meat, spreading evenly over the surface. Cover tightly and place in refrigerator for 1–2 days. Turn occasionally. To cook, remove from marinade, pat dry and dust with flour. Brown well in a little additional oil in a heavy deep skillet or Dutch oven. Add water—or, if you like, red wine—consommé and the marinade. Cover and bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer very gently 2½–3 hours, or until meat is tender. Remove meat to a platter and keep warm. Boil sauce down to about ⅓ its volume, press through a sieve or food mill. Reheat, stirring in sour cream. Do not boil. Slice meat and pass gravy. Makes 6–8 servings.

POTATO PANCAKES

- 2 pounds potatoes (6 medium)
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ teaspoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 3–4 tablespoons butter

About a half hour before serving wash and peel potatoes. Cover with cold water. Drain. Grate and put into a cheesecloth-lined sieve and press out liquid. Work quickly. Turn into a dry bowl. Add onion, flour, eggs, salt, pepper, baking powder and parsley. Mix well. Heat enough butter in skillet to coat it well. Drop potato mixture by spoonfuls into hot skillet, flatten slightly and sauté slowly until crisp and golden on both sides. Drain pancakes on paper toweling and keep warm in oven while continuing to sauté more. Makes 6 servings.

RED CABBAGE WITH APPLES

- 1 medium-sized red cabbage
- 1–2 tart apples
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 onion, peeled and sliced
- 1 quart water
- ½ cup red wine vinegar
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cloves
- 2–3 tablespoons flour

Wash cabbage; drain. Shred as you would for coleslaw. Wash, core and peel apples. Chop coarsely. Melt butter in large kettle or Dutch oven. Sauté onion and apples a few minutes. Add water, vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper and cloves. Stir well. Bring to a boil, add cabbage and simmer, covered, until tender, about 30–40 minutes. Just before serving, sprinkle flour on top and stir a few minutes to absorb liquid. Makes 6 servings. END




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THE WOMAN'S MIND
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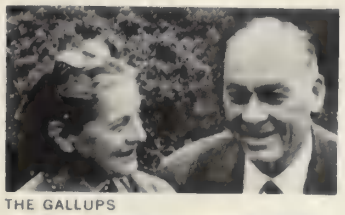
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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH, 1962

VOL. LXXIX NO. 3



THE GALLUPS



NORRIS LLOYD



SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

JOURNALITIES

SIDNEY MARGOLIUS, who supplies the budget analyses for "How America Spends Its Money" articles (see page 136), has written about family money management since graduating from Rutgers 28 years ago. After counseling Journal families, he reports, "Today's young people are harder working, in many ways, than their parents. But I wish they knew as much about insurance, taxes and installment buying as about casserole cookery and laying cement block."

Back in 1938, the women of America thought that $30 a week was enough for a couple to get married on, and $44 could support a family of four. We published these findings in a series called "What Do the Women of America Think?" The survey was conducted by a young man named DR. GEORGE HORACE GALLUP, who had recently established the American Institute of Public Opinion in Princeton. For the answers gleaned by Dr. Gallup from today's generation of young mothers, read "The Woman's Mind" (page 72), third in our current survey series.

Before NORRIS LLOYD was a writer she was "a member of that maligned and misunderstood genus, the suburban housewife." (Species: Winnetka, Illinois.) A writing housewife needs patience, she admits—"but after the youngest child no longer comes home for lunch, who else in our society has that great unblemished swatch of time from 8:30 to 3:30?" "A Dream of Mansions" (page 58) is her first novel.

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OUR READERS



DRINKING AND SMOKING

Dear Editors: Having read so much comment about smoking, I am curious. How many of the *Journal* staff have stopped smoking? It is my opinion that the coffee break is nothing more than a cigarette break. Eliminate one and you can eliminate both!

MRS. PERRY QUAYLE, *Madison, Ohio*

● *Our poll, taken during the coffee break, reveals: 30 Journal staffers (men and women) smoke; 22 did smoke but have stopped; the rest—about a dozen—have never smoked.—ED.*

HUSBANDS CAN BE PEOPLE

Dear Editors: These suggestions I keep reading about wives keeping husbands happy are good in theory but as full of holes as Swiss cheese. To keep *both* himself and his wife happy, a husband should:

1. Get out of his bathrobe, shave and put on his clothes on Sunday morning, keep *his* figure instead of becoming a fat slob.

2. Help his wife to be tidier by picking up *his* things, hanging up *his* clothes and emptying *his* ashtrays.

3. Be more loving and responsive instead of thinking sex is a reasonable facsimile of love.

4. *Not* ask, "What the Sam Hill is this?" when his wife cooks something new.

S.A.K., *Hollywood, Calif.*

WHY EDITING IS A PLEASURE

Dear Editors: The *Journal* has been my friend for years. On its pages I have found just the information and advice I needed to see my baby through all the problems of childhood. As she grew older an I began to have a mind of her own, all I had to say was, "But, honey, the *Journal says* you should!" This was always enough to settle the question and gain her full co-operation. She was a wonderful little girl and is now a wonderful woman. I am sure at least part of the credit should go to the magazine that has meant so much to me for so many years.

CARRIE MCCURDY, *St. Helena, Calif.*

BUDGET, SMUDGET!

Dear Editors: Since our marriage eleven years ago, my husband and I have been on and off budgets several times. As the years roll by I discover I read about other families' budgets with amazement, disbelief and even some contempt.

One thing which appears to be lacking in all budgets is the *unexpected* bill. How it is paid is a mystery to me! Does one rob Peter to pay Paul, or take the needed amount from the savings account? What happens to the itemized budget when the unexpected happens?

To me a budget is a fallacy, a fairy tale and a waste of time.

MRS. JOHN WALKER, *Union City, Calif.*

● *You are not alone—but for most families some plan is a lot better than no plan.—ED.*

WHO'S TRAPPED?

Dear Editors: In defense of happy housewives, and in rebuttal to those countless millions (apparently) of self-pitying, discontented, harried and frustrated homemakers who feel they are "trapped," I would like to say:

It takes a great deal of intelligence and just plain common sense to run a home properly, to entertain graciously, to be a social asset to one's husband and a good example for one's children. If performing these tasks is considered so far beneath so many of today's women, why do they marry? Why do they raise families? If their jobs and premarital freedom meant so much to them, why did they give them up so quickly and so willingly? There is no law which makes marriage and child rearing mandatory.

"Trapped" housewives ask, "Where is my reward, my promotion, my motivation?" Isn't the love of a husband and children a reward? Isn't the growth and fulfillment of a marriage the promotion? Isn't respect and pride motivation enough?

I and a few like me are content, happy and fulfilled as wives and mothers. So there!

FAYE L. GORDON, *Brookline, Mass.*

SO MANY MISTAKES

Dear Editors: A "Widows Anonymous" ought to be established—along with all the other "let's help each other" organizations. I lost my husband ten years ago. My four children are now in their teens. I made so many mistakes in rearing them alone it is a constant amazement to me that they are now such wonderful people.

DORIS M. JONES, *Spokane, Wash.*

HOW TO IMPROVE

Dear Editors: Unloved, mistreated and consequently unhappy wives should not be urged—even indirectly—to become better housekeepers. They should be urged to demand respect, if not love, as their birthright. Everyone has a basic need for self-respect. If the wife is treated as an equal instead of a hired girl, her housekeeping will automatically improve. Good, conscientious housekeeping is a *result* of being happy. Good housekeeping does not of itself automatically produce happiness.

ROSEMARY FORMOSA, *San Francisco, Calif.*

TEENAGER SPEAKS UP

Dear Editors: I may be only sixteen, but in my estimation a great many cases of "sexual delinquency" are caused by the girl. Some boys do need psychiatric treatment, but I firmly believe most boys would be fine if girls didn't tease and arouse them sexually. Furthermore, everyone knows a boy's passions are more easily aroused and harder to control than a girl's. That is why I do not always blame the boy. Instead, I believe many girls need psychiatric treatment.

LIZ JACKSON, *Pocatello, Idaho*

● *Psychiatric treatment like, say, parental common sense applied when and where it will do the most good?—ED.*

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WHAT EVERY INTELLIGENT WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT EDUCATION

When we demand in our schools something less than the individual is capable of achieving, we rob him of his self-respect.

By STERLING M. McMURRIN
U. S. COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Many of the letters that I receive expressing concern for education in the United States come from women. They generally ask, "What can we do to contribute to the quality of our schools?" And they want specific answers.

This interest is good. It is necessary. Without question it is one of our greatest assets in the effort to improve our educational establishment. I sincerely believe that criticism is an essential ingredient in institutional and civic improvement. Obviously, the particular problems faced by our many thousands of individual schools differ widely. I urge all Americans to study the problems of their schools and to work seriously in co-operation with school officials for the proper solution of those problems. I am glad to have this opportunity, through the *Ladies' Home Journal*, to offer a few suggestions to parents for intelligent action in educational matters.

We all know that there is much to be proud of in American education. We have countless schools of high quality with large numbers of talented, dedicated teachers who are producing outstanding results with their pupils. But our general commitment to education is less than it should be and we are capable of far more than we now achieve.

Our schools reflect both the strengths and the weaknesses of our society, for they are basic elements of the society. I think we need, in general, to strengthen their academic character just as we need to strengthen the moral fiber of our society generally. *I believe that, as a nation, we are guilty of often following an easy path in our educational policy and practice. Our educational establishment at many points is relaxed and soft. At times we have been far too willing to tolerate school programs that entertained and amused our children when they should have been disciplined, directed and inspired.* In this respect, parents—the general public—have asked far too little of the schools, but they are now demanding more. We now realize that too often we have sacrificed excellence to mediocrity because we have been unwilling to pay the price that educational excellence demands—intellectual rigor, discipline and a large commitment of our human and material resources.

When we demand in our schools something less than the individual is capable of doing, we rob him of his self-respect and deprive him, his community and the nation of the personal and social dividends that can come from a full development of his talents. We will approach a general excellence in education only when we have a full appreciation of its worth to the individual and to society and when a full and consistent effort to upgrade our schools is made by everyone—administrators, teachers, students and the general public. If ever in the past there has been reason for asking less, there is none now. If the nation is to meet successfully the tasks of our perilous times, we must demand excellence in every facet of the educational process.

The central task of a school is the achievement and dissemination of knowledge and the cultivation of the intellect. We rightly expect the schools to cultivate a student's artistic appreciation and talents and to contribute importantly to his moral character and sense of civic responsibility. But these values will be achieved only when a school centers its efforts on genuine intellectual discipline and insists that basic knowledge in the arts and sciences and the basic intellectual skills are its primary purpose.

It is not necessary to devote precious time and energy to trivial studies and activities to demonstrate our concern for individuals. It is not necessary to abandon genuine learning because we have discovered that schools should be congenial to students as well as to books, information and ideas. It *is* undeniably desirable for education to meet our changing social needs. But it does not follow that the curriculum of our schools should provide specific training for every specific task in the vast variety of communities in our nation. We are in some difficulty at every level of education—from kindergarten through graduate school—because the body of fundamental knowledge has too often been divided and splintered. The result is that much time and energy are dissipated on unrewarding peripheral detail and inconsequential matters that *deserve no place* in serious formal education. A few important subjects pursued intensively will yield better results than a large number that receive only superficial treatment.

We must also guard against the tendency to suppose that our national well-being is adequately served simply by advances in technology, however important and timely these may be. Technology alone will not save us, either as persons or as a nation. Knowledge is of value for its own sake as well as for its uses. Moreover, unless basic research in the physical sciences is consistently and effectively supported, the capital of knowledge on which our technology depends will be dangerously diminished. But the social sciences, the humanities and the fine arts are as vital to the quality of our society and the strength of our nation as are engineering and the physical sciences. We are in danger of suffering a comparative decline in the quality of our culture unless we avoid the imbalance in education that is now developing because of our failure to support the arts and humanities as we support the sciences. The study of politics, history and philosophy, for instance, is essential to the quality and character of our culture, and there can be no genuine national strength without a cultivated appreciation of great literature, art and music.

We should be grateful for the many highly qualified and dedicated teachers who serve our schools. Their contribution to our society is immeasurable. But in general, the quality of teaching in our schools and colleges is lower by far than it should be. *The blunt fact is that many of our teachers are not properly qualified to handle the responsibility we have placed on them. This is our basic educational problem. Many of our teachers, for instance, lack native talent for teaching. It is a national scandal, moreover, that large numbers of them are inadequately prepared in the subject matter that they teach, as well as in the elements of a genuinely liberal education. This is, in my view, the major weakness in American education.* We should not be satisfied until this situation is entirely corrected, as its perpetuation is the surest guaranty of mediocrity in the classroom. There will never be a substitute for the teacher's full mastery of his subject.

The problem of quality in teaching will not be solved merely by increasing teachers' salaries. But certainly it will never be solved until the average salary levels for teachers are at least competitive with salary levels in other employed professions. The teaching profession must be made attractive enough to bring to our schools highly talented people in numbers adequate to meet the need. For the most part, our colleges and universities do not devote their best efforts to the education of teachers. This should be a matter of grave public concern. Persons of high ability are attracted to professions that demand rigorous preparation and high competence. *The range of students entering our professional-education schools encompasses many who have the highest capabilities, but it also includes far too many who are near failures in any scholastic endeavor.* In the future every effort must be made to identify persons of high intellectual competence and talent in the art of teaching and to attract them to the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

I never saw such winning cookies...



What kookie new cookies! One part is macaroon, made with tender Baker's Fine-Grated Coconut. The other part is rich chocolate made with tasty Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate. Put 'em together this way and that way and you have the most winning combination since seven and eleven. Call them Bakeroons and Baker some soon!

MACAROON MIX:
2 egg whites · Dash of salt · ½ cup sugar · 2 tbsp. flour · 2 cups (7-oz. package) Baker's Fine-Grated Coconut.

Beat egg whites with dash of salt in small bowl until foamy. Add sugar, about 1 tbsp. at a time, beating at high speed until stiff peaks form. Fold in flour; then blend in the coconut.

Measure ¾ cup. Drop from teaspoon 2 inches apart onto greased baking sheet, making 12 cookies. Drop ¼ tsp. of the chocolate mix onto each. Bake at 375°F. about 12 minutes.



CHOCOLATE MIX:
2 packages Baker's German's Sweet Chocolate · 2½ cups sifted cake flour · 1½ tsp. baking powder · ¾ tsp. salt · ½ cup butter · 2 egg yolks · ⅓ cup milk · 1 tsp. vanilla · ½ cup gran. sugar · ¼ cup light brown sugar.

Chop 1 package of chocolate coarsely. Set aside; then melt other package over boiling water. Cool slightly. Measure sifted flour; add baking powder and salt. Sift together into large mixing bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Stir to blend, then beat about 1 minute. Stir in chopped chocolate.

Make about 3 dozen cookies by dropping batter from a teaspoon 2 inches apart on ungreased baking sheet. Drop about ⅓ tsp. of macaroon mix on each. Bake at 375°F. for 10 to 12 minutes.



until Bakeroons

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FROM THE PIONEER WARDROBE OF HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

The PIONEER Rubber Company, Willard, Ohio, U.S.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

teaching profession. Their education must be second to none among the professions.

Many parents ask me what they can do to improve the status of teachers in their community. My answer is that nothing artificial can be done that will have any lasting effect. We must insist on quality in education. We should identify and encourage the highly able and well-qualified teachers who are already in the schools, and we should urge our children to make the most of their opportunities to study with such teachers. Our society is moving in the direction of a greater appreciation of the importance of education, and the quality of our education is improving. These two factors should ensure a higher status for teachers in the future.

Lack of student discipline is all too commonly a major problem for teachers and administrators. Poor discipline hampers the achievement of the fundamental purpose of the schools. A teacher cannot teach well and serve as a policeman too. Uncivilized behavior among a minority of students is, in part at least, a reflection of an undisciplined society in undisciplined times. But in any particular community this situation will change when enough people want it to change and make their desires known and are willing to work, both individually and collectively, to solve the special problems of the schools in their neighborhoods.

School officials deserve the support of parents in taking immediate, direct and firm action in disciplinary measures.

I believe that such groups as the parent-teacher associations can exert great influence in improving the quality of the schools. I understand that sometimes such groups are involved primarily in such activities as small-scale fund raising and the promotion of minor social affairs. If so, this is the least they can do. They can and should and often do tackle the large problems of student discipline and quality teaching. The building of character begins in the home, and if good behavior is cultivated there, it will be found elsewhere. Good character, like good education, must be endlessly sought by parents and teachers alike. Where a challenging curriculum is coupled with good teaching, and full support for a rigorous program is received from parents and the general public, better behavior will follow.

There are undoubtedly some parents who push their children too hard in matters of discipline, homework, test grades and other school accomplishments. Some people occasionally express concern about this. Such a thing can be harmful, of course. In my observation, however, the parents who push too hard are in the minority.

Some parents suffer more from homework than their children do. Ideally, neither should suffer at all. But work is, by definition, not play. Homework should be approached with serious purposes. The quality and effectiveness of homework is more important for the achievement of educational ends than the amount. What is the homework designed to accomplish? Any teacher can give a pupil enough homework to keep him busy all night. Parents who take a sincere interest in this matter will soon learn to distinguish between a useful amount of well-directed homework and masses of sheer busywork.

Some time ago I made a public statement that "too often we fail to elicit from both our students and teachers their best efforts." I do not equate "best efforts" with work that is educationally meaningless; to me the "best efforts" of both teachers and students have to do with the quality of the accomplishments in teaching and learning. *We have certainly failed to elicit from the vast majority of teachers and the vast majority of students their full scholarly commitment to educational work. I am perfectly willing to extend this to those of us who are parents. We have not elicited our own best efforts either.*

Incidentally, my statement has sometimes been interpreted as suggesting that our teachers do not work hard enough. Most of the teachers whom I have known are overworked. Teaching is a far greater drain on one's physical and mental energies than most laymen realize. Eliciting the best efforts of teachers sometimes requires cutting down their work load in terms of students and hours.

I think it would be most unfortunate if in the public mind quality education became synonymous with college-preparatory courses in our secondary schools. *Certainly it would be unwise, as well as futile, to attempt to educate all children in the same way for the same purpose. It would be folly not to recognize individual differences and the variety of social needs and to plan our institutions and their curricula accordingly.* Many schools have instituted a variety of plans for ability grouping. Some secondary schools have four-track systems, or other multitrack systems, for placing students in an educational context in which each can progress best. Some schools have enrichment programs, advanced placement classes and other means for individual guidance and help. It is not easy to determine by what methods, plans, programs or techniques teaching for individual differences can best be accomplished in particular schools, but I recognize that it must be done. This is part of the general task of teaching, and it has always been done by good teachers, even in the one-room school.

I recently commented on this matter in a statement to the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives: "To the extent that we have failed to challenge the full capabilities of our students, from kindergarten through graduate school, we have betrayed the democratic ideal that is so precious to us. The meaning of democracy in education is not found in a dead-leveling process that attempts to conform all men to simple equality. We believe not that all men are of equal capacity, but that all are entitled to the opportunity to develop fully such capacities as they have. We combine this with a belief in the inherent dignity of the individual person. These are powerful ideas with tremendous implications. They mean, certainly, that the creative artist, the professional person and the artisan alike deserve the full esteem of their fellowmen and that every man is entitled to his measure of self-respect who is doing his best in a vocation that contributes to the total life of our society."

There is a sense in which every person in a democratic society is entitled to the privilege of attempting an important task, even though he may fail. Sometimes failure is itself an important factor in a person's education. On the other hand, we must recognize that students vary greatly in their talents and intellectual capacity, and it is highly unrealistic to assume that everyone should have a college or university education.

One of our great problems is to provide post-high-school educational facilities that are adequate to satisfy the educational needs of those young people who, for one cause or another, do not qualify for college work. Large numbers of these students can qualify for high-level vocational education of one kind or another. They are entitled to it and our society cannot afford to deprive them of it because they are a large part of its basic human resource.

The opportunity for education is a privilege, and this fact should be impressed on children. But education is also a responsibility. It is not a matter of casual concern. *We owe our children the best education we are capable of giving them; the quality of their education is important not only for them, but also for their communities, the nation and the world. Our educational crisis has a spiritual dimension in that it relates to the uncertainties and anxieties that now so frequently characterize our people in their quest for a meaningful existence where they are devoted to ends worthy of achievement.* Education is an important bearer of the spiritual life, broadly conceived as a life of purpose and value. Education is the chief creator, protector and critic of those values that mark our culture in its highest reaches, that determine in large measure what will be genuinely precious to the individual and worth the price of his commitment and pursuit.

American education is now becoming a major testing ground for democracy. It is a basic assumption of the democratic political ideal that what is good for the individual is also good for society as a whole. It is the faith of a free democratic society that when the good of the individual is intelligently pursued, the well-being of the total social order is in some way enhanced. The task facing the leaders of American education is so to organize and administer our educational institutions that when the best interests of every individual are served the quality of our culture is improved and the character of our nation is strengthened. This is a task every individual citizen, and certainly the parents of every school child, must share

FIFTY YEARS AGO



Girl Scouts have been swimming and hiking and helping little old ladies across the street for fifty years.

IN THE JOURNAL

In March, 1912, both the Girl Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls were started in America. Hit records were Alma Gluck singing *Home, Sweet Home* and Harry Lauder doing *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*. Some Americans in mourning kept pianos closed for a year; dust and automobiles were putting bicycles out of style.

"What I Went Through as a Divorced Woman" was featured in the March, 1912, *Journal*, and "Are Athletics Making Girls Masculine?" by a Harvard man.

"How can I remove the brown streak around my neck?" asks the woman who habitually wears brown. "Rub it with olive oil."

"Never buy a hat at the end of a shopping tour, when you're tired out."

The new spring silks: foulard, surah, faille and taffeta; the new colors: "a deep rose pink called American Beauty, and cerise and coral."

"Every woman wants a neck fichu of silk with frills of white chiffon."

"There are no sports that make women ma culine except boxing, baseball, wrestlin basketball, ice hockey, water polo and Rugb football," believes Harvard's Dr. Sargent.

"Providing for the Linen Chest: Individu bath towels are much used these days, wh every precaution is taken to have thin sanitary."

"Single-bed sheets cost 35 cents; double, cents. A down quilt comes high—at least $5



Give appetites a lift with color and flavor!

TINTED COCONUT—Place flaked coconut in a plastic bag. Add 2-3 drops Red, Green, Blue or Yellow Food Color. Toss until coconut is well tinted. If a darker shade is desired, add 1-2 drops more color. Use to top frosted cupcakes.



New hospitality idea . . . cookies with your Easter eggs! Youngsters love them. Just a "Magic Spoonful" of McCormick-Schilling *pure* Vanilla flavors them deliciously. And the tray centerpiece is easy—add your favorite cookies to a rainbow of eggs, dyed so colorfully with McCormick-Schilling pure Food Colors.

EASTER EGGS: To dye eggs fill a cup ½ full boiling water (or enough to cover egg). Add 1-2 tsp. vinegar and about 20 drops (¼-½ tsp.) Food Color, depending on shade desired. While eggs are hot, dip into cup.

COOKIES: Make cookies following your favorite recipe. Frost, then decorate with Decors.

COOKIE FROSTING: Mix ¼ cup soft butter, 1 egg yolk, dash salt, 1½ tsp. Vanilla and about 2 cups powdered sugar. Tint with Food Color.

ALMENDRADO—Soften 1 tbsp. gelatine in ¼ c. cold water. Dissolve in ¼ c. boiling water. Cool. Add ¼ tsp. Cream of Tartar and ¼ tsp. salt to 6 egg whites; beat stiff. Mix in 2 tsp. Vanilla and 1 c. sugar (2 tbsp. at a time). Beat in gelatine. Divide in 3 parts. Add chopped almonds to one; tint one pink and one green. Pour layers into loaf pan lined with waxed paper. Chill. Slice. Serve with custard sauce.



LIME CHIFFON PIE—To your favorite lime chiffon pie recipe add several drops Green Food Color to give a delicate green color. Top with 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, slightly sweetened and flavored with ½ tsp. Vanilla.



PARTY CAKE—Bake an angel food cake in a tube cake pan or 3 qt. ring mold. Frost with whipped cream flavored with 1 tsp Vanilla and tinted Pink, Green or Yellow.



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WHEN A YOUNG DAUGHTER MARRIES THE WRONG BOY

One night last spring my seventeen-year-old daughter awakened me at midnight. "Be brave, mother," she said. "I'm going to marry Johnny. And I'm sorry, mother, but I'm not going to college. Look." She showed me the small engagement ring on her—to me—so vulnerable hand. Then she threw herself into my arms and said, "Oh, mother! *Please* be glad."

And in the indescribable mixture of feelings that swept over me all I could say, inanely, was, "How could Johnny pay for such a ring?"

"Installment plan," said Sally.

Every mother knows how difficult it is to bear the hurts and bruises her children suffer. How much more painful it is to see them coming, and to be helpless to avert them.

To me, Sally was heading straight for disaster. I could not be what she asked me to be—glad. On the contrary, I was deeply frightened. Not only was Sally much too young. But Johnny was unthinkable.

Johnny is twenty, and works in the gas station. He has the kind of good looks one seems to see most often on street corners. He left high school after two years. His family are among the newer Americans who are more at home in their native language than in English. They live upstairs over his father's vegetable store in the small foreign part of our suburb. My total reaction was, *This is impossible!* But as I looked at Sally's enraptured face, I saw that my young daughter clearly believed that the moon had dropped into her eager hands. And I realized that I had to conceal my panic, and that a great deal depended on the skill and delicacy with which I handled the situation.

I simply kissed her and said that I knew what a romantic experience a proposal of marriage was, but that marriage required tremendous maturity and judgment, and that we would talk it over when her father returned from his business trip.

Sally hugged me and floated off on a cloud of illusion

And I stared at the ceiling and tried to understand how such an unbelievable situation could have come about.

When Sally began to have dates with Johnny, less than a year ago, I was disturbed. I felt that she was depriving herself of good times with her lifelong friends, just at a time when such relationships were beginning to have adult importance. When I suggested this to her, she simply said, "But mother, I like him so much more than anyone else."

Although I was baffled at Sally's choice, I was afraid that if I interfered too seriously I would simply make Johnny more desirable in Sally's eyes. So I reluctantly accepted what I assumed was a phase. Meantime, I kept an extra-strict watch over where Sally went, and insisted on a rather early curfew.

But marriage! It had never, in the depths of those free-floating fears parents sometimes have about their children's futures, occurred to me that marriage to a boy like Johnny was a remote possibility. Sally's *husband?* I couldn't bear to think of it.

The obvious difference between Johnny's and Sally's backgrounds naturally distressed me. But even more frightening to me was the fact that he had not had the *will* to work for an education. Why had he left school after only two years, when it was not an absolute economic necessity? If the temptation to have some ready spending money and his own car outweighed the need for learning, what could his long-range values be?

Many boys in Johnny's situation work for an education and develop into responsible men. But I saw no such reassuring signs in Johnny. His car was too polished, and his grammar too unpolished, for me to have much faith in his potential for growth. And the fact that he had rushed into giving Sally an engagement ring, without first actually earning it, did not speak well for his self-discipline. As for his native intelligence, I did not really know him well enough to judge, but I had no grounds for optimism. All I saw was an untried boy with no visible ambition, no interests beyond automobiles and my Sally, and a severely limited future.

What did Sally see in him? It was not as though Johnny were the first boy to pay serious attention to her. Sally is pretty enough to attract more than her share of boys, and had always been a member of a lively group of youngsters. Until last year, when she had begun to pass up most of her other friends in favor of Johnny, we had never had a moment of "trouble" with her. She was co-operative and affectionate—but she did have a quiet will of her wn.

Now I remembered how tenaciously she had tried to persuade me that she would not want to go to college, and preferred to take the secretarial course. But I insisted that she prepare for college, on the ground that she couldn't be sure at thirteen what she would want at eighteen. Since last year she had been registered in our state university, and I had still been hoping that she would enter in the fall.

Could this be one of the factors causing Sally to want to reject the sort of life that seemed so normal and happy for her? Where had I failed? What had I done to bring Sally to such a decision?

My fear and my imagination ran away with me. I pictured Sally in a shabby little apartment, struggling to make ends meet and forever deprived of security. I visualized her with a baby—or babies—she could never dress properly or train properly or educate properly. I had a moment of horror when I thought, *But suppose the children took after Johnny!* I suddenly realized that Johnny's mother would be their grandmother too.

I could not bear it.

I fell asleep with a primitive wish to hurl myself on Sally bodily, and say, "No! I won't let you! I won't *let* you be hurt."

Sally's father was due back the next evening, and I was as worried about his reaction as I was about the problem itself. Roger is very conservative, and had drawn back from Johnny in baffled distaste when Sally had first brought him home. He had been all for flatly forbidding Sally to see Johnny at all.

Now his reaction was just as violent as I had been afraid it would be. At first he simply refused to believe it. It was beyond his power of imagination. But when I finally and painfully convinced him that Sally was deadly serious, he almost shouted:

"I will not have it! We'll send her away to school. Switzerland, if necessary. The thing is preposterous."

Eventually, after hours of unhappy discussion, and endless and fruitless asking of each other "But why? Where did we go wrong as parents?" we agreed on a strategy.

We decided, first, that we would acknowledge the fact that in a very short time Sally would be legally free to marry whom she chose. We had to. But we resolved that we would use this time to summon every means possible to make Sally see—clearly see—the serious risks that faced her.

We told each other that we must be patient, loving and sympathetic; and that we must not give way to that part of our feelings that was outraged anger at Johnny's—to us—audacity. We reminded ourselves that Sally loved Johnny—and that she would feel that anything that attacked him attacked her. (Although I am quite CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

By VIRGINIA BARTHOLOMEW



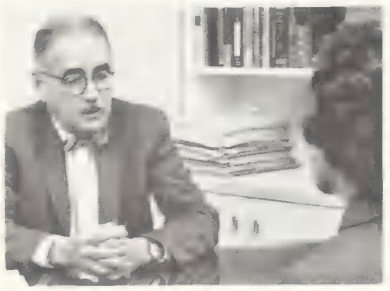
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"I have come down with German measles, Doctor, and I know what that can do to my unborn baby. Surely you will perform a therapeutic abortion?"



TELL ME DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"Mrs. Bassett is on the phone," the voice of the doctor's secretary said over the intercom. "She is a new obstetrical patient—she's due in tomorrow for her second visit. She says she has been exposed to German measles. She wonders what she ought to do."

"Let me talk to her," the doctor said. "This may be important."

Mrs. Bassett, who had impressed the doctor on her initial interview as being intelligent and well informed, spoke concisely and to the point. The teenager they had left the previous evening with their little girls, three and five, had appeared ill when the Bassetts arrived home. This morning Mrs. Bassett had inquired how the baby-sitter was, had been told she apparently had German measles. "I thought I ought to let you know right away, Doctor."

"I'm glad you did, Mrs. Bassett. Have you ever had German measles?"

"I have been trying to think, but I can't be sure. I had an illness when I was about eight; they always spoke of it as measles. Nobody ever said what kind, though, and my mother died when I was ten. But Doctor, can't you give me that new measles vaccine I've been reading about, just in case?"

"The vaccine you mention is for the regular, or ten-day measles. It would have no effect on German measles. Some experimental work has been done with blood taken from women known to have had German measles, and from sensitized animals, but the serum derived from it is not available for general use.

"We do, though, have something called immune serum globulin. It is serum collected in large pools from adults who are presumed to have developed a wide range of immunities. When injected into exposed individuals, it may be expected to ward off certain kinds of infection. Unfortunately, the results with rubella—that's the technical name for German measles, as I imagine you know—haven't been too encouraging. Besides, there isn't much of the serum, and it's expensive. However, sometimes local boards of health dispense it without charge. I can check on that, see if I can locate some. My secretary tells me you are to come in tomorrow anyway."

"But ought I to come to your office? I wouldn't want to infect any of your other pregnant patients!"

"You haven't anything yet to infect them with, Mrs. Bassett. It takes from twelve to fourteen days for the German measles to develop, and we don't know that you will develop it. I would suggest that you ask your pediatrician to see the baby-sitter today, find out if she really has German measles. Meantime, see if you can learn what kind of measles *you* had."

When she came in the next day, Mrs. Bassett reported that her pediatrician had diagnosed the baby-sitter's illness as German measles, but that she had been unable to learn any more about the kind of measles she herself had had as a child. "Daddy says they didn't call a doctor. Mother just kept me in bed in a dark room until the rash had gone away."

"It's too bad a doctor wasn't brought in, for the sake of establishing a definite diagnosis, if for no other reason. In the case of girls, it can be so important to know, in later life. But I see by your record that you are in the eighth week of pregnancy now. You will be in the tenth week before you can possibly come down with German measles, if you do."

"That's right, Doctor."

"Also, I succeeded in locating some of the immune serum globulin, and I'll give you an injection, for whatever good it may do. Of course it will be fine for your little girls to have the German measles, get it over with." Mrs. Bassett nodded, as though everything were perfectly clear to her.

The doctor was not surprised when Mr. Bassett called two weeks later to say that his wife had come down with German measles, the day after symptoms had appeared in their two daughters. Mrs. Bassett's emotional reaction, however, as Mr. Bassett described it over the phone, was unexpected.

"Our pediatrician said Marguerite has a very light rash—but almost surely German measles. But she went all to pieces as soon as he left. She's been begging me to call you, says she'll have to have a therapeutic abortion right away. I know you don't make house calls ordinarily, Doctor. But I can't calm her down, and I'm afraid this hysteria is bad for her."

The doctor blamed himself for not having gone into matters more thoroughly with Mrs. Bassett. She had seemed so unworried, so knowledgeable. Evidently she had not understood as much as he had thought, and he realized that her pregnant condition would make her more vulnerable to disturbing news. "I'll come out, Mr. Bassett, the first moment I can get away." . . .

"She's quieter now," Mr. Bassett said as he let the doctor in. "She cheered up a lot when I told her you were coming. But this thing is way beyond me. She keeps saying that if we let our baby be born, it will be defective—blind, deaf, maybe feebleminded! It sounds to me as if she's delirious."

Mrs. Bassett began to sob as soon as she saw the doctor. "The serum didn't work, Doctor! You will do a therapeutic abortion, won't you?"

The doctor set down his bag and looked about for a chair. "Mrs. Bassett, I believe we have been talking at cross-purposes. I took it for granted you knew the danger wasn't very great in your case. Your husband says he doesn't understand any of it. Suppose we go over the matter from the beginning, find out where you and I got off the track."

"I wish you would, Doctor," Mrs. Bassett said. "I can't make Harry believe there is any danger at all."

"It's quite true," the doctor explained to Mr. Bassett, "that considerable damage can be done to a baby if the mother incurs German measles in the first three months of pregnancy. That is the so-called embryonic stage, when the fertilized ovum is turning into a tiny human being. The first investigators—the discovery was made in the early 1940's—put

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

Planning to invest?

How smart women choose a stock broker

(and what to say on the first visit)

In talking with your broker, you'll be discussing money matters, the hopes and goals of yourself and your family, studying information together, exchanging ideas on which you are going to base important decisions.

So choosing your broker deserves care.

Perhaps you'll want to choose a broker because his office is conveniently nearby; or one in whom a friend has confidence. Some firms have women as well as men brokers. (More and more women are entering this once-all-male field.)

But, however you start this choosing process, don't be hasty. Ask yourself these few questions:

Would you go to a broker who was trained to do his job? Would you insist on it, in fact? Of course you would.

Some brokers, before being allowed to offer opinions, have had to pass examinations on their knowledge of the securities business, and meet training requirements set by the New York Stock Exchange. Would you prefer such a broker?

How do you find him (or her)?

A good way is to look in the Yellow Pages of the telephone directory. Member Firms are listed under "New York Stock Exchange" in the Stock Broker section.

When you call, ask to speak to a Registered Representative. Make an appointment to get acquainted.

On this first visit, don't hesitate to talk about yourself. Tell him how much you think you might invest—after providing for living expenses and setting aside something for emergencies.

What do you hope that your investment will bring you?

You will want to ask him about stocks which seem to have a good chance to grow in value over the years. You might decide on a particular stock with the idea of getting dividends for extra income during the year. He might suggest bonds, which usually offer greater safety of income and principal.

Or, if you want to invest regularly, he might suggest the Monthly Investment Plan, which allows you to invest with as little as $40 every three months.

Keep in mind when you talk to him that although some companies have paid dividends consistently for 25 years or more, there are no guarantees. A company may not continue to pay dividends on stock or interest on bonds. Also, stocks and bonds go down in price just as they go up.

If you go into it with your eyes open to the risks as well as the opportunities, investing can be a rewarding experience for you, as it is for so many women. When you start, why not do it right, with the help of a Member Firm broker?

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 2-D, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

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What does it take to grow a boy?



Stevan Dohanos

Good nutritious food, including the proper amount of vitamins!

Good eating habits generally supply enough vitamins. But boys will be boys. So soft drinks and snacks often replace well-balanced meals and can cause a shortage of the vitamins he needs most, at the age when he needs them most!

The simple fact is that vitamin shortage can happen to anyone at any age. So be wise, guard against vitamin shortage by taking ONE-A-DAY® (brand) Multiple Vitamins! Just one tablet daily supplies all the vitamins a child or grown-up normally needs to take.

Insist on ONE-A-DAY . . . America's leading vitamins.



GET THE LABEL WITH THE BIG RED "1"

MILES PRODUCTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

the damage rate as high as 60 to 90 per cent. There was a tendency then to perform a good many therapeutic abortions."

Mr. Bassett interrupted. "Just what do you mean by damage, Doctor?"

"Among the babies who are affected, it's eye trouble in about 50 per cent. This can be anything from complete cataract, deformities of the retina or other incurable conditions, to something very slight. Ear defects are also noted frequently in some cases. But probably next most common after eye defects are heart conditions. After that come brain defects, peculiarities in the blood-manufacturing organs, or teeth or bones. Cases have been recorded of extra fingers and toes. It all depends on what part of the embryo is being formed at the time the mother comes down with the disease, and the severity of the insult. That's our name for any influence harmful to the unborn. A number of these conditions are now correctable by modern surgery, but by no means all. It is not unusual even in these days for a baby to be aborted or miscarried or born dead."

Mrs. Bassett had nodded her head vigorously from time to time. This part was familiar to her. But seeing Mr. Bassett's expression, the doctor continued quickly, "We know now that those first percentages were set way too high. In the years since, many babies have been surveyed closely, by trained observers, when their mothers had had German measles during the pregnancy. Families have been followed for years. It has been proved that the big majority of babies are not damaged at all, or else very slightly. The danger is greatest if the mother incurs rubella in the first few weeks of pregnancy, say the first five. Around 50 per cent of these babies may be born with defects, or aborted or stillborn. That is pretty hard, I admit.

"But after the fifth week, the danger gets less with every day that goes by. The over-all damage between the fifth and thirteenth weeks is set at somewhere between 12 per cent and 15 per cent, on a descending scale. After the twelfth or thirteenth week, by which time the embryo is fully formed, there is no danger to the baby at all. You were in your eighth week when you were exposed, Mrs. Bassett, and I knew you would be in your tenth week before you could possibly come down with the disease. I'm sorry I didn't make that more definite."

"I didn't know about that descending scale of damage, Doctor. And I guess I believed the serum would protect me, in spite of what you said."

"But German measles hardly makes you sick at all," Mr. Bassett protested. "How can it do all those things to a baby in the womb? Wouldn't a bad attack of the regular, old-fashioned measles be worse?"

"We are becoming suspicious today of any infectious disease acquired by the mother in early pregnancy, especially if it is a severe attack. High fevers due to any cause may induce spontaneous abortions, or, in rare cases, certain types of defects in the baby. But that seems to be a different business. For reasons we don't understand, the embryo, in process of formation, seems to have a special sensitivity to the rubella virus."

"Then why haven't they got a vaccine or something to protect expectant mothers against rubella, Doctor?" demanded Mr. Bassett.

"Some of our most eminent scientists have been trying to find that 'something,' Mr. Bassett. But so far they haven't succeeded in identifying the rubella virus. They can't produce a vaccine to fight it until they know what they are fighting."

"Are you telling me that with all the wonders of modern medicine, there isn't any way to keep babies from being damaged or killed by this measly little rubella virus?"

"Indeed there is, Mr. Bassett, but it is not a thing we doctors can do. People must attend to it for themselves. If parents would see to it that every girl has rubella before she reaches the point of marrying, or if young women would make sure they've had it before they marry, all our expectant mothers would be immune. Any menace to their babies fro German measles would be done away with

"That makes sense," Mr. Bassett said. " doesn't help us with *our* problem, thoug Were you implying that doctors don't c therapeutic abortions any more in the cases?"

"One might imagine a situation where woman already has had four or more ch dren and comes down with definite, prove rubella during the first five weeks, the real dangerous ones. It might be such a worry her as actually to endanger her health. therapeutic abortion might be considere justifiable on those grounds, especially sin she could have normal babies later on. Hov ever, *your* chances of having a perfectly no mal baby are 90 per cent or better. I would h consent to a therapeutic abortion under suc circumstances, though you might be able t find someone who would."

There was a silence. Then Mr. Bassett sai "Those odds sound good to me. But Ma guerite is the one to consider. How about

YOU MAY NOT THINK OF ME AT FIRST

By COSETTE MIDDLETON

You may not think of me at first
When there are others to attend
Your every need: your hunger, thirst,
The leisure hours you have to spend.

You may not need me right away
When pleasure opens like a fan,
When every moment of the day
Falls neatly in your master plan.

But even kaleidoscopes grow dull,
And carousels unwind and stop;
When one has climbed the pinnacle
There's nothing, nothing at the top.

Then you will think of me and find
My name a natural one to cry—
I haven't quite made up my mind
Whether or not I shall reply.

honey? Will you be worrying yourself sic until the baby is born?"

"No," Mrs. Bassett said slowly, "I won' I've been thinking. This may be the boy we' been wanting, and we may never have anoth one. If he's born with a defect, maybe it ca be corrected. If it can't, we will love him ju as much, and do all we can to help him ha a good life."

Her decision made, Mrs. Bassett wer through the rest of her pregnancy serenely. Th baby proved to be another girl. But any di appointment her parents might have felt o that score was more than counterbalanced b the fact that the newborn was healthy an perfectly formed. Internal imperfections a not always detectable at birth. But the Ba setts' pediatrician knew about the situatio he would be watchful. This baby would b examined more frequently than usual durin the first few years.

The second morning after the baby's birth the doctor came into Mrs. Bassett's roon told her he had something to ask of he "Your older girls are immune now to Germa measles, and so are you. Make it your busine to see that the little new one has Germa measles before she reaches marriage age. The she'll never have to go through the kind worry and upset you went through."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Bassett soberly, "th minute my pediatrician says she is old enoug to have German measles, I'll expose her t every case I hear of in the neighborhood!"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses new methods saving babies' lives.


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FRANCES GILL

WARDROBE PERFECTIONS...INVESTMENT No. 2 How to dress well on practically nothing!

By BET HART



Barbara J. takes the second step toward her wardrobe ideal. This one (always a giant step in *any* wardrobe) is buying a coat. Since she took a definite color direction, turquoise, with her suit purchase last month, her move now is toward a neutral shade. Barbara J. looks for the most becoming color, the prettiest fabric and a shape with fashion and flattery. She looks and finds the coat that has all these with a price tag that takes only 35 of her fashion $'s. Spring accessories highlight both major investments.

Beige handbag adds 3 more $'s to Barbara J.'s wardrobe total. Color accent today: bright blue hair cockade.

White straw off-the-face hat goes prettily with beige coat, turquoise suit, is $7.95.

Total $'s for Barbara J.'s spring wardrobe, including her turquoise suit with matching blouse and scarf, her coat and new accessories: $72.85.

HAT BY MADCAPS, COAT BY SYDNEY BITTERMAN





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"I hated my appearance and myself. I knew that I was repulsive. And I had no interest in life. But then

I LOST 145 POUNDS"

BY DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR

ROGER PRIGENT



Nineteen-year-old Jolene White, of Gary, Indiana, tells her diet story:

Until I dieted and reduced from 248 pounds to my present 103, I was convinced I could never be anything except hopelessly ugly. Beyond being hideously fat, excessive amounts of rich, greasy foods caused my complexion to be constantly broken out. My hair was oily and unmanageable. Naturally, I couldn't find pretty teen-type clothes in the matronly size I had to wear. Discouraged, I wore no makeup except lipstick. My appearance was further distorted by a misshapen mouth filled with crooked teeth. The misery I felt over the way I looked was such that my school marks suffered.

As a child I had been very skinny. Mother worried about me and tried to encourage me to eat by sweetening my foods, to the point of sprinkling sugar on vegetables. I soon had an uncontrollable appetite. By the time I was in seventh grade I weighed 179 pounds, and by my sophomore year I had reached my whopping 248. I *hated* gym because of the voluminous uniforms I had to wear. I never took part in extracurricular activities. On physical-exam days, I often stayed home pretending to be sick so I wouldn't have to be weighed in front of others. My classmates had guessing games about my weight and made fun of me. I was always loud and boisterous in school, trying to pretend I didn't care about the way I looked. But at home I was overly sensitive and angry. For no reason I would start terrible fights with my family and then stalk off to lock myself in my bedroom, where I would brood and sulk for hours.

In an effort to escape from myself I did a lot of pretending. For instance, I pretended mirrors distorted my appearance and that I wasn't really *that* bad. I made up an imaginary beau and told classmates I dated him steadily. He was from out of town, which explained why I never went to local parties or school dances. Mother had been pretty and popular as a young girl and had saved a class ring an old beau had given her. I borrowed the ring and wore it to school, hoping its presence would convince others I was really dating. It didn't.

Actually, I never went out in the evening except to baby-sit. I spent my earnings on fattening foods. When money ran out I visited my Aunt Helen, who always provided me with plenty of sandwiches, cookies and cake. Aunt Helen half-heartedly tried to discourage me from eating so much, but she weighed 300 pounds herself, so her arguments were never convincing. My only real friend was a girl who also weighed over 200 pounds. Together, we had the nickname of "Tons of Fun."

Social life, for me, centered exclusively on Girl Scout activities.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

JOLENE WHITE—
BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

BEFORE		AFTER
248 pounds	Weight	103 pounds
5′4⅛″	Height	5′4⅛″
48″	Bust	34½″ (with padded bra)
39″	Waist	22½″
49″	Hips	32½″
26½	Dress Size	6 or 8
9 D	Shoe Size	7½ or 8 B



Above: I was close to 200 pounds when this picture was taken. It's easy to see that I didn't care about the way I looked. Left: Here I am at 103 pounds. As my figure improved, the world became a new and wonderful place for me.



Be inviting... so exciting... wear captivating lipstick colors by Cutex, approved by Oleg Cassini, the fashion advisor to America's most glamorous women. Super-smooth Cutex lipsticks are moisture-drenched, keep your lips soft and enticing. Choose from two special formulas, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin or extra-creamy Delicate by CUTEX

NORTHAM WARREN CORP. NEW YORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

With this nice group I could "be myself." I even joined the softball team, but I was too fat to run fast. The only way I ever made it to first base was to hit a home run. In fact, it was the Girl Scouts that got me off to my real diet start. There was to be a Scout Roundup in Colorado the summer following my sophomore year in high school. I wanted desperately to go, but was warned that I *couldn't* if the time came and I was too fat to fit into a regulation uniform. Spurred on by my desire to be part of the Roundup, I lost 50 pounds by the comparatively simple method of cutting out candy bars, other sweets and between-meal snacks. It took me a year, but I got down to 198 and was finally able to squeeze into the largest Scout uniform just in time. That summer I continued to lose a little and came home weighing a "trim" 187 pounds—a weight I maintained through my junior year. As a result, I received my first real-life invitation from a boy. He asked me to go to the senior prom with him. I should have been thrilled. After all, my slimmer, prettier sisters had been invited to *every* school dance. But the fact is the boy was fatter than I was, his complexion was worse, and I learned that he had invited and been turned down by every girl in class before he invited me. Pride, combined with lack of enthusiasm for the boy, prompted me to decline his invitation too. To console myself, I went home and ate a cherry pie and a quart of ice cream.

Thoughts of actually attending a school prom with an attractive date danced through my head all summer long. I was *determined* to go to at least *one* and obviously, with my senior year coming up, it was my last chance. On the day school opened in September I started my first full-fledged diet. And I never stopped until I got down to my present 103 pounds.

From the beginning, my parents were thrilled for me. Helpfully mother, who had studied dietetics, planned all my diet meals, allowing 1000 calories per day. Tactfully, she persuaded me to have my teeth fixed at the same time. My dentist was marvelously kind and encouraging, too, reassuring me time and time again that I *would* have a pretty smile if I co-operated with him by regularly keeping appointments and wearing the braces he prescribed. As the months went by, he became increasingly enthusiastic about my appearance. "My, how *pretty* you are getting to be," he would often exclaim, noting that I was slimming down. As I look back, I realize I was probably his homeliest patient. But at the time he convinced me that I was an attractive human being, and I thrived on his thoughtful interest and help. Even the kids in school who used to tease me unmercifully began to compliment me, and I was never once kidded about having to wear braces.

In the beginning, I thought I would starve on my diet. Compared with what I had been eating, it is easy to see why. A typical prediet breakfast used to consist of stacks of pancakes (ten at a time) laden with butter and syrup. Or fried eggs and Canadian bacon with toast, jelly and three glasses of milk. Sometimes I'd eat six or eight sweet rolls in the morning. For lunch I'd have three sandwiches (usually peanut-butter), double portions of rich desserts and another couple of glasses of milk. After school, more sandwiches, along with soda pop, pie or cake. A favorite dinner used to be huge helpings of fried chicken and mashed potatoes with gravy. Occasionally I'd eat three frozen dinners at a time! Before bedtime I ate snacks of potato chips, candy bars and ice cream. I was barely able to waddle off to bed.

In contrast, my diet meals were selected from the following low-calorie eating plan, devised by mother and approved by my doctor:

Breakfast

1 piece fresh fruit or ¾ glass unsweetened fruit juice
1 poached or soft-cooked egg
1 piece any kind of toast
1 pat butter (divided between the egg and the toast)
1 glass (8-oz.) nonfat milk
Coffee or tea, plain

Lunch

½ cup cottage cheese or 2-egg omelet
Vegetable (1 cup)
1 piece fresh fruit
1 glass (8-oz.) nonfat milk
Coffee or tea, plain

Dinner

1 cup soup (clear or tomato)
6-ounce serving lean meat
Large combination salad or coleslaw
1 yellow vegetable (⅔ cup)
Fresh fruit or dried raisins (¼ cup)
Coffee or tea, plain

Select from:

Fruits: apples, 4 dried prunes, pears, 3 plums, ¾ cup fresh berries, oranges, grapefruit, fresh pineapple, melon, apricots, nectarines.

Vegetables: lettuce, endive, green or wax beans, carrots, squash, rutabaga, cauliflower, broccoli, turnip greens, collards, kale, parsley, spinach, parsnips, cucumbers, turnips, asparagus, mustard greens, okra, mushrooms, onions, tomatoes, celery, green peppers.

Meats: lamb, beef, chicken, duck, turkey, veal, liver, shrimp, lean fish, water-pack tuna, lobsters, scallops.

Rules: Use diet dressings on salads (homemade or commercially prepared). All meats must be broiled or roasted, no fried foods allowed. Vegetables can be seasoned with lemon juice or vinegar, no butter allowed. Between-meal snacks to consist of: celery, carrots, dill pickles, small portions of fresh fruit or juice.

When my dental work got well under way I was delighted to find I could actually eat the kind of "chewy" foods I had avoided before because of the discomfort they had caused. Fresh raw vegetables and fruits, for instance, soon became *welcome* additions to a meal or as fill-ins between meals.

As my excess weight gradually disappeared my appearance improved in a variety of ways. Without the rich foods, my complexion cleared up. My hair lost its overoiliness and became much easier to fix attractively. By walking a lot and doing setting-up exercises regularly throughout my diet, I never had a problem of flabby skin. Naturally, with a wide selection of clothes in small sizes to choose from, I was able to find pretty, colorful, becoming styles. Delighted with such changes, I became more interested in *doing* things. I went out for school activities, joined the Art Club and Drama Club. My marks climbed steadily and I made the honor roll for the first time in my life.

My original weight goal was 130 pounds because I thought I was "large-boned." Actually, I don't *have* large bones—it just seemed so under all those layers of fat. So I continued getting down to my 103 pounds, which seems about perfect for my small-boned build.

To maintain my reduced weight I more or less follow my diet outline, adding a little here and there. For instance, I might eat larger portions of meat and vegetables or add an extra glass of nonfat milk to the day's allotment. I no longer like the sweet or fried foods I used to eat, so it is not difficult for me to avoid them now. To satisfy my sweet tooth, I occasionally have a small slice of angel-food cake, or a scoop of ice milk (instead of ice cream). I continue to exercise because I enjoy it—walking, swimming and dancing all contribute to keeping my figure slim and firm.

Friends and neighbors still can't believe that fat old "Jolly Jo" White with the crooked teeth is actually now a slim girl with a pretty smile. Some don't even recognize me. Everyone is proud of me, even my Aunt Hele though she still hovers around 300 pounds. Yes, I went to the senior prom with a darling boy and had a marvelous time, dancing every dance in a tiny-waisted size-6 dress!

My dentist was so delighted with me, he gave me a job as dental assistant in his office after I graduated from school. I combined the work with taking evening college courses where I met a boy I date steadily now. Just recently I've given up my dental-assistant job to go to college full time. I want to become a teacher and, believe me, I hope I will have as good an influence on other young people's lives as I finally had on my own!



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PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON

WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ Q 4 3
♥ 6 4 3 2
♦ Q 10
♣ A K J 4

WEST
♠ J 10 5
♥ Q 9 8 7
♦ 6 5
♣ 9 8 3 2

EAST
♠ 8 7 6 2
♥ None
♦ A K J 9 8 3 2
♣ 10 5

SOUTH
♠ A K 9
♥ A K J 10 5
♦ 7 4
♣ Q 7 6

Both vulnerable
South dealer
The bidding:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 Heart	Pass	2 Clubs	2 Diamonds
3 Hearts	Pass	4 Hearts	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West opens the ♦ 6

Optical illusions and mirages aren't restricted to the desert. We ran across one at the bridge table recently in which East berated his partner for blowing a trump trick that would have set our four-heart contract. While our opponents were arguing this issue, we were forced to take sides with West to show he would win only one trump trick no matter how he defended against the game contract.

Now the question before the house is: Can West make two trump tricks? But there's another question, and it involves good partnership even more than good bridge. It's the question of respect for each other and of thinking twice before jumping to conclusions and subjecting partner to abuse and embarrassment. There are a great many reasons why partners should refrain from criticizing each other. One of the best is that the criticism may be wrong. It was in this instance.

The bidding followed normal lines. In fact, had East not overcalled with his fine diamond suit, North and South might even have explored slam possibilities. Doubleton diamonds in both hands proved the only deterrent.

Peggy was sitting South and she got the expected diamond lead. East cashed his two high diamonds and continued the suit. Peggy, sensing the impending overruff, trumped with her jack. West overruffed with his queen.

"No matter what card you return, I am claiming the balance of the tricks," Peggy said. "I'll win your return, pull your trumps with my ace, king and ten and the rest of my hand is solid with good spades and clubs." Peggy spread her hand on the table and the opponents conceded her claim.

But East wasn't conceding one thing. He let loose a torrid blast at his partner and accused him of throwing the hand.

"What is it?" he fumed. "Are you afraid of 'em, or something, you dope? They have the same cards as anyone else in this tournament, and so do you. Use 'em for a change."

"What are you talking about?" West asked.

"You wasted the trump queen by overruffing," expounded East, the omniscient analyst. "Just discard on my diamond lead after she trumps. Then you will win two trump tricks with your queen-nine-eight-seven and she'll be set."

"Guess you're right," West mumbled. "Sorry."

"Wait a moment," interrupted Peggy. "I hate to interfere, but I'll make the contract whether he overruffs or not. He can make only one trump trick no matter how he defends the hand."

"I gotta be shown," East insisted, holding his ground.

"All right," Peggy said. "Now what card would you want your partner to discard instead of overruffing?"

"Well, a spade," East suggested.

"OK. I'll now lay down the heart king and see the four-none trump break. I'll cash my four high clubs, discarding a spade from my hand. Then I'll win my ace and king of spades. Now I'll lead a small trump and West will be in. He'll have the queen and nine of trumps only. I'll have the ace and ten. He will be on lead, so I'll make them both, and, incidentally, my contract."

East paused to think it over.

"By the way," Peggy added, "if he tosses off a club instead of a spade, I'll still make the same number of tricks. Then I'll merely cash three clubs and three spades before throwing him into the lead."

"You win," said East, throwing up his hands in despair. "But you," he said, glaring at West, "you still shouldn't have overruffed!"

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.

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Good Housekeeping

KEEPING FIT CAN BE FUN!

SWING OUT, Lady, with a light-hearted do-si-do . . . right into a lively Spring-time party season. The swing today is toward dancing parties, all kinds of high-spirited fun. Folks are finding that more *active* play builds physical fitness and promotes well-being. What do these livelier fun times call for? Meat makes the me more festive... *Meat power* from Swift puts the ener and enjoyment into America's new way of entertainin To help make your socializing easy and successf Swift brings you these recipes that dramatize deliciou



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The American Institute of Family Relations, now in its thirty-third year, has helped nearly 30,000 couples to improve their marriages, by counseling them personally in its headquarters at 5287 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 27, California. It has also furnished appropriate help to countless thousands of others who have written for educational material or for referral to competent and trustworthy personal assistance in their own communities. The case here described illustrates one common type of marital problem; the counselor was E. Groobin.
PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *The American Institute of Family Relations*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?



DON ORNITZ

"He wouldn't admit to a date with Irene, just slammed the door in my face and drove away."

She says: "*He had promised to give her up.*"
He says: "*I refuse to be brainwashed, in a sense blackmailed, into never speaking to her again. We were just going to have one for the road.*"

Ann tells her side: "I could forgive Gil if he would tell me the truth," said twenty-nine-year-old Ann, twelve years married, the attractive mother of an adopted two-year-old girl. She sounded young, bewildered. "I don't know how I can keep on loving Gil—despite his faults I do love him—when I can't believe a word he says. All our friends know Gil and Irene were seriously involved six months ago.

"My next-door neighbor saw them lunching together half a dozen times. One evening in early December my best friend saw them at the theater. Shortly afterward, they were seen at a hotel in Las Vegas. Until the Las Vegas incident, Gil had denied everything.

"When he was confronted with indisputable evidence, he confessed to as little as possible. He and I then had a showdown. It nearly broke my heart, but I offered him a divorce if he wanted to marry Irene. He seemed stunned by the mere idea. He promised to end their relationship at once. I tried to believe him.

"Two weeks ago Gil got home at midnight with the explanation that he had been dining at a fancy club with an out-of-town customer. Gil owns a large store, does quite a bit of business entertaining, and his story seemed logical.

"Next morning, however, the out-of-town customer called him at the house. From the tenor of the conversation I felt sure the two men hadn't dined together the night before. Gil did his best to turn the matter into a joke. According to him, I was small-minded, was making suspicious wifely noises, and so on. He said he loved me and our little adopted daughter more than anything on earth, thought of us constantly, and could prove it. He rummaged in his topcoat pocket and pulled out small gifts he said he had bought us from the night-club hostess.

"Elaine received a fluffy rabbit. My gift was a set of costume jewelry; he snapped on the bracelet and necklace and pretended to compare the green color of the stones with the color of my eyes. He was absolutely charming. Still and all I stuck to the point and questioned him abou Irene. He frowned, but declared he hadn't lai eyes on Irene since his promise last December He kissed Elaine and went off to the store with out kissing me.

"At eleven-thirty I called the store to ask hin where he was lunching. He was already gone None of his employees knew where he had gone or if they knew, they wouldn't admit it. I calle repeatedly through the afternoon, and did no reach Gil, although I did talk to his father, wh was there looking for him.

"Gil's parents financed the purchase of hi store by cashing in their insurance, and natu rally are concerned about his progress. Gil no earns nine thousand dollars a year, but he ca hardly continue to prosper as an absentee owner At five o'clock I still hadn't located him, an was in a frenzy of nerves. Torn between fear of traffic accident and fear he might be somewher with Irene, I got into my car and started out t make further inquiries at the store. For som reason I decided to drive past the Italian restau rant that used to be a big favorite of ours Twelve years ago, as newlyweds, Gil and I cele brated every payday there with spaghetti and pint of Chianti.

"Just as I drove up beside the restaurant saw Irene walk in the door, and Gil's car turn t go into the parking lot. For a moment I wa wild with hurt and anger that he should mee Irene, or any other woman, at a place that ha always seemed to belong to him and me. For moment I scarcely knew what I was doing. pulled out of traffic, got in the line right behin Gil's car, jumped to the pavement. Before h even saw me I had the door of his car open an was hanging onto his shoulder. He went chalk white. Guilt was written on his face as plain a day. But he ignored my babble of questions somehow jerked himself free, drove straight o through the parking

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

TWO NEW TYPES



A NEW SUPER HOLD AND A NEW GENTLE HOLD ADDED TO

Breck Hair Set Mist



Two new types, Super Hold and Gentle Hold, have been added to the Original Breck Hair Set Mist. Use Super Hold for hard-to-manage hair and styles, Gentle Hold for easy-to-manage hair, casual styles. Original Breck Hair Set Mist has a medium, soft hold, which is best for most hair types and styles. All three types contain lanolin, all keep hair softly in place for hours without stiffness or stickiness.

- Use after combing, to hold hair in place
- Use before combing — style as you comb
- Use to set hair

Beautiful Hair

B R E C K

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New Super Hold, New Gentle Hold, Original Breck Hair Set Mist: 2 oz. size 65¢; 8 oz. size $1.50. Plus tax.



THE MAYTAG COMPANY · NEWTON, IOWA · SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

A Maytag for their classmate in the jungle

It looked as though Sister Philomena in Cochabamba, Bolivia, had thrown a curveball to her former high school classmates and friends in Mission Circle No. 32, Elyria, Ohio.

When they wrote Sister asking what she needed, her answering letter suggested a washing machine.

Here was the catch: The mission clearing near Cochabamba is surrounded by South American jungle. Electricity supply very uncertain. No hot water. And the nearest repairman in La Paz, a hundred miles of mountains away.

The eight Elyria ladies asked themselves, "If I were in a jungle and had to pick out a washing machine, which make would it be?" It happened that all eight had had personal experience with Maytags and they liked what they had discovered first-hand about Maytag dependability. So they turned the problem over to The Maytag Company.

Sister Philomena now has a Maytag, wringer-type, powered with a gasoline engine. Mission Circle No. 32 is happy they chose a Maytag, for, as they told us, if repairs were ever needed, Sister Philomena in Cochabamba must make them herself.

If you don't live in a jungle, you can enjoy a Maytag Automatic with the same reputation for dependability as Sister Philomena's and with all these advanced features: ***An Automatic Bleach Dispenser ends bleaching mistakes, a Lint-Filter Agitator eliminates lint problems, an Automatic Water Level Control saves money, a Safety Lid stops action in seconds when opened, and a Zinc-coated Steel Cabinet protects against rust!***



MAYTAG

the dependable automatics

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

t to the alley and was gone. I stood there, ized. One of the lot attendants parked my r, handed me the keys. I went on into the staurant. Irene was in a booth by herself, e prettiest girl in sight, but as usual looking st and lonesome. I used to be fond of Irene nd to feel sorry for her. Irene's husband, rnard, is a loudmouthed, obnoxious chaser ho has made her existence a misery. Our oup tolerates Bernard partly because he ppens to be a good customer of Gil's store t mainly because people like Irene.

"I sat down with her. Irene smiled and pre-nded it was a nice surprise to see me, that erything between us was roses. I brushed at aside. I told her if she and my husband nted each other I would file for a divorce, t that Gil couldn't have her and me too. e still pretended I was making a mistake. he line she gave me was that she had done me extra typing for Gil and he had casually ggested they stop and have one for the road. hen I asked what typing she had done—Gil s his own secretary—she couldn't answer. t when I went on and asked what *her* hus-nd would think of the situation, Irene did mething that left me confounded.

"She stepped to the public phone, called rnard at his office down the block and in-ed him to join us. Ten minutes later Ber-rd came in, accompanied by the blond girl o works for him, and all smiles. By then I d steeled myself to drag the whole sorry ss out into the open and get something *set-*

here are as many nights as days, and one is just as long as the other in the ar's course. Even a happy life cannot without a measure of darkness, and e word "happy" would lose its meaning t were not balanced by sadness. It is far tter to take things as they come along th patience and equanimity.

DR. CARL JUNG

/. I was determined not to be put off and led a minute longer. When I spoke my ce Bernard was insufferable. He conde-nded to me; in his patronizing words I was ealous little thing' and should follow the mple of his wise sweet wife, Irene: stop ing foolish questions and accept life as it s. He snapped his fingers at the waiter and posed to order drinks all around as a sign friendship and forgiveness.

It was like a scene in a play, a nightmare y. I walked out on them. Nothing seemed l. All the way home I had the feeling the ole world was crazy or that I was crazy, t nobody believed in what I believed in, t to everybody else infidelity was meaning-, truth was worthless. When I arrived home 's car was in the garage. Worse still, his ents' car was in the driveway.

My mother-in-law and father-in-law, ser to me than my own parents, took my in the trouble last December. Strict, high-nded people, they were shocked and bewil-ed by Gil's behavior.

Gil was with them in the living room. They e cross-examining him about where he'd n all afternoon. All he said was that he run away from the restaurant to spare rybody embarrassment. That is difficult me to believe.

It is impossible for me to believe his pro-ations that Irene means nothing to him. do his parents believe him. They stayed and on that dreadful evening. Finally Gil hed out of the house and drove off, but his stayed another hour to comfort me. It dawn before Gil came back.

Ever since, for two weeks now, he has in-ed he is a much misunderstood man; the red, innocent party. In a discussion just Saturday he fetched up with a brand-new t. Unless I have faith in him, he says I will roy his self-confidence and ability to earn ing for Elaine and me. To prove my faith, vants us to apply immediately to adopt an-er baby. Did you ever hear of anything e fantastic? No reputable agency would give a child to people in our position, people on the verge of divorce. He argues we should stop quarreling about a figment of my imagination—his relationship with Irene.

"Gil and I have been married twelve years, happy years until last fall, but I don't understand him any more. I feel as though he has become a stranger to me, although we have been acquainted with each other ever since I can remember. We went to Sunday school together, we lived next door as children. I spent almost as much time in his house as in ours. His mother taught me to cook.

"My parents were busy raising six youngsters. His parents, with Gil their only chick, made a pet of me. Both sets of parents were pleased by our marriage despite our youth. I was seventeen, Gil barely two years older. At that time his folks were unable to assist us financially and at first we had a tough row to hoe. But I was glad to take a job as a stenographer; Gil, then a salesman in the store he now owns, picked me up every afternoon at my office. Our chief disappointment was no children; in our first year I had two ectopic pregnancies in quick succession, and that was that. Gil was wonderfully sympathetic during both my stays in the hospital, hid his own grief, and promised we could adopt a child when the proper time came.

"In the meanwhile we enjoyed our freedom from responsibility. With two paychecks, we could afford almost any kind of recreation we chose. We danced, we played golf and tennis. We learned to ski. In those days Gil and I were as close as the fingers on your hand. We shared everything, literally everything. I have always considered it a sin for a married couple to hold back the smallest secret. Once I remember I even told Gil all about a silly sort of crush I got on a ski instructor we had one winter. In the spring the instructor moved to Colorado and never knew how I'd admired his good looks and sportsmanship. Nobody knew of my silliness except Gil and myself. I didn't dare to tell his mother, of course.

"She and Gil's father thought the majority of our friends were too old for us, and a bad influence. It was fun for Gil and me to be the youngest in the crowd. Eventually the fun palled. Most of those early friends were divorced, as Gil's mother had predicted, or else they had children and drifted away. Just about that time I began to ache, really ache for a child. Gil felt the same. So I quit my job and we applied to the adoption agency for a baby, even though we wondered how on earth we could manage on one income.

"A pleasant miracle solved the problem. My father-in-law's insurance policies matured. He advanced the money and Gil bought the store where he had worked so long as a lowly salesman. Six months later we were notified by the adoption agency that Elaine was ready for us. The day Gil and I took our baby home—Elaine was two months old—was the happiest day in my life and he said it was his happiest day.

"Forewarned by all the child-rearing books, I was careful not to neglect Gil in the joy of tending our daughter. I am sure he felt no jealousy of Elaine; from the first he spoiled her terribly and she could do no wrong in his eyes. Shortly after Elaine learned to walk, I did begin to notice that his hours on the job seemed to stretch longer and longer. However, he was new at being a boss, eager to master the tricks of the trade, and awfully proud of his increased earnings. I was thrilled by his pride in himself, his hard work.

"I suppose I was foolish not to guess right off he had got interested in another woman. But to me, busy with the baby, our marriage was at last complete and ideally happy. Also, I had the longtime habit of trust. My first hint came one day on the golf course. I watched Gil show Irene the proper way to hold her clubs. He kept his arm around her shoulder a little longer than necessary. It seemed incredible that he would involve himself with the wife of a good customer, somebody who could damage him in business. But that evening I hinted it might be well to avoid even the appearance of evil. He laughed at me and I was satisfied of his innocence—or almost satisfied.

"That same week I heard from my neighbor that he and Irene had been seen repeatedly at

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a restaurant patronized by everybody in our group. Soon reports came flooding in to me from everywhere. Gil and I staged our December showdown as soon as he returned from that gay Las Vegas weekend, which I'd trustingly believed he was to spend at a business convention. Earlier in the week our daughter had celebrated her second birthday, and he'd buried the child in expensive presents.

"Gil seemed scared to death when I threatened to take Elaine and leave him, break up our home. But he balked at discussing Irene with me, and limited his admissions to things I could definitely prove. When he promised he would never see Irene again, he sounded sincere. He probably broke his word and telephoned her that very evening. I don't know.

"I have no idea how much Irene means to Gil or what she does mean, or why he would risk his parents' savings and his own business in order to run around with her. I doubt he loves Irene. I have no idea where I stand in his affections. I'm not impressed by his avowals that he loves me. I do think Gil loves our little girl. And in a queer sort of way, I think he really wants to preserve our marriage.

"I'm afraid a divorce is inevitable. I cannot share him with Irene. Nor can I convince myself there is much value in a marriage without mutual honesty, without trust."

GIL TELLS HIS SIDE:

"I was brought up on the principle that honesty is the best policy," said thirty-one-year-old Gil. Slender in build, of medium height, he had a youthful unlined face. "But I can hardly tell the truth to Ann—the whole truth, as she puts it—when I'm so mixed up and confused myself.

"To the extent that I feel justified I have tried to play straight with Ann, and tell her what she is entitled to hear. I've told her the present score. Again and again I've assured her that I no longer have any important interest in Irene—this is quite true—but she doesn't believe me. I now look on Irene as just a friend.

"Some months ago (since you're my counselor, I'll admit this) I guess I was more interested in Irene than a happily married man should be in another woman. For the sake of my little girl and my wife and family peace, I pulled myself up short and brought my emotions under control. Irene understood. Frankly, I think she and I were both secretly relieved to get back on a strictly friendly basis. I'm sure Irene now thinks of me only as a casual companion, somebody to talk to once in a while. She and I were never actually in love with each other, regardless of what Ann and my parents may suppose. Like a lot of other people, I felt sorry for Irene because of the husband she was dealt. My store handles heavy sporting goods and playground equipment, and Bernard is a city official who lets contracts for the parks and recreation system. Landing a fair share of those contracts is a big consideration in a business the size of mine, and Bernard has certainly rubbed it in. For years I've had to listen to his name dropping, accept his condescension, laugh at his bum jokes, pick up his bar checks.

"Bernard earns a fat salary, but he spends it on himself, and Irene has to work. Knowing what she had to put up with at home, I listened sympathetically to her talk about her troubles. She sympathized with my problems too—and I *have* problems. I love my wife and child; I love and respect my mother and father. But in combination Ann and my parents often make me feel as though I were locked up in jail—exactly the way I used to feel as a boy.

"If I was thirty minutes late coming home from school mother would send dad to hunt for me. When I achieved the teens and my own car, she developed a trick heart. One time the police flagged me down on the road and sent me home on the double because presumably she'd had a bad attack. There was nothing wrong. But it was past midnight and mother was worried about my safety.

"Just about that time I started climbing out my bedroom window to meet the only girl I ever dated except Ann. Florence was two years my senior; mother heartily disapproved of Florence, and for once her intuitions were sound. Not long after Florence promised to marry me I found out she was going in for heavy petting with two other guys, and it darned near broke my heart. But then I discovered Ann and made a fast recovery.

"It's a marvel I ever fell for Ann. She had been pushed at me by my folks since I was ten years old and she was eight. But after my experience with Florence, I was charmed by Ann's honesty and sweetness. I liked the fact that she was younger, and looked up to me as though I were some kind of tin god. I even liked the fact that she and my parents and her parents were all congenial.

"I didn't realize our marriage would turn out to be such a family affair. From the beginning Ann and my mother were thick as thieves. My parents have usually decided which of our friends are suitable, and the friends to whom they're cool are likely to wind up on the discard pile. When we adopted Elaine I wanted to adopt a boy at the same time—I know the lonesomeness of being an only child—but my folks soon persuaded Ann that one baby was plenty. Ann and I have celebrated twelve years of holidays, including our own wedding anniversaries, with my parents, her parents, and any of her married brothers and sisters who care to show up.

"Ann looks back on the early years of our marriage with considerable fondness. I don't I wasn't earning enough to support her, for one thing. This fact was known to everybody in both families and I got advice from everybody, particularly my father. Ann always advised me to listen to father's advice. Both he and she frequently suggested that if I would just work harder my income difficulties would vanish. Long ago Ann and mother joined

If you feel that your marriage may go on the rocks, why not list the things your partner has that are pleasing to you, and opposite set down those traits of your own that might make you a bit difficult to live with? It may change your entire existence. **DALE CARNEGIE**

forces and have worried as a team over my welfare, my whereabouts, my bad habits. Back in those early years I went all out to win Ann's respect as a good husband and a good guy, but I flopped. She was far more impressed by the handsome teeth and Paul Newman profile of a stupid ski instructor than she was by me. She told me so herself. In plain words.

"To this day father is convinced that the capital he invested in my store is solely responsible for my prosperity. He shows up at the store every day with a fresh batch of advice, and Ann thinks it's great. Every day she sees my mother or they get on the phone and consult about my comings and goings.

"Irene has always treated me as though I were fully grown, a successful businessman because of my own ability. Maybe Irene is wrong, but her sentiments were sure a morale booster. However, I can get along without Irene's compliments or her company.

"Back in December when Ann discovered I was overly interested in Irene and read me the riot act, a great light dawned, and suddenly I woke up to the stupidity of my pity for Irene. If Irene wanted to leave Bernard, there was nothing to prevent it. More important, I realized that Ann and my little girl came first with me. If I lost them, I lost my reason for working, my pleasure in living; I lost everything. I told Ann so. When I offered to end my association with Irene, I meant it.

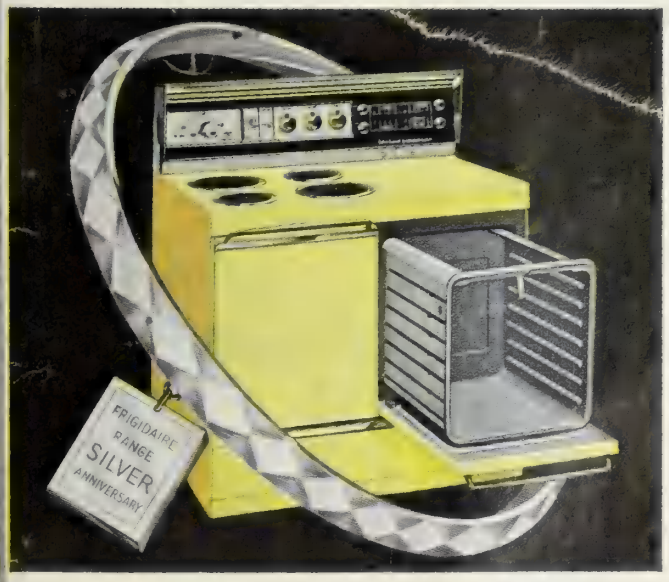
"The thing is Ann and I interpreted my offer in different terms. Somehow I didn't listen to the notion that I could be brainwashed, in a sense blackmailed, into promising I would never speak to Irene again. When I made plain to her that she and I were washed up on any romantic basis, I thought I'd done enough. Whenever I passed Irene on the street I continued to speak to her. Why not? Occasionally I bought her a drink. Nothing of any consequence. Nothing that could hurt Ann.

"But I was careless. Two weeks ago Ann saw me as I was about to meet Irene in a public restaurant to spend thirty minutes, if the

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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By JOHN BRENNEMAN, ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

This manufactured house would fit on a sixty-foot lot in most communities. It is really very compact, but it encloses a wealth of space and features often not found in much bigger houses.

We approach the front door through a sheltered garden court with its own private little terrace. From the airy entrance hall, one can go quickly anywhere in the house. In addition to the large living room, there are a separate dining room, an efficient kitchen with eating space, a complete laundry room, the option of three or four bedrooms and a duo bath or two separate baths, all on one level for the utmost in convenience.

This house, built on a hillside, has a basement with two more above-ground bedrooms, another bath, a huge playroom with its own terrace, and equipment and storage rooms.

A brick fireplace screens and separates the high-ceilinged living room from the entry hall, but leaves the wall open to let soft, glareless light and air flood the living room.

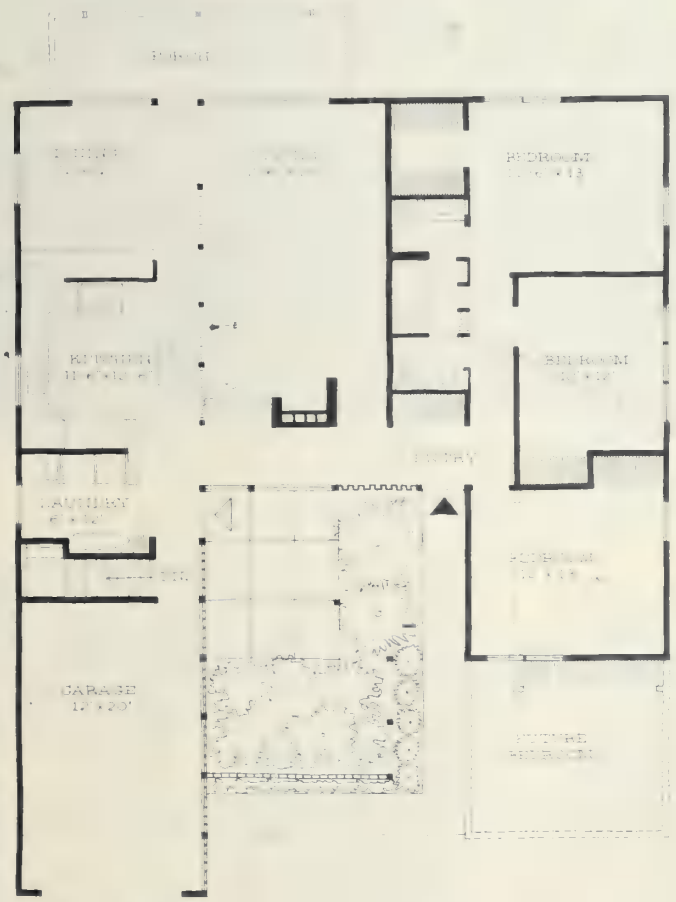
The duckboard porch (or a terrace with a basementless house) adds to the living space and is convenient to the kitchen. Built at the floor level without steps, it makes it easy to set a tea cart or table for two in the kitchen and roll it out for open-air dining.

In the kitchen is a unique food-storage cabinet four feet wide, ceiling high, and just one can deep. A pass-through leads to built-in serving cabinets in the dining room.

The laundry has an alcove for an ironing board with space for hanging up freshly ironed clothes, room for a portable laundry cart, and lots of wall storage cabinets. Linen cabinets are close to the bedrooms.

This house is available in all states except New Mexico, Arizona, Montana and the Pacific Northwest.

Main floor area: 1500 square feet
Architect: John Brenneman
Cost: $23,000 to $27,000 plus land, depending upon size, location, options desired.



Note the garage entrance close to the kitchen and the basement stairs, big closets, easy circulation.

For more information write to: Mr. Donald Scholz
Scholz Homes, Inc.
2001 No. Westwood
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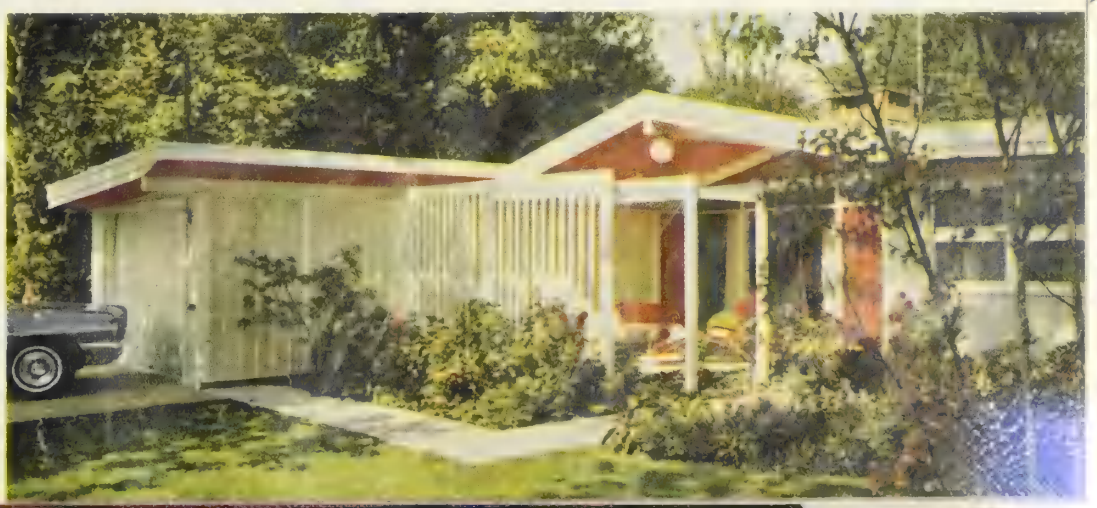


JOHN BRENNEMAN

Playroom terrace is ideal for a summer birthday party.

HOUSE FOR A BUSY FAMILY

Reinforced fiber-glass-and-nylon plastic panels light the garage and enhance the beauty of the entry court.



By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING FAMILY LIFE SATISFYING

"I don't know what's wrong in our home, but I don't think any of us is very happy. We seem to be in a rut. Our children of seven, ten and twelve years squabble among themselves, and our evening meal most days is noisy and disagreeable. About all we do is sit and watch the idiot box (my husband's name for television). The children sit up too late and they fight about which programs to watch. By the time they finally get to bed, John and I are both exhausted.

"He works hard at his job and I have my hands full with the work for a family of five. We don't get enough rest or any time together. The house looks a wreck all the time, and I have given up trying to keep it clean. I am sure John is discouraged, and I sure am. We keep telling ourselves that everything will be different when the children are older, but I've been saying that for five years and things are getting worse instead of better.

"There never is much extra money, and we wouldn't have this if John didn't work Saturdays at a second job. I suppose he and I get along about as well as the average couple married for fifteen years, but I keep thinking of our first two years of marriage, when I was working. We were so happy then compared with now. We wanted our children and we do love them, but I sometimes feel like going off by myself and never coming back. I would never do it, but it frightens me even to have such thoughts. I want our home and family life to be more satisfying, but I don't know how to make it so."

This mother's problem is quite common. Swamped by daily routine and the repetitive demands on her, she feels hopelessly bogged down. Though it is difficult to make specific suggestions without more detailed information about her particular circumstances, perhaps these ideas will be useful:

Discipline seems inadequate. The particular form of child rearing is a matter for the parents to evolve, but it always requires direction and control. Whatever the training, it should not be based on force, fear or withdrawal of love. No child can be emotionally secure without an abundance of affection, but he actually feels safer if he knows he must respect some rules and authority. Nor can he develop respect for others and accept appropriate responsibilities without firm and consistent discipline. Even a six-year-old can and must learn to respect the rights and wishes of others if he expects his own to be observed.

This wife's children can be of real help (though at first the instruction required of her will take more time than the tasks). Suitable chores should be assigned to them, and they should be praised for adequate performance.

Play space must be provided. The living room should be an orderly family center, not a gymnasium. Perhaps the attic or basement can be converted to the children's use. We know one mother whose children take weekly turns using one of their two bedrooms for active play, and they respect her rule that the week's playroom must be put in order before they can come to supper.

Games should be supplied. Games and toys for any age level and ability can usually be found at the five-and-ten. Games can be interesting and at the same time stimulate learning and skill. But parents should participate, at least by helping the children understand the instructions and rules. If space and money permit, indoor games such as table pool and tennis, outdoor games like croquet and badminton, can provide fun for adults as well as children.

Television should be restricted. Television attracts children because they like action and noise, and it frees the mother from giving them attention. But this does not free her from seeing that they have a well-rounded program including active play, household chores, reading and study and developing independent interests and activities. Though some programs are excellent, no normal person, child or adult, should spend half his free time in passive captivity. If your child is already afflicted with "televisionitis," the only way to restore him to normal family activity may be to disable the set for a couple of weeks. When operation is resumed, tell your children when and what they may watch. Without some limits, you may be actually disabling your children.

Family projects are important. Sharing activities increases cooperation and solidarity. Devise undertakings in which everybody can take interest and pride; potted plants, a bird feeder, a garden in which each family member has a plot are possibilities. So are a Sunday drive, a Saturday movie, picnics or an occasional restaurant meal. Pets are desirable.

Reading aloud is valuable. When children are old enough, let them read their favorites to the whole family. "Dressing up" and acting out skits keeps the children busy and can amuse the adults—while they knit or sew or sneak a glance at the evening paper.

Communication is vital. It's almost impossible for a child to talk to parents who don't talk to each other. When parents don't share, they are not likely to share with their children or to build a confidential relationship with them.

Although this wife doesn't specifically mention poor communication with her husband, she does complain that they have almost no time alone together. Since she feels too busy to spend time with her children for pleasure, it's clear that there is little family sharing. It's apparent, too, that she and her husband don't give each other adequate emotional support.

Housework should be organized. With a little better planning, many wives and mothers could operate their households more efficiently and more enjoyably. During her children's school hours, this mother might attend to duties requiring care, concentration and freedom from interruption. She might even sandwich a coffee break and short nap into these hours; she could lessen her fatigue and be able to work more effectively. When the children returned from school, she could attend to those chores in which they can be of greatest help. Aside from their assistance, the association would offer opportunities to talk to them, to learn about their friends and school activities, and listen to their wants and complaints. And as the children grow older, not only would her labor be lessened but also her relationship to her children would be more positive and understanding.

The home should be livable. Though perfectionism, whether in homemaking, a husband's job or children's behavior, is undesirable and unrealistic, everybody enjoys a home that is comfortable, livable and pleasant. When children are small, formality should be avoided. Furniture should be functional, and arranged for convenience rather than for appearance. Expensive furnishings or those easily marred should be avoided or protected. It is shortsighted to surround young children with bric-a-brac or other tempting objects that can be easily broken. The criterion every wife and mother should follow in home furnishing is not what the neighbors will admire, but what her husband and children will enjoy.

None of these suggestions, if adopted, will guarantee a happy marriage and home life, but each can contribute something worth while to harmonious and comfortable relationships among the members of the family. Why not read these suggestions again, and ask yourself if any of them applies to your family?

THIS PROBLEM OF PETTING

"My parents brought me up strictly and I have tried to practice high moral standards. In fact, I have always been regarded as *too* nice by boys I dated. (I was not permitted to date in high school, and in college was rarely asked for second dates.)

"Shortly after I came here to teach, I began dating a young man just for fun, but our basic values were so different that I never thought we would become serious. But after a month we decided to go steady. It was then that his 'roaming hands' became a problem. I explained, argued, pushed away, begged him to behave. But one day I gave in, and we petted much further than people should before marriage, though I don't mean I slept with him. I don't know what possessed me, and it hasn't happened again, but I am still angry and disgusted with myself.

"Bill knows I would stop dating him if he even tried to touch me like that any more. Considering myself in love wouldn't excuse what I did or make it less wrong. I believe God has forgiven me, but I can't forgive myself. Now I don't know whether I should marry Bill because of what I've done, or whether I still have a chance to go with a fine person; and if I do, should I tell him what I have done? If you haven't time to write please answer on your page, for I am pretty confused."

Sara's confusion stems from the conflict within herself. As happens to most people who violate their own strong moral convictions, she is suffering from feelings of guilt and shame.

Of all human sexual behavior, premarital petting has shown the greatest increase during the past quarter century. According to Kinsey and his associates, some 80 to 90 percent of all girls have petted by age twenty years. (By "petting" we refer to caresses below the neck.) Many dating couples consider petting a socially acceptable substitute for intercourse (which of course our society strongly disapproves).

Some students and writers of textbooks on courtship and marriage feel that expression of physical feeling through necking and petting is a desirable part of emotional and psychosexual development, and may be a natural way of preparing for marriage and its most intimate relationships. But counselors and other authorities, including Kinsey, agree that when petting is followed by strong guilt reactions, personality problems and emotional maladjustments often result. In various studies of petting, about a third of girls report feelings of uneasiness and conflict about their behavior.

According to our own studies, about one girl in ten feels as guilty and unworthy over her petting as Sara does. The reasons for such extreme guilt feelings include:

Conflict between attitudes (moral beliefs and religious convictions) and actual behavior.

Postponing dating until the late teens or early twenties. When a girl begins dating at fourteen or fifteen (an age when her physical—sexual—feelings are just beginning to develop), she has time and opportunity to learn how to manage her emotions as they gradually intensify. Without this developmental training, a girl may not acquire the skill and finesse to control a determined male or her own desires (as was the case with Sara).

Violation of her parents' standards and teachings.

"Going steady" too soon, as Sara did.

Conscience pangs and conflict are accentuated when the man is one whom the girl would not normally choose as a mate. Though Sara now knows that she made a mistake, she continues to date Bill and is even considering marrying him to ease her conscience. This would be a very serious mistake, since she neither loves Bill nor considers him a suitable mate. But it is not fair to him to continue "going steady" without making it clear to him that she does not love him.

Four safeguards will protect a girl from indulging in sex behavior that is likely to make her feel guilty or ashamed:

Beginning dating a little at a sensibly early age.

Dating many boys in order to gain an understanding of masculine psychology and to learn how to avoid complicating entanglements.

Not going steady at too young an age nor dating steadily or exclusively unless with someone potentially acceptable in marriage.

Avoiding the first step in a sequence that is in conflict with one's philosophy and code of ideals and values.

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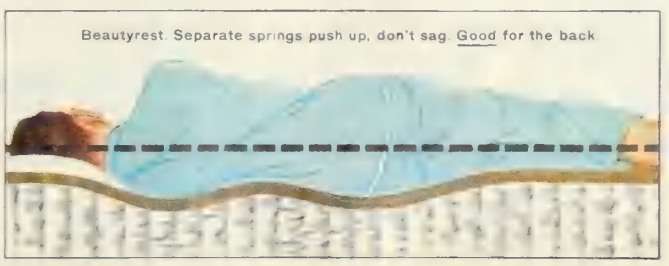
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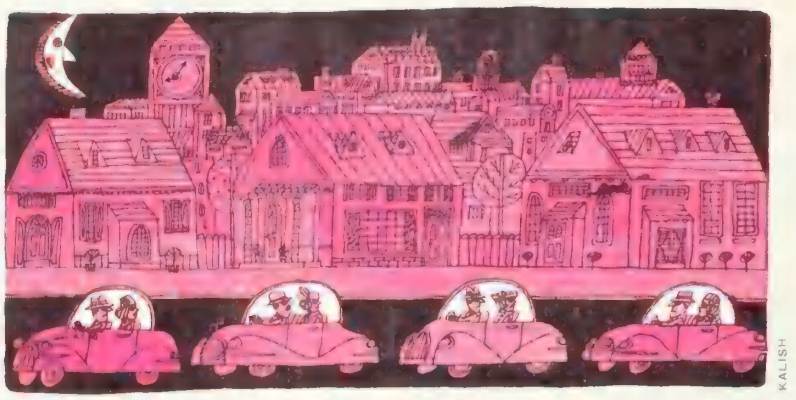


BEAUTYREST
by SIMMONS

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how to be late for everything...and make them like it!

Jane Goodsell talks about the shortcomings—and goings—of hostesses, plumbers, committees, husbands, and you and me.



"If we can park within half a block, I know we've arrived too early for the party."

We've adopted a new time system, and I wish somebody would sit down and explain it to me. I'm not talking about Daylight Saving Time. I can understand that, sort of. What I *can't* grasp is Modern Indefinite Time, guessing when to keep an appointment. For instance:

What time should I get to a 10-o'clock meeting?

I hate to admit I used to be so naive I'd arrive at 10 sharp. I was in such a hurry to get there on time that I'd forget my gloves and speed across town, skimming through yellow lights and hoping my watch was fast. On arrival, I'd dash into the meeting hall to find nobody but the building custodian (who'd be setting up the folding chairs) and the chairman of the refreshment committee, who'd ask me to be a dear and arrange the cookies for her.

Little by little, I broke the punctuality habit. I began by arriving five minutes late. Gradually I built up to forty. Give or take a few minutes, twenty to eleven seemed a sensible time to arrive for a 10-o'clock meeting.

But Modern Indefinite Time is shifty by its very nature. Last week I arrived at a meeting barely thirty-five minutes late. And—would you believe it?—they'd already whipped through the Minutes of the Last Meeting, dispensed with Old and New Business, and elected *me* chairman of the Ways and Means Committee!

What time should I expect the plumber who promised to show up first thing in the morning?

Of course I don't actually expect him to appear at 8 o'clock sharp. On the other hand, can I trust him *not* to? If I assume that he won't show up before 10, he'll bang on the door at 8:02 and have the pipes turned off before I've had time to draw water for coffee. But if I take him at his word (and get up half an hour early and rush everyone through breakfast and stay home the rest of the day waiting for him) he won't show up until three days later. At 2 in the afternoon just as I'm lathering my hair with a copper-glow rinse that's supposed to be washed out in twenty minutes.

Incidentally, how long is a jiffy? It's one hour and twenty-five minutes, according to the last plumber who told me he'd turn the water back on in a jiffy.

What time should I arrive for a 1-o'clock lunch date with a friend?

It depends on (a) how late I think she'll be, which depends on (b) how late she thinks I'll be.

BY JANE GOODSELL

This type of reasoning is enough to give Aristotle a headache. You can imagine its effect on *me*.

The point is, I want to arrive later than my friend, so that I can rush in, full of breathless explanations about my frantically busy morning. But she, too, has a reputation to maintain as an energetic modern American woman whose life buzzes with activities. So how late is late enough?

If I arrive at 1:20 and she doesn't get there until 1:40, I will, of course, insist that I just arrived a second ago myself.

Next time I'll be the last to arrive, even if I have to spend a whole hour combing my hair in the powder room.

What time should I keep a 10:30 appointment with the doctor?

I know the answer to this: Eleven o'clock at the earliest. Nevertheless, I still get there at 10:30 sharp because I know what would happen if I didn't: it would turn out to be the one day, unique in a lifetime of medical practice, when the doctor was keeping his appointments on the dot.

I'd hate to keep the doctor waiting. Like all Dr. Kildare fans, I realize that the doctor's time is more valuable than mine. I know this, but I don't believe it—not after a twenty-five-minute wait in the waiting room, during which not a single patient is ushered in. What is that doctor doing in there, anyway? Working a crossword puzzle? Playing solitaire? Talking to his broker? And here I sit, when I could be home cleaning out my bureau drawers.

I don't know any solution to this dilemma, short of shooting my way in past the nurse.

If I've arranged to pick up my husband in front of his office building at 5:30, what time should I get there?

In this situation, I have two clear-cut choices: (1) I can get there at 5:30, and drive round and round the block in rush-hour traffic, getting madder by the minute, until my husband shows up; or (2) I can get there at 5:45, leaving him standing on a street corner, getting madder by the minute, until I show up.

In either case, one of us is going to greet the other by saying, "It's about time!" and conversation on the drive home will center on such gay topics as Developing a Sense of Responsibility and Lack of Consideration for Others.

Theoretically—since he's late half the time, and I'm late half the time—we should occasionally arrive simultaneously. And we did, once—in 1959.

What time should we show up for a 7-o'clock dinner party?

Of all the situations involved in Modern Indefinite Time, this is the most hazardous. It's the hardest to guess right, and the worst when you guess wrong.

The ideal time to ring the doorbell is *after* the first arrivals have stopped standing around, discussing the weather, like people waiting for a streetcar, but *before* the ice has begun to run out.

I, myself, find this an unattainable ideal. The problem is not *whether* to be late, but *how* late. Basically, guessing right is an instinctive thing. But sometimes, if you listen closely, you can extract a clue from the phrasing of the invitation.

If your hostess says, "Come about seven," you needn't draw your bath until 7:15. If she says "Sevenish," you can give yourself a manicure, too, and take plenty of time for the polish to dry. If she simply says, "Seven o'clock," maybe you ought to get there by 7:30.

And then again, maybe not. As an extra precaution, I always take a reading on the parking situation around the house when we arrive. If we can park within half a block, I urge my husband to drive around for a while.

The other night we were making our fourth turn around the block when my husband remarked that there seemed to be a lot of traffic for that time of night in a quiet residential district. In fact, we seemed to be in some sort of procession. As it turned out, three other couples were making the rounds with us. When we pulled up in front of the house, they followed suit. We all arrived in a bunch, fifty-five minutes late.

The dinner, like all dinners on Modern Indefinite Time, survived beautifully. It was a carefree casserole with an exotic foreign name—*paella* or *cannelloni* or something. At least, I suppose it survived beautifully. I don't know what it was supposed to taste like.

But the hostess looked a bit drawn, and the host looked sort of squinty-eyed, and the martini pitcher was half empty.

What time should we arrive for 6:30 dinner at my Great-Aunt Hattie's?

Aunt Hattie is hopelessly out of step with the times. When you go to her house for dinner, you eat rare roast beef and asparagus with hollandaise sauce and chocolate soufflé. She's still on Old-Fashioned Time, and she expects you to show up somewhere between 6:30 and 6:35.

General Electric... the washer that gets big 12-lb. loads truly clean... now 2 washers in 1



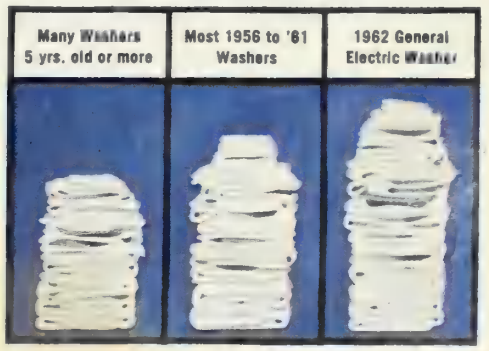
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IT'S HARD TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT THE FACTS OF LIFE

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

We Americans consider ourselves enlightened in regard to sex education: and perhaps we are, compared with many other countries and compared with our own country in past centuries. But surveys show that relatively few adolescents here receive much knowledge at home even today. Most of them say they learn from friends, books and experience. There are real reasons why communication is difficult—for the parent and for the adolescent. In human beings, unlike other creatures, sexuality always involves to some degree feelings of modesty, embarrassment, guilt, even in parts of the world where customs and attitudes are very different from ours. This isn't a minor difference between human beings and other species. From what we've learned through psychoanalysis, we assume that these feelings of constraint were built into the human race as a basic part of its nature, through the process of evolution, and that they are built into each individual, partly through his inherited instincts, partly through the typical experiences of growing up in a family. In all other species the period of dependence in the young is relatively brief, and leads right up to full sexual maturity. There is no taboo in adulthood which tells them that sex is an embarrassing matter or that sexual relations between certain individuals is wrong. Humans, by comparison, go through an amazingly prolonged and zigzagging course of emotional development. There is a whole year of almost complete helplessness in infancy. Then there are two years during which they discover they are separate beings, though still very dependent, and assert their puny independence. From three to six they turn back much more positively toward their parents. A boy in this stage develops his manly ideals through his devotion to his father. He develops his basic ideals about women and marriage by becoming romantically very attached to his mother. But human romantic love is intense and possessive. We believe that it stirs up in a little boy of four and five hidden feelings of rivalry and resentment toward his father, and makes him worry that his father is similarly rivalrous and angry with him. The little girl, feeling competitive with her mother for her father's attention, imagines that her mother is resentful. Parental disapproval of touching the genitals, which is frequently shown at this age, reinforces the child's idea that the parent is angry about *all* his sexual and romantic wishes. These ideas are so worrisome to small children that they don't want to think about them, but quickly repress them into the unconscious levels of their minds. We believe, from the psychoanalysis of thousands of adults and children, and from the dramatic play situations that children create for themselves and for their dolls, and from the frightening dreams which become more frequent at this age, that this fear of the parents' anger about sexuality is universal in children at four and five years. As the anxiety builds up, it eventually causes every normal child to strive to suppress his romantic and sexual feelings altogether at about five, six, seven years of age, especially in regard to members of the family. And these feelings stay suppressed for the next half dozen years. This is the age when the boy claims girls are repulsive, scorns talk or movies about love, no longer wants tender treatment from his mother, and turns his interests toward schoolwork and other impersonal matters. A comparable process takes place in girls, but they do not usually feel the same degree of fear and do not suppress their romantic interests so deeply. We believe that it is a biological necessity that this suppression take place, in a species which loves so intensely and in which it is necessary for children to be dependent on their parents for fifteen to twenty years, while they learn how to get along in the world. Otherwise they'd be acting like sexual delinquents instead of docilely attending school. And families would be disrupted by jealousies before the children were ready to be on their own.



FRANCE KEVICH

Usually mothers talk with girls, fathers with sons—what seems most comfortable is best.

It is the glandular changes of early adolescence which bring to an end this comfortable middle-childhood assumption that the opposite sex can be ignored. The newly stirred up sexual and romantic feelings have a tendency to go out toward the parents again—unconsciously, as dreams often show—but the adolescent fights off any recognition of this, sometimes by being unbearably disagreeable to the parent of the opposite sex. A boy is apt to become even more intolerant of his mother's physical affection. A girl may beg her mother not to mention to her father that her periods have begun. The old rivalry with the parent of the same sex is revived—with a new intensity because the child really is approaching maturity and competition with adults. The boy, however reasonable he may be on the surface, doesn't really like to be bossed by his father. He feels that he should have the car when he needs it. The girl feels that it's now her turn to have the beautiful clothes, use the cosmetics, be the romantic queen. Time for her mother to take a back seat.

When a child was three or four he had an unembarrassed, eager curiosity about such questions as where babies come from, which made it fairly easy for the parent to explain. Between six and twelve, when a child's romantic interests became strongly repressed, he was able to look at the biological aspects of reproduction quite impersonally, like a scientist, and this helped the parent to take the same tone. Then when adolescence forces him to become acutely conscious of his own sexuality, the strong taboos of the previous six years make him feel acutely uncomfortable. They also make him want to deny that his parents are sexual beings. (The embarrassed teenage daughter of a pregnant mother may make indignant remarks such as, "I thought my mother was way beyond that sort of thing!") So in one sense the parent is the last person a young adolescent wants to reveal his sexual concerns to, or hear about sex from, particularly in the case of the boy. Many a parent has found, when he tries to suggest a discussion, that the child hastily says, "I know all about it," and looks around desperately for a means of escape. This makes the parent as self-conscious as if he were telling off-color stories in very proper company.

I'm only warning parents, sympathetically, that they've got to brace themselves, as if they were giving unpleasant medicine to a small child. It's usually considered preferable for mothers to talk with daughters, and fathers with sons. But when fathers, many of whom are even shier than mothers on this topic, can't bring themselves to talk with sons, it's better for the mothers to do it than no one. A few people have CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



"Anyone who thinks it's easy to talk to adolescents about love and dates and sex probably hasn't tried it. It may help parents to know, and to tell their children, that shame about sexuality is a built-in part of human nature, experienced by all peoples everywhere."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

advocated that mothers talk with sons, fathers with daughters. Obviously families are different, and what seems most comfortable is usually the best.

An important point to make before we go further is that the relatively few sessions in any family devoted to serious discussion of love and sex are less important than the way the parents and children have lived together all along.

Children get their basic feelings about just what it means to be a man or a woman—and the relationships between them—from the way their parents treat each other. When there is mutual devotion and tenderness and respect, the sons and daughters grow up expecting this sort of relationship for themselves. They'll instinctively shy away from contemporaries who are looking for something else. But as children go through the teen years it also helps them to crystallize their standards further if they can discuss casually with their parents—at mealtimes, for instance—questions about the everyday behavior of classmates and themselves. They really respect their parents' judgment and want their guidance, even though they don't always show it. But they hate to be scolded or belittled. So parents have to listen understandingly to what an adolescent is trying to tell them or ask them. They can show by their manner that they respect the fact that he is now having to make his own decisions when away from home, and that they are advising him sympathetically so that he will not get into situations that might make him look foolish or lose him the respect of schoolmates he admires.

One factor which makes discussion difficult today between American teenagers and their parents is that dating practices have been changing so fast. There has been a progressive relaxation in sexual behavior since World War I, which has gone along with other profound social changes. In earlier centuries the church, the state, respectable society and the elders in one's own family spoke in one voice on questions of morality. It was not that everybody behaved accordingly, but they knew what the rules were. In the twentieth century these authorities have lost part of their influence for many people. Nowadays psychologists and sociologists report on what people are really like. And there is so much respect for "science" and "normality" that some people, after reading the reports, are inclined to select their own standards from the statistics. There are many conscientious parents today who, fearing that they may be old-fashioned or too strict, hesitate to give their children any firm guidance. Even teenagers themselves complain of this. It's not that all parents will have the same standards. But they should make clear to their children what they do believe.

I think myself that the realistic understanding that we have gained about human nature need not paralyze us in counseling our children. In fact, it provides us with information and advice which, because it is realistic as well as moralistic, will not lead to disillusionment.

A basic question that naturally troubles all well-brought-up adolescents is whether sexuality in some or all of its forms is "bad." They see very contradictory attitudes on the part of the adult world. It's all very well for parents to answer that the sexuality which is part of a good marriage is good. But the adolescent doesn't have a marriage and he certainly has sexual urges.

I think it will help an adolescent to hear his parent say that psychologists believe that shame about sexuality is a built-in part of human nature which all peoples everywhere experience. It is there to keep sex under control in the complex and close-knit kind of life that mankind has to live. The guilt is especially strong in adolescence because sexuality comes so suddenly then. It can't be reasoned away, any more than guilt about stealing or hurting another person can be reasoned away. It gradually lessens as a result of the enlightenment that comes with growing up and the experience of marriage.

I'd also explain that it's our religious and family ideals which then guide us specifically as to which aspects of sex are wholesome and noble, and which are considered wrong in the sense that they are upsetting to other people or to the individual himself.

Next month I want to discuss some of the aspects of love and sex which I think all parents should explain to young adolescents.

President Kennedy has again asked for Federal aid to public-school construction and teachers' salaries. I earnestly believe that this is the only way we will get better schools for all our children, particularly for those in poorer regions where the local debt limit has been reached. But this proposal involves so many controversies that there will be little chance of enactment unless all parents in favor of it will write their congressman and senators again, soon.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

LULLABY

BY M. HUBBARD

Do you remember, Hannah, how
they came?
They're still the same—
The seedless, silly year's
processional
Of days and weeks; the summer's
witless rain
That augurs nothing but the
same
Retreat to frosted fields and
empty bins.

But the sickness and the
emptiness, they grow.

My heart is weighted so
I cannot drag it to God's house
again.
There are no words left now to
freight this need.
When last I went to plead,
To pound upon the caseless door
of God,
I was as dumb and cold as winter
earth,
Of equal impotence with frozen
clods.

They're doing differently—
Better, no doubt.
A dozen faceless forms to be filled
out,
Books to be read. She said:
Too bad (and popped her gum) his
hair is red—
Quite hard to match; how many
rooms,
Your take-home pay each year?
Dearies, she said,
You're not the first. No better than
the rest;
Just take your turn.

The list is long . . . six years at
least to wait,
This many barren autumns yet to
be.
Hannah, do you know? Do you
remember
How the empty cradle rocks so
endlessly?



Let your fingers do the walking!

Take the trudgery out of shopping. Take a finger-tip trip through the Yellow Pages, America's handy shopping guide. Here's how to make it work for you. Read the ads under the headings you're interested in... you'll find useful information on brands, hard-to-find products and services, store locations and hours. In fact, just about everything you need to help you select the dealer who has exactly what you want to buy! See how easy and *fast* it is for you to find what you need today. Yes, let your fingers do the walking!

Shop the Yellow Pages way!





The "Regularity Breakfast" for Weight-Control Diets

Many of the weight-control diets that are now so popular have one serious deficiency.

They supply little food bulk.

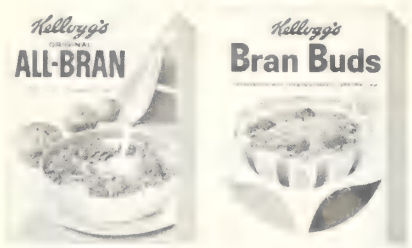
This dietary deficit may bring real distress to some dieters. Because their systems may be deprived of the natural food bulk that promotes regularity, they may be troubled with constipation.

Fortunately, Kellogg's "Regularity Breakfast"—which includes a serving of Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds—can supply the bulk that is missing.

The calorie count of this addition to your diet is low. A half-cup (1 oz.) of Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds, with 4 oz. of skim milk and 1 teaspoon of sugar adds up to fewer than 165 calories.

Weight-control dieters are finding Kellogg's All-Bran or Kellogg's Bran Buds a pleasant-tasting, reliable way to get wholesome food bulk. Regularity returns without resorting to harsh, drug laxatives. And in addition, they have the satisfaction of some good solid food.

Why don't you try it. Just be sure you get Kellogg's Original All-Bran or new Kellogg's Bran Buds. They're at your grocer's now



KELLOGG'S ORIGINAL ALL-BRAN has been America's favorite way to get the benefits of bran for over 40 years.
NEW KELLOGG'S BRAN BUDS is the modern bran cereal with defatted wheat germ added.

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

Solace for a young bride: a generation of brave-new-world high-schoolers and collegians nurtured on 19-cent hamburgers won't ever be *too* critical of young-married cooking!

As a man nears his thirtieth birthday he ought to explore the technique of shaving while sitting down. You cut and bleed and scrape your tender skin less, and you think lovelier thoughts.

:

"I notice," reflects Peter Comfort, impaling chunks of suet on his wife's bird feeder, "that the strangest people seem to inherit legacies from faraway relatives who don't know 'em."

If you don't want the young to treat you as if you were born in Charlemagne's reign, try wearing tennis shoes and raincoat in a blizzard; bareheaded, natch.

One quarrel a week probably helps firm up a marriage. But in your twenties it shouldn't last more'n five minutes. (The twenty-minute quarrel must wait until your thirties.)

Our most extravagant matron paid $55 for a camel's-hair coat for her six-year-old daughter. (But she assured four-year-old sister that it'd be *hers* in a year or two, and then baby brother's.)

I reveled in my fifth reunion with all three sisters in twenty years. (We all dieted for the occasion!) I reminded 'em all I got off our childhood's Sunday chicken was wings, and they declined to let me eat a wing; though I'm fond of 'em now.

Remember the contagious laughter of childhood? When anything your sisters or brothers said at supper seemed uproariously funny? You laughed till mom and dad called a halt. Remember one joke?

My highbrow nephew took me on a tour of his astonishing University of Minnesota campus. In munificence it's comparable to Harvard's; though there's less ivy.

I'm invited to visit the girls' dorms at the state university to see for myself that coed rooms are neater than the men's at fraternity houses. (If I can get by the dragon, that is.)

This is the month I remove my overflow books from the living room to make room for my Dream Princess's winter bulbs and plants. Literature and I yield to red amaryllis and white narcissus.

When I induced our friendly grocer to help me ship my daughter-in-law the last two dining chairs from my mother's set, I felt triumphant. It's taken eighteen months, I'm that inefficient.

This is our non-Florida year. So we're mobilizing three sunlamps in the living room, salting the carpet with sand, turning on the music and disconnecting the phones. (An hour in a tub equals two quick dips in the ocean.)

Don't let grandma overhear us. A modern mother of four, not yet thirty, does more work and makes less fuss about it—and serves better meals!—than any previous female generation in history. And without servants!

Most vivacious fiesta our town's seen: a foreign-foods bazaar, with exotic dishes from some thirty foreign lands, sold in booths at the Vets Arena by internationally minded matrons in costume. I wish we had 'em once a month.

. . . When Patrick at seven tries to conceal from me his theory that there isn't any Santa Claus,
. . . Or gentle Tracy at three slugs her eight-month-old baby brother and he merely grins,
. . . And our younger son takes the best family pictures yet, with the self-timer on his camera, and jumps into 'em himself,
. . . Or Suzi, while eager to challenge the best-dressed girls in her kindergarten, agrees to wait till junior high for a velvet dress,
. . . And my Lady Love massages my shoulders while I've sat at my typewriter four hours,
Then I concede that bachelorhood's a dubious dilemma after a man's twenty-five.



"Tell him you notice he's lost some weight, or he'll be there all evening hinting."



GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Good coffee makes the moment.
It's the friend that's always there,
To warm you and cheer you and put your world to rights.
So make it this way every time:
A tablespoon of coffee, heaped,
For every welcome cup.

MAKE IT COFFEE. MAKE IT OFTEN. MAKE IT RIGHT.

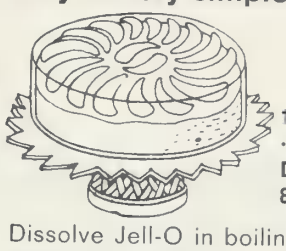
Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.



Bright side upside down cakes



Put the ripe juicy goodness of Del Monte Fruits together with the bright beautiful delight of Jell-O Gelatin, and set them on a pedestal of cake. Result: The most lavish looking and luscious tasting desserts you ever made. And believe it or not, they're very simple. Look . . .



Peach Upside Down Cake

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O Lemon Gelatin · 1 cup boiling water · 1 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches · 1 baked 8-inch white cake layer

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Pour syrup from Del Monte Brand Sliced Peaches and add water to equal 1 cup. Add to Jell-O. Chill until slightly thickened. Place peaches in 8-inch layer pan. Add about 1¼ cups Jell-O, covering fruit. Place cake layer on Jell-O in pan, top side up. Pour remaining thickened Jell-O on cake, spreading over top and down sides. Chill until firm, about 3 hours. Unmold and serve with whipped topping, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

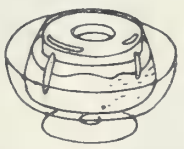


Fruit Cocktail Crown Cake

1 package (3 oz.) JELL-O Raspberry Gelatin · 1 cup boiling water · 1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail · 2 baked 9-inch white cake layers, or one baked 8-inch white cake layer, split

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Pour syrup from fruit cocktail, measuring 1 cup. Add to Jell-O. Scatter Del Monte Fruit Cocktail in each of two 9-inch layer cake pans, reserving some for garnish. Pour Jell-O over fruit in pans. Chill a few minutes until Jell-O just begins to thicken.

Place cake layers on Jell-O in pans, top side up. (If split 8-inch layers are used, place cut sides down on Jell-O in pans.) Chill until firm, about 3 hours. To serve, unmold one layer, inverting it onto a large plate. Unmold second layer and place on top of first, Jell-O side up. Garnish with whipped cream or prepared dessert topping and reserved fruit cocktail. Serve with additional whipped topping. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



Golden Ring Cupcakes

2 packages (3 oz. each) JELL-O Lime Gelatin · 2 cups boiling water · 1 can (1 lb. 4½ oz.) DEL MONTE Sliced Pineapple · 6 packaged individual sponge cake shells

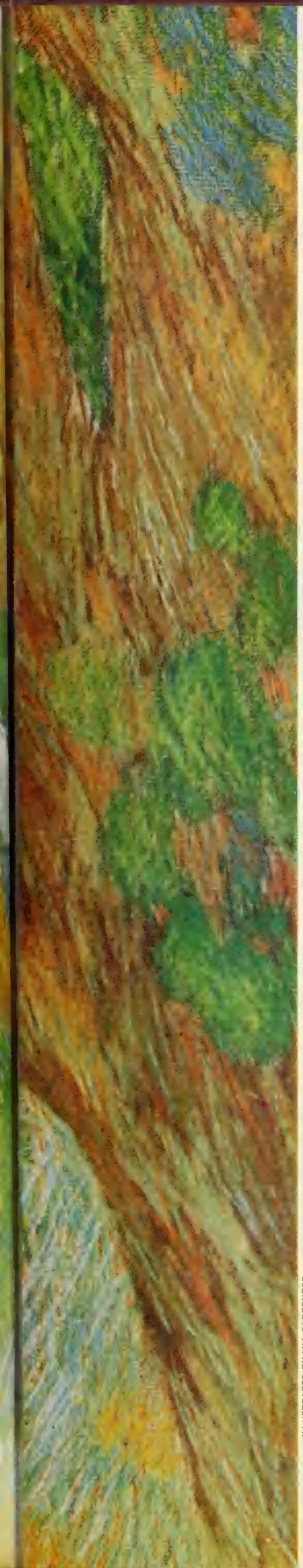
Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Pour syrup from Del Monte Pineapple and add water to equal 2 cups. Add to Jell-O. Chill until almost set. Place a pineapple slice in bottom of each of six 10-oz. glass baking cups. Add ⅓ cup thickened Jell-O to each. Top each with a sponge shell, flat side up. Fill in around sides of shells with remaining Jell-O. Chill until firm, about 3 hours. Unmold and serve with whipped topping, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

Do it bright with Del Monte® Fruits and Jell-O









A DREAM OF MANSIONS

Under the deceptive calm of summer, Hallie sensed a current of unrest. Against her will, she was caught in a drama of violence and love. By Norris Lloyd

In early June, 1920, Hallie Jones, twelve and a half years old, was approaching Greenwood, Georgia, from the north, riding on the Macon, Dublin and Savannah Railway. Benny and Virginia, sitting behind her, made snorting noises about the railroad. "M. D. and S.," said Benny, "must stand for Mighty Damn Slow," his voice sinking on "damn" so mamma would not hear. Virginia laughed until she choked. Hallie heard them from far away because she was watching the passing towns for signs, for clues to Greenwood. Greenwood was the county seat; it would have a courthouse at least, and a real depot. It had to have a real depot because papa had gone there to work in it. And maybe Greenwood would have green vistas, white columns behind curving driveways, spires and monuments, stores with plate-glass windows, fountains and waterfalls, light and air and grace and order.

Mamma had been talking to Mr. Daughtry, the conductor, as if the coach were her own sitting room and Mr. Daughtry her honored guest. She was inquiring about the conductor's family, whether they lived at Macon or Vidalia. (Though the line was called Macon, Dublin and Savannah, it stopped short at Vidalia.) Mamma told all about her family: two daughters back in South Carolina, one son in the cemetery there, these three here; she ran on about Glover, whence they came.

When Mr. Daughtry said, "Greenwood. Your stop's next," Hallie moved past him to a seat across the aisle. Greenwood must have a white Southern mansion which she would name Montpelier, Montpelier, Montpelier; she said it over and over in time with the wheels, letting the word chime through her mind. Mr. Daughtry stood up, said in a loud, station-calling voice, "Greenwood, all off for Greenwood." The train whistled for a crossing, a few Negro houses came up, a cotton gin, another crossing and there was the courthouse, a red brick building with a gaunt tower above trees too small for it, shaped like all courthouses with a tower, and a clock stopped at 8:10. CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

ILLUSTRATED BY MIA CARPENTER

Hallie held her breath to hear better when Miss Beulah, visiting mamma, got on the subject of love and sex.

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Was she
a monster . . . or
only a teenager
going through
a phase?

THE ALIEN

By LUCILE VAUGHAN PAYNE

Every third Saturday Miranda Weatherby went to a lecture on child guidance sponsored by the high-school PTA. The lectures made her nervous. Her own brand of trouble with her sixteen-year-old daughter Carol never seemed to come up. Then, too, the other women always seemed so self-assured and untroubled. They were lesser versions of Mrs. Frank Gordon, chairman of the Program Committee, and the mother of Carol's best friend, Sue Gordon. Mrs. Gordon had a degree in psychology. She was tanned, husky-voiced, smartly turned out, efficient and highly articulate. Miranda was the type who sat quietly in the back row. Mrs. Gordon terrified her.

Miranda got home this Saturday at two o'clock. Polly, her thirteen-year-old, was out bike riding with her friend Jeannie. Carol had left for her music lesson. The vacuum cleaner was still sitting in the middle of the living room. The vacuuming, which was Carol's job on Saturdays, had not been done. Miranda looked at the sweeper, sighed, took a step toward it, and halted. Her lips compressed slightly. Then, as though she had reached the end of an argument, she turned and walked down the hall to her bedroom.

Carol would be home from her music lesson any minute. In her bedroom Miranda stood irresolutely, staring at her reflection in the mirror without seeing it. She was a small, gentle woman with gradually graying brown hair. Her eyes, intensely blue, were more eloquent than her voice. Now they were murmuring of confusion and faint despair.

I really must lie down for a while before Carol gets home, she thought. She glanced at the clock and then dropped onto the bed. Maybe she could catch at least ten minutes. On weekdays she always managed a half hour before Carol got home from school. She had been doing it since Carol entered high school, but she still felt a little secretive about her naps. How could anybody be expected to understand why a perfectly healthy woman had to sleep so much? *I simply can't get into the habit of sleeping on Saturday*, Miranda thought. *The whole family will think I'm sick.*

But there was that vacuum cleaner to be reckoned with. Carol had not done her job CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



"I need help," thought Miranda as tears came to her eyes. "My own daughter hates me."



BEAR HUNT

Annabelle was all lace and frills. It about drove Ma crazy. Naturally, they fought.

By VICTORIA CASE

We call it Peavine Ridge now, that wild and lovely part of the Oregon coast hills, but back in the 1850's it belonged to the bears and the Brickers, and some people said you couldn't tell them apart. Ma Bricker was a giant of a woman and her five sons bigger than she was, and they led a wild, free life, up there in their roomy cabin, until the boys got the notion of finding wives.

Ma had a time of it, to be sure, hunting out women well muscled and enduring, and good with guns. She got Abel and Nimrod and Samson and Enoch all settled in new cabins, near at hand, and was about to look after Jubal, the youngest, when she found he'd stolen away into the valley without her knowing and had his bride all chosen and pledged. Ma hiked down almost to town to have a sight of the girl, and came as near fainting as she ever had in her life.

What a mess she was, this Annabelle, small and white and soft-haired, and dressed in something that wouldn't last ten minutes in the brush. Ma ground her teeth, wanting to seize that white neck and wring it as she'd wring a chicken for the pot; but you can't always do what you want, even in the Oregon country, so she trudged home and set on Jubal.

"She wouldn't dare look a rabbit in the face," she stormed, and when Ma stormed the hills shuddered. "She's no fit mate for a Bricker, and I won't have her on the place."

Jubal was surely bewitched by the girl. "We're getting married, Ma," he told her, actually swelling his muscles at his ma, who had suckled and reared him, and knocked him endways when he gave her any sass; and his eyes seemed to be shooting sparks, just like his pa. If she'd been able to shed tears, this would have been the time, for Pa Bricker was the only man she'd ever respected, the only one she'd ever known that she feared to rouse to full anger, and now here was Jubal, her baby, looking just like him. She was suddenly shot through with such lonesomeness that she had to ax down three fir trees and trim the limbs off before she got control.

She had no idea of giving up. Jubal couldn't tie himself to a weakling girl, and beget a string of white-faced children who'd shiver if they saw the bushes move. So she softened her ways, the best she could, and sweet-talked him a bit. "Now, Jube," she coaxed him, toning down her customary bellow, "likely I've misjudged the girl. Bring her up to get acquainted. I had it in mind," she said, with what she hoped was wistfulness, "that you, being the last, would keep your home here and tend your ma in her age-weakness."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

Jubal bore Annabelle off to their cabin, with Ma following closely behind.



THAT MARVELOUS AMERICAN LOOK

There she goes, walking fast, swinging along with a flash of pretty legs, young, perpetually busy, easy in her clothes, with a look of fashion. This is the look known round the world. This spring, the zestful change to full skirts, tiny waistlines tightly belted, short jackets and pencil-princess coats precisely fits the style, the pace of the American woman. Here they are New York to Los Angeles, selected by *Journal* Fashion Editor Wilhela Cushman, photographed in the new fashions, telling you why they like them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST



A gently fitted coat. Mrs. Joseph Verner Reed Jr., of Washington, D.C. (left), thinks "the cut is divine . . . fun that fashion gets your figure back." She sees it commuting between the capital and New York. Christian Dior, N.Y.

Miss Geraldine Stutz, of New York (above), president of Bendel's, career girl extraordinaire, is the exponent of the pencil-princess coat, collarless neckline. Simple, prophetic and trend-making, by James Galanos.



THAT MARVELOUS AMERICAN LOOK

Mrs. William L. LaFollette, of Phoenix, Arizona, does her fashion thinking, American style, for the life she leads. The easy coat in pastel plaid and the crepe dress by Sarmi are good for ground or air. (She flies her own plane.)



Mrs. William C. Turner, also of Phoenix, wears suits ten months of the year. "I like this pale beige one with the pleated skirt and the homespun look because it is so comfortable and versatile for Arizona." By Alvin Handmacher.





From Fort Worth, Texas, Mrs. Amon G. Carter Jr. wears a spring-green tweed by Hattie Carnegie, which is a three-season fashion in the Southwest. Mrs. F. Kirk Johnson likes the alpaca dress, plaid coat by Philippe Tournaye.

Mrs. Prewitt Semmes Jr., of Los Angeles (left), in Norell's silhouette with the short jacket, full whirling skirt. "I adore this new idea in suits and my husband is crazy about it . . . it's perfect from lunch through dinner." Wool with surah silk.



Color above all. Mrs. Semmes with her gold-blond hair wears Norell's greenest green tweed short-jacket suit (her favorite shade), this one with a slim skirt and six pockets. The pretty bow blouse is of white surah, her gloves white.



1.



2.



3.



4.

5.



GRAY FLANNEL.....
AN
ALL-AMERICAN
FABRIC

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES GILL

Gray flannel has become an American tradition—from the first "best" suit for a three-year-old boy to the most exciting Chanel-inspired costume for his mother. Teenagers love gray-flannel skirts with sweaters, blazers with emblems, Bermuda shorts and slacks. As a fashion fabric, it is timeless and ageless. It is universally becoming, and you have a gamut of shades from the palest to the deepest charcoal to choose from. 1. One of the newest and one of the most flattering shapes for spring is the princess silhouette. Braid buttons go down the front and the away-from-the-neckline stand-up collar is filled with pearls. Polka-dot hat by Sally Victor. Dress, Vogue Design No. 5500. 2. One of the most understated but most wearable dresses this spring is this chiffon-weight pale-gray flannel with a lowered waistline. Wear it with a small white straw calot. Dress, Vogue Design No. 5492. 3. In this beautiful room where the House of Burgesses, America's oldest legislative assembly, met during the eighteenth century, our model is wearing a separate costume made up of a bell-shaped gray-flannel skirt with a simple jacket with white-braid pompons. Vogue Design No. 5322; Jacket, No. 5438. 4. A gray-flannel coat goes happily over most everything. Ours has gray pearl buttons, a neat tie at the neckline. Underneath, a paisley sheath; paisley hat by Madcaps Coat, Vogue Design No. 5481. Dress, No. 5236. 5. The "all American" schoolgirl wears a gray-flannel blazer with a matching gray-flannel pleated skirt. Her outfit, Vogue Design No. 5501. Above: Sight-seeing in Colonial Williamsburg, gray flannel is a family affair. Mother wears a pale-gray braid-trimmed suit à la Chanel with a white silk blouse. Sister wears a gray flannel jumper topped with a matching gray jacket. Junior wears a conventional gray-flannel suit with white shirt. Mother's suit, Vogue Design No. 5462. Girl's costume, No. 5504. Boy's suit, No. 5498.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 106

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR





Spring's Prettiest Hairdos

If you enjoy being a girl, you'll *love* the new spring hairdos, designed with one purpose in mind: to flatter the face. Gone are the beehives, haystacks, bouffants which called attention mainly to themselves. Instead, hair is softer, lines more flowing, highlights even richer thanks to the magic new rinses. Emphasized here: the asymmetric look—off one ear, on the other, hair worn closer to the head with no rigid teasing or back combing. Easy to manage (and to admire), these frankly feminine hairstyles will be a delight to behold not only in the spring but all summer long.

With less use of back combing and "teasing," the all-important cut and shaping assume more emphasis than ever. This marvelous blunt cut by Mr. Kenneth may be combed out to achieve either this free-and-easy arrangement or the suave design accented with lilies of the valley, shown diagonally below. Simplicity and gentleness of line are the basis for both of these completely feminine hair designs.





A soft wave at top gives height to this hairstyle by Enrico Caruso. Sides are kept close to face. (Especially good face flattery for a round or full face.) For a more formal evening, the sides can be brushed back behind the ears for a smoother and more sophisticated style.

A hairstyle as soft and flattering as the flowered-chiffon dress she wears. For this type of shaping, hair must be tapered (cut in layers) to frame the face gently. The set, on large rollers, gives height and fullness to crown section. Side hair is combed back behind the ears with ends turning up. Bangs curve softly to the side. Earrings by Marvella.

A hairstyle (right) uncomplicated enough to go beautifully with daytime fashion, dramatic enough for evening glamour. A clean sweep of line is achieved by brushing hair from temple level up and across top of head into a soft wave. Hair at the other side is brushed behind the ear with ends turning under. Clear seamist earrings by Vogue accent the asymmetry of the design. Hairstyle by Enrico Caruso.

For setting directions for all hair designs, see page 120.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI



THE WOMAN'S MIND...

Shaping the '60's . . . Today's young American women, blessed with more education, more money, broader interests than ever before, are thinking deeply and imaginatively about themselves and their families. How has motherhood changed their ideas about marriage, morals, happiness? The Journal's third comprehensive survey by George Gallup tells frankly what young mothers of 18 to 30 think about "the good life" they are living today, what they expect from the years ahead . . . *Foreshadowing the '70's*

...AMERICA'S YOUNG MOTHERS

Four young mothers out of ten say their first child was not planned, but "just happened." One in five found motherhood disappointing at first, and four in ten admit there were times after the birth of the first child when they felt they didn't want any more children. A third still feel that way. Nor do husbands always adjust easily to fatherhood.

"Before the baby came I waited on my husband," admitted a 21-year-old Texas girl. "He was slow in realizing he wasn't my 'baby' any more." And a Virginia wife complained that her husband neither enjoyed the children as much as she anticipated nor accepted as much responsibility for them—"I feel resentment over this!"

But nine out of ten young mothers all over the country love their husbands *more* after the arrival of the first child, 54 percent consider their marital relations improved, and two thirds find children the greatest satisfaction in marriage. "We are closer, have more affection for each other, work harder for the children, and resolve any differences we have for their sake," one mother reported. And another: "I think my husband loves me more after each baby. After all, all three look like him! He beams with pride."

Although a whopping three fourths of the mothers in our survey loved their babies at first sight, almost 25 percent believed that maternal love developed gradually, through care of the child.

"Children demand a great deal of time and attention," said one, "and often I am too tired or short-tempered to enjoy my husband's company." But usually this is only temporary. A mother of barely three weeks said, "Having a child has made me more responsible, it has given me a sense of belonging, but most of all it has made me sleepy!" But a more experienced mother observed, "I find I'm more capable of love than I ever dreamed, and I'm grateful and a little overwhelmed by all the love I receive."

Has motherhood changed these young women? Forty-one percent say they are less selfish, and 31 percent believe they have developed a greater sense of responsibility. "Having children makes you think, worry, love, and pray for their welfare," said one serious thinker. Another was surprised by the depth of her emotions: "It released a flood of love and concern for others that I didn't know I was capable of feeling!" A 29-year-old New Yorker rejoiced: "Now I can enjoy children and being with them. Before mine were born, I was terrified of them!"

Very few would sympathize with the despairing cry from Illinois: "It's turned me into a shrew!"

HELP, HELP!

With fully 68 percent reporting that they sometimes felt "too tired to enjoy the baby," modern mothers rely heavily on timesaving aids. In fact, nine out of ten regard prepared baby foods, automatic washing machines and high chairs as "very important" and many would add a playpen, a car seat and an automatic dryer to their list of indispensables.

Most indispensable is the spouse—nearly eight in ten say their husbands take some part in caring for the first baby, and 45 percent help "a lot."

"I'm exhausted most of the time, but I love it," reported a game young mother from Missouri. That a majority feel overworked is indicated by the frequency with which they mention "an evening out" or "a trip with my husband" as little things that would make life more exciting. Evidently an occasional movie or dinner at a pleasant if inexpensive restaurant is more appealing to a mother who feels "bored and tied down" than the prospect of owning a brand-new car, additional appliances or costly clothes.

A typical comment came from a 30-year-old who longed for "a night alone with my husband on the town" and when asked to specify, said, "Oh, just doing something impulsive!"

ARE THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE FREE?

It is this impulsive quality of spending time or money that many seem to miss. One would like to buy toys for the children "when the mood hits"; another wants to "be able to buy a nice 'something' even if I don't need it"; while a third longs to cook "whatever I want for company without juggling the budget."

Although more than half differ with their husbands "at least sometimes" over money matters, their financial attitude is impressively realistic. The average mother in our survey believes her family could get along on $95 a week and is convinced that they would be able to enjoy some of the special pleasures in life on $150.

What are these "special" things? After "more entertainment" (mentioned by 53 percent) travel and vacations are the most-wanted extras. "Before I push up daisies," observed a forward-looking wife pushing 30, "I would like to see Europe and learn something about other cultures besides our own." But the dream of a young Wisconsin mother—"A start on a college fund for our family"—is shared by barely 7 percent. One in four, however, would like more or better clothes, and approximately the same number dreams of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

IRVING PENN





REFRESHING REVIVAL: PATTERNED WALLPAPER



ERNEST SILVA

By H. T. WILLIAMS, DESIGNER

Wallpaper can perform decorating miracles—perhaps just the one you need for a winter-weary room. Patterned, it gives you a ready-made color scheme, so, with a few changes in curtains and upholstery, you can have a brand-new room! We think that there is nothing prettier than a floral pattern to provide a refreshing indoor "view" on four walls. We used two of them to show you how the type of paper you choose can help set a decorating mood. The blossoming-vine paper, copied from an old French taffeta, established an atmosphere of traditional formality in the room here which, with its antiques and reproductions, is reminiscent of stately homes in Washington Square or Williamsburg. On the next pages, the wallpaper splashed with sprightly roses like those that brightened Victorian homes creates the comfortable feeling of country-house informality.

The delicate filigree of the climbing-vine pattern makes a perfect background for the eighteenth-century elegance of the handsome mahogany secretary and Chippendale sofa (both copies of museum antiques). Its colors are repeated boldly in rug and furnishings, and accented with strong violet. Other ideas for you to take from this room are its window shades which match the paper (a shade maker will do this for you) and the drapery design, here green satin, scalloped at the edges and lined with violet sateen.

REFRESHING REVIVAL: PATTERNED WALLPAPER

CONTINUED

The bold, vigorous coloring and the valentine charm of this rose-strewn paper warmly suit the simplicity of countrified American and French furniture in cherry, pine and maple woods. Jonquil yellow in the café curtains, lampshades and pillows puts a sunny surprise into the basic red-and-white scheme. The sofa is an old metal hotel bed from France which gives this decorating plan double usefulness: as a guest room or, perhaps, as a one-room "home." You might duplicate the idea with one of the new copies in wood of a French daybed. The unusual coffee table is a nineteenth-century spool-turned child's cradle turned upside down and, after the removal of its rockers, fitted with a cherry plank top. Except for the old mahogany Navy mess stool that serves as a table beside the upholstered armchair, all the furniture is available in copies. Notice the corner cupboard, which the handyman in your family or the local carpenter could construct for a decorative storage area in your living room.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, WRITE:
Miss Judy Waters, Ladies' Home Journal,
1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York



ERNEST SILVA



It still takes two to have a baby. But Lynne and Jim Rankin, of Oakland, California, found it takes a whole community, from doting grandparents to friends, to have a baby modern American style.

"OUR BABY IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS"

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Jeffery James Rankin, firstborn of James F. and Lynne Rankin, of Oakland, California, came into the world last August seventh without a nickel in his jeans.

He was born with his twenty-six-year-old father, Jim, capped and gowned beside the delivery table, holding Jeff's mother's hand. When Jeff gave his first cry, Lynne said, "Honey, did you get your boy?"

"I don't know yet," said Jim; and then, a moment later, "It's a boy!" Gently their obstetrician laid the warm seven-pound bundle on Lynne's abdomen. Jeff's principal endowments were a fine head of black hair (from his mother), rosy, filled-out cheeks ("I understood all new babies were ugly," says Lynne, "but he wasn't a *bit!*"), a tightly clenched fist and a wandering stare. His first diaper nearly swallowed him up. Yet toothless and penniless though he was, he represented a mighty contribution to the American economy. Well over $4,000,000,000 a year is spent in this country on the safe delivery of 4,200,000 new babies, and on their health, comfort and adornment during their first year—an average of $1000 apiece. Spokesmen for the manufacturers of infants' clothing, furniture, food and drugs estimate that the money comes from "doting parents, grandparents, relatives and friends," for no one, not even the U. S. Department of Commerce, underestimates the wide circle around a new baby. Jeffery James, a first grandchild on his mother's side, had, at the time of his arrival, already begun to stimulate his fair share of this commerce and a bit more.

As it happened, on the day he was born his father didn't have much more than a nickel in his jeans either. Jeff was a "planned" baby in that Jim and Lynne had decided about a year before his birth that it was time to start a family. A charmingly decorated nursery (largely the work of a doting grandmother) awaited him in the small, cheerful apartment that would be his home. Bassinet, sterilizer, baby coach and playpen were already on loan (relatives and friends) for his use. He had been staked ahead of time (an uncle here) to a diaper service. Even the hospital bill he entailed had been prepaid (by daddy) at the rate of $50 a month during May, June and July. Yet when the small family had arrived at the hospital in the predawn of that August Monday, Jim had only a little silver in his pockets. Lynne was better off—she had $1.53 in her purse, plus two lucky silver dollars that weren't supposed to be spent. In the bank was $88.03.

Jeff hadn't been due for another few days—preferably nearer Jim's next paycheck on the fifteenth. But the night before, Lynne hadn't been able to sleep because she felt "achy." At 3:30 in the morning her waters broke, and she woke Jim up, asking, "What shall I do?"

Freckle-faced Lynne, with large eyes and a *gamine* haircut, is just five feet tall and ordinarily weighs ninety-five pounds, and three years before, at the time of her marriage, she had made a quiet decision that Jim and Jim only was to be the mainstay of her life. Jim immediately took over the role of pillar of strength which he was to keep all during Lynne's labor and delivery. He says, "I knew she was scared, because she was cross, and Lynne is *never* cross. I read aloud to her from our maternity book, and of course she had labor pains and didn't know it. Then I got out my watch, and then I called the doctor, who told us to go ahead to the hospital. Then *I* began scolding *her* because she didn't have a bag packed. We both took showers and dressed and were at the door when I felt my chin and asked Lynne, 'Did I shave?' I went back and shaved with my necktie on."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

Lynne and Jim had shared Dr. Spock, shared the hours of labor and delivery, were comfortable with Jeff from the first.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 They reached Herrick Memorial Hospital at five in the morning. Lynne's team of obstetricians had offered her a choice of two hospitals, but she and Jim had unhesitatingly chosen Herrick Memorial because it allows the couples who wish it to be together during labor and delivery. ("Ten to fifteen percent of our mothers and fathers choose this," says Mrs. Alice Johnson, head nurse of the maternity service. "When people ask us if we allow fathers to watch their wives deliver, we say, 'No. A father comes into the delivery room not as a spectator but as an active participant.'")

They had a private labor room, and now began the long period of waiting. Lynne says, "Jim didn't rub my back or anything. Oakland has no preparation-for-childbirth classes yet, and the only arrangements we had made were that I wanted as little sedative as possible and I wanted to nurse my baby. A nurse came in and taught me how to breathe during contractions. Jim just held my hand and kept telling me everything was all right. And that was enough! I think to have your husband there is the greatest thing in the world. It gave me *such* a feeling of security."

But Lynne was perfectly cheerful and self-confident herself. In the course of the morning she gave Jim the dollar bill from her handbag and sent him out to get some breakfast. The dimes they had between them were swallowed by a telephone for bulletins to Lynne's parents, who live in nearby Piedmont, and to his office. At 1:03 P.M. Jeffery James was born. Jim, who had been raised on a farm and seen a baby born in Mexico, remained calm. "The only disturbing thing was seeing Lynne in pain. I was more relieved than elated, because of Lynne's small size. The elation didn't hit me until later."

Leaving Lynne relaxed, happy and tired in a semiprivate room, Jim went out into the afternoon. He drove first to their apartment house halfway up a small but almost perpendicular hill in the Montclair district of Oakland. It is a modest apartment building nestling on several levels, and their landlady keeps luxuriant flower boxes on every ledge. After lunching healthily on milk and cold cuts in their two-bedroom apartment, Jim's next step was to raise some money. He visited their local supermarket and there cashed a check for $15. Then, the elation growing within him, he immediately spent five of them on a box of cigars. Next he visited a drugstore where, following Lynne's instructions, he bought two dozen extra baby-announcement cards and two four-ounce baby bottles. These came to $2, but he wrote out a check for $3. With the extra dollar he went to the post office and bought a dollar's worth of stamps. He now had bought everything Lynne had directed him to, and he had $10 in his wallet, but his bank account was



JOE MUNROE

LEFT
In spite of overhead mirror so she could watch, Lynne kept her eyes tight shut until moment of birth.

BOTTOM
Lynne was too excited to sleep in the hospital, yet emerged fresh and lively. Jim looked under strain.

RIGHT
During first days at home, Jim handled the sterilizer, evening meals and the baby with equal deftness.

FAR RIGHT
Jim says, "Lynne's too good for me." He yielded at last minute to Lynne's wish to name son for him.





down to $70.03. He thought more than once of the hospital bill ahead of him before the end of the week; he had been told it would run between $180 and $200. Of course he had prepaid $150, but the remainder was going to cut awfully close. Nothing daunted, he next took himself to a florist's shop.

That night, when visiting hours began, Lynne sat propped in her bed and enjoyed one of the finest fruits of being a mother—the beaming faces of her family. She gave Jim a huge hug and kiss, her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Norman Jr., hugs of their own. Jim was bearing a dozen red roses, Mrs. Norman was carrying two gift-wrapped boxes. Never mind Jim's bank account. Now that Jeff's sex was finally known, a grandmotherly heart could let go. Word was already out to new uncles and aunts. A member of Lynne's bridge club had called as soon as she had heard the news. The commerce around Jeff could begin in earnest.

As it worked out, Jim's final hospital bill was $37.74. He wrote one more $15 check to the grocery store, this one spent entirely on stocking the refrigerator for Lynne's homecoming, and made the fifteenth of the month with $17.29 to spare. Buried among the groceries was one more purchase that had been made directly for Jeff, a 37-cent bottle of corn syrup for a sugar-water supplement to Lynne's nursing.

Lynne and Jeff came home on Thursday, after a minimum hospital stay of three days. Jim was fully prepared to assume total responsibility for his son (he had $17 in bank, hadn't he?), but to both his and Lynne's bewildered pleasure he scarcely had a chance. While Lynne nursed Jeff with increasing success and pride, and while Jim worked for rent and groceries (and the doctor's bill to come), others were having the fun of walking into a baby shop and picking out delectable items. Jeff came home with a basic wardrobe, for presents had begun to roll in while he was still in the hospital. His grandmother hadn't visited a single day without bearing something new under her arm. She arrived with blankets, sacques, shirts, gowns and a going-home outfit. On the last day she became practical and brought diapers. When Lynne walked in the door of the apartment on Jim's arm, there on the table was a sizable mountain of gaily wrapped presents—the results of a shower given by her bridge club. Lynne's grandmother in Santa Barbara had already dropped a $50 check in the mail. That afternoon Jim's sister telephoned from Sacramento. Had anyone given Jeff a car bed yet? she asked guardedly.

Mrs. Norman put aside her own affairs during Lynne's first few days at home and spent her days at the apartment, cleaning, feeding everyone lunch (including Jim), fussing CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



The striped-ticking draperies are opened and looped out of the way at dinnertime. At meal's end they're loosened to curtain the kitchen.

skylight kitchen

By MARGARET DAVIDSON HOMEMAKING EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WESLEY BALZ

Short on space, long on ability! That's the little skylight kitchen which emerged bright and busy from space once lost under the eaves. With a cooking lineup 9'9" long, less than 4' deep, it shows one way to make the most of the cramped quarters usually forgotten in attics and garages.

The first step toward transformation was a decision to *do* something. Later, the how-to-do fell logically into line. To give headroom, the sloping roof was raised dormer fashion. Softened daylight shines through its ceiling panels of translucent fiber-glass plastic, thus eliminating the need for windows (there was no view to frame) and enabling the wall to be used for storage. Just under the wall shelf is a strip of lighting which sends a cheerful glow about the room by night.

Spacesaving appliances give the little kitchen its will to work. Though just 28" wide, the refrigerator has more than nine cubic feet of storage, including lots of room for cubes, ice cream and frozen food. The oven, eye-level because it stands on the counter, has a four-unit surface cooking section that folds up when it's not in use, freeing needed counter

DISH....FISH

TRUAX

will have to try them to discover for yourselves the new and delightful taste sensations that will probably make Hawaiian fish your favorite dish!

With the fish available to you throughout the year in local markets, you can make Polynesian Fish, Island Fried Fish, South Sea Fish and Lomi Lomi Salmon.

ISLAND FRIED FISH

It's dipped in batter for a crisp golden crust, served with hot pineapple sauce.

- 2½–3 pounds white fish fillets (fillet of sole, flounder, sea bass, etc., are all good)
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ½ cup flour
- ½ cup cornstarch
- About 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 (1-lb.-4½-oz.) cans pineapple chunks
- ¾ cup sugar
- Cooking oil

Wash the fish, pat dry and cut into pieces about 1½" square. Marinate in the soy sauce for 20–30 minutes, turning once or twice. Combine flour, cornstarch, milk, egg, baking powder and seasonings to make a thin batter, about the consistency of very heavy cream. Pour the pineapple and syrup into a saucepan, stir in the sugar, and heat very gently and thoroughly. Pour cooking oil into a heavy skillet to a depth of 1½". Heat to 375° F. on a deep-fat-frying thermometer. When ready, drain the fish of extra soy sauce, dip quickly into the batter, drain a bit, and plunge into the hot oil. A two-tined cooking fork is the best for this. Add as many pieces as you can at one time—but be sure that the temperature of the oil stays at 375° F. The fish will cook in about 1 or 2 minutes, when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Familiar food, exotic variations

ISLAND FISH WITH PINEAPPLE

RICE WITH TOASTED ALMONDS OR MACADAMIA NUTS

PEAS WITH SCALLIONS OR SNOW PEAS

COLD COFFEE SOUFFLÉ WITH CHOCOLATE CURLS



NORMAN KARLSON

WHAT'S

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON



NORMAN KARLSON

SIX SUPERB WAYS WITH CHICKEN

Chicken—fricasseed, broiled, braised, served with golden biscuits, soft-crumbed or crisp—this is the dinner to have when the whole family gets together, a dinner which we know everyone will love.

CHICKEN AND VEGETABLES IN MILK GRAVY

An old-fashioned fricassee; subtly delicious gravy. Bake crisp-crust biscuits to do it justice.

1 roasting chicken (4–5 lbs.) quartered
¼ cup flour
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 cups chicken broth
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
12 peeled small white onions
6 carrots, scraped and cut into chunks
2 cups milk
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Wash chicken and pat dry. Dust with flour and sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Brown slowly in butter in a heavy casserole. Pour in chicken broth and add parsley. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour, basting chicken occasionally. Meanwhile, parboil onions and carrots for about 15 minutes. Drain and arrange around chicken. Cover, return to oven and continue baking until chicken and vegetables are done, about 30 minutes. Remove to serving dish and turn broth into a saucepan. Skim if necessary. Make a thin paste of ½ cup flour and ⅔ cup cold water. Add to broth, stirring constantly. Then add milk and simmer until thickened. When sauce has reached boiling point, add remaining seasonings and pour over chicken and vegetables. Serve over split hot biscuits. Makes 6 servings.

CRISP-CRUST BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon dried parsley (optional)
Pinch thyme, marjoram (optional)

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This dinner could become a weekly habit: a steaming tureen of chicken and vegetables, hot biscuits, an orange-and-avocado tossed salad.

FROM ME TO YOU

By MARCELENE COX



DI PIETRO

My two-year-old granddaughter, Amy, listens with bright-eyed wonder as I begin, "Once there was a little girl . . ."

• "Mother, do you remember that March when a blizzard hugged us in for four days, but father read to us and you made each one's favorite dessert? Wasn't it a happy time, mother!" What is more wonderful to a father and mother than to plant beautiful experiences in the memories of children? Then, long after they are grown, the gold may be returned when needed most.

• Whether or not you are one who can spell "ecstasy" without looking it up, you should know that a delicately browned bird, rounded with stuffing, causes ecstasy when set before the family. Our favorite stuffing is the old-fashioned one that scents the kitchen with sage and onion. What's yours?

• Pepper now comes flavored! It's pepper all right, but it's more. On the tongue you can taste black pepper, sweet red pepper, paprika, a bit of sugar, a hint of cayenne and the echo of an aromatic spice. A real flavor excitement.

• For years, Boston's baked beans, comfortable in success, have depended, for their rich flavor, on the addition of molasses. Next time you pan-broil ham, dribble a little molasses on that red-brown surface just after you turn it, for a shiny, half-sweet glaze. Or stir a spoonful into your nightly hot drink of milk. You'll sleep like an angel and, with the extra dash of iron in your system, wake feeling fit.

• In your family, if you find it necessary to say "Eat your spinach!" try this recipe and you will have an "asked-for" dish. Cook 1 package frozen chopped spinach, following directions on the label. Drain, and season with ¼ teaspoon garlic salt, 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ teaspoon anchovy paste. That's the secret!

A woman reduced gains favor;
A sauce reduced gains flavor.

• If he came in like a lamb the night before, you want him to leave like a lamb, don't you? Why not serve him a substantial breakfast of . . . say, country sausage and apple rings? Hot buttered toast?

• I once hit the jackpot with six double-yolk eggs in one dozen. Straightway baked a Golden Sponge-cake. Made it with slivers of candied orange peel mixed through.

• Pigs in Blankets in my mother's house was an onion-seasoned forcemeat of leftover roast pork, pocketed in triangles of flaky piecrust. Baked fast and served with hot, deep-brown gravy, well peppered. With it we always had a crisp green salad, with thin shreds of white cabbage tossed in. A meal to end a day of buffeting March winds.

• "When I grow up and have a kitchen of my own," I once said to my mother, "I'll bake and bake and bake." I have and I do. And often I bake mixes from a box! Most recent joy is a scone mix. Beautiful word! And beautiful scones, crisp in the crust, sweet and soft in the crumb. Butter? Jam? Both!

• Women, bow your heads! It was a marine who thought these up: (a) "To peel grapefruit and oranges easily, let them stand in hot water eight minutes before using the knife." (b) "Crack fresh eggs on the edge of an unopened can of liquid. It serves as a shock absorber, and results in considerably fewer broken yolks." We add: and tempers!

• Maple-sugar time in Michigan! Mamma always served our maple syrup like a little pool of spring's gold for our very own. We trickled it over hot just-split-open buttered biscuits. A delicious memory!

• My childhood comes back to me with Rainbow Treat. Old-fashioned? My grandchildren love it now, and it is quick magic for the hands of a busy mother: Set different layers of fruit-flavored gelatin with strawberries in the middle layer. Top with whipped cream.

• What's a freezer for, if not for hoarding? Bread, for instance!

• Plenty of bread on hand means custardy Bread Pudding. Remember the way the squares of bread rise to the surface during baking—and how the edges crisp so delicately? Or Apple Brown Betty with raisins, or French Toast! We called the latter Fried Bread, as we sifted it generously with powdered sugar.

• Your freezer should have space, too, for frozen two-crusted pork pies made with tender meat, apples and vegetables all in a lightly seasoned gravy. Or perhaps you prefer the new single-crusted frozen chicken or beef pies that are remindful of the ones they used to serve at church suppers.

• In our church Mrs. Harris bakes her chicken or beef pies in a long dark "dripping pan" and serves them out with an enormous flashing kitchen spoon. But the new ones are just as full of beef or chicken, tender cubes of colorful vegetables and rich meat gravy.

• At our house, we turn tame rice into "wild" by shaking it popcorn style, in a hot skillet, until it's pale gold in color—no fat added! Cook as usual. The browning produces a wonderful flavor for a day that has lost some brightness.

• Ten pounds of milk, they say, is what is required to make one pound of Cheddar cheese. Earnest calculation indicates that one ounce is as full of milk fats, minerals, proteins and vitamins as a child is full of warmth, strength, love and energy. Soufflé it, or make a golden puff to top a favorite dish, and you and the cheese will be in the upper social strata.

• In pursuit of gastronomy try this: Add a cupful of finely chopped nuts to the milk in your next chocolate soufflé. Gives it considerable flavor.

• Kitchen decorator: baby in a high chair.

• Always intended to take a week off to learn how to make good puff pastry. Now that it's available frozen, I may skip learning, and buy the frozen fruit turnovers.

• My newest gourmet meal for two costs no more than fifty cents and takes no longer than fifteen minutes to prepare. Cut peeled potatoes (about 2) into chunks and drop into the blender with 1 large egg, ¼ cup water, pinch of salt and ¼ cup pancake mix. Blend to a pulp, spoon onto hot griddle and cook to golden crispness. Have the plates hot, really hot, and serve at once with applesauce, pale, tart and chilled. "Light and utterly delectable," declared a recent guest.

• For refreshing tartness, spoon 1 teaspoon commercial sour cream on thinly sliced oranges. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve in your prettiest glass dish.

• Looking for low-calorie appetizers to serve at parties? For new taste sensations, look for crunchy three-inch sticks of pickled pascal celery; spiced rosebud beets (about as big as a ball of bubble gum); pickled water chestnuts, crisp as nut brittle; a jar of dry-salted almonds, pecans and peanuts. This means that no fat has been used in the toasting. You can find them in fancy grocery shops.

• Last-chance-to-fill-up department! If you like cheese biscuits, and the homemade variety seems too calorie-high, there's an English cheese biscuit that is so thin you can almost see through it, and so it is better to call it a wafer, strong of Parmesan cheese, with a touch of mustard.



*About 1 pound.

TAKE FOUR PORK CHOPS* TAKE A CAN OF SOUP NOW LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO



MUSHROOM PORK CHOPS

Trim excess fat from chops. In skillet, brown chops on both sides; pour off drippings. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ¼ cup water, and ½ cup sliced onion. Cover; cook over low heat 45 min. or until chops are tender. Stir now and then. 4 good nourishing servings.

TOMATO PORK CHOPS

Trim excess fat from chops. In skillet, brown chops on both sides; pour off drippings. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ¼ cup water, ⅛ tsp. garlic powder. Top each chop with ½ thin lemon slice. Cover; cook over low heat 45 min. or until chops are tender. Stir now and then. 4 servings.

CELERY PORK CHOPS

Trim excess fat from chops. In skillet, brown chops on both sides; pour off drippings. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, ¼ cup water, and ¼ cup chopped green pepper. Cover; cook over low heat 45 min. or until chops are tender. Stir now and then. 4 servings . . . delicious.



M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*



"Mommie—how many days till I'm well?"

A plaintive, familiar question—asked by every youngster who's bouncing back after having had a bout of illness.

Fortunately, this little patient won't be in bed as long as she might have been, because her mother—*a competent home nurse*—is perfectly capable of doing "just what the doctor ordered."

Sooner or later, there's sickness in every family. Often it's brief and not too serious. Sometimes it's long and complicated. In either case, the patient will get along better if someone in the family knows home nursing.

What's more, if a member of the family is sufficiently well trained in nursing care, the physician—who might otherwise be inclined to send the patient to the hospital—may favor home care. Or, if hospital care is necessary, it may be shortened when there's someone at home upon whom the doctor can rely to follow his instructions during "the getting-well period."

Physicians agree that many sick people feel happier, more comfortable and secure at home—and this often hastens recovery. Moreover, hospital care is expensive and beds are needed for those patients who require intensive medical and nursing attention.

So, a competent home nurse can often help reduce the cost of sickness by making hospitalization unnecessary—or by shortening its duration.

No family should be without a member who is familiar with home nursing. You can prepare yourself for this important duty in courses offered by your local chapter of the American Red Cross. You can also learn the basic essentials of home nursing on your own—with the help of Metropolitan's *Home Nursing Handbook*.

This easy-to-follow, illustrated guide tells how to prepare the sickroom, how to handle your patient's emotional needs, how to give medicines, apply dressings, prepare meals and assist your doctor in many other ways.

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WHEN A YOUNG DAUGHTER MARRIES THE WRONG BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

sure that neither one of us accepted the idea that Sally really "loved" Johnny. We saw it as an inexplicable infatuation.)

My husband and I believed that our combined love and extreme concern would outweigh Sally's drive in Johnny's direction.

Next morning Sally's greeting to her father was one of questioning entreaty. "Daddy?" she said tentatively.

Roger folded her in an embrace with such helpless tenderness that I wanted to cry. The more so because Sally's father is not demonstrative by nature.

"Did mother tell you?"

"She told me, Sally. We'll talk about it tonight."

But first Sally had to show him the ring, which she now wore concealed on a ribbon around her neck, at my suggestion.

And so our campaign began.

At first Roger pointed out all the truths that fathers traditionally point out to daughters—even under the happiest of circumstances. That what seems like love in the teens can turn to ashes at twenty. That girls so young, and boys too, have no way of knowing themselves, let alone other people. That they owe it to their futures to have a broader variety of experience before they choose a life mate.

These persuasions need not be enlarged upon. Parents have eternally used them. And children have been eternally deaf to them.

Sally was.

Then she announced, with pride and dignity, that Johnny wanted to "speak" to her father. And we helplessly agreed. We asked her to invite Johnny to dinner. She glowed.

Johnny arrived the next night dressed in his best, with his hair slicked down. What will you think of me if I say that I winced at his bluish-green suit? Will you understand that although my deepest concern was for my daughter's welfare, the surface pinpricks, based on a lifetime of conditioning, were nevertheless there?

After dinner we moved into the living room. Sally sat with Johnny on the sofa, and as we faced them, from the other side of an invisible barrier, I had a split second of insight. I realized that Sally's deepest emotional alliance was really with Johnny, and that she had already left us. But this truth was too hard to face.

"Mr. Bartholomew," said Johnny, "I want to marry Sally."

I could see Roger's feelings, kept at such cost below the surface, begin to flare up. But he controlled them.

"Sally told me," he said. Then, visibly struggling for composure, he chose the issue he thought most effective with Johnny. "How do you propose to support Sally?" he asked in an unnaturally mild tone.

"Oh, daddy," Sally put in quickly, "I'm going to get a job at first. All the girls do. I'm going to take an accelerated secretarial course and get a job. We've got it all figured out. Look." With an air of innocent triumph that sent a lump to my throat, Sally produced a carefully written budget, obviously prepared for the occasion. "Johnny, $75 a week," it read. "Sally, $50." (*She has forgotten taxes*, I thought.) "Rent, $80. Entertainment, $2 a week. Clothes (for both), $10 a month."

My husband studied the budget silently. The enormous ignorance it revealed was too much for him to tackle at the moment.

Johnny said that of course he didn't want Sally to work for long, and that he hoped one day to own a garage of his own.

"What about the draft?" asked Roger.

Johnny shrugged a Latin shrug. "We'll just have to sweat it out, like everybody else."

My husband exploded. "And leave Sally stranded, still in her teens, unable to lead a normal life—unable to go out ——"

"Go *out*?" repeated Sally, shocked. "But I'd just wait."

Roger looked at her helplessly. Then he began again in a tone of forced reasonableness.

"Johnny," he said, man to man, "I know how you feel. With the draft hanging over your head, and the world uncertain, you and a lot of other young men want to grab at life as fast as possible. But you can't bank on your feelings' staying the same. Maybe five years from now you'll be tired of garage work. Maybe you'll wish you had studied for another kind of job—electronics, maybe."

"I like cars," said Johnny. "I know a lot about them. But if I ever changed my mind"—he clearly thought this impossible—"maybe I could study at night."

"Johnny," I said, feeling almost protective toward him for a moment, since he seemed as innocently unarmed as Sally, "you want to take on the responsibility for somebody else—when you're not quite on your own yet. Isn't that a pretty big job? And think of Sally. She wants to take on *three* jobs—wife, homemaker and wage earner—with no experience at any one of them! Shouldn't you both have more practice first? And more fun too. More freedom! Remember, responsibility never stops. It goes on day in and day out ——"

But lost in their inner vision of life as it isn't, they could not hear us.

And there our first family conference ended. Sally and Johnny had declared their wishes, if not their intentions. We had strongly pointed out the dangers. But no real decision was reached, and the issue was not really joined.

In June I watched Sally graduate from high school. I bitterly envied the parents of those of Sally's friends who were going on to college,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

From one mother's dictionary:

"Knotty problem: Untying a child's shoe.

The age of reason: When they are too *big* to spank.

Leisured class: Mothers whose children are *all* in school."

There are two lines in the matter of a woman's appearance over which she must cross to be successful. When she achieves the first, others give her a further glance; when she achieves the second, others give themselves a further glance.

"If, as they say, the first year of married life is the hardest," writes our black-haired daughter from Hawaii, "then we are destined for a glorious life together."

It's harder to keep young these days—with at least two cars in every garage for them to get away in.

Young parent: "Before I was a mother I thought you just had children and told them what to do. I didn't think they told you."

Then there is the wife who is still in a state of shock after reading a description of her husband in the company magazine, in which he was referred to as a "human dynamo."

When a mother comes to the full realization that her children are no longer children the moment is apt to be compounded of surprise, panic . . . and exhilaration.

A ten-year-old, according to one mother, will gladly give you the shirt off his back; a fifteen-year-old will gladly take the one off your back.

TOTALLY NEW (terrific, too) Dole "FLAVOR-SPUN" Pineapple Juice fresher-tasting...and lighter besides!

Dole's new "Flavor-Spun" process takes out more of the pulp—lets more of the fresh-fruit taste and fragrance come smiling through. Not a bit of sugar added.

Full of natural vitamin C! There's no other pineapple juice as light and fresh-tasting as new Dole "Flavor-Spun" Pineapple Juice.

Taste it—you'll see!



Fresh-fruit taste is the difference in Dole of Hawaii

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and still illogically hoped she would somehow join them. I thought of the frightening statistics on teenage marriages, and their even more frightening mortality rate. I prayed that Sally would not become one of those tragic case histories.

The following Monday Sally enrolled in a secretarial course.

All Sally's life she has spent her summers at our cottage at the lake, and has always loved it. In vain we told her that she needed some relaxation after the strain of exams. Then we offered her a trip to California to visit her cousins—something she had always wanted. Next we suggested a summer cruise.

Smilingly Sally thanked us and said we were darlings, but she really wanted to get started on her shorthand.

So naturally Roger and I stayed home, too, and continued our steadily losing battle to make our daughter see the realities.

In my own talks with Sally, I approached the subject of marriage from every possible angle, as reasonably as I could. "You know, Sally," I said, "you have a lot of attitudes that are so much a part of you that you are not even conscious of having them. You simply take them for granted. But when you run head on into a point of view quite different from the one you've always considered *obvious*—won't you be in trouble?"

"What kind of attitudes?" asked Sally.

"Well, for example, did you know that in many families with the same heritage as Johnny's, there's a strong tradition that the men spend their leisure time together—and the women spend theirs separately? That a young wife is expected to stay home with her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, while the men in the family play cards or go in for sports?"

Sally stared at me unbelievingly. "Johnny would never do that," she said.

I touched on the religious differences very gingerly. "Sally," I pleaded, "are you quite sure you know what is involved in joining another church?"

Sally looked thoughtful. "Mother, I've thought it over very carefully. Truly I have. I love our church—and of course I've known Dr. Pickett since I was just a little kid. But does it matter where you worship—as long as you do?"

"Perhaps not," I said. "But the rituals and forms with which you worship are a part of you too. You'd be surprised how often we feel able to do things ourselves which we don't always want to ask our children to do. Have you thought about having your children indoctrinated in ways different from yours?"

"But mother," said Sally, "they'd be Johnny's children too."

When I found her taking a fresh cake of soap from the linen closet, I pointed out that there are dozens of small necessities which had simply always been *there*, ready to her hand, but which cost a surprising amount of money.

"Darling," I said, "you have no idea how many hidden expenses there are in a household. Not the obvious things like rent and food—but the face tissues and cleansing powders. Things you never think of—until you have to buy them. Life—and even love—can be awfully crippled when you run out of toothpaste, and can't buy more until payday."

But it was all too clear that Sally would never realize the cold facts of money struggle until she had experienced it, the hard way.

And of course I blamed myself for not having given her more careful training in money matters—just as I blamed myself for so many other things, including not having prevented her from becoming involved with Johnny in the first place. (But could I have?)

Meantime, Sally's eighteenth birthday was approaching with frightening speed.

A month before her birthday she came to me and said, "Mother. I'd like to announce my engagement at my birthday party. And we'd like to be married in the late fall. I'm sure to have a job by then. Shouldn't we start planning?"

I stared at her. In spite of all the evidence to the contrary, I had not really grasped the actuality of Sally's plans to marry Johnny.

I'm afraid I lost my head. "Sally! This is nonsense! Haven't you heard what your father and I have been saying to you for months? We've given you dozens of reasons why marrying Johnny now would be *disastrous*. Don't you have any faith in us? You are *not* equipped for marriage. You don't know what you're doing!" And a lot more in the same vehement vein.

Sally flashed back at me, "If I haven't been listening to you, you haven't been listening to me either. You simply don't respect *me* or my feelings. You just brush them away as childish. I'm a *woman*, mother. I want to be married. Of course I agree with you and daddy that things would be much easier if we had more money, and if I were used to working. And if a lot of other things were different. But they are not. And life is too unpredictable to wait until things are ideal. There might be a war. Johnny might be drafted. We have to live while we can." She bent and kissed me. "Mummy, I'm sorry you're so upset. Please don't be—I expect to be happy. And please—think about the wedding."

That night again I was awake until daylight. Over and over my mind ran between two alternatives. If I supported Sally in what I was convinced was a fatal mistake, wasn't I abetting her in the very danger of which I had been warning her? But if I refused to sanction the marriage, what would happen? Would I push Sally into something rash?

By dawn I had decided that I would hold firm, no matter how much it hurt. I would refuse, lovingly but steadfastly, to go along with the wedding. It was a risk we had to take.

My husband was dubious. He loved Sally so much, in his silent way, that he couldn't face what a flat rejection would do to her. But I persuaded him that any co-operation we gave to Sally's own wishes would simply be equal to pushing her over the brink. Reluctantly, he agreed.

I told Sally that afternoon.

"Darling, we love you very much," I concluded. "How can we possibly go along with something we are convinced will hurt you? We can't. I won't repeat all the reasons. You already know them. We cannot approve of this marriage at this time. For the sake of your futures, both you and Johnny owe yourselves at least another year."

Sally was silent. I could not look at the hurt in her eyes. I wanted to gather her in my arms and rock her.

"That's it, then, mother?" she finally managed to get out.

"For now, Sally. Yes."

"Very well, mother." She held her head high halfway across the room, and then rushed through the door to hide the tears.

I felt as though I had stabbed her.

The next few weeks were among the most painful in my memory. Beyond eating and sleeping, our daughter vanished from our lives. She was polite but withdrawn. Johnny called for her, but spent no more evenings at our house. Sally told us, as always, where she was going. She usually came home early, and I could often hear her furiously practicing her typing.

Her eighteenth birthday, which should have been such a joyous occasion, was miserable for all of us. She passed up the party, thanked us for our gifts, and spent the evening at Johnny's house.

I wondered what she was thinking and feeling. Was her coldness a natural and inevitable show of resentment which would wear off? Underneath, was our united show of concern and firm refusal reaching her at last? How fervently we hoped so.

Then, as I was driving downtown on a Saturday afternoon, I saw Sally and Johnny coming out of a real-estate office. They must be apartment hunting. They really meant to go ahead on their own! I felt almost faint. And—I must admit it—as I looked at Johnny I viciously wished he had never been born.

I drove blindly, with desolate pictures in my mind's eye. I saw Sally standing in a strange cold place to be married—without us. I saw her having a wedding supper in a dismal hotel—maybe even a diner. I heard her voice

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stranger's voice, coming to us over the elephone from an unknown town: "Mother, m married."

I felt both extreme peril and extreme elplessness. Obviously, the way we had andled things was all wrong. But what was he right way? Where could we go for advice—or help?

Suddenly I remembered Dr. Bayles.

As I dialed his number, I bitterly thought ow little I had anticipated, when I served on he School Guidance Committee with Dr. ayles, that I would ever consult him as a sychiatrist about *my* daughter.

At eight that evening I sat in his office, pour- g out the story. Dr. Bayles's first words sur- ised me.

"I understand your feelings, Mrs. Bartholo- ew," he said, "and they are naturally painful you. But I must point out that the key per- n in this situation is your daughter. What u and I say does not much matter. Sally's elings are the only relevant ones."

"But Dr. Bayles!" I was shocked. "As a ychiatrist, do you mean that you see no nger in a girl like Sally marrying a boy like hnny? Isn't it contrary to all the rules e've all read so often about the basis of a und marriage? You don't agree it's tragic?"

"Mrs. Bartholomew, it *could* be tragic. But t necessarily. I agree with you that many the elements we consider desirable for mar- ge seem to be missing. Social and religious ferences *are* real hazards. And lack of oney is certainly a realistic problem. But it is lly's problem, and Sally's life—not yours."

I was silent. I had been so sure that an ex- rt, a doctor trained in human relationships, uld have my own viewpoint.

"Mrs. Bartholomew," Dr. Bayles went on, our reactions are exactly those of most rents. You want a guaranty of happiness your child—as we'd all like to have—and u want it on your own terms. But that's not ssible. Very often"—and here he grew oughtful—"we quite unconsciously want children to fill needs of our own. We want be proud of the people our children marry. We substitute our own longings for our children's. They are quite different."

"No, Dr. Bayles," I protested. "I'm not concerned for *me*—but for my daughter."

He smiled. "I said *un*conscious," he reminded me gently.

"But, Dr. Bayles, why should Sally *want* to commit herself to an underprivileged life with a boy like Johnny?"

"To answer that," said Dr. Bayles, "I would have to know Sally—and you and her father—far better than I do. For example—and this is pure conjecture—you tell me that Sally is an only child, and her father is often away on business. Possibly *one* of Johnny's attractions is that he comes from a large, volatile, lively family. Only children are often attracted to clannish family life. Then, too, the fact that Johnny does manual work may seem, in Sally's eyes, very strong and masculine. But I'm merely speculating.

"However Sally sees Johnny, her needs—or at least her current needs—point to marriage to this young man. Apparently she feels these needs very forcefully. Let me point out, too, that Sally may be showing some strengths as well. Even though I agree with you that she is certainly too immature to realize all that is involved, nevertheless she feels a certain amount of confidence in herself. And so does the young man."

"But what should we *do?*"

"You have already used every means possible to persuade her to wait?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't been able to convince her?"

"No."

"Then go along with her. Stand by her."

"You mean help her marry Johnny—just as though we approved?"

"Mrs. Bartholomew"—Dr. Bayles was almost stern—"you have no choice. Remember, many young girls with these drives simply run away with boys—even without marriage. But your Sally has confided in you and trusts you. Whether you believe this marriage is wise or not, Sally now needs the support of her parents. She particularly needs her mother. Marriage, even an unwise one, is a crucial moment in a girl's life. She will never forget that you stood by her. And she will never forget if you *don't*.

"If you want to keep your daughter, Mrs. Bartholomew—stand by her now. Even in her mistake, if it is one. And it may not be."

All the way home his words rang in my mind: "If you want to keep your daughter—stand by her now."

When I repeated Dr. Bayles's advice to my husband, he seemed curiously relieved. Now that Sally's marriage seemed inevitable, he wanted to believe in it. "Maybe we need more faith in her," he said.

When Sally came home I told her that we would give her a wedding and help her start a home—if she would let us.

Only from the way she sobbed on my shoulder could I measure how hurt and abandoned she had felt.

Did Dr. Bayles's advice magically erase all the problems? Of course not. They were still there. But the awful estrangement between Sally and her parents was ended, and now we all felt a deeper closeness—even though my husband and I still had many fears.

Sally finished her secretarial course with high grades, and landed a beginner's job in a local bank. And then we planned the wedding—small, but complete with all the traditional touches.

The ceremony was to be in Johnny's church—a difficult thing for me, but one I overcame by constantly reminding myself that Sally wanted it that way.

Then, of course, we had to meet Johnny's family. We invited them to dinner—and they invited us back. I won't pretend it wasn't awkward—extremely so at moments. We had nothing in common but our children—and that was most difficult of all. Johnny's family, with close traditions in the Old World, assumed a taken-for-granted kinship, which was certainly far warmer than my own mixed feelings. But we managed. And the gratitude in Sally's eyes helped make up for the bad moments.

The day finally came. Sally walked down the aisle on her father's arm with glory in her eyes. And as I saw Johnny waiting for her, so young, so unproved, I prayed for them both.

As Sally left in a shower of rice, she whispered to me, "Mummy, I love you and daddy so much. And I'm so happy." And again she said, as she had before, "Please be glad."

And she was gone.

Is there a happy ending? Not yet. But perhaps it is a happy beginning. Johnny and Sally have been married six months. They live extremely modestly in their small apartment. Sally works all day, does her housework at night, washes the laundry in the basement washer on Saturdays. Including Johnny's shirts.

I wonder whether she isn't overtired. I wonder whether she doesn't long for more fun than their weekly movie—after all, she is still a teenager. And of course I wonder how they would support a baby.

On the other hand, now that he has a goal, Johnny seems to be developing character to match. He works very hard, and has managed to open a small savings account. He helps Sally with the household chores. But most of all I am reassured by the look in his eyes when he says "Sally."

So I do have some hope. I hope Johnny will see the need for more education in today's world, and will eventually go to school at night. I hope Sally will encourage him in this, and will keep her own mind awake and growing.

But I realize that it is out of my hands. I have at last paid Sally the ultimate tribute—and the hardest one for a parent to make. I have accepted the truth that she is Sally—and not an extension of myself.

I have finally learned that Sally has a right to her own life, including the precious *right to make her own mistakes.*

But perhaps this marriage is not a mistake. It may be right—for Sally. END

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SHAPING THE '60's . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

new appliance, a car or a boat. A California girl in her twenties started out grandly with "an airplane," but finished disarmingly: "Someone to do my ironing."

Not surprisingly, it is money—lack of it, the large amount it takes to run a household—that many consider the most disappointing aspect of marriage. What is more surprising is that nearly a third of these young women could think of *no* disappointment in marriage. Seven out of ten would definitely marry the same man if they had it to do over, and another 25 percent *probably* would. (This even though 10 percent started off married life with an unhappy honeymoon, attributed in most cases to "tiredness and irritability" but also to such unexpected disasters as appendicitis, automobile accident, sprained ankle and seaweed allergy!)

A WHOLE NEW WORLD OPENS UP

Virtually all these young women feel that marriage has changed them, and most of the changes are, in their opinion, for the better. Three in eight believe marriage has made them more mature and considerate. "I was a child when I married," admitted an Orlando, Florida, wife. "Marriage matured me very quickly. It was a shock, but I lasted through it!" Although not many expressed their feelings so ecstatically as the Texas woman who said, "It has made me realize that a state very near complete happiness can be reached on this earth!" a large majority would agree with her rather than with the 25-year-old who said, "I'm grouchier, less self-assured and greedier."

Interestingly, several mentioned loss of naiveté as one of the mixed blessings of marriage. "It has made me more realistic to life's ups and downs. I am beginning to understand that people can do terrible things," one very young woman observed, but added with a touch of humor, "I am also more able to say 'no' to salesmen."

Typical was the comment of a thoughtful young woman who described herself as formerly carefree and self-centered. "Marriage has opened up a whole new world of responsibility. It has given me ambition I never knew I possessed, made me develop abilities I never thought I could master. Yet in a way it's made me humble because I would like to do much more for my husband and children."

SOME OLD DREAMS DIE

What disappointments our young mothers have experienced in marriage (other than lack of money) cover a wide range of complaints from "the old routine" (6 percent) and "too many responsibilities" (5 percent) to in-law trouble (3 percent) and lack of time alone with the husband (7 percent). Only 1 percent mentioned sex problems as contributing to "great disappointment" in marriage.

Divorce is not very appealing even to disappointed wives. Although nearly half (44 percent) admitted that there had been a period when they felt quite discouraged about their marriage, only one in ten had considered the possibility of getting a divorce, and barely 14 percent would advise a child to consider divorce as a solution for an unhappy marriage. Quite a large number feel more sympathetic toward their own parents after having experienced some of the problems of marriage and motherhood.

"It was a real eye-opener for me," confessed a New Orleans mother. "Now I realize the things my own mother went through with me. I was spoiled and hateful. I hope to raise my children in such a way that it won't take parenthood to make them respect their mother." Another reported wryly, "I've eaten plenty of words about how I'd raise Such-and-such's child if it were mine."

"JUST LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE?"

Cooking is another field in which today's young mothers seem to feel renewed respect for their own mothers. Although almost nine in ten are quick to admit to being able to cook better than their husbands expected before marriage, only four in ten believe they can outcook their mothers. This is a little baffling since two in three have changed their ideas about cooking since marriage, and seem proud of their new knowledge. "From a background of painfully plain West Texas cooking," reported a young wife transplanted to Tennessee, "I have learned the delicious addition of Tabasco, pepper and garlic, and have begun to experiment with herbs and more complicated recipes." . . . "We have acquired a taste for some foods mother would never have dreamed of trying!" is a comment typical of the 35 percent who stress variety and experimentation in their cooking and meal planning.

Not far behind in numbers are the nutrition-conscious wives. One in five claims to serve more healthful, better-balanced meals: "I bake and broil vegetables and meats, make more gelatin and puddings for desserts instead of cakes and pies." A woman who deplores the starchy meals her Philadelphia mother used to serve says, "I try to give my family a more balanced diet by substituting proteins, greens, less calorie-laden foods." And another: "We eat very few fried foods any more."

A small (5 percent) but definite number feel that they are more economical about planning meals. "Mother cooked as if she had to feed three or more people other than those present; I prepare meals in quantity determined by those I am to serve. I prepare only two vegetables, one meat and one salad for a dinner meal, whereas mother would have several vegetables and a choice of meats." A 27-year-old from Alabama has relaxed her standards a bit: "I used to think every meal had to have a salad, two vegetables and a meat. Now I serve sandwiches and soup one night a week, or even a rich soup by itself. I wouldn't feel I had let my family down if I gave them ham and eggs for supper."

SPICIER—BUT NICE

If the husbands feel let down, it is probably not because of being served ham and eggs for supper, but rather some more exotic, experimental dish. Over six in ten young couples have similar tastes in food—at least according to the wives!—but of the 30 percent that differ, it is usually the husband who likes plainer or more monotonous cooking.

A typical comment came from a North Carolina girl who complained, "He seems to prefer simple food while I enjoy casseroles, Italian food, sour cream and cottage cheese." The diplomatic young woman from Connecticut who confessed, "I serve the meal first, and tell him what's in it afterward," might have found herself stymied by the plight of a Wisconsin wife who reported, "I like casseroles; he doesn't. I like dishes with cheese and cream; he doesn't. He prefers cakes and cookies without nuts; I like nuts. He likes wild game and I neither like it nor like preparing it!"

But it is not always the husband who is cautious about eating unusual foods. A 22-year-old from Albuquerque whose husband dotes on seafood said, "He will try anything once. I have to think about it for a while."

DRESSING UP—AND DOWN

Although only 10 percent of our young mothers say they cook *specifically* to please their husbands, almost half pay attention to their husbands' definite ideas about how much and what sort of makeup they should use (most frequent complaint: too much eye shadow), and 65 percent take time in the midst of a busy day to freshen up before the husband comes home from the office. A slight majority feel that they have less time to give to personal appearance now that they are wives and mothers. Our typical young mother wears Bermudas or cotton housedresses for housecleaning, dresses up a bit more to go to the market, and usually adds stockings and medium heels for a trip to "town." She'd rather not go out of the house in curlers, but sometimes (through necessity) does.

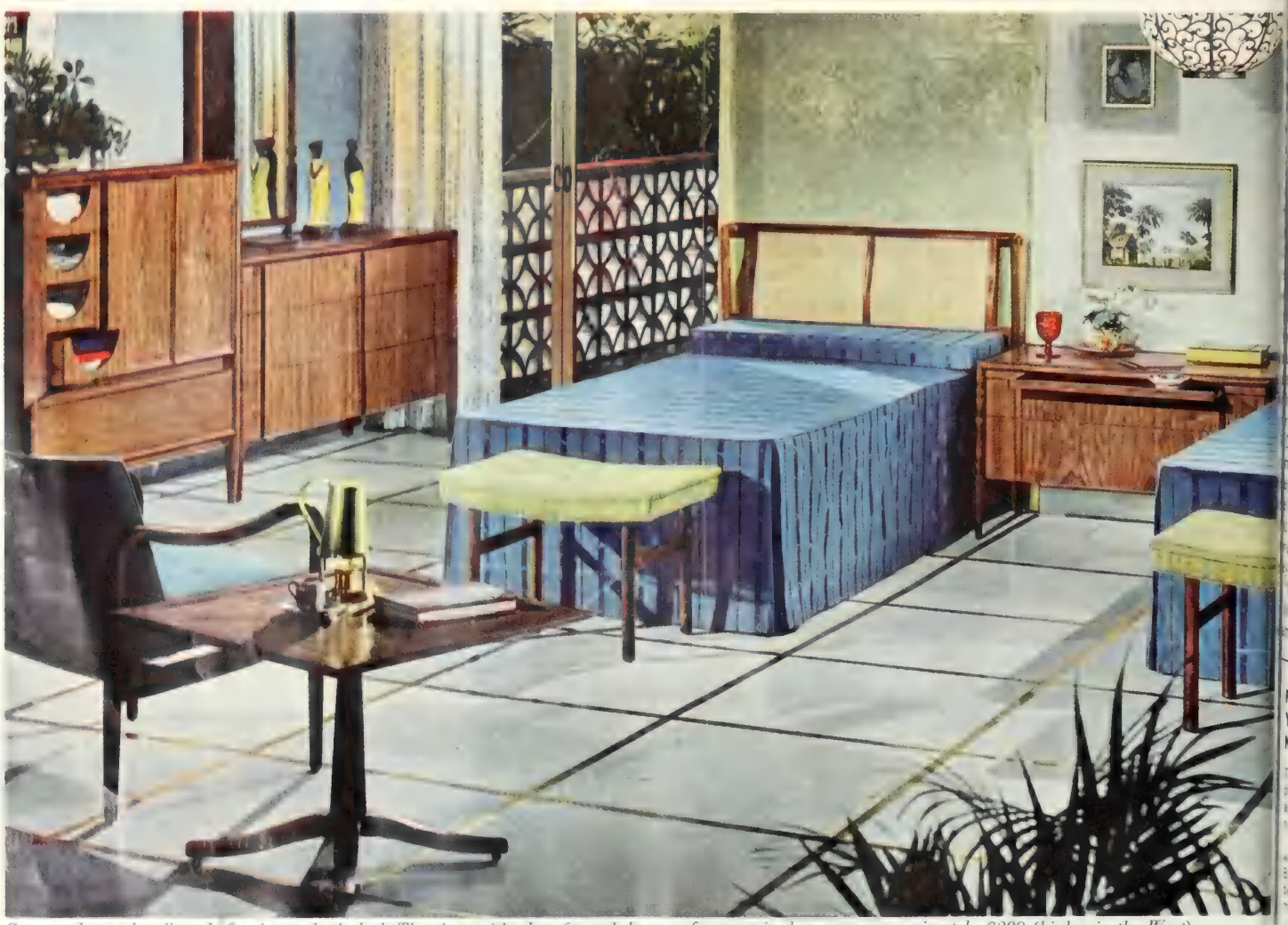
"I never go downtown in anything but a dress or blouse and skirt and generally heels instead of flats," reported a Wyoming girl, and

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hen admitted, "In cases of emergency I have one in slacks, but don't care to if avoidable."

The average young woman feels also that It depends . . ." (on the store where she plans o shop, on her mood, how much time she has dress, or "how good I look in my long ants"). The fine line between clothes for leaning house and clothes for shopping was musingly drawn by a Philadelphian: "For ousework: old slacks, old blouse, torn stock-gs, old shoes. For shopping: not-so-old acks, not-so-old blouse, untorn stockings, oes in good condition." Few indeed are the omen who would be able to say with a blithe ung mother from Wisconsin, "My husband uys the groceries. If I should be with him, I n in a dress and heels, along with casual welry."

TOUCH OF VENUS

No matter how casual their sneakers and welry, most of the women in our survey feel appier wearing perfume, and 65 percent use either daily or several times a week. Typical mments: "A small amount does wonders, r a woman." . . . "It makes me feel confident, pensive." . . . "If I am happy, it keeps me at way; if I am sad, it peps me up." . . . "I e it sparingly when I buy it, lavishly when s a gift. It makes me feel pampered, sexy."

More than half say their husbands are interted in the perfume they wear, and over a ird use it before going to bed at night. "It akes a housewife feel like a woman" was the mment of a 27-year-old from Brooklyn, ile a Pennsylvania wife said that when wear-g perfume "sometimes I feel Zsa Zsa Gabor-and at other times I feel positively Eva arie Saintlike." Striking a wistful note, a -year-old observed, "As long as I wear cks so often, perfume is about the only ng that makes me feel like a girl."

Though many (27 percent) said they used rfume because they liked the scent, and an nost equal number (26 percent) because it ade them feel "more dressed" or "more at-ctive," a few had highly original reasons. e found perfume effective for covering up oking odors and "smoking odors from my sband," and another claimed to enjoy usework more while wearing scent. Although there were some reservations ("Cheap rfume gives me a headache!" . . . "It should used discreetly; I hate to be around a man who smells like the five-and-ten unter"), far more women would echo the lifornia woman who declared, "I consider fume a necessity!" than would agree with Midwestern dissenter who admitted, "I ar it only because it's expected of women."

In discussing perfume, the women in our vey consistently used descriptive words "daring," "alluring," "glamorous"—haps unconsciously revealing a desire for nance and gaiety, voiced openly by an Ala-na girl who said, "Perfume makes me feel ttier . . . reminds me of former days when ad less responsibility and could take time trivia."

Do our young mothers feel that life has be-e *too* real, *too* earnest? That they take r responsibilities seriously is apparent in thoughtful way they talk about themselves their families. Over two thirds feel more cerned about leading a good life now that have children.

Motherhood has given a deeper meaning ife and has made me want to set a good mple for my children," said one. And another: "My child comes first. I never thought I'd put anyone before me, but if we both need shoes my daughter gets hers first." A young mother who reported that some of the excitement of marriage had disappeared with the arrival of the first child added, "My husband and I no longer have a happy-go-lucky feeling toward life, but a feeling of responsibility."

Some mothers even want to change the world for their children. Although almost nine out of ten believe that a child born today has more opportunity to get ahead than a child born in their own generation, they are by no means blind to the continuing need for reform. "Since I had a baby, I'm more interested in politics and world affairs and more concerned about the future than I was before," said a 24-year-old from Minnesota. A young Southern mother said she wanted to try "to change certain existing conditions in local social groups and in the U.S. as a whole, to make the world a better place for my child." Another commented simply, "I try harder to do something about life in little ways."

Is parenthood *all* responsibility, or are there pleasures too? "My children have made me aware of the preciousness of life itself," said one mother. Another: "I watch a child grow and his antics in sheer satisfaction." And, from Virginia, a mother who had looked forward to making her children laugh "and showing them the fun of living" added, "But really, they have taught *me* to love life more fully."

Overwhelmingly, young American mothers consider motherhood a "rewarding experience" that "gives deeper meaning to life." As a 27-year-old New Yorker expresses it: "I look forward to my daughter's growing up and becoming a lovely young woman who will be kind and thoughtful of others and be able to stand on her own two feet. I used to want to give her every luxury. Now I know the best thing I can give her is a good set of values."

END

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- 3 cups riced baked potatoes—about 5; don't pack into the measure
- ¼ cup soft butter
- 2 ounces processed Gruyère cheese, grated fine
- 2 teaspoons minced chives
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Pinch of rubbed savory
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Mix cooled potato, butter, cheese, chives and seasonings. Fold beaten egg yolks into cream; then fold into potatoes. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form; gently fold into potato. Spoon into a 6-cup soufflé dish. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour or until lightly browned on top and set inside. Serve at once. Makes 5–6 servings.

HASHED BROWN POTATOES WITH ALMONDS

- 3 medium potatoes, washed
- 3 tablespoons butter
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped toasted almonds
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Boil potatoes with skins on until done, about 25 minutes; drain and let cool slightly. Peel while warm and finely chop them. You should have about 2 cups. Heat butter in an 8″ skillet and add potatoes. Press them down evenly in bottom of pan and cook over medium heat until golden crust forms on the bottom. Season. Just before serving, sprinkle chopped almonds and parsley over the surface, fold like an omelet and turn out on serving platter. Makes about 4 servings.

GINGER-GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

- 2 pounds sweet potatoes or yams, cooked
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup white sugar
- 2 tablespoons slivered crystallized ginger
- 1½ tablespoons margarine
- ¼ cup pineapple juice

Peel cooked sweet potatoes or yams and, if large, slice them in half lengthwise. Put remaining ingredients in a large skillet. Bring to a boil, stirring until sugar has dissolved, then lower heat and add potatoes; poach over low heat, basting frequently until glazed, about 15 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

STUART

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For Sauce: Prepare Royal Vanilla Pudding (Instant or Regular) according to directions using 2 tablespoons pudding and 1 cup milk. Chill. Stir well and serve over gelatin cubes. Remaining pudding may be prepared as a pudding dessert using 1¾ cups milk, or saved to make another sauce at later date.



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POTATOES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

POTATO CAKES

- 1 quart unseasoned mashed potatoes (About 6 medium)
- 6 tablespoons milk
- ¼ cup minced onion
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 egg yolk
- Flour
- Shortening or cooking oil

Beat potatoes and milk together until very smooth. Sauté onion in butter or margarine until pale gold. Stir into the potatoes with salt, pepper, nutmeg and egg yolk. Spread out in a shallow pan. Cover lightly. Chill in refrigerator 1–2 hours, or until cold and firm. Cut into squares or diamonds or shape into small cakes. Dust lightly with flour. Sauté in just enough heated shortening or oil to prevent sticking until brown on both sides. Makes about 24 cakes or 6 servings.

APRICOT SWEET-POTATO PUFF

- 1 can (1-lb.-1-oz.) peeled whole apricots
- 1 cup hot freshly mashed sweet potato
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 4 eggs

Drain apricots, reserving 1 tablespoon of the syrup. Remove pits, add the 1 tablespoon apricot syrup and press fruit through a sieve or buzz in a blender. Add to mashed sweet potato with sugar, salt and lemon rind. Beat until smooth. Separate eggs and beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Fold into potato. Beat whites until soft peaks form and also fold into the potato mixture. Turn into 6-cup soufflé dish or casserole and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes 4–6 servings.

SPICY INSTANT-POTATO PUFF

1 envelope (3½-oz.) instant mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons instant onion-soup mix
½ cup commercial sour cream
1 can (4½-oz.) deviled ham

Prepare potatoes according to package directions, except decrease the water ¼ cup and add the onion-soup mix to the heating liquid. Fold in the potatoes along with the sour cream and turn into a buttered 4-cup casserole. Spread the deviled ham on top and heat under the broiler for about 5 minutes. A good luncheon dish. Serve with a tossed, crisp green salad. Makes 4 servings.

MY FAVORITE DISH . . . FISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

the crust will be crisp, feathery and golden. Remove to a pan lined with paper toweling and keep in a warm oven until all the fish is ready. Mix 1 tablespoon cornstarch with ¼ cup water, add to heating pineapple and cook until syrup has thickened. Arrange the pineapple in sauce on a warm serving platter. Place the fish pieces carefully on top. Makes 6 servings.

BRAISED STUFFED CUCUMBER

- 2 long, thin cucumbers
- ½ cup ground pork
- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- ⅛ teaspoon slivered, peeled, fresh ginger root, or ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger
- 1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1–2 tablespoons cooking oil

Wash, peel and trim the cucumbers. Cut crosswise into slices about 1½" thick. Hollow out the seeds. Mix pork with bread crumbs and seasonings. Pack into the cucumbers. Heat the cooking oil in a skillet. Stand stuffed cucumbers in oil and cook gently until tinged with brown, then turn and brown other end. Add ¼ cup water. Cover, turn heat to low and continue cooking for 8–10 minutes longer. Cucumbers should be tender, but not soft, and pork done through. Makes 6 servings.

SPINACH-AND-BEAN-SPROUT SALAD

- 1 pound young fresh spinach
- ½ cup bean sprouts
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper

Wash spinach very well. Remove stems and heavy veins from larger leaves. Set aside in vegetable crisper until needed. Rinse the bean sprouts in cold water, then cover with cold water and keep in the refrigerator until ready to use. Drain well. Mix the oil, vinegar and seasonings. Break spinach into bite-size pieces and place in a salad bowl with the bean sprouts. Pour the dressing over and toss. Makes 6 servings. *Note:* This dressing may be heated before pouring over the greens, as in making wilted lettuce.

COLD COFFEE SOUFFLÉ

- 1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1½ cups water
- 1 cup milk
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons instant coffee (espresso or half-and-half if you prefer)
- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix the gelatin with the water, milk, sugar, salt and instant coffee. Place in double boiler and heat until mixture is scalded and gelatin dissolved. Add 3 slightly beaten egg yolks and cook until mixture coats a spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla and chill until syrupy. Fold in the 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Pour into individual sherbet glasses or a serving bowl and chill until firm. Garnish with chocolate curls made by scraping unsweetened chocolate squares with a vegetable peeler. Makes 6 servings.

In either of the menus you can substitute the next recipe: South Sea Fish in Foil, fragrant with ginger root. . . . Lomi Lomi Salmon is a definite adventure into the unknown textures and flavors of the fish world.

SOUTH SEA FISH IN FOIL

- 6 (1½–¾-lb.) trout or any whitefish fillets, fresh or frozen
- 6 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- Juice of 1 lemon
- ½ teaspoon ground ginger
- ½ pound fresh spinach leaves, washed

Clean and wash fresh fish. If using frozen fish, thaw according to package directions. Stir the melted butter, soy sauce and lemon juice together and brush on the fish, inside and out. Sprinkle the inside of each fish generously with the ginger and then lightly on top. Wrap each fish in foil this way: Place a few spinach leaves on a square of aluminum foil, lay a seasoned serving of fish on spinach and place a few leaves on top. Wrap in the foil, turning the ends in and folding it securely. Place on shallow baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 to 40 minutes. Bring to the table in the foil; or if you like, wrap several pieces of spinach-covered fish in one large piece of foil, and remove from foil to warm serving platter. Makes 6 servings.

LOMI LOMI SALMON
(Shredded Salmon)

- ¾ pound fresh or frozen salmon
- 1½ tablespoons salt
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 4 ripe tomatoes (about 1½ pounds)
- 4 medium scallions

Wash the salmon, pat dry and rub with the salt. Sprinkle lemon juice on both sides. Cover and place in refrigerator for 12–24 hours. Turn once. The lemon juice will "cook" the salmon. If you can get *salt salmon*, soak it 12–24 hours and then proceed. Remove bones and skin from the fish and cut it into ¼"–½" pieces, or pull it apart with your fingers. In this way you will be sure to feel any small bones and have irregular small pieces. Peel and chop the tomatoes and add to the salmon. Wash, trim and slice scallions very thin, using as much of the stem as is tender. Add more lemon juice and salt to taste. Cover and place in refrigerator again for several hours. Serve very cold on lettuce or watercress, or stuff tomatoes with the mixture as a first course for luncheon or supper. On the islands Lomi Lomi Salmon is often served with cracked ice added at the last minute. Serves 6.

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

I drove away. Ann stayed behind, went into the restaurant. There she attempted to stir up trouble between Irene and Bernard, a couple whose relationship nobody can fathom, by announcing to him that I was in love with his wife and his wife was in love with me. The statement was not only untrue, it was disloyal, it was dumb. Ann risked the future of my store, took a chance on the livelihood of herself and our little girl. Fortunately Bernard is Bernard; his vanity was unshaken and he brushed off the scene as another example of feminine foolishness and jealousy.

"I almost wish I had some of his arrogance, his indifference to women's ideas. From morning until night Ann accuses me of meeting Irene on the sly—untrue!—and then she threatens to file suit for a divorce I don't want and that she doesn't want. She is at me all the time with questions as to the exact status of my present feelings for Irene, my past feelings, my possible future feelings. Often my parents are also on hand with their list of questions.

"Even if I could provide Ann with truthful answers, which I can't—how do I know why Irene appealed to me in the first place?—I simply won't attempt to explain to anybody all the ins and outs of long-gone feelings, the details Ann is clamoring to hear.

"What good would it do Ann if I tried to figure out and put in words that kind of stuff? She would be bound to be hurt rather than helped. Years ago it didn't help me to hear how she was smitten by a stupid ski instructor. Perhaps I begged for every detail just as Ann is doing now, but later on I regretted it. I wasn't helped. I was hurt.

"Forgive and forget is my prescription for Ann and me—the sooner the better. If she will guarantee to shut up my parents, and will quit pestering me herself, I'll make any concession she wishes. I want back the trust she once had in me. It would be wonderful if she would agree to adopt a second child, but if she thinks I don't deserve an average-sized family, I will table the idea.

"Now as to Irene. Because of my business connections with Bernard it will be awkward, but I suppose I can manage to freeze his wife in the future. Irene won't mind. I will feel like a stuffed shirt and a weak fool, but if Ann insists I will promise never to speak to Irene again. And this time I will keep the promise."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Almost always in a foundering marriage, there is self-deception on both sides. Both Ann and Gil were self-deceived.

"At the age of thirty-one Gil, who had been alternately overprotected and cut down to size by his indulgent parents, had a very childish approach to life. Ann was equally childish, as was shown by her craving for the good will and approval of her in-laws in deeply personal matters. Although Ann regarded herself as a completely honest person, she didn't understand the complex nature of truth and was less honest than she thought.

"When she confided in Gil her random daydreams, the idle fantasies woven around a handsome ski instructor who meant nothing to her in actuality, she virtuously assumed she was inspired by a desire to be honest. Her action was juvenile and naïve. Her confession of self-styled 'sin,' absurd on the face of it (she had admired the handsome instructor only from a distance) failed to take into account the shakiness of Gil's personality, the slenderness of his confidence. On a conscious level, Ann did not calculate on Gil's almost inevitable reaction to her glowing account of the attractions of another man, nor did she understand her own hidden motive.

"Her cruelty was unintentional. Nevertheless, in describing to Gil an imaginary, straw-man rival, it is my belief that she was subconsciously disclosing hostility, her lack of faith in him as a husband and breadwinner. In effect, her confession was a subtle method of saying, 'Why don't you work harder and earn more money, as your own parents advise? You aren't the only fish in the pond.' Years later when Ann and I analyzed the incident, she perceived the likelihood that her unwise action had been prompted by this unkind motive.

"Certainly it was the message Gil received. Someday, his subconscious mind promised, his turn would come.

"When at last he prospered in business, Gil was too immature to let bygones be bygones. His subconscious outrage and anger at Ann, initiated by her confession, had been added to through the years, day by day, until within himself he had built a vast storehouse of unforgotten slights and hurts.

"With prosperity he seized the long-awaited chance to pay Ann off. He paid off his parents too. They were horrified by the news of his infidelity, incredulous. Gil even paid off the condescending Bernard.

"It was no accident that gossip of meetings between Gil and Irene quickly spread. It wasn't carelessness that led him to lunch with her in a restaurant favored by friends. Gil himself was wholly unaware that he wanted Ann and his parents to hear of his activities and to be hurt as he had been hurt.

"Ann's progress toward self-honesty assisted Gil in acquiring honesty about himself. He was jolted into recognizing the vengeful streak in his personality, but he accepted the knowledge, and determined in the future he would resist the pull of innate meanness. All along he had realized the shallowness of his feeling for Irene. Without difficulty he decided to stop taking advantage of casual friendly meetings, and he stuck to the decision. For her part, Ann granted the complexity and the danger of all-out confession and stopped clamoring for the impossible—a detailed recital of how Gil had felt toward Irene, why he had felt that way, and so on.

"With deliberate effort, she reduced her emotional and social dependence on Gil's mother and father. Tactfully she and Gil indicated to their elders that they were adult and must lead adult lives, that they needed more time to themselves. These days they hold their own parties, select their own friends. Ann now turns to Gil and asks for his advice. She chatters less with her mother-in-law on the telephone. Above all, she keeps private affairs private.

"In an ideal world, perhaps Gil could have cut all ties with Bernard and Irene. In his particular business, the move seemed too drastic, unrealistic. Bernard remains a good customer at the store, now so flourishing that the major portion of Gil's debt to his parents has been settled. Occasionally and unavoidably Gil sees Irene, nods politely, exchanges a few words and passes on.

"It has been some time since I talked professionally to Ann and Gil, but we keep in touch. A year ago they adopted a second little girl. At the moment they are again on the agency list, anxiously awaiting a son."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

EAR HUNT

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

Jubal slapped her shoulder affectionately. "You'll never need tending, Ma, but I'd like ighty well to live on here. Only you've got to treat Annabelle like a daughter."

"I never had a daughter," Ma reminded m, adding under her breath *but I'd surely ake cat's meat of her if I had*, for no female, hoever she be, can come up to a man for rength and boldness in the wilderness. So Jubal went to bring up the girl, and came carrying her bag and walking behind her as if he were a servant, instead of striding ahead like a proper man who aims to be master. Annabelle would have kissed Ma's ravaged old face if she'd been permitted. She said, in her soft voice, that she loved everything about the place and had always wanted to live where there was a "lovely view," whatever that was. She did turn out to have a deft hand with the frypan, and her way of roasting venison was something notable, but she had silly



MACARONI 'N' TUNA SEASIDE SKILLET

Savory, new dish that's quick and easy to make

Here's a tasty meal you can fix right on top of your stove—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni with Cheese Sauce—combined with onions, peas, and tuna. It's high in flavor, but low in cost.

- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
- 1 can (7 ounces) tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 cup cooked peas

In skillet, cook onion, mustard, and paprika in butter until onion is tender. Add macaroni, tuna, and peas. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPAN

notions about wanting a cloth on the table at mealtimes, and you'd think a nice clean gunny sack wasn't a fit towel for anybody, the way she touched it. Yes, she was sweet-mannered, and capable in a way, but she was butter-soft, and cowardy about snakes, and she screamed for all to hear when a covey of quail broke out near her in the cow pasture. The worst of it was that Jubal liked this silliness. *Look at him now*, Ma thought, as he worked and whistled about the yard. Annabelle had seen that if he'd set pipes into a spring up above them on the hill, they could have fresh water running right into the kitchen; and worse than that, she'd persuaded Jubal that he thought of it himself. So here he was, one of the finest men God ever made, so bemused and love-sodden that he'd already laid the pipe and was filling in the old well, happy as a summer morning. So Ma laid her plans that very night.

If there was one thing the Brickers loved, it was a good old noisy bear hunt, whooping and hollering about the hills and never mind if they got a bear or not, just so they had the fun. So Ma went, when she wasn't seen, and dragged a smoked ham all about the yard. There's nothing a bear likes better than smoked ham, especially in early spring, when he's winter-thin. And sure enough, just before dawn, the dogs almost went crazy.

Next morning Ma called Jubal's mind to the huge tracks. It was a measure of his besottedness that he hadn't even seen them himself. "What do you aim to do?" she demanded.

He grinned like a boy. "We'll just have to hunt him down. He'll have the smokehouse knocked apart, next time he comes. You go holler at the others, while I throw some old boards over the well, lest the dogs fall in. There's something in there they want, seems like."

It was only the ham Ma had discarded, and no need to mention such trifles. The others came arunning, booted and carrying guns, the men grinning through their black beards, the women gabbling and eager, ready for the fun; and here was Annabelle, in her flimsy dress and thin little shoes, trying to beg off, saying she couldn't shoot a gun, and she'd bide in the cabin and have food ready. Ma just set her jaw, and pointed up the trail, and even Jubal said she'd best come along, so along she came, as they crowded up toward the hills, with the dogs racing ahead, half crazy with knowing what lay before them.

There's nothing shows up a soft woman like a bear hunt. Ma knew her hills and she knew this big old bear's ways pretty well, so she organized them, and sent them off to make a great circle around the near hillside, where old Master Bear liked to lie low in a stand of cedars. She chose her own place up on a rock, where she could watch on all sides, and bade Annabelle stay near her, while Jubal ranged the far side of the circle. Then, when he was well gone, Ma set Annabelle right down on the trail, well knowing there'd be a deer or two coming that way to escape, and hoping she'd give way and run back to the cabin, and show herself for what she was.

She didn't really mean any harm to Annabelle, but only to have Jubal know what kind of weak goods he'd chosen to tie to. So she kept watch all over the hillside, and sure enough, here came a deer bounding along, and Annabelle's skirt fluttered and she was gone. She was probably locking herself into the cabin, whimpering, so that was settled, and Ma turned back to enjoy herself.

It was a grand day, to be sure, the hollering and barking and uproar up one way and down the other and still no sign of the bear, and well past noon one of the boys—it was Abel—came crashing in to find Ma. "He's got out of the circle someway. We think he made for Meadow Lake. We'll get him there."

"Go along the top of that ridge," Ma ordered swiftly. "I'll come up the draw beyond. Tell Jubal to hurry up above the lake, and the others to keep close. We've got to get him this time, or we'll never have any peace."

A far, faint cry came up-trail. It was Annabelle, screaming from the cabin. "What's that?" Abel asked, cupping his ear. Abel was the dull one. He never knew a thing until he was told, but this time he remembered Annabelle. "Where's the girl?"

"Off after Jubal," Ma lied. "Get along. Time's awasting."

They plunged off into the higher hills, and she knew with a fierce joy that her sons would never let up, nor think of food, nor tire in their great muscles until dusk came down and drove them home. So they circled the little mountain lake, and started a hundred deer, more or less, and caught sight of a cougar and heard the bobcats screaming, but no bear this time. Finally they all came panting in, at the lower end of the lake, and Jubal took one look and demanded, "Where's Annabelle?"

"Wasn't she with you?" Ma asked innocently. Jubal gave her a look, and began to run. The others straggled down the hill after him, and Ma, somewhat winded by this time, hastened as fast as she could.

She could see the cabin from a bend in the trail, and no signs of smoke from the chimney, and probably nothing cooking. Maybe the girl had given up her wish to live with the Brickers, and had taken herself off down to the valley again. So Ma followed, smiling.

Then she heard the shouting and gunshots, and she forgot age and weakness and charged down the hill and into the ya 1. They were clustered about the old well, all talking at once, and Annabelle supported by Jubal's arm, and there, lying dead all along the ground, was the biggest bear Ma had ever seen.

They all yelled at once, telling her the story. "Shut up," she roared. Silence crashed down. Ma said, "Jubal, what's the straight of this?"

Jubal said, "Annabelle came back, thinking she wasn't much use, and had best get some food cooking, and behind her came the bear, following the only way he could get out of our circle. He smelled whatever it is in the well, and went straight to it, and the boards broke and let him down. Annabelle couldn't make us hear, so she's been half the day knocking him back down whenever he clawed his way up, and him raging and her all alone and frightened ——"

His voice broke, and he wiped his eyes unashamed, and put both arms about the girl. Ma stood there, considering. The girl had been there for hours, pitting her frail strength against the furious animal, and she'd neither given up nor lost the fight. Ma was looking at Annabelle, but in her mind she was looking her own self in the face and not liking what she saw. She said slowly, "I heard you acalling, girl. Anybody else, and I'd come arunning, but I wanted Jubal to throw you off, so I let you be, hoping you'd give up and go off an' hide yoreself."

She saw Jubal, rage-white, but she had to finish. "I should ha' known a real lady woman when I seen one, but I'm getting old. Now I say humbly, Jubal, my son, you take the home place and be master here, and I'll make me a hut over beyond somewhere and never show my face again."

Dismay showed in every face. This breal down of the strongest among them was frighening, but none dared speak. Only Annabel freed herself from Jubal's arms and came face them all.

"Your mother has just done the brave thing I ever knew," she said softly b clearly. "All who stand here will nev speak of this thing again, nor you eithe Jubal's mother." She moved a little, a looked up into Ma's ravaged face. "Shall v make a family of it, you and I and Juba What do you say?"

Here was power stronger than her own. M wanted to bawl like a calf, but there we things to be done. "You all, standing idle—g to work, all of you. Rustle up a fire and sor food. This little lady needs tending. And put cloth on the table, do you hear?" she bellow at the frightened wives. "We're going to civilized around here, or I'll break a few hea Scatter, now."

They scattered. Ma reached down a gathered up Annabelle in her arms. She t Jubal, "This here's my daughter now. Y treat her tender or you'll rue the day you fi saw the light. Here, carry her in."

Jubal carried her in, over the threshold, i the cabin, and Ma followed, watching a iously lest he bruise her darling against roughness of the door. E



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SIX SUPERB WAYS WITH CHICKEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening ...o mixture looks like coarse meal. Make a well ...n the center and stir in milk all at once. Stir ...with a fork until a soft dough is formed, about ...8 strokes. Turn out onto a well-floured board. ...With floured hands, pat dough out ½" thick. ...Cut with 2" biscuit cutter. Bake on an un...greased baking sheet until golden, in a very ...hot oven, 450° F. 12–14 minutes. Makes 12 ...biscuits or 6 larger 3" biscuits.

For variation, add parsley and herbs to ...ry ingredients.

TARRAGON-BAKED CHICKEN

Try this for a touch of adventure! Its gravy, unthickened, is pungent with the flavor of herbs and vinegar.

- 1 (3½-lb.) frying chickens, cut up
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ½ teaspoon tarragon
- ¼ teaspoon garlic powder
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- ½ cup cider vinegar
- 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
- ½ cup chicken broth

Wash the chicken parts and pat them dry. ...rrange skin side up in roasting pan. Brush ...ith butter. Mix seasonings. Sprinkle over the ...hicken parts, adding parsley. Cover and bake ...n a moderate oven, 350° F., for ½ hour. ...ncover, add vinegars, and contine baking in ...very hot oven, 400° F., until chicken is ...olden brown and tender. Baste often. When ...hicken is done, arrange on platter and keep ...arm. Drain off any extra fat but leave pan...rowned juice. Stir in broth, heat until bub...ing. Pour over chicken. Makes 6 servings.

COUNTRY CHICKEN BAKED IN MILK

Don't forget to serve this succulent casserole with soft-crumb biscuits.

- 1 (3–3½-lb.) frying chicken, cut up
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- 1½ cups milk

Wash chicken and pat dry. Mix flour and seasonings. Roll chicken in mixture and shake off excess flour. Melt the butter in a large skillet. Fry the chicken slowly until golden on all sides. Then transfer it to a shallow baking pan or dish. Add milk to the skillet. Heat and stir until all brown bits in pan are loosened. Pour over chicken. Bake, uncovered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., until tender, about 45 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

SOFT-CRUMB BISCUITS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons shortening
- ⅔–¾ cup milk
- 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley (optional)

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like coarse meal. Make a well and add milk all at once. Stir with a fork until a soft dough is formed, about 18 strokes. You might need a little more milk. Dough should be soft and light, but not sticky. Turn out onto lightly floured board; knead lightly about 20 times until smooth. Roll lightly ¾" thick. Cut out with a 2" biscuit cutter, or roll into an oblong and cut into diamonds by making diagonal cuts with a long, thin knife. Bake for 12–15 minutes in a very hot oven, 450° F., until golden. For variation add finely chopped parsley with the milk. Makes 12–14 biscuits.

CHICKEN IN ORANGE SAUCE WITH MUSHROOMS

Orange dominates the deep glaze on this chicken. Have buttered green beans, split toasted biscuits.

- 2 (2-lb.) broiling chickens, quartered
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- ½ pound mushrooms
- ¼ cup finely chopped onion
- 2 cups orange juice
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ¼ cup beef consommé

Wash chicken and pat dry. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Brown in butter in a large skillet. Remove chicken to paper toweling. Wipe, trim and quarter mushrooms. Add to skillet and cook until golden. Remove and set aside for use later. Stir onion into remaining drippings in skillet and cook a few minutes. Add orange juice and sugar and cook over high heat until mixture is reduced by half. Lower heat and stir in consommé. Arrange browned chicken in sauce. Cover and cook over very low heat until tender, about 1 hour. Add mushrooms during last 10 minutes of cooking. Makes 4 servings.

HOT PEPPER CHICKEN

Broilers get new accents of taste and color from garlic, chili pecquins, paprika.

- 2 (2-lb.) broiling chickens, quartered
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
- 6–8 chili pecquins, crushed
- 1 teaspoon paprika

Prepare broilers for cooking; sprinkle with salt and place on broiling pan, skin side down. Melt butter with garlic, chili pecquins and paprika. Brush chickens generously with mixture. Place pan 6" from heat and broil chicken about 15 minutes until golden, basting often with the butter. Turn chickens over and continue basting and broiling until golden also. Lower heat to moderately slow, 325° F., bake until tender, about 20 minutes. Baste occasionally with drippings, to keep moist. Makes 4 servings.

MOROCCAN CHICKEN

- 1 (3–3½ lb.) frying chicken, cut up
- ½ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ teaspoon powdered turmeric
- ½ teaspoon rubbed thyme
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- Shortening

Wash and dry chicken. In a paper bag mix flour and all seasonings. Shake chicken in seasoned flour. Dip into egg and then into seasoned flour again. Heat enough shortening to cover the bottom of a large skillet. Fry the chicken until crisp and golden all over, turning the pieces often. Drain each piece on paper toweling. Serve with saffron rice pilaf; garnish the platter with clusters of white grapes. Makes 4 servings.

SAFFRON RICE PILAF

- ¾ teaspoon saffron
- 1 can (13¾-oz.) chicken broth
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 2 tablespoons finely minced onion
- 2–3 tablespoons slivered, toasted almonds

Soak saffron in ¼ cup chicken broth for 1 hour. Strain and reserve saffron liquid. Heat butter or margarine in a heavy 2-quart ovenproof kettle. Add rice and onion and sauté, stirring constantly, until rice becomes straw-colored. Do not allow to overbrown. Stir in 1 cup chicken broth and saffron liquid. Cover kettle, transfer to a moderately hot oven, 400° F., and bake for 20 minutes or until rice has absorbed all liquid. Stir once with a fork. Heat remaining chicken broth and add to rice. Cover, reduce heat to 200° F., and bake 10–15 minutes more. Remove cover, add almonds, toss lightly with a fork. Leave in oven (uncovered) for 4–5 minutes. Makes 4 servings.



THE ALIEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

again. *I will have to make her do it.* Miranda resolved. She lay quietly and worried about it. The easiest thing would be to vacuum the floor herself. But that wasn't fair to Polly, who always did her few household jobs without complaining.

I will lie here a while and gather my strength, Miranda decided.

She sighed and wondered whether the Saturday lectures were worth the effort. Nothing was ever said that helped her in the least. What would a woman like Mrs. Gordon think if she knew the real problem? *I have nothing in common with a woman like that,* thought Miranda. The two women had never done more than exchange occasional pleasantries about the friendship of their daughters. The two girls were inseparable. One had only to look at Sue Gordon to know that Mrs. Gordon was a successful mother.

And I am not, thought Miranda. She closed her eyes and repressed an impulse to burst weakly into tears. *Maybe if I could talk to Mrs. Gordon about Carol,* she thought. Behind her eyelids she saw a picture of herself talking intimately to Sue Gordon's mother. *I couldn't.*

How could the mother of a girl like Sue understand what it was like to be the mother of a girl like Carol? Sue was cheerful, courteous, kind, full of eager curiosity and natural gaiety. The perfect teenager. Even Carol seemed to relax and enjoy herself when Sue was around. It was a pleasure to have her in the house. *Her mother must have done everything right from the very beginning,* thought Miranda. Her head made small, worried movements on the pillow. *Somewhere, I've gone wrong. I've made some terrible mistake.*

Because Carol is a monster.

Miranda's blue eyes flew wide open with shock, the thought had flown unbidden out of some hidden cave in her mind. *No, she isn't. Of course she isn't. She's just going through a phase. She's a teenager. She needs sympathy and understanding and patience. She's just oversensitive and proud and worried about being popular. Pressures are so awful on kids these days.*

She's a monster.

Miranda heard the front door open and held her breath. If Carol hummed, if her step was light, the rest of the day might not be too bad. If her tread was heavy and her music books crashed down on the hall table in a certain way, the evening was doomed.

A heavy step advanced along the hall. The books crashed. Miranda took a deep breath, put her hands together once in a small prayerful gesture, and got out of bed.

Carol was in the living room. "Hello, darling," said Miranda.

Carol did not answer. She turned eyes exactly like Miranda's toward her mother and fixed her with a bleak blue stare. "Did you get it?"

"Get what?"

"The shampoo. I only asked you about five thousand times this morning ——"

"Oh! Yes. The shampoo. Yes, I got some shampoo."

"Some shampoo? *Some* shampoo? Did you get Dreamlight, like I told you?"

"No, I ——"

"I knew it. I *knew* it. Mother, I asked you *specifically*. I told you ——"

"If you'll just listen one minute ——"

"You never do anything right. Never."

"Carol, I went to three different drugstores ——"

"Oh, never *mind*." Carol threw herself on the sofa and buried her head in her arms.

"I ran practically all over town, Carol. They don't have it in the stores here yet. That's the only explanation I can think of."

"Never *mind*."

Miranda counted to ten. Her eye fell on the vacuum cleaner. She counted to twenty. She decided she had not had quite enough rest to bring up the vacuum cleaner. She forced her voice to be low and pleasant. "I picked up your pink sweater from the cleaner's."

Carol mumbled behind her crossed arms. "What?"

"I said it's about time. It's only been there about six months."

"Six days."

"Hmpff. Did they get the spots out?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

"Didn't you *look?* You ought to have sense enough to look at a sweater to make sure it's clean before you bring it home. My gosh."

Miranda could feel two bright spots burning high up on her cheeks. "Your attitude is such a joy, dear. Thank you."

Carol sat up. "Oh, good grief," she said. She stamped out of the room, stubbing her toe on the vacuum cleaner. She gave it a vicious look.

For a moment Miranda stood rooted. She had the weird impression that she was beginning to swell; all her joints felt puffy. Any moment she would explode like a cheap balloon. *Every day,* she thought. *Every day I go through something like this.* Tight-stepped, balloon skinned, she went to the kitchen. She pulled a pan from the cupboard and slammed the door shut so violently that it flew open again. *I can't do anything to please her,* she thought. She shut the cupboard door again and pinched her finger. Tears of self-pity came to her eyes.

Polly came in from her bike ride. "Hi, mom!" Her cropped brown hair was windtousled; she wore rumpled white shorts and an immense gray sweat shirt gone at the elbows. She exuded warmth and sunlight and energy. She threw her arms around Miranda and nuzzled her gently in the neck. "M-m-m-m. You smell wonderful. You've got on that perfume daddy gave you."

Miranda could feel her skin beginning to loosen, responding gratefully to Polly's affectionate touch. Carol never touched her, and Miranda's own attempts at showing affection were always met with stiff, resistant flesh. She gave Polly a compulsive, satisfying hug.

"Hey, mom, guess what. Jeannie's having a party tomorrow night."

"That's nice," said Miranda.

"With *boys*. Her mother's making pizza, and she's got all these records and stuff, and she actually invited these *boys* from our class. Is it O.K. if I go?"

Miranda considered. Polly was shooting almost visible sparks. "I don't see why not. If you want to."

"I can't really imagine it," said Polly. "A party with boys. Gee. I don't know how Jeannie had the nerve to ask them. I'd never have the nerve, that's for sure."

"I suppose you're old enough to go to a party with boys," said Miranda. "Don't go if it worries you, though."

"I wouldn't miss it for anything," said Polly. "They've got this swell family room, and we can dance. Those dumb boys never want to dance, but maybe they will at a party. Old Jeannie'll *make* Don Briggs dance with her. They go steady."

"Steady? At *thirteen?*"

"Sure," said Polly. "Lots of girls my age go steady. Even younger. Or else they just talk about boys all the time. They're as bad as Carol and Sue Gordon. That's all Carol and Sue *ever* talk about. It's *sickening*."

"Sh-h-h!" said Miranda in alarm. She cocked her head toward Carol's room.

"Well, it *is*," said Polly, lowering her voice slightly. "I wish they'd hurry up and get boy friends, that's what I wish. Then maybe they'd quit *talking* about it for five minutes."

"I'll have to admit I don't understand it," said Miranda. She looked at her younger daughter with puzzled blue eyes. "They're both pretty ——"

"They're scared," said Polly matter-of-factly. "They're so scared that the boys think they're stuck up. So they don't get asked. That's what *I* think."

"Little Miss Advice-to-the-Lovelorn," said Miranda. "Are you scared of boys, Polly?"

"Yes," said Polly. "I'm not ever going to let it show, though. That's one thing I learned from Carol. I don't care how scared I am, I won't let it show. Listen, do you think that boy's going to ask Carol to the prom?"



"What boy?"

"That John whatshisname. Thorpe. The one Carol's been working on. She's trying to get him, and Sue's trying to get that boy he runs around with, Phil."

"How do you know all this?" asked Miranda. "Carol's never said a word."

"I listen," said Polly. "I don't listen on purpose. I can't help it. They talk about it all the time up in Carol's room. It's sickening. Do you think John will ask her?"

"I don't know," said Miranda. She sighed. "I hope so. It will be terrible if she can't go to the prom her junior year."

"Boy, I hope so too," said Polly fervently. "Maybe she'll act nice for a change. . . . Listen, do you think my pink dress is OK for that party?"

"I think so. It ought to be just the thing."

"Yes, but what if the other girls don't dress up? I'd feel awful!"

"Call Jeannie and ask her what to wear."

"I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't go. What if I go and nobody asks me to dance?"

"Listen, darling. If it worries you, don't go. Don't let yourself get nervous about it. It's not worth it if it makes you nervous."

"I'm not nervous," said Polly. She gave her mother a wicked look. "Not exactly. I'll have to do something about my hair, though. I'm more worried about that than anything."

"You'll be fine," said Miranda. *I'll never have to go through with this what I've gone through with Carol,* she thought. *Thank heaven for that!*

Carol strolled into the kitchen. Polly's eyes widened. "Gee, your hair looks pretty, Carol. Look, mom, she's got a French roll!"

Carol tossed her head and went to the refrigerator. Her pale hair was artfully piled at the back of her head; her profile had a look of startling purity.

"Why, it's beautiful, Carol," said Miranda. "It's stunning."

"Polly," said Carol.

"You ought to always wear it that way, Carol," said Polly. "Boy, you look like a movie actress or something. No kidding."

"Oh, sure," said Carol. She took an orange from the refrigerator, looked at it vaguely and put it back.

"It's really lovely, Carol," said Miranda. "Are you going to start wearing it like that?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

The absence of irritation from Carol's voice filled Miranda with such relief that she felt like a celebration. "I think I'll make something special for dinner tonight," she said. "Chocolate pie, maybe."

"Oh, boy!" said Polly.

"Mother," said Carol.

Miranda's manners fell. "What's the matter?"

"You know chocolate gives me bumps," said Carol. "Why do you always have to make something that gives me bumps?"

"Mom, please make chocolate pie," said Polly. "She thinks everything good gives her bumps."

"Oh, shut up," said Carol. "You make me sick."

How did this happen? Miranda asked herself wildly.

"Lemon pie?" she asked tentatively. She clasped her hands together in a curious, unconscious, defensive gesture and looked at Carol. "Would you like lemon pie?"

"Must you always make something fattening?"

"You don't have to eat it," said Polly.

"Phtuah," said Carol. She made a hideous face at her sister. "Why don't you keep your nose out of things once, for a great big fat change?"

"That's enough," said Miranda sharply.

"Go ahead, give her her way," said Polly. "She always gets her way." Her voice cracked on the edge of tears.

"Get on, cry," said Carol. "Cry, baby, cry. *Honestly.* You are the most spoiled brat I ever saw in my entire life."

"Stop it!" said Miranda. "If you would simply tell me, Carol, what you want me to make for dessert —"

"Make anything you want," said Carol. She walked out of the kitchen.

"She always says something mean," said Polly in shaking voice. "Always. Every time."

"Darling," said Miranda helplessly, "try not to let it get you down. She's just going through a phase, that's all." *It's been a phase,* she thought wildly, *for three years.*

"She acts like she's the boss of the whole world!"

"Tell you what, I'll make a little chocolate pie, just for you, and something else for Carol. OK?"

"It's not the pie, it's everything."

I know it, thought Miranda. *It's not the pie and it's not the lemon chiffon and it's not the shampoo, it's everything.* She felt like putting her head down on the counter and crying too. "Polly," she said, "try not to take it so hard. Just remember she's a teenager. I guess it's something she has to go through."

Polly scrutinized her eyes on her sleeve. "I'm not ever going to be a teenager. I mean it."

"Little late to change your plans," said Miranda, smiling. "You're a teen, isn't it?"

"Well, you know. A teenager."

Yes, thought Miranda. *I know. And I know you are my joy and my salvation. You keep me sane. Other sisters like Carol would finish me.*

She made fruit compote for Carol and chocolate pie for the rest of the family. She glanced at the clock and decided she might have time for a nap before dinner, after all. Polly was luxuriating in a bubble bath. Carol had shut herself in her room, probably doing something to her hair. She was always doing



"Oh, working smooth. Just sitting around listening to crowds."



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something to her hair. There was no way to predict what mood she would be in when she emerged. *I'd better lie down*, thought Miranda, *just to be on the safe side*. She started toward her bedroom and the doorbell rang.

It was Sue Gordon. "Hi, Mrs. Weatherby." The afternoon sun struck gold in her brown hair. She smiled her wide, sweet smile. "Carol home?"

"Yes. Come in, Sue." Miranda smiled at the girl.

Any idea of taking a nap now was out; the house would be too noisy. Sue was darling, but Sue was noisy. Anyway, a nap was not quite so necessary with Sue in the house to put Carol in a better mood. *I'll go for a walk while she's here*, thought Miranda. *A walk would do me good.*

"That you, Sue?" called Carol. She bounded into the living room. "Hi. Hey, you've got some new pedal pushers. They're neat."

"Thanks," said Sue. "Excuse me, Mrs. Weatherby." She smiled at Miranda and walked past her to fling herself down on the couch beside Carol.

"Those are *really* neat " said Carol. "I wish mom would buy me something decent once in a while."

"Oh, come on," said Sue. She got you that blue skirt just last week."

"Oh, that thing," said Carol.

The skirt had cost eighteen dollars and Carol had campaigned for it for weeks. Miranda began to feel puffy again.

"Listen, Sue," said Carol "did anybody call or anything? You know." She glanced up at Miranda, who was gaping at her, still thinking about the blue skirt. "What's the matter, mom?"

"Nothing," said Miranda. "Nothing at all." Her voice went a little high. "I think I'll take a little walk."

"Well, fix your hair first," said Carol. "It looks terrible. Come on, Sue, spill it. Did you get a call or anything?"

"No," said Sue. "Not a word. Did you?"

"Are you kidding?"

Miranda, ignored, shifted her weight from one foot to the other and bumped into the vacuum cleaner. She stared down at it, one hand already on the doorknob, and something inside her came to high, irresistible boil.

"This vacuum cleaner," she said very loudly and very distinctly, "has been sitting here all day. It was put here by you, and it was left here by you. I want it used and I want it put away."

"What?" said Carol.

"I said I want this floor vacuumed by the time I get back. I'm going out. And I want this room done before I get back."

"Oh for Pete's sake, mom. I *told* you I'd do it. I'll *do* it. Can't you just quit nagging me about it?" She turned to Sue. "Do you still think they might call today?"

Pure anger flooded Miranda. She said sharply, "Carol!"

"*What?*"

The face Carol turned to her mother was pink with exasperation, and so loaded with long-suffering that Miranda wanted to slap it. Her fingertips tingled. She clutched the doorknob, restraining herself by an effort of will. She could not possibly speak at this moment. *If I say one word*, she thought, *I'll say them all. I'll shout them all. I'll let her have it. I should have spanked her when she was little. I should have beaten some manners into her from the day she was born.* Anger seized and jolted her with the force of raw electricity. She clung to the doorknob and forced herself to think calm. Bits and scraps from all the dutifully read books, the dutifully attended lectures floated into her mind: teenagers are beset with problems; teenagers need sympathy and understanding; try to understand your teen's problems.

And Miranda, who had never sworn in her life, had one black and overpowering thought: *To hell with it*. She opened the door and walked out.

She walked. She walked around corners, past houses bright with spring sunshine, through unknown streets, past small children playing on sidewalks. They stared innocently up at her, and Miranda thought, *You too. You'll grow up and turn into teenagers.* Her mouth turned downward. She plodded on, paying no attention to where she was going. *I wanted to hit her. I actually wanted to hit her.* A strand of hair fell down over her eye, and she pushed it back, glancing up at the street sign. Jefferson.

Sue lived on Jefferson.

I need help, thought Miranda. *I need a human voice to tell me what to do. She looked at me as though she hated me. My own daughter hates me.* Tears came to her eyes. *Maybe I could talk to Sue's mother. I've got to talk to somebody.* She reached Sue Gordon's block and rushed on in the opposite direction. *I can't possibly talk to Mrs. Gordon. I can't let anybody know what a failure I've been.*

She was suddenly terribly tired. Too tired to go home. Home was the one place she couldn't go when she was tired. She stood on a street corner, looking blankly at the strange houses. *I always meant to be a good mother.* She turned around and went back to Jefferson Street. She walked up to the Gordon house and rang the bell.

Miranda had never seen Sue's mother in her own home. For a moment the woman who answered the door looked like a stranger. Her tanned face and level gray eyes were unsmiling, and she wore no make-up. Her graying black hair, usually perfectly groomed, was helter-skelter.

"Oh," she said when she saw Miranda. "Mrs. Weatherby. Come in."

She led the way to a big, airy living room. *It's a nice home*, thought Miranda. *It's the kind of home you'd expect Sue to live in.* She imagined vaguely that Mrs. Gordon spent a lot of time in the living room reading psychology books. A cigarette was burning on an ashtray near the couch, and a half empty glass sat beside it. "I just happened to be in the neighborhood," said Miranda.

"I'm glad you stopped in," said Mrs. Gordon. "Sit down." She picked up the glass and said, "Drink?"

"Oh, no. Thanks." Miranda smiled nervously. "I don't drink."

"Let me get you some coffee."

She disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and came back with coffee and a plate of cookies.

"Thank you " said Miranda. She sipped the coffee and tried to think what she could say to this silent and rather formal stranger.

"Sue's at your house, isn't she?" said Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes," said Miranda.

"The girls spend a lot of time together. That's an awfully nice girl you have there." Mrs. Gordon lifted her glass and took a small drink.

Miranda gave a small embarrassed laugh. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Sort of."

Mrs. Gordon put down her drink and very briefly closed her eyes. "Is Sue giving you any trouble? I mean any trouble at all?"

"Oh, no," said Miranda. "Sue's a lovely girl. Exactly the kind of friend I would have ordered for Carol myself."

"Well," said Mrs. Gordon. She stirred her drink. "That's nice."

"It's just that—well, I think I need advice. About Carol." Miranda's eyes began to fill again. She put her coffee cup down very carefully and looked at the pattern on the cup. "You know so much about psychology and all. And I've been having . . . I mean ——" she raised her eyes and looked at Sue's mother. "It just seems that I c-can't"—she felt her chin quiver and raised her hand to support it—"can't do anything right. As a mother. It's just like a—like a *war* between us all the time." She forced her mouth to stop quivering and put her hands in her lap and smiled a bright, strained smile. "The thing is," she said, her voice beginning loud and firm and then collapsing, "I don't know what to do."

"I see," said Mrs. Gordon. Her mouth seemed to have fallen slightly open.

Miranda plunged on. "I feel as though I don't have the strength to go on, sometimes. To be a good mother. Today, for example. I didn't get a nap, and —— I take naps, you see. Every day before Carol gets home from school. To prepare myself. You know? That sounds terrible. It's just as though I can't face her unless I've rested a while."

Mrs. Gordon put down her drink. "This is a surprise," she said. "This is really a surprise."

"It's probably all my own fault," said Miranda miserably. "I don't know."

"Is it something Carol does? Or is it her attitude, mainly?"

"Her attitude, I guess. I ——"

"Does she seem to hate you sometimes? Most of the time?"

"Oh, yes. That's the ——"

"Balks at doing anything you tell her to do? The *slightest* thing?"

"Yes. This morning ——"

"Criticizes you, I suppose. What you wear, what you cook, what you say." A strange glitter had come into Mrs. Gordon's eyes. She leaned forward. "Feels abused whatever you ask of her behaves with unspeakable rudeness ——"

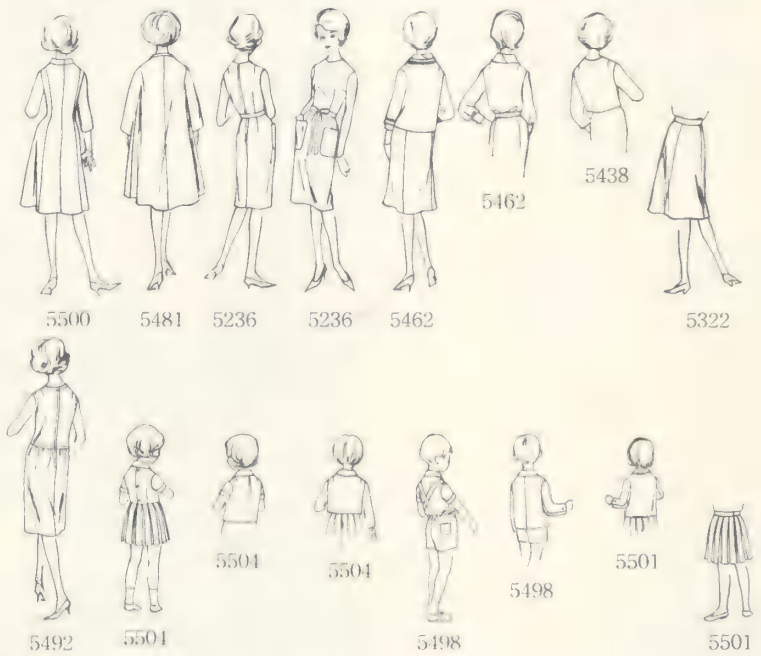
"That's one of the worst things about ——"

"Spends hours and hours and hours," said Mrs. Gordon, "on her personal appearance. Attacks your friends. Thinks you're stupid. Shuts you out of her life completely." Mrs. Gordon's face was turning a dull red. Her voice was beginning to carry a faint, keening note. "Bursts into tears at the slightest provocation. Bursts into tears without *any* provocation. Snarls at her younger brothers and

CONTINUED ON PAGE

GRAY FLANNEL

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 68 & 69.



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5500. One-piece dress; 10–18; $1.00. On sale March 10.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5481. Coat; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5236. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and stole; 10 18 (31 38); $1.00. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 39" fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5462. Suit and blouse; 10–42 (31–44); $2.00. Version shown requires 2⅜ yards of 54" fabric without nap for suit, 2¼ yards of 39" fabric without nap for blouse, 3½ yards of ½" flat braid and 6 yards of novelty edging for jacket trim, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5438. "Easy to Make" jacket and scarf; 10–18 (31–38); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅛ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5322. "Easy to Make" skirt; 24–30 waist measurement; 75c. Version shown requires 1½ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 26 waist.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5492. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00. Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14. On sale March 10.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5504. Jumper dress, blouse and jacket and slip; girls' sizes 4–8 (23–26); $1.00. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54" fabric without nap for jumper and jacket, ¼ yard of 35" fabric without nap for detachable collar, and 1⅛ yards of 35" fabric for blouse, girls' size 6. On sale March 10.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5498. Boys' suit and shirt; boys' sizes 4–8 (23–26); $1.00. Version shown requires 1⅝ yards of 54" fabric without nap for suit, 1⅜ yards of 35" fabric without nap for shirt, boys' size 6. On sale March 10.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5501. Sub-teen blazer and skirt; sub-teen sizes 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 3 yards of 54" fabric without nap, sub-teen size 12. On sale March 10.

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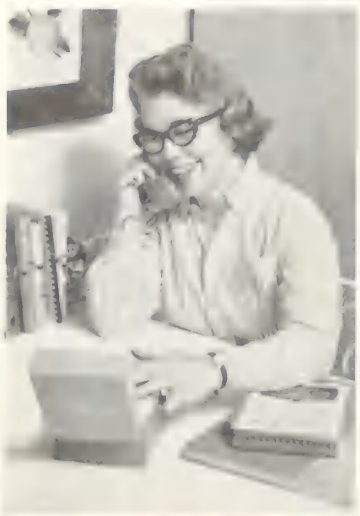
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Where did we women get this idea that insurance is so far out of our range? As homemakers, we already know about budgeting and saving. What we need to know about insurance simply extends this knowledge.

SIMPLE AS PIE

The whole idea of life insurance is basically simple. When our husbands pay those premiums, they are actually buying *guaranteed dollars* to pay the butcher and the baker if the paycheck stops coming in. For most of us, happily, this will be when our husbands retire.

For some of us, though, it will be when our families are still young and expensive. Your Travelers counselor will work out a plan with you and your husband that will fit *your* family's "tomorrow" needs without depriving you of "today's" fun and comfort.

INSTANT PROTECTION

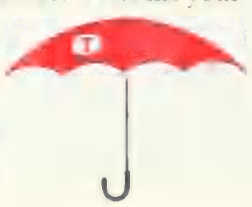
From the moment we pay our first premium on any insurance policy, we are fully protected—*just* as if we had paid for our policy in full. Think what this would mean to you if you were a young widow with charge-account bills, milk bills, dentist bills, suddenly yours to cope with alone.

For all of us, widows or not, there are these less dramatic but ever so comforting life insurance extras. We can borrow on our policy with no red tape at all. When we pay those premiums, we're actually saving automatically. And, best of all, we can look forward to our husband's retirement, knowing the insurance money will come rolling in like the good old paycheck.

INSURANCE IS A WOMAN'S BUSINESS

Insurance is as much our business as shopping for tonight's dinner. Ask your husband to let you sit in when he goes over *all* your insurance needs—life, car, fire, accident and health—with the Travelers man. Know the good feeling of being a Travelers family, safely sheltered under the Travelers red umbrella.

There is nothing mysterious about insurance. You know that now. Perhaps you'd like to know more. Write me your questions, or send for my booklet, "What Every Woman Should Know . . . About Insurance." It's yours for the asking from Jean Kinkead, The Travelers Insurance Companies, Hartford 15, Connecticut.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

sisters. Has no sense of humor, none whatsoever, regarding herself or her affairs. Can't understand why her father married you." Mrs. Gordon snatched up her glass and took a long drink. Miranda watched her with widening eyes.

"Sue?" she whispered. "You and Sue?"

Something seemed to be happening to Mrs. Gordon's face. Miranda had the strange impression that it was cracking.

"Some women take naps," said Mrs. Gordon. "Some women drink. I drink." She lifted her glass and threw Miranda a haggard look. "You," she said. "*You.* That's the final surprise. If I ever thought there was one successful mother, it's you."

"Why me?" said Miranda. She looked at Mrs. Gordon in astonishment.

"You're so quiet," said Mrs. Gordon. "So nice. You *look* like a mother. I see you at those meetings, and I see your daughter here, and I think there's one woman who has it made. No problems."

"No problems!" exclaimed Miranda.

"I'll tell you something," said Mrs. Gordon. "There are times when I'm not sure I can live through it."

"Me too," whispered Miranda hopelessly.

"*Teen*agers," said Mrs. Gordon vindictively. "Monsters. All of them."

"Do you really think so?" said Miranda. "Maybe it's just our two girls. I've wondered, you know. At the meetings. The women all seem so happy and—you know. Sure of themselves."

"Listen," said Mrs. Gordon. "I've done a little investigating. A little quiet investigating. All those women. Down underneath they're going mad. I mean it. You scratch any modern female with a teenage daughter and you find a woman on the edge of hysterics. Believe me. It's the world's biggest secret society."

"Oh," said Miranda. "That makes me feel better. It probably shouldn't, but it does. I thought maybe—you know—*I* was the monster. There's so much I don't know. About psychology and all."

"You want to know about psychology, I'll tell you about psychology," said Mrs. Gordon. "I've got a *degree* in psychology. Those psychologists who write the books aren't *mothers*. Or else their kids are all grown and they've forgotten what it's like. The way you forget childbirth. Oh, they can tell you what to do if your child is a compulsive liar. Or a bed-wetter. Or a *thief* or something. But they don't tell you what to do *really*. They just run on about how you've got to be *sympathetic*. And *understanding*."

"I know it," said Miranda.

"I'll tell you who needs the sympathy," said Mrs. Gordon. "I'll tell you who needs the understanding. The mothers need it."

"I've even thought maybe I should see a psychiatrist," said Miranda.

"I've seen one," said Mrs. Gordon. Her face seemed to cave in completely. "Sometimes I think I can't go on."

"Don't cry," said Miranda.

"It's not that I don't love Sue," said Mrs. Gordon. "I love her." She wiped her nose. "I just don't like her very much."

"Carol isn't a *bad* girl," said Miranda. "She's very kind to animals."

"So is Sue. Sue loves animals."

"Maybe things will work out."

"Sooner or later," said Mrs. Gordon. "They've got to." She blew her nose again and sat up straighter, looking a little more cheerful. "You know what I think? I think the girls will straighten out any day now. Any day. I honestly believe we're on the edge of a breakthrough. For one thing," she said, growing suddenly as brisk as she appeared at PTA meetings, "human strength can endure only so much. Isn't that true? I mean it's just not possible that we'd have to live with this sort of thing indefinitely. It's against *nature*. And I understand they always get better when they're seventeen."

"Oh, really?" said Miranda. She clasped her hands and felt a flush of hope. "You mean just automatically—at seventeen ——"

"Some of them are almost human then," said Mrs. Gordon. "And another thing—I think it's probably the main thing, really—I think the girls are on the verge of getting the boy question settled. As a matter of fact, I think if they'd get a bid for the prom next week it might turn the trick."

"Do you really think so?" asked Miranda. "Oh, I do hope they get dates."

"All we can do is keep our fingers crossed," said Mrs. Gordon.

The two women looked at each other for a long moment in mutual sympathy. "I'd better get back home now," said Miranda. "I think I've probably burned up a pie, but I don't care. I'm so glad I talked to you."

Mrs. Gordon's mouth curved in a crooked, attractive smile. "Welcome to the society."

Miranda, walking home, felt almost lightheaded with the relief of unloading her troubles. *I'm no different from other mothers,* she thought. *I'm human!* She was smiling as she entered her house.

Sue, apparently, had gone. The living room had been vacuumed and dusted. Somewhere in the house Carol was singing. *Singing!* Miranda listened with unbelieving ears. A rush of footsteps came down the hall. "Mother! Guess what. The boys called! Sue and I are going to the prom."

"Darling," said Miranda, "I'm so glad." She reached out tentatively to put her arms around Carol, and the girl gave her a warm, delighted hug. Miranda felt suffocated with pleasure.

"John Thorpe asked me," said Carol. "The most absolutely wonderful boy in school. Mother, do you suppose I could wear your rhinestones?"

"Of course," said Miranda. She searched her mind for other largess. "My evening wrap. Would you like to wear that?"

"Mother, you're a *doll*," said Carol. "Hey, I vacuumed the floor. Doesn't the living room look nice?"

"Lovely," said Miranda, dazed with the generosity of fate.

"I took your pie out," said Carol. "It looked done. Where've you been, anyway?"

"I took a walk."

"Polly's been looking for you. She's got her hair fixed a new way, and it's just *darling*. She's going to a party with *boys*. Isn't that fantastic? Want me to set the table? What's the matter?"

Miranda was staring at Carol in stupefaction. "Nothing's the matter," she said dreamily. "I'll go find Polly."

Polly was in the bathroom. "How does my hair look, mom?"

"I love it," said Miranda.

"It looks terrible in the back," said Polly.

"It doesn't. It looks perfectly charming."

Polly gave her a resentful look. "Oh, you'd say that. No matter what."

"No, I wouldn't. Really." A small, harassed line appeared on Miranda's forehead.

"What I want to know is, what am I going to wear to that party?"

"Oh . . . tomorrow, you mean? The one with boys?"

"Yes, the one with boys. My gosh. What one do you *think* I mean, for Pete's sake?"

"What?" said Miranda. "What did you say?" She felt a swimming sensation. She closed her eyes and leaned against the wall.

"You never listen," said Polly. "Nobody around here ever listens to me." She slammed the brush down on the counter and stalked past Miranda to the door.

"Polly," said Miranda, "wait. Polly—look at me."

Polly turned stiffly. In her face was all the patience of the sorely tried, the suffering of the mortally wounded, the outrage of the world's betrayed. "Well," she said, "what do you *want?*"

Miranda took a long breath. She looked into Polly's eyes and saw that she was looking into the eyes of a stranger, an alien. She put her hand out and felt the resisting flesh of an enemy. "Never mind, darling," she said. She withdrew her hand and walked slowly toward her bedroom.

I must lie down, she thought. *I really must lie down. Polly is only thirteen.* She sat down heavily on her bed and wondered whether she could manage, somehow, to sleep for the next three years. END

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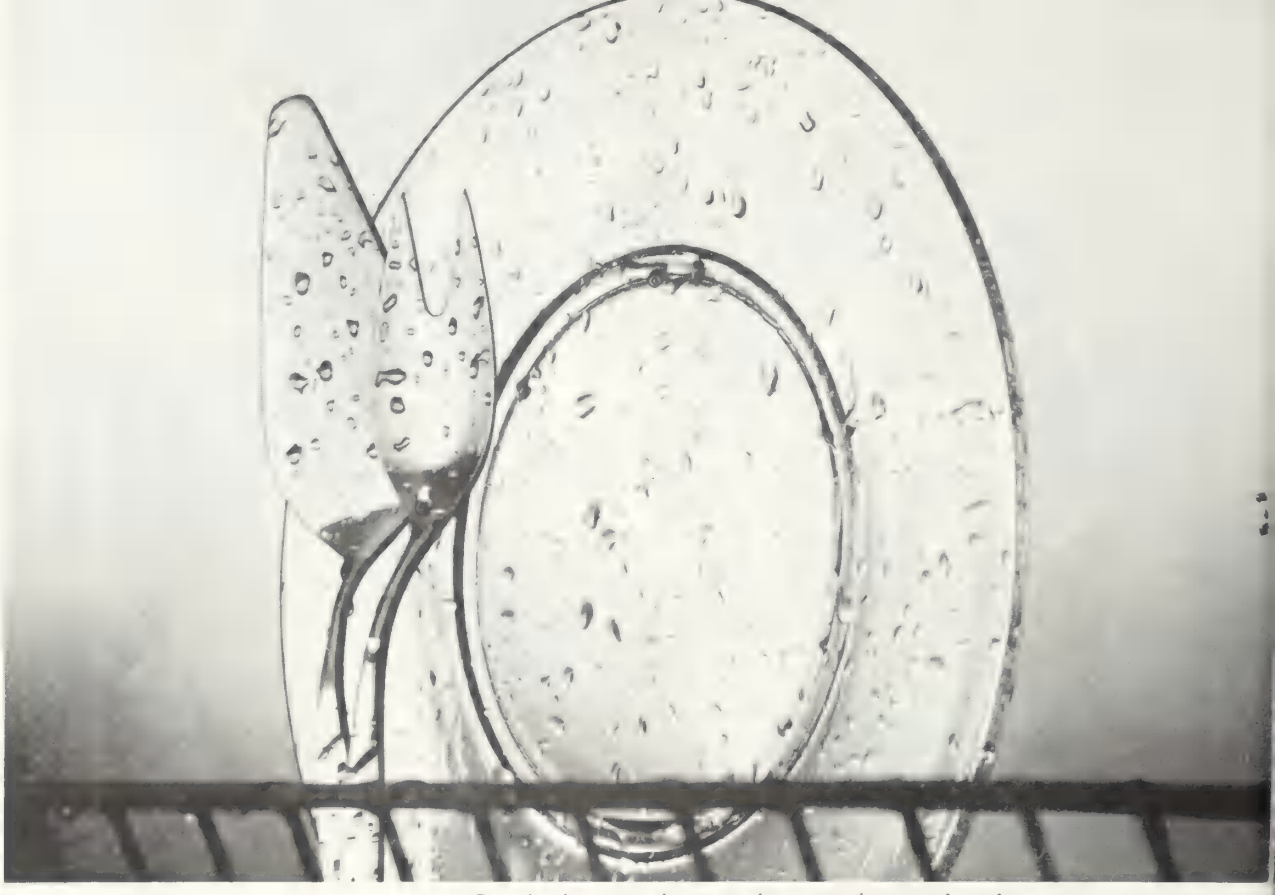
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TWO SIDES OF THE COIN

y OLIVE HOLMES

llowances are supposed to teach children ow to handle money. The dole system in our ouse has taught the children how to handle oney all right, but not the way we think ey ought to handle it.

A quarter in Jane's open palm travels an tirely different course from that of a similar in in Susan's tight little fist. For one is a ender, the other a saver. This is not a mat- r of training or diet or example or racial ckground or of how much money they get, though it might have something to do with eir metabolism. We have been able to dis- ver just one common denominator. They e both money-mad.

Susan, the eight-year-old, is in love with e sound and the feel of the stuff. There are ree piggy banks in her room, loaded, and ey are periodically emptied in the center of r bed for counting purposes, a routine pro- dure which occurs every Saturday morning d seems to get the day off to a good start. She is also in possession of two bankbooks, eferring to diversify her investments, not cause of the safety involved but because of ertain Mr. Gorham, bank teller. Mr. Gor- m is a kindly, bald-headed gentleman who eps gumdrops in his drawer, which he pre- nts to each depositor whose nose barely nes up to the edge of his window. When san discovered that Mr. Gorham had a mdrop for her every time she appeared, she mptly opened an account there with one her carefully hoarded dollar bills.

Presumably, every time she feels the urge a gumdrop she pries open her piggy bank d takes some moola down to Mr. Gorham. ublic-relations departments of banks, ase note.) I'm sure she will always think bank interest in the shape of gumdrops. But she still likes to keep a good deal of h on hand because it's fun to put in piles l feel and count over and over again. Ten nies, to her, make far more noise than a ne and are therefore more soul-satisfying.

The dollar bills, though, are the real joy. hen an uncle came to visit us some time and presented Susan with a crisp dollar , she put on such an act that he was con- ced the poor child had never seen any ney in her life. "What are you going to with it?" he inquired, after her delighted eals had subsided.

usan folded it carefully and tucked it n her neck. "I shall keep it," she an- nced, "forever and ever."

I thought you'd like to buy something h it," he said, obviously disappointed.

There's nothing I want more than ney," said Susan.

fter he had left, we found Susan in the hen. She had plugged in the steam iron was carefully pressing the dollar bill. I e no idea what happened to it after that, ss it was given to Mr. Gorham in ex- nge for a gumdrop.

ane, on the other hand, is the original t-or-famine girl. Money not only burns a in her pocket; it blasts one. Every two ks a rather generous amount, we think, is n her. Since she is all of sixteen, this al- ent is supposed to cover clothes, movies, s, school lunches, bus fare and miscel- ous nonsense like banana splits. It is t immediately and usually covers only es, with perhaps three or four banana s. Then follow two lean and hungry s during which Jane behaves like a tan, working in the school cafeteria in to eat, refusing excursions to the mov- nd walking two miles to school. At the time, she is engaged in a frantic effort ake some money around the house or in -sitting at the neighbors' in order to up with the game.

One day, after Jane came home looking ard and travel-worn, my husband said to me, "I don't get it. That child has seventeen skirts, seventeen—and yet she hasn't got a dime to take a bus. It's crazy."

"She is learning to stay within her allowance," I said. "It's probably good for her."

"Good for her!" my husband bellowed. "She looks as if she worked in a sweatshop. Starving herself to buy a new skirt. Can't you knock some sense into her?"

But I couldn't. Jane had her own definition of what made sense. She never asked for an advance. She simply struggled along in her own fashion, and, we had to admit, probably always would.

It did not take her long to learn that there were greener pastures than home where some extra income could be acquired. We knew that she would do anything, even join the town garbage department, to keep square with the world. But we did not expect her breathless announcement one morning that she had found a summer job.

"That's fine, Jane," said daddy, always dangerously ready to encourage initiative in spite of past experiences. "What is it?"

"I'm waitressing," she said.

"Waitressing? Where?"

"At Joe's."

"Joe's? Who's Joe?"

"Joe's Bar and Grill."

Daddy dropped his paper. "You are not doing any such thing," he said. "That's a—a barroom."

"I've already got the job," said Jane. "They told me they wanted a nice, refined girl like me and I didn't need any experience either. And it pays ——"

"I don't care what it pays," said daddy. "You are not to go near that place."

"But I need the money!" she wailed.

He looked at Jane, decked out in her newest skirt (this one made eighteen all told) and the cashmere sweater which mother had not yet been able to afford in seventeen years of marriage.

"You need money," he said, "just about as badly as I need a—a Thoroughbred horse."

At this point Susan piped up. "Do you need a horse, daddy?" she said. "I've got one for you."

"Susan," he said, "eat your breakfast."

"I *have* got one. It's a pony. And the man said I could have it for twenty-five dollars. And I've got twenty-five dollars."

"You've got twenty-five dollars?"

"Yup. I added everything up yesterday and I've got twenty-five dollars. So I'm going to buy a pony. I hate to use it. But I can always get more money and I can't always get a pony. So if you'll drive me over to Horton's Farm ——"

Susan did not buy a pony and Jane did not take the job. But that evening we took a good long look at our own budget.

"There's something wrong somewhere," said my husband, "when our two daughters are in the horse-buying, cashmere-sweater class and our luxuries are strictly limited to an evening at the movies every six months or so."

"It's all in the way they work it," I said. "One saves and the other just earns more. So they come out better than we do because we don't do either."

My husband frowned over the budget book.

"Perhaps if you pressed the dollar bills," he said, "they would look just too nice to spend. And maybe I could get an extra job in the evenings at Joe's Bar and Grill."

Allowances may not teach children anything about money. But they do give parents a few ideas.

Like writing this article, for instance. I need a cashmere sweater and/or a horse like everything.

END

"Kitchen waxes are murder on wood floors!"

. . . warns Henry M. Tobey,

Research Director of the world's largest hardwood floor maker . . .

"There's no surer way of destroying the natural beauty of your wood floors than continued use of most kitchen waxes. The reason is simple. Many of today's self-polishing waxes are made primarily of *synthetic plastics*. They are impossible to remove from wood floors without causing serious damage.

As a result, you keep putting clean wax on top of old, dirt-embedded wax until your wood floor becomes darkened and discolored.

Before this happens to your wood floors, start taking care of them in the *right* way with either Bruce Cleaning Wax or Bruce Floor Cleaner. Each contains a *removable* liquid paste wax and a wood floor cleaner. They clean; remove old, soiled wax; and leave a rich, new coat of paste wax protection—all at the same time!

Which product is best for *you?* If you like a heavy coat of wax, it's Bruce Cleaning Wax. For lighter waxing and cleaning extra dirty floors, use Bruce Floor Cleaner. It's the right way, and the easiest, too!"

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Remember, it is always wise to check with your doctor about your weight problem.



No flavor monotony! Have different flavor every meal

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SEE the pounds GO with SEGO!

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A DREAM OF MANSIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

Mamma said, "Hallie, got everything?" nd Hallie drew away from the window, afraid o glance out the other side, afraid to look arther, picked up her suitcase, and with her eart sinking slowly and heavily to rock ottom went to the door. There was a row of tores across the street with tin awnings deep s sunbonnets over the sidewalk. She should ave known. And there was papa coming oward them, seeming distracted as if his mind ere on God or the train. He kissed them astily, looked up the cindered walk to watch a olored man swinging some crates off the aggage car, said, "Hold on here a minute ntil the train passes," and hurried back into he station.

"I like a little town," said mamma as they urveyed the street. "You can get to know verybody." This remark of mamma's posi-ively made Hallie want to cry. Was mamma nerely trying to look on the bright side, or as it, as Hallie felt more and more lately, a ign of her insensitivity to finer things? More nd more mamma simply did not come up to er idea of what a cultured woman of the outh should be. She had gone to the sem-nary for young ladies over in Seneca, in outh Carolina, a good enough start, but all hat remained from that period was the din-ng-room picture, an oil painting of a dead sh with staring eyes on a plate in front of ssaqueena Falls, and on the topmost rock of he falls an Indian maiden stood, with hands ointed in front of her, ready to leap (from nrequited love).

The train whistled and pulled out, and, ever opeful, Hallie turned to look in the other irection. An asphalt highway paralleled the racks, and behind a fence a field of purple-reen vetch stood a foot high. Beyond the eld stood a row of houses. In the Greenwood f her dreams, white Southern mansions ight sit there across this field behind these plendid trees, but, as she feared, these houses ere brown and ugly, only one of any size ooming up with fretwork and scrolls, gim-racky trimmings of rust color on faded sand. large *F*, fancy as the initial on an em-roidered pillowcase, adorned the side of the ouse below an attic window. Near the high-ay, in a weedy setting next a filling station, ood a monument. She sighed; at least a onument, though on her imaginary map of reenwood it stood amid trees and grass on he courthouse square. Nevertheless, a mon-ment. A soldier of white marble, gun at rest efore him, mounted on a tall shaft, glittered the afternoon sun. A monument to South-rn heroes, one symbol to rescue Greenwood om utter drabness and nothingness.

After the look at the town Hallie guessed hat their house would be like, knew it and et hoped she would be wrong. But she was ot. The house was a hit-or-miss old barn of a ace with a wide front porch trimmed with ncy banisters and gingerbread work across he front. Rooms had grown to the back in a aphazard, unplanned fashion. A long dark all ran through the center of the front of the ouse and ended in another hall that was half orch and half room. Mamma said, "Isn't is a wonderful cool room? We'll eat out here hen it's hot."

Mamma's enthusiasm, contrasted with enny's and Virginia's gloomy looks, would ave made Hallie sorry for her if she had not lt so gloomy herself. Mamma had not anted to leave Glover at first. But papa, ized and uncertain at losing his job with the ilroad there, could not find another job in outh Carolina, and when finally he heard bout the job on the M. D. and S. in Georgia, amma seemed to like the idea of a new town, fresh start.

Benny had not wanted to come either. He d stopped school when papa was out of a b, and delivered telegrams for Western nion. When he heard that Greenwood was o small for a Western Union, he had not anted to come. And here he was acting rcastic about everything in Greenwood, and fluencing Virginia to be sarcastic too.

When she and Virginia looked over their bedroom, Virginia said, "Well, thank goodness it's big enough so you won't be all over me," as if Hallie were a fractious child. Virginia had already had her fifteenth birthday and that made her closer to Benny.

Two ladies called on mamma before she had time to change her dress. Going out the front door to explore the yard, Hallie met Miss Lill coming from the big white house across the street. She loped across the street like a schoolgirl; but she was followed by three small children who called her mamma. Miss Lill issued an invitation for all of them to come to supper at her house. Then Miss Beulah came, from an unpainted house catercorner to them. She seemed to drop in mainly to look them over, rolling her milky protruding eyes around at the furniture, telling mamma how she was glad to see the former occupants leave, as they had obstreperous boys.

Were they the ones who built the tree house in a shaggy water oak leaning over the swing end of the front porch? Hallie climbed the trunk, scruffy with dried tree fern, and took refuge there while mamma labored to bring order into the house below. She thought nostalgically of Glover in South Carolina. Glover's downtown architecture was modern and gracious. The Dempsey Hotel, six stories high, stood grandly above the town square of stylish brick stores with large plate-glass windows. And Montpelier; Montpelier, the mansion that gave point and purpose to Glover, with its six round columns, its fanlight, its ironwork balcony looking out on the spacious porch from the second-floor hall, its curving driveway, where on happy occasions passing to and from school she saw Theodosia, the only child of the owner, Mr. Ely Barton, galloping down the driveway on a Shetland pony, her red curls bouncing. Hallie had never been inside Montpelier, could only imagine its spacious hall and high-ceilinged parlor, but brooding on it now in the tree house, feeling the meagerness and meanness of Greenwood, she almost began to think of herself as *from* Montpelier. In comparison to Georgia, the whole state of South Carolina took on an aura of grace and contentment.

When mamma called "Hallie-e-e," she descended to be drawn briefly into the settling of the house. She leaned over the crates of books and rescued her own, and when mamma was away in another part of the house she carried them to the tree house. Staring first into the leaf-green light overhead, she drew pictures on the flyleaves: a flag emblazoned with a palmetto in the upper left-hand corner; under the flag she wrote a little verse:

Oh, South Carolina, the palmetto state,
I'd like to leave this state I hate.

The first Sunday came. Papa got his Bible and walked with his family to the Baptist church. Hallie held herself straight and withdrawn in her starched dotted swiss. (She came from a finer state with higher standards and must bear herself accordingly.) Miss Lizzie Wallace, who ran the boardinghouse where papa had stayed during the months before they came, was waiting on the front steps of the church; she drew Hallie smotheringly into her big, soft, blue-voile bosom, exclaiming, "I declare, I'm so glad to meet Brother Jones's little girls. You know, child, your father's a saint." Papa's face, always a little red, turned even redder with pleasure.

Up in the Sunday-school room off the balcony, Miss Emmy Belton said, "Aren't we *fortunate* to have one of Brother Jones's daughters in our class?" and looked around at the class for agreement. A prissy-looking girl, Laura Fitzgerald, pulled her organdy skirt over for Hallie to sit down. The girl in front of her, a girl with a neck so thick it pressed upon her ears, turned out to be named Essie Jones. Next to Essie sat a girl with fat reddish curls, Margaret Craig. When she was called on for a memory verse she said the whole thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Her voice ranged from loud to soft, and she paused dramatically in the right places.

On the way out of class Hallie asked Margaret where she lived. Margaret turned down the corners of her mouth and said with a sob in her voice, "I live in the jail. They only let me out on Sundays." Then, seeing she had mystified Hallie, she resumed her normal voice with a giggle and said, "Aw, I'm just teasing. But I *do* live in jail. Papa's sheriff."

During the next week Hallie lay in the tree house hopeful that Margaret Craig might come and call to her and give her a reason for coming down out of the tree. But Margaret did not come and when reading began to pall, Hallie climbed down and ventured out into the town, scuffing down on the sandy sidewalk to the depot, where papa ran everything with the help of the old Negro, Adam Lincoln.

Papa never said she should not come to the depot, but he never showed enthusiasm like mamma. Still she continued to seek him out since there was nothing else to do, admiring at times his courtly air that reminded her of the Old South. He would rise from his chair at the typing table when Miss Lizzie Wallace came in. "Lovely day, Miss Lizzie. How are all my friends down your way?" And Miss Lizzie would simper and pat her frizzy yellow hair and say, "Oh, Brother Jones, I declare we miss you so." Papa's man-of-the-world air with Miss Lizzie made Hallie wonder if he had been different when he was boarding.

Sadly, however, papa's courtly bow was about the only characteristic he had of the Southern gentleman. Of course he could have been one had it not been for the war. Hallie was proud that papa's grandfather had been a slave owner with a large plantation and had lived in a beautiful old Southern mansion. Everything had changed after the war. Instead of growing up to be a gentleman and going to the university down in Columbia, learning to read Latin and Greek, becoming a doctor or a lawyer or a planter, papa never went beyond the fifth grade in school. When he was nearly grown he scraped together a little money and went off and learned telegraphy and here he was chewing tobacco like a mill hand.

"Papa, have you been chewing a long time?" Hallie asked him one afternoon.

"Ever since I was about eight years old, I reckon" he said, and leaned to spit. "Ever since one time I was crying with the toothache, and a old colored woman, Sarah was her name, give me a bite off her plug."

Papa gave no indication that he was a man with a fine coat of arms and ancestors who spoke Latin. For all the citizens of Greenwood could tell, he descended from the lowliest poor-white ancestors up in Glover.

It was on a hot afternoon in the middle of the watermelon season when Hallie saw Mr. Jess Bailey on his horse for the first time and fell in love and thought Greenwood, even without Montpelier, might become bearable. She had seen Mr. Jess Bailey on Sundays sitting in the choir at church with his sister, Miss Annie Laurie Jones. But Hallie had never seen him riding a horse until this particular afternoon. The brown horse had a white blaze on its forehead and white socks on its thin elegant legs that seemed to spurn the dust it stirred up as it came. Caught in the haze of dust by the afternoon sun, the dust turned golden, and horse and rider seemed to come gold-tinged from a myth or fairy tale.

Hallie was kneeling on the shaded bench in front of Mr. Jess Bailey's store, leaning raptly on her hands to watch this knight riding out of the mists and disappearing again, when suddenly they turned toward her, came cantering directly toward her and her heart almost stopped, thinking she was to be chosen, she was the princess. Mr. Jess Bailey jumped down in front of her; mischief played in his blue eyes and his dimples twinkled as he bent toward her and said, "Honey, what you praying for?"

Hallie was dazzled, felt magic still in the air, and was tongue-tied. "I was praying for a horse just like yours."

Mr. Jess crinkled his blue eyes and said, "Lady's a right pretty horse." Then, his blue gaze on her again, piercing her, he took hold of one of her plaits and lifted it gently from her shoulder, held it for a heartbeat, and laid it down again. "Honey, stick around and I'll take you for a ride sometime," he said, and went on toward the store.

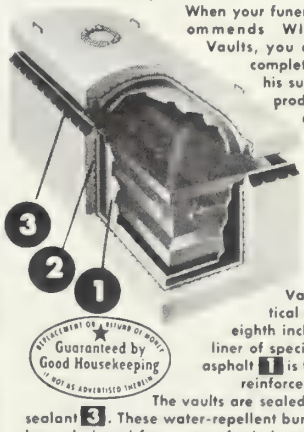
Hallie sat down weakly on the bench. When it happened—tomorrow or next week—would

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she mount Lady alone, ride solemnly down the street, holding herself with the innate grace that belongs to all gentlewomen on horses, the rough crowd in front of the cotton office looking up to see her pass and saying, "Look at that there girl ride!" . . . "Who's she?" . . . "Why, she's that Jones girl, Miss Hallie Jones, just come to town." . . . "A natural-born rider if ever I've seen one."? Or would she prefer to be taken up on the horse in front of Mr. Jess Bailey sidesaddle like Guinevere, or astride? Astride, in front of Mr. Jess Bailey, his arms could encircle her and hold the reins, his breath blow on her neck, and when she turned to smile at him, his lips might accidentally touch her cheek.

The dream hung over her all day and before she went to bed she thought *Oh, Greenwood, Greenwood*, almost lovingly, thought of Mr. Jess Bailey riding her on his horse up a long curving driveway between great trees to a Southern mansion called Montpelier.

For a while then the days assumed a character, a shape. When she wakened in the morning she could look forward to the hour when she would go to town and wait for Mr. Jess Bailey to take her for a ride on his horse. She sat so long on the bench in front of Mr. Jess Bailey's store that Virginia remarked her skirt looked like a washboard. She even cultivated the dough-faced Essie Jones, whose mother, Miss Annie Laurie Jones, was Mr. Jess's sister, married to Mr. Add Jones, the rural mail carrier.

Hallie, offhand and subtle, not looking at Essie, inquired where her uncle kept himself these days, and Essie replied, "Oh, Uncle Jess, he's always out huntin' for kaolin." Kaolin, nothing but white clay mined at High Point, now took on mysterious properties, attributes of the Holy Grail. How did one hunt for kaolin? Did Mr. Jess Bailey ride on his beautiful horse over hill and dale, holding a divining rod like a spear before him? Or did he walk, lonesome through the woods and fields, his horse reins loose over one arm while he stopped and turned the red crust with the toe of his shoe, seeking for the white clay beneath?

The weather got hotter; the dog days had come. Hallie lay between showers in the tree house, listening to the rustle of leaves.

From the McGhee house across the street came the voices of the little McGhees, sweet and constant as the chitter of sparrows, broken occasionally by the loud schoolgirl voice of their mother, Miss Lill McGhee. At noon Doc McGhee would drive up in his car for dinner and soon that repulsive tramp, Lucius Ledbetter, would come walking up the street with a strange sidewise motion, like a crayfish. His head seemed permanently drawn to his right and the arm and leg on that side did not seem to work properly. Miss Lill always fixed him a plate and after eating he would sit on the porch in a rocking chair with one or more of the little McGhees in his lap. All through the drowsy hours when the world was still and hot and Hallie lay drugged in the tree house dozing over *St. Elmo* or *Maori and Settler*, he would sit and rock the babies while the older children played near him.

Or Hallie would half listen to Miss Beulah visiting with mamma down on the porch under the tree. Miss Beulah was gradually acquainting mamma with the town. Hallie would rouse up, rest her head on one hand and hold her breath to hear when Miss Beulah got on the subject of love and sex. Miss Beulah claimed to possess the peculiar talent of being able to tell when a girl was pregnant long before the girl knew it herself; she said she could do it just by looking into the girl's eyes.

But Miss Beulah, her brother Mr. Willy Featherstone, the McGhees and Lucius Ledbetter were really of no more interest to Hallie than the birds. She still was waiting for Mr. Jess Bailey.

One Saturday afternoon in early August Aunt Relly came to the house with two brush brooms to sweep the yard.

"Mrs. Jones," said Aunt Relly, "you going to want a cook when school gits started, ain't you?"

"I thought you had the job down at school," said mamma.

"It ain't for me," said Aunt Relly. "It's for"—here she bent over the brush broom, closely worrying a piece into position—"it's for a kind of niece of mine. She's come up from the country to stay with me."

"I usually do the cooking," said mamma. "My idea has been to train my daughters." And mamma looked at her only daughter present with disappointment in her gray eyes. "What's your niece's name?"

"Elberta," said Aunt Relly. Hallie wanted to laugh. Only a Negro would name a child Elberta. "The Great Elberta Peach" was written on the framed picture of a large golden peach hanging in the hall.

"Elberta's going to live with you, then?" said mamma.

"Well'm, I imagine so. It do look as though she would." She fetched a deep breath and said, "She had to come, Mrs. Jones. Her pa run her away from home. The fact is she just hain't got anywheres else to go." She swept a little space in front of her with one of the brooms as if she were trying it out, then said, "She ought to be right good help until February or March, long in there."

"Wouldn't the man marry her?" asked mamma with more interest in her voice.

"She won't tell who he is," said Aunt Relly. "You cain't pry her mouth open and make her. That's why her pa run her away from home, 'cause she won't tell."

Hallie knew as soon as she guessed that Elberta was going to have a baby what mamma's decision would be. Mamma could not resist anyone who was going to have a baby.

Aunt Relly brought Elberta around on Monday morning. Papa had just left for the depot when there was a rap on the porch and Aunt Relly called, "Mrs. Jones, we here."

Behind Aunt Relly there was a tall, thin white girl who stood in the door hesitantly. Hallie thought at once, *Oh, there's some mistake, this is a white girl.*

"Come on in, Elberta," said mamma. "You'd better close the screen door before the flies come in."

Elberta jumped in suddenly and the screen door shut with a bang. She stood there with her arms crossed awkwardly, hugging herself as if she were cold. Her hair was very black, black as a crow's wing, but it was not kinky. But Hallie could see that she was a Negro girl: her faded shapeless dress, her run-over shoes with holes cut out for the toes to spread, and a face the color of rich cream. Her black hair was arranged like that of the other Negroes who came in from the country, plaited in little plaits all over her head.

Aunt Relly said, "You train her, Mrs. Jones. She's just a ignorant country girl and you'll have to train her good."

A good teacher is so rare the rumor of him spreads like a scandal. **JOHN ERKSKINE**
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Miss Beulah came by to visit before the breakfast dishes were cleared. Mamma said, "This is Elberta, come to cook for us."

Miss Beulah acted surprised to see her there though Hallie felt sure that she had arrived so early because she had seen Elberta come with Aunt Relly. "Are you Samanthy Tribble's daughter, lives down in the Dewy Rose community?"

Elberta said, "Yes'm."

"But your name's not Tribble, is it?" Miss Beulah persisted.

Elberta hung her head down and her long black lashes lay along her golden cheeks and she said, "No'm, no'm, my name's Smith."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said Miss Beulah. "Elberta Smith."

When she moved toward the front door to leave Miss Beulah said, shaking her head and clicking her tongue, "Uh, uh, just like her ma. She tell you who the man is?"

How could Miss Beulah possibly tell Elberta was going to have a baby? Could she really tell by looking into the girl's eyes?

"I haven't asked her," said mamma. "She just came."

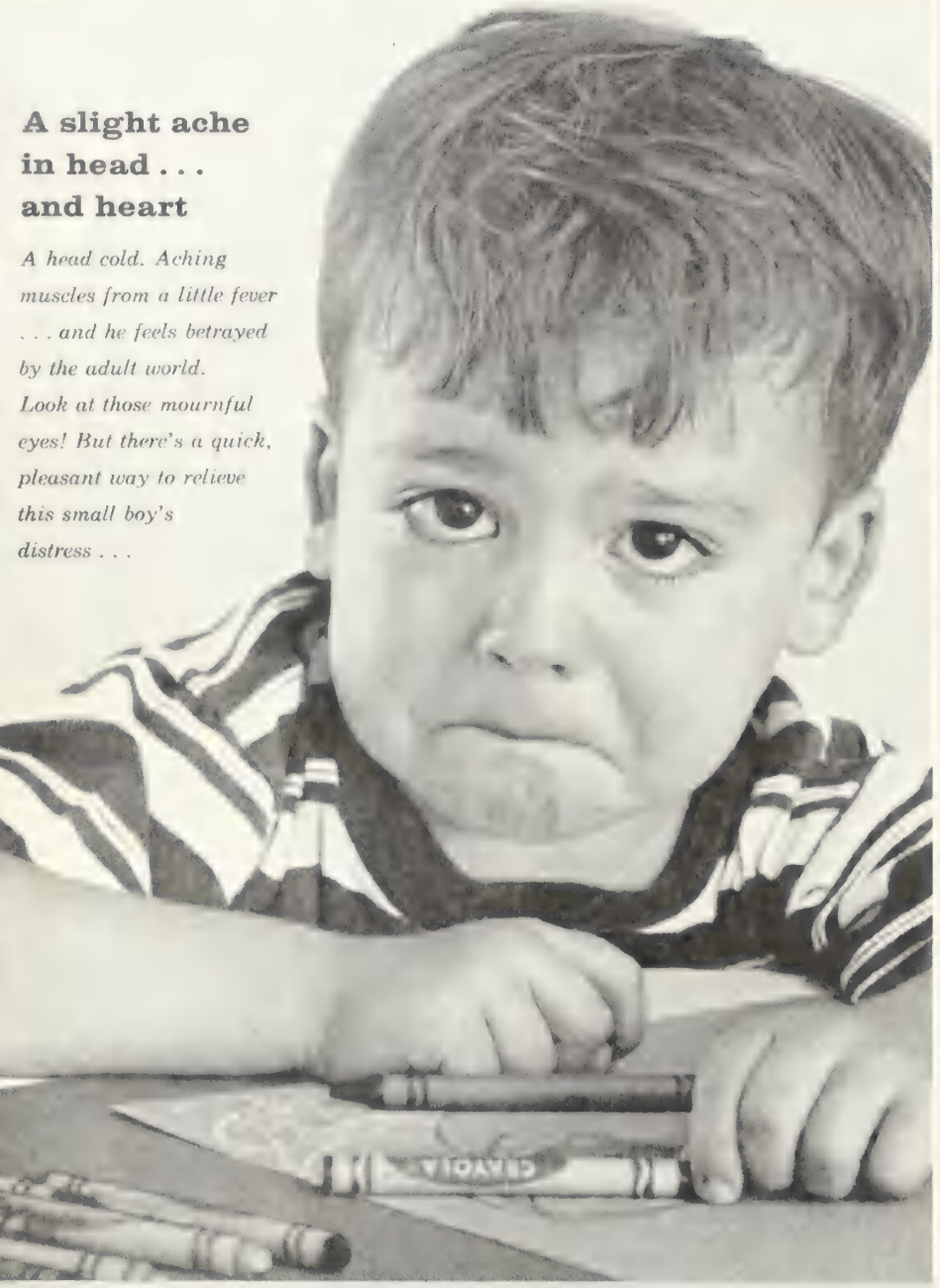
"Well, if she's like her ma, she won't tell though everybody in the county knows now who Elberta's father is. She looks just like her daughters. And Elberta's mother is a mulatto. Ain't it terrible the temptation they always put before our young boys? Even the best families has this kind of thing happen in it. You would be downright surprised to know who Elberta's father is."

Mamma did not ask. She merely opened the screen door and held it for Miss Beulah, actually seeming to hurry her along.

Mamma was able to go off to Macon now that she had Elberta, riding on her pass on the up train and down again in the afternoon, lugging home a string bag full of groceries from the chain store. Hallie would go out in the kitchen to keep Elberta company. She did not look like the kind of girl who would put herself in the way of a man, tempting him as Miss Beulah suggested. She did not roll her eyes or swing her hips.

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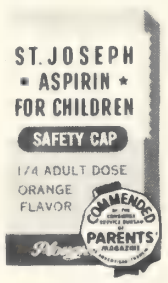
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Hallie corrected Elberta's English, pretending that she was "my lady" teaching the Negro children on her Virginia plantation. "Do you have brothers and sisters, Elberta?" she asked.

"Yes'm," said Elberta, "several *of* 'em." She kept busy rubbing the bottom of the pan with cleanser.

"Of them," corrected Hallie. "How many brothers and sisters?"

Elberta looked as if she were bothered by mosquitoes. "Four brothers, two sisters," she said. She picked up the dishpan full of water and suddenly Hallie had a glimpse of a tall girl, princess-pale and princess-proud: the Princess Giselle out of a fairy tale.

Miss Beulah said that you could always tell Negro blood no matter how white the skin, because even a drop of Negro blood produced blue fingernails and a stripe running down the spine. Sometimes Elberta's fingernails did look a little blue, but at other times they did not, and Hallie could see no black stripe appearing above her dress in back. It was hard to remember that Elberta was a Negro girl.

One Sunday after dinner a big black car came around the corner. It slowed down in front of the house and at first all that Hallie could see was an elbow stuck out the window. Then a head with puffs of brown hair identical to Virginia's rose from behind the wheel, then a face with round, high-colored cheeks. A hand languidly waved. This was May Belle Ballard, one of Virginia's new friends.

"Mamma, may I go riding with May Belle?" asked Virginia.

Mamma flapped the *Telegraph* and said, "I can't see why a short ride on Sunday afternoon should doom you to hell's fire," and then, as if she wished she had not said exactly that, added, "You better be back at four-fifty-five."

"Mamma," complained Virginia, standing at the gate looking at Hallie, who had followed her down the steps.

"Aw, let her come," said May Belle generously. "She can sit in back with Dan."

May Belle slung the car around the corner and Dan, a spotted hound dog, slid over and put his head in Hallie's lap. They headed toward Main Street, passed the county jail where Margaret Craig lived, passed the line of stores with no one in view except Lucius Ledbetter sitting on the bench in front of Doc McGhee's store. As they came toward the depot Hallie and Virginia slunk down out of sight. Papa had never said they could not go out driving on Sunday, but in his Sunday speeches in church he referred to sinners "carousing around in cars" on Sunday, "frolicking around breaking the Sabbath," and laying themselves open to temptations which he did not name directly but which Hallie supposed must be drinking, gambling, dancing and fornication. Better not to let him see them taking the first step, "carousing around in cars."

When they came to the schoolhouse, Hallie leaned forward. "Where does the road go?" she asked. She motioned to the road which led past the schoolhouse, through fields of yellowing corn, and then vanished in the woods.

"There's really nothing down there," said May Belle, "unless you count Magnolia Hall. You know Mr. Willy Featherstone, lives with his sister, Miss Beulah, catercorner to you folks? That's his old home place."

"Is it an old Southern house?" asked Hallie, hope surging in her bosom, and the vistas, the white columns, the special light that played down from an arching sky, came into her mind again. Montpelier.

"It's a right pretty old place," said May Belle, "kind of a pretty old Southern house. Mr. Barksdale, he's the one who owns the planing mill, he moved here from North Carolina, he bought it and painted it up, fixed up the lawn and everything. It might be fun to go down there."

When they came up the hill and passed the orchard they saw the house, saw its whiteness, its columns, saw the huge magnolia trees. Two white gateposts marked the driveway and May Belle turned in between them so they could look up the vista of trees and see the house standing there, pure and white as a Greek temple.

"Montpelier," Hallie said.

"No, Magnolia Hall," said May Belle. "I'll just go in a little way so you can see better. Mr. Barksdale won't care. He's a very nice man," said May Belle, inching the car along the driveway. "He'd just moved in here and got this place all fixed up when his wife died."

Was this where Mr. Barksdale with the crude North Carolina accent lived? Hallie had never suspected it, though Mr. Barksdale had given the stained-glass window to the church, the Good Samaritan window back of the choir. Under the picture it said, "In Loving Memory, Adelaide Wingate Barksdale, Friend to the Friendless."

Does Mr. Barksdale live in this big old house all by himself?" asked Virginia.

"He has a daughter, Miss Corrine Barksdale. She's real pretty. Just finished G.S.C.W. She's always off visiting up there in North Carolina where they come from."

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Just in front of the magnolias there was a little white house. White birds flew straight up from it, then veered and swerved as May Belle backed and stalled.

"How darling," said Hallie. "What a darling little house."

"That's a dovecote," said May Belle. "It was here when Mr. Willy Featherstone was a boy, I hear, maybe even when his father was a boy. They say the dovecote's old as the house."

"I don't see why Mr. Willy Featherstone would want to leave a place like this," said Hallie, immediately picturing it as it must have been in the old days, with gracious gentlemen and ladies walking among the magnolias, chatting to each other on intellectual subjects, often breaking into Greek and Latin.

"Pa says Mr. Willy really hated to give it up. His family used to keep white horses, too," said May Belle, and Hallie took the white horses and fitted them immediately into her dream; they pranced in the clover field there beyond the magnolias, their pink nostrils flaring, their hooves gleaming as black and shiny as her patent-leather shoes just after being rubbed with a biscuit.

"Maybe we ought to go on back now," said Virginia. "I didn't hear the train whistle, but it must be past time."

May Belle slowed the car to a crawl in front of Miss Lizzie Wallace's boardinghouse, and together she and Virginia said, "M-m-m-m?" A young man was getting out of a car and as they passed slowly they could see a flash of a brown face, crisp curly hair.

"I guess Miss Lizzie's getting a new boarder," said Virginia.

"I saw him first," said May Belle.

But Hallie dismissed him for all his rakish good looks and thought of Mr. Willy Featherstone, born and brought up in Magnolia Hall, the only Southern mansion in Greenwood, a Southern mansion with a dovecote and magnolia trees. Poor Mr. Willy Featherstone had been dislodged by an interloper, Mr. Barksdale from North Carolina, who lived there with his cold and haughty daughter, Miss Corrine. *Ah, we are alike, Mr. Willy Featherstone and I: both dislodged from our rightful homes; I from Montpelier, years back, by the war, and he, more recently, by some skulduggery on the part of Mr. Barksdale.* Mr. Barksdale had money; he could buy Magnolia Hall and a stained-glass window for his wife, but that did not mean he *belonged* in Magnolia Hall.

The next day Hallie descended the tree and followed Mr. Featherstone at a discreet distance. He passed out of sight around the corner by McGhee's drugstore and when she, too, turned the corner a minute later she drew up short because there was Mr. F. sitting on a wooden bench in front of the drugstore. Having seen him walk to town so purposefully, she did not expect to see him sitting on the bench. She halted for a minute scratching her bare toes on the rough brick sidewalk, and Mr. F. waved his arm. "Set " he said. Hallie sat, her bare feet folded under the bench, toes seeking out the curved grooves in the bricks of the sidewalk. Across the street the Confederate monument glinted in the bright sun.

"That's my pa," said Mr. F., looking in the same direction.

"Sure enough," Hallie said, trying not to show the flutter of excitement she felt. This fitted into the picture exactly. Oh, he did belong in Magnolia Hall. "I saw Mr. Barksdale's house, Magnolia Hall, last Sunday," she said. "Sure is a pretty old place."

"Guess if you got the money you can have pretty much what you want in this world," he said. "You can come down in here, buy anything you want, whether folks like it or not. If you got the money ——" He did not finish his sentence, but drew his handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his mouth carefully. "Well," he said, standing, "guess I better get on about my business."

She stood, too, and walked out into the bright street, across the tracks and highway to the monument. The inscription on the marble struck her with the force of a poem: "Featherstone Fusileers . . . In memoriam, heroes of Plum Branch County, Fourth Regiment, First Company, Featherstone Fusileers. Captain W. B. Featherstone."

She looked around to see if anyone was watching, then wiped her eyes on the hem of her dress. Heroes of the same breed as Paul Revere, the Minute Men, Lancelot, Galahad, Charlemagne, David fighting against Goliath—and among these heroes in gray was the father of Mr. Willy Featherstone. And Mr. F. was now disbarred from Magnolia Hall, his rightful place usurped by a rich man from North Carolina. It was not fair, and her tears flowed, and quickly she blew her nose.

Next morning, when Miss Beulah called at the front door, "Anybody home?" Hallie looked at her with fresh eyes, trying to see the white mansion and hero father reflected in her too. Miss Beulah was short and almost square, built a little like a bulldog, her head outthrust on her short neck, her round face showing some crisis of complexion long past, some crisis that had left its impress of pockmarks and crevices. (Mamma said pellagra.)

"Can't stay more than a minute," said Miss Beulah, settling down in a rocker. "I'm on my way down to Lizzie Wallace's to see how she is this mornin'. She went ahead and took two. There she is down there, alone in her house with *two* of them. I declare, I just can't see how she can do it. Some mornin' she's goin' to wake up and find out she's"—Miss Beulah looked at Hallie and went on guardedly, "she's goin' to wake up and find out she's shown mighty poor judgment."

"Two what?" asked mamma. Hallie considered Miss Beulah's usual fears: snakes, Negroes. It seemed unlikely that Miss Lizzie Wallace would have two of either in her house spending the night.

"Highway men," exhaled Miss Beulah. "Two of them fellows workin' on that new stretch of road up there near Verdery." Now

Life is a flower of which love is the honey.
VICTOR HUGO

Hallie remembered the young man getting out of a car on Sunday when they were out riding with May Belle Ballard. "She's furnishin' room and board. They got the same room Mr. Jones had when he roomed down there. And I just heard yestiddy that one of them is the brother of that highway man ran off with Mary Emily Cartledge."

"Cartledge?" said mamma. "Kin to Mr. Shadrack Cartledge down at the cotton warehouse?"

"That's him," said Miss Beulah. "It was his wife, Mary Emily, ran off with the highway man. She's sister to Miss Toulou Vass, plays piano in church. She was Mary Emily Vass before she was married to Shadrack, brought up just as nice. I declare ——" Miss Beulah shook her head.

"I didn't know Mr. Shadrack Cartledge was married," said mamma.

"Oh, yes, he was married, but I reckon he's divorced now," said Miss Beulah. "Let's see now, it happened two, three summers ago, long before you folks come. Shadrack Cartledge went off fishin' down to the Big Sandy. He went off down there with two, three other fellows; you know that crowd, do more drinkin' than fishin'. Jess Bailey" (Mr. Jess drinking?), "S. C. Vermillion, Sam Johnson. He said he was goin' to be gone several days but the fishin' trip was over sooner than they expected, and when Shadrack come in the front door and saw a man's hat, he picked up his shotgun off the hat rack and walked on out to the bedroom and there was a man just jumped out of bed"—here Miss Beulah leaned toward mamma and whispered, "buck naked," and rolled her eyes, her popped gray eyes, milky as marbles. "Shadrack let fly at that highway man just takin' off across the cotton patch, wearin' nothin' in the world but his birthday suit." She stopped for breath and fanned herself with her straw hat as if the telling had warmed her up.

"I declare," mamma said, laughing, but more as if she enjoyed Miss Beulah's telling than as if she condoned the story. "Did Mr. Shadrack do anything to his wife?"

"Nieuw. Mary Emily was so mad at him for comin' back like that. She kept sayin' to him, or so I hear, 'What you mean sneakin' back out here before you said you was comin'? I hate a man don't stay away when he says he's goin' to.' She left him too."

"Went off with the fellow got the birdshot?" asked mamma.

"Nieuw"—Miss Beulah pronounced *no* as if she had learned it from a cat—"oh, nieuw, she went off with *another* highway man, man named McClure, brother to this one I been tellin' you about, stayin' down at Lizzie's. Frank, I think his name was. The one down at Lizzie's is Boyce—Boyce McClure."

Elberta came to the door and said to mamma, "You through with the breadboard, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, Elberta. You can wash it now."

Miss Beulah said to mamma in a low voice, "You ast her yet?"

"No."

"She's from the Dewy Rose community just like those two highway men." Miss Beulah jumped to her feet as if a rattlesnake had slithered from beneath her rocking chair. "Boyce McClure! Why, Boyce McClure is brother of Frank and naturally that means he's a son of Wake McClure." Miss Beulah had a look of horror on her face. She fanned herself rapidly with her straw hat, then absentmindedly jammed it down on her head. "Wouldn' it be terrible — you know I never did tell you who Elberta's father is—but wouldn' it be terrible if one of his own sons ——" She became even redder in the face and moved toward the steps. She stopped and looked hard at mamma again. "You sure you didn't ask her?"

"I figured it was none of my business," said mamma.

"Oh," said Miss Beulah, "I really must hurry. To think that one of Wake McClure's own sons might be the one." She positively moaned with horror (or pleasure).

What about Miss Beulah? Hallie climbed to the tree house to try to fit her into Magnolia Hall. She was not a Southern lady. Mamma liked to hear her talk, but mamma thought she was silly. She was not even as much of a Southern lady as mamma. Miss Beulah simply could not have been born in Magnolia Hall, Hallie decided. Perhaps she was adopted?

The next morning Hallie saw Mr. Jess Bailey's horse tied to the chinaberry tree in front of his store. Her knees went soft; a curdling took place in her stomach. Could this be the day? She walked slowly, very slowly, stopped and patted Lady, murmured to her, "Someday, someday," hoping any minute to hear the screen door open and a voice say, "Why, there's Hallie! Hey, Hallie, today's the day." But there was not a sound from the store. She moved on toward the post office and sat down on the bench in front of it. From there she could survey the street in both directions.

Miss Toulou Vass emerged suddenly from the door of the cotton warehouse and came toward the post office. She always wore full middy blouses and pleated skirts (on Sundays they were of silk), and from the front and from a distance she looked like a girl in school. Close up, however, her face, though it was beautiful with its golden skin and downy golden hairs and long golden lashes, was not young. Did Miss Mary Emily Cartledge look like her? No wonder the highway men and Mr. Shadrack had loved her.

"Hey, Hallie," said Miss Toulou as she went into the post office. She walked as light and airy as if she were dancing to *The Japanese Sandman*, one of her favorite tunes. She played it as a marching song sometimes for the Sunday school. Once she had worked *Ja-da* into the offertory—in a very slow and solemn way, of course. Hallie liked the extra *oompahs* Miss Toulou sometimes put in the bass, and the way she played the second verse high up in the treble to vary the effect.

Lucius Ledbetter came over and sat down by Hallie on the bench. Lucius Ledbetter—Loony Lucius, Benny called him—was no stranger to her, although she had only watched him from the tree as he rocked the McGhee children, and wondered why they loved him so. He had Santa Claus eyes, twinkling and merry, but bloodshot brown. He gave her such deep, deep attention that she turned away, embarrassed.

She cast up and down the street for a topic—toward the tracks, toward the depot, then in the other direction . . . the Confederate monument.

"Mr. Willy Featherstone told me that was his father," she said.

Lucius Ledbetter laughed—hunched, choked laughter that seemed squeezed out of him. "Oh, said hit were his father. The old suckegg dog."

"Who?" asked Hallie. Who could be a suckegg dog? Certainly not Mr. Willy Featherstone and certainly not Mr. Willy Featherstone's heroic father.

"He's just a old scoundrel," Lucius said, "and, for that matter, so were his pa. Did you climb up and see were there a toe missin' on the soldier? Cain't be Cap'n Featherstone ef'n there ain't a toe missin'." He started his giggling again.

"Was Captain Featherstone's toe shot off in the war?" asked Hallie. A toe might not be as serious as an arm or a leg, but it would be a great inconvenience.

"He says hit was shot off by a cannonball in the First Battle of Manassas . . . he says."

Hallie bridled at the tone. "It must've been hard going all through the war, marching and everything, with his toe missing."

"Who says he went all th'u the war?" Lucius Ledbetter laughed again. "He just barely got up there where they was holdin' the war, just barely got there when along come this here cannonball and taken off his big toe. So he taken out for home."

"Didn't he go back again?" asked Hallie. "Didn't he go back to lead his men?"

"No'm, too fur. Besides, he were right busy down here."

"Well, why does it say 'Captain of the Featherstone Fusileers'?" asked Hallie, motioning toward the monument.

"Well'm, he left here cap'n and he come back wounded and naturally was called cap'n ever since."

"What did his company do?" asked Hallie. "Who led them?"

"My pa," said Lucius, "Lieutenant Lucius Ledbetter, later on Cap'n Ledbetter."

"Well, then," said Hallie, feeling she had him trapped now, "why didn't they write 'Ledbetter Fusileers' on the monument?"

"I guess them as pays for a monument kin write on it what they's a mind to," said Lucius. "Them Daughters of the Confederacy is just full of Featherstones. Hit don't matter. Pa just about killed anybody called him cap'n after the war was over. Says he just never wanted to hear war again."

"I guess your father wasn't wounded," said Hallie, feeling angry at Lucius and more angry with his father.

"No'm, he weren't wounded but he said the war sure made him sick. He useter say when I was a boy hit made him sick unto death."

Hallie felt her face turn red. "I don't believe you," she said, standing up. "I don't believe they'd put Captain Featherstone's name up there, above the writing and that poem, unless he really was a hero." She said sternly, "I don't think it's true and I think you're just jealous."

She turned and walked back the way she had come. Her sandals felt hot on her feet, and she unbuckled them and carried them in one hand. Looking at her bare feet on the hot sandy sidewalk, she thought it would be hard for a cannonball to pick off just one toe. But she found it impossible to believe Lucius Ledbetter. After all, he did not amount to anything. As far as she could see, he did not work, held no proper job. There was no reason to believe a man like that when it was his word against Mr. Willy Featherstone who had come from Magnolia Hall.

The first Sunday in September Margaret Craig appeared at Sunday school after having been away for weeks. She and Hallie walked out together.

"Are you going to be in eighth grade?" Hallie asked Margaret.

"Uh-huh." Miss Toulou had begun a marching piece in the main part of the church. "You going to take expression?"

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NEW IDEA!

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sequestered with God back there behind the pulpit and was still frowning from the sight. As he sat down in one of the carved chairs a young woman appeared in the doorway across the church. Behind her was Mr. Barksdale. Could this be his daughter, Miss Corrine Barksdale, that haughty, cold princess? Oh, but she was pretty. And tiny. She hardly came to her father's shoulder, and she seemed young and shy. Hallie could not help staring at her. Miss Corrine Barksdale's curly brown hair escaped in little tendrils that framed her

trate, from head to toe, the way *you'll* want to look in y best. "The 1962 Costume Look."

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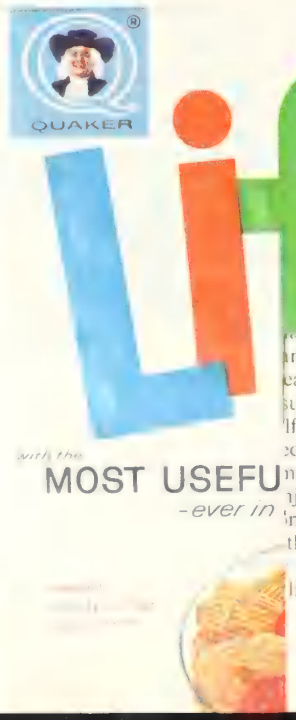
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an just takin' off across the earin' nothin' in the world suit." She stopped for breath lf with her straw hat as if the d her up.

namma said, laughing, but njoyed Miss Beulah's telling ndoned the story. "Did Mr. thing to his wife?"

Emily was so mad at him like that. She kept sayin' to treble to vary the effect.

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"I don't know. Are you?"

"I always take expression," said Margaret.

"Who do you take it from?" asked Hallie.

"I take it from Cousin Bootsie Craig," said Margaret, "but I hear maybe Miss Corrine Barksdale's going to teach, although Cousin Bootsie says she's very inexperienced."

Miss Corrine Barksdale, that haughty creature who lived in Magnolia Hall! Though Hallie had never seen her, she knew she would not like her. She would be tall and cold, her breath would smell and her voice would squeak. It was quite unlikely that anyone would want to take expression from her.

"Did you have a good time out in the country—where was it, with your aunt?"

"Aunt Lucy Willis," Margaret said. "It's kind of boring down in the country. But mamma always wants us to visit around in the summers. What you been up to?"

Hallie said tentatively, "You know Mr. Willy Featherstone?"

"'Course I know Cousin Willy Featherstone," said Margaret. "He's kin to us, I reckon. Some kind of kin."

"May Belle Ballard took us down to see his old home place one Sunday."

"I just love Magnolia Hall," said Margaret, "now that Mr. Barksdale has fixed it up. Of course all those big magnolia trees were there already and the house itself, but he painted it up and fixed the lawn and now it seems like a different place. It's the best one now. That old run-down Ledbetter place on the Big Sandy, down near Tranquil Church, it's too spooky. It's the most ha'nted-looking place I ever saw." And Margaret gave a shiver.

"Which Ledbetter is that?" Hallie asked carefully and slowly. "You don't mean Lucius Ledbetter you always see hanging around town?"

"Uh-huh, Loony Lucius. He came from down in there. But there's Duckets in it now, sort of roosting in it, papa says. The house is about to fall in on top of them, I reckon. But that's where old Lucius was born, and his brothers."

"Brothers?"

"Mr. River Ledbetter. He lives out with the Fitzgeralds—you know Laura Fitzgerald. Well, Mr. River Ledbetter stays out there and helps Mr. Fitzgerald someway. And then there's Mr. Byrd Ledbetter. He lives up in Atlanta, and papa says he's doing right well. Papa says he's got more git-up-and-go than the other Ledbetter boys."

This news about the Ledbetter house was unpleasant. The house might be old and run-down and even haunted, but if it were an old Southern mansion, then Lucius Ledbetter would have to be given more respect.

Hallie thought of tomorrow, when she would go into the eighth grade. High school. Her new teachers would be in church today and they would see her and perhaps they would say as they went home, "Did you see that dark-eyed child in the dark blue taffeta? She looks so *bright*."

Mr. Jess Bailey took his place in the choir, and his sister, Miss Annie Laurie Jones, Essie's mother, sat next to him. Two young women came in looking dressed up and hot in wine-colored fall suits, wearing wine-colored gloves. Teachers. The younger children in front turned around and stared.

Miss Toulou Vass was playing a little wandering piece that she seemed to be making up as she went along. Now she brought it to an end with several crashing chords, and Brother Jamieson came out from the little door at one side of the baptistery. He always entered very solemnly and unsmilingly, as if he had been sequestered with God back there behind the pulpit and was still frowning from the sight. As he sat down in one of the carved chairs a young woman appeared in the doorway across the church. Behind her was Mr. Barksdale. Could this be his daughter, Miss Corrine Barksdale, that haughty, cold princess? Oh, but she was pretty. And tiny. She hardly came to her father's shoulder, and she seemed young and shy. Hallie could not help staring at her. Miss Corrine Barksdale's curly brown hair escaped in little tendrils that framed her face. Her brown fall hat left a knot of hair exposed and from it hung three perfect little curls. Hallie fingered her own tight braids and wondered.

Brother Jamieson announced the first hymn, *Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus*, and Hallie could hear Mr. Jess Bailey's tenor climbing high and sweet. She could look up and admire him as he sang, and sometimes when he saw her watching him his sky-blue gaze crinkled into a smile and the dimples in his cheeks appeared briefly.

Standing there now singing about being a soldier of the cross, his blond hair curled crisply across his forehead, he was even more like Galahad ready to search out the Grail. Thinking of Mr. Jess Bailey intent on his holy mission, she thought she would have to stop her wanton dream of riding on the horse in front of him, his arms encircling her to hold her on the horse, his breath blowing the hairs gently on the back of her neck.

"Let us pray," said Brother Jamieson, holding his arm out over the congregation. Hallie had found that during prayer was a good time to feast her eyes on Mr. Jess Bailey. As she looked up now she saw that Mr. Jess Bailey was sitting there as if *he* were the one feasting *his* eyes, looking at the top of Miss Corrine Barksdale's bowed head. He looked and looked so intently that when Miss Corrine straightened up Hallie expected her to look full into Mr. Jess Bailey's face, but Miss Corrine suddenly lowered her lashes as if she were determined to be more reverent. Hallie closed her eyes. She was not going to like Miss Corrine Barksdale. It was not fair. Miss Corrine had everything. She was far prettier than any of the other teachers who had come in before her. She wore prettier clothes. No one had curls like hers, or such a sweet air. And she had Magnolia Hall, the finest Southern house anywhere around.

The whole school fell in love with Miss Corrine Barksdale. Mr. Holden introduced her at morning assembly and she gave a demonstration of her work, some lines from Shakespeare, which she said very simply without waving her arms at all. Then she gave a little talk about how much expression was needed in everyday life. "I teach expression," she said, "not elocution."

Virginia mentioned Miss Corrine immediately at supper and said she would like to take expression.

"I think they should both take it," said mamma. Mamma would often talk about how they were all on the verge of bankruptcy, but when it came time to take lessons she seemed to forget it.

"I'd rather take music lessons," said Hallie. She would not let herself be carried away by Miss Corrine's sweet manner and her pretty curls.

"Mr. Barksdale's mighty nice to me down at the depot," said papa. "He went to the trouble to write the superintendent up in Macon that he'd got a lot better service since I'd been down here. I appreciated that."

"Then why can't Hallie take both music and expression?" asked mamma. "She's got all the time in the world. It seems to me if a child's ambitious to learn music she ought to be encouraged."

The next day Hallie made a trip to the cotton warehouse, to ask Miss Toulou if she would teach her music. Miss Toulou seemed so pleased that little drops of perspiration sprang out around her nose.

"Why, honey," she said, "I'm real proud you asked me. But wouldn't you rather learn guitar or uke? I'm taking a course up in Macon and I could teach you everything I learned."

Hallie stood in the doorway and considered. She could not erase the picture of herself playing a rosewood piano with candles lighting her face.

"I've always liked the piano best," she said. So Miss Toulou agreed to come to her house and teach her every Tuesday.

At her first expression lesson Hallie was cool and distant with Miss Corrine. But Miss Corrine came up to her as if she had been waiting all day for her.

"Hallie honey, I'm so glad you decided to study with me. Why, that first Sunday I saw you in church I said to myself, 'Who is that child with the lovely, sensitive face?' And I said then, 'I hope I have a chance to teach her.' And here you are," and Miss Corrine stood poised on her high heels, her brown eyes warm with welcome, her mouth a little large for her face, giving her a humorous look, and Hallie's stiff posture, her determination to show her that *someone* in this town had standards, that *someone* was not so easily taken in by her airs, that she, Hallie . . . why, suddenly it all melted away and she stood there loving Miss Corrine.

One day in September Laura Fitzgerald said, "Ask your mamma if you can come spend the night Friday night and we'll eat scuppernongs."

They sat on the front seat of the bus Friday afternoon as it took the road out toward Antreville. After a while it pulled over to the side of the road before a square warehousy kind of store. "Here we are," said Laura. Over the porch steps of the store was a sign that said "Fitzgerald and Sons."

"There's daddy now," said Laura, "on the porch." They went on past the store toward a square house with a big porch across the front. The porch was held up by four round unfluted columns, but they had been tacked on as an afterthought.

They entered a fenced-in yard and a wizened little man waved to them from a rocking chair. A long lanky figure was stretched out on the steps, a Daniel Boone kind of man, thought Hallie. The little old man rose from the rocking chair, and Laura greeted him as if she were returning from a trip away, not just from school. Then he leaned his wrinkled face with small tobacco-brown eyes toward Hallie.

"Two Southern belles," he whinnied. "River, ain't often you git a chancet to have two Southern beauties like this to squire around."

This must be River Ledbetter, born in a Southern mansion, the Ledbetter old home place. River did not rise from his lolling position. "Sho ain't," he said agreeably.

They entered a bare unpainted hall with a stairway in back and Mrs. Fitzgerald came out of a back room and stood hesitantly at the door. "Mamma," said Laura, throwing her books down on the table. "Come on, let's go eat scuppernongs." Hallie ducked a little bow toward Mrs. Fitzgerald and followed Laura. She came out onto the back porch, and there was the scuppernong arbor, a magnificent generous arbor, old and tangled with vines as thick as arms growing up the posts and spreading out over the chicken-wire top.

"Climb up here," called Laura. "Stop looking and eat."

She followed Laura up the vine on one of the supporting posts and worked her way out on a crosspiece, cradling her feet in vines and lying along the beam as if at a Roman feast. She popped the scuppernongs into her mouth and spit the skins through an open place in the vines to the chickens below. All afternoon they lay there, only moving a foot or two to find a more easily reached supply of scuppernongs.

Toward dark a colored woman stuck her head out the window and called to them, "You chillun get down. We gonta eat." Even then Hallie could not resist taking a few last scuppernongs.

The dining room was small, the chairs bumping into the sideboard when they were pulled out from the table. Mrs. Fitzgerald sat on the edge of her chair, nervously twitching a fishing pole with shredded paper to shoo away the flies. The colored woman appeared with a large plate of fried chicken. The table was already loaded with food—sliced ham, sweet potatoes running with sugary, buttery juice, a mound of rice, black-eyed peas with pot liquor, and pickled peaches.

"Sugar, what you want, a pully bone?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald, forking over the crisp brown pieces of chicken.

"Yes, sir, a pully bone, thank you," said Hallie, hoping it was a very small fryer and trying to avert her eyes from all the food on the table. Her belly filled with scuppernongs pressed against her skirt belt, and scuppernongs seemed to be stacked up all the way through her chest and into her throat.

"We're not much hungry, daddy," said Laura. "We just ate us a bait of scuppernongs."

NEXT MONTH

WHAT HAS YOUR AGE TO DO WITH BUYING A HOUSE?

More than you may think. Most home buyers in the U.S. (60 percent of new homes and 55 of existing homes) were under 35 last year. What do these young people say about borrowing money? What are their biggest complaints? Who mows the lawn? Read the answers in the *Journal*'s study-in-depth by Dr. George Gallup of "The Woman's Mind." Part four.

THE LETTER THAT PREVENTED A DIVORCE

"I just had to tell somebody," the letter which was addressed to Dr. Clifford Adams began. Dr. Adams cites it to show how even serious conflicts in marriage may be resolved this side of the divorce courts. "Letters That Never Get Mailed."

HELPING YOUNG ADOLESCENTS
TO UNDERSTAND THE FACTS OF LIFE

Dr. Benjamin Spock considers the conflicts and uncertainties of boys and girls in those difficult years, 13, 14 and 15. He gives direct answers to these young people. And to their parents too.

WHAT'S NEW IN FASHION? . . . LOOKING LIKE A WOMAN!

It's the newest look of spring, 1962—irresistibly feminine, showing a waistline, pretty legs (but not knees). James Galanos's costumes illustrate, from head to toe, the way *you'll* want to look in your Easter best. "The 1962 Costume Look."

"BEST IN THE WORLD TO COME HOME TO"

The spicy, fragrant food that's never been surpassed, Molasses Ginger Cake, full of currants and frosted with butter cream. We give you four delicious recipes. (Have a *big* piece with milk and a pink-glazed baked apple.)

Also, another in our "How America Spends its Money" series; Tell Me, Doctor"; stories and much, much more in the April *Journal*.

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ASPIRIN CONTAINS ONLY ONE PAIN-RELIEVER

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But ANACIN is a *combination* of 3 medically approved ingredients. Anacin not only relieves pain but also its nervous tension, pressure and depression. Change to Anacin for more complete pain relief!



"Scuppernongs ain't nothing," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "just juice. Miss Martha Nelle," he said, addressing his wife for the first time, "git some hot biscuits and jelly for these little gals."

The rich smell of fruitcake hung over the room, but when dessert finally came it was not fruitcake but ambrosia. Hallie's head felt dizzy and for a minute she thought she might be sick. But just then there was a scraping of chairs, and they moved out into the open airiness of the hall.

Laura said to Hallie, "Let's go out and talk to River."

River was lolling on the steps. Dogs lay arranged around him. Laura said, "Shoo," and the dogs moved, but only closer to River, and the girls sat down on the steps. River said nothing in welcome, but he did not look interrupted. There was a faint suspicion of chill in the air: a new season was being hinted at.

"River, can't you tell me and Hallie a story?" asked Laura.

"'Fraid I don't know a story," said River, moving a dog to scratch himself.

"A love story," said Laura. "Tell us a love story," she said, and jabbed Hallie in the ribs so that she could enjoy the teasing.

"Tell us about when you lived in your house down on the Big Sandy," said Hallie.

River twisted on the steps like one of his dogs bothered by fleas. When he spoke his voice seemed rusty from lack of use. The words came slowly and he would stop and dig his hands deep in his pockets as if he expected to bring out the right word from down in there.

"Well'm, hit weren't exactly a love story mamma used to tell or get pa to tell. Hit were about her and pa. She used to say to pa, 'Lucius, tell the boys about when you first seen me.' That was the way hit'd begin."

"Did the story begin with the war?" asked Hallie, thinking River might be like his father and need encouragement.

"Pa never did like to talk about the war. Anyways, this were when the war were over." River squirmed and changed his legs, his left pulled up and the right one down. "He were comin' back from the war and saying to hisself he don't need to hurry home, his mamma were dead, his pa had died whilst he was away, he seen his brother killed up there in the war, ain't nothin' callin' for him to come home. He says he just might's well look at the mountains. He come all the way up to the top of the mountains and started down again and he reckoned he were back in Georgia when one day he passed a chile sittin' on the side of the road cryin'. That's what he always said—'I passed this chile with her apron over her face, cryin' her heart out.' He ast her what were the trouble and she says her pa done fell down and hurt hisself and he's too big for her to lift back in the cabin. Pa ast her how long her pa been layin' there and she says she thinks hit were the day before yestiddy. Anyways, pa made her lead him back to her pa and hit were true, he were dead, layin' there where the tree caught him. Pa just dug him a grave right there and laid him in it. Then he ast this chile where were her mamma and her other relations. Her mamma had died two-three years before. Pa always said when he told us this, 'I kep' wonderin' who were goin' to look after this chile, mamma bein' dead and all,' but then he thinks maybe Adam, he were a slave they had had before the war, he thinks maybe Adam and his wife Hattie if they're still around might look after this chile for him. So he puts her up on her mule, her face all swelled up from cryin', he says he ain't rightly had a good look at her because of her cryin'. He put her up on the mule—that was all that was left alive except for the chickens—and at the last minute this chile jumped down and ran and got a rooster and said he were her pet and she were goin' to take him too."

River stopped and laughed. "I vow hit must have been a sight, that little chile sittin' on a mule and carryin' a rooster. They started walkin' down the mountain, pa leadin' the mule, and he says comin' down the mountain the dogwood had come out and lay like snow in the woods, and the redbud were showin'. The weather got warmer in the daytime; hit were still a little cool at night. And walkin' down the mountain pa says he begun to feel maybe he had a reason to come home, he were bringin' somethin' back besides his mean old thoughts. And that little chile he were talkin' about, why by the time she reached Macon she were singin'. Just ridin' along on that mule and holdin' the rooster and singin'."

Here River stopped his story as if in contemplation of the picture.

"How old *was* she?" asked Laura.

"She weren't no child." River laughed as if he had managed to fool them. "Hit's a fact she were little, a skinny girl, I reckon, but she were about seventeen. When pa would get to the part about her sittin' on the mule and singin', mamma would always say, 'Tell the boys about you singin' too, Lucius,' and pa would kind of grin and he always said, 'I outdone the rooster and the mule.'"

"Did they get married," asked Laura determinedly, "and live happily ever after?"

"Well'm, now, I reckon you might say so. Mamma says once she had just about everything she wanted. So I reckon you'd say she lived happily ever after."

All the stars had come out now and hung low in the sky. There was no moon and darkness was thick under the trees. The dogs moved restlessly; one whined and tried to run in its sleep. Hallie thought of the Ledbetter old home place down near Tranquil Church, full of ha'nts, Margaret Craig said, and wondered if the ha'nts were the "little chile" who came down from the mountains and her soldier husband. The story moved her as she was sometimes moved by a ballad or a hymn; dampness sprang to her eyes.

Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage with others.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

She said now, feeling the silence too sad to keep, "Do any of your family live down in there now, River?"

"No'm, they ain't any Ledbetters down there now except them in Tranquil churchyard. House is full of Duckets," he said, and spit into the bushes along the steps.

"Did you sell out to the Duckets?" asked Hallie. Laura had heard her love story and was lying back satisfied.

"Well'm, I didn't exactly sell out to the Duckets. After mamma died and the place were so run-down, the sheriff come down in there and says he's going to take hit for taxes. Finely I says go ahead and I moved on up here with the Fitzgeralds. They'd been after me to come on up here."

"Did the Duckets buy it?" persisted Hallie.

"No'm, them Duckets don't own no land. They was just brought down in here by Mr. Barksdale, runnin' around the country cuttin' down all the trees. I heard they'd 'a' starved to death if Mr. Barksdale hadn't brought them down here. Now the county's as full of Duckets as a dog is fleas. No'm, hit happened when the sheriff finely put hit up for sale there weren't anybody fallin' over hisself to buy it. Finely Adam Lincoln, works down at the depot, he come in and put down the money. He owns it now."

"Adam?" said Hallie.

"Yes'm, and then Mr. Barksdale rented hit for the Duckets. I were down there the other day, huntin'. I ast for a drink of water, like I never been round the place before. Mamma would turn over in her grave if she could see what they done to her kitchen. Hit's papered with funny papers like a darky's house."

Later, in bed, Hallie asked Laura, "Is River a relative of yours?"

"Maybe a little bit, second cousin once removed or something. Not close. But all the Ledbetters are kin to everybody in the county."

"His brother is Lucius Ledbetter up in town?" She knew it but did not want to believe it. Now that she had heard River's story and about the Ledbetter old home place, she could not refer to him as Loony Lucius.

"Uh-huh, and Byrd Ledbetter, his brother, lives up in Atlanta. He's doing right well, daddy says."

Hallie thought again how River looked like Daniel Boone—brown, lanky, with a face that

rried secrets of the dark woods and imals. River was not the kind of an she expected to find coming from n old Southern mansion, but she ked him, she could not help liking m. At least he was a great improve- ent over his brother Lucius.

Both Hallie and Virginia dressed ore particularly the day they were ing to tea at Magnolia Hall. They ited outside school for Miss Cor- e and walked with her to the park- g lot where she kept her car. The ite pigeons flew up from the dove- te as they turned into the driveway. Don't you love that old dovecote?" iss Corrine said. "Mother thought would be beautiful with white pi- ons in it to match the house, so she t it fixed up and then father ordered e pigeons. She hardly lived long ough to see them. Now father uldn't take anything for that dove- te. He says the sight of those pi- ons flying up is the most beautiful ht in the world to him." Then, as if king them truly to heart, she said, "ou know, for a long time I could rdly bear to drive up this driveway d see them. So I just stayed away up North Carolina, visiting my aunts. ow I really am in love with this old ce."

Could the change have come be- se she was "in love"? She never ntioned Mr. Jess Bailey, but it was fectly obvious that they were going ether. He had prevailed upon Miss rrine to sit in the choir though she gled and said she could hardly ry a tune. But they sat there side by e each Sunday now, sharing the e songbook.

Miss Corrine stopped the car in nt of the steps and they walked up o the big white porch and entered wide dark hall. A stairway curved y at the end, waiting for a bride h a train to descend. They turned the living room and Miss Corrine ppeared to talk to the cook in the hen. Soon the cook came, wearing g white apron, her head wrapped white turban, bearing a silver tea and tiny flowered cups. Miss Cor- pulled a chair up to the table and there like a small girl having a tea y. Hallie was not used to hot tea. sipped hastily and put the cup n quickly for fear that it would h from her hands. Miss Corrine red them tea cakes from a cut- s dish.

Oh, Miss Corrine," said Virginia, ing her voice, "this is the prettiest n."

It is a beautiful room," said Miss rine. "Mother was awfully good xing up houses. I didn't see it be- it was painted, I was still in school n North Carolina. Then father ught I should go over to G.S.C.W. e we were going to live in Georgia." G.S.C.W. is a very fine school," Virginia.

Oh, it is," said Miss Corrine, "but nted to go on. I even sent off for a mbia University catalog." She e a little face, as if to say it was a thing to do. "But I'd settle for the versity of North Carolina. I still ld like to go *somewhere*. There's uch still to learn." And this time made a gesture with her hands, ing them out toward the world, hing at herself at the same time. hen perhaps she was not in love Mr. Jess Bailey. Perhaps she just with him this year for company next year she would go away. ie wanted her to go and to stay. Father was so lonely," Miss Cor- said. "I felt I just had to stay him this year."

iss Corrine seemed to be so much me, as if all this lovely furniture, the silver tea service, the red rug, the cook in a white turban, the silver card tray—all the splendid setting of Magnolia Hall—were her accustomed environment. She belonged in Magnolia Hall, Hallie thought painfully, painfully because she had thought the opposite so hard.

Later, of course, Miss Corrine invited the other members of the class to tea. But Hallie and Virginia were the first and Hallie knew that Miss Corrine had talked to them in a way she had not talked to the others.

Now that she had visited Magnolia Hall she wanted more than ever to see the old Ledbetter place. River and his love story floated into and out of her mind like a ballad. But November came and still Hallie had not had a chance to visit it. The mornings were cooler and the pecans were dropping in the yard when Margaret Craig called in the back door, "Papa has to go down to Tranquil today. Says he'll carry us if we'll hurry."

They drove past the stores and the schoolhouse with its Saturday-morning loneliness, past corn-stalks standing in the field, and dipped down toward the branch before Magnolia Hall. In the pasture beyond the house where white horses used to prance in the heyday of Magnolia Hall five or six black-and-white cows were grazing now.

"Where'd all the horses go they used to keep down at Magnolia Hall?" asked Margaret. "Did they all get sold?"

"That was all so long ago," Mr. Craig said. "It was in the time of Cap'n Willy Featherstone;



Pudding Soufflé

TAKE 3 EGGS...AND A PACKAGE OF MY-T-FINE PUDDING... make a fabulous dessert! It's pudding-easy . . . soufflé grand. Make it with My-T-Fine Chocolate, Nut Chocolate, Butterscotch, or Vanilla Pudding.

HERE'S HOW: Prepare My-T-Fine Pudding following directions on package for pudding, using 1½ cups milk. Separate 3 eggs, beat egg yolks until thick and light. Beat egg whites until they "peak," but are still moist. Stir hot pudding into beaten egg yolks; then gently fold into beaten egg whites. Turn mixture into 1½ qt. casserole; place in pan of hot water. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.) until puffed. Makes 6 servings. For sweeter soufflé, sprinkle top with confectioners sugar.



he went up to the war and come right home. Seems that he got some little injury up there." Mr. Craig grinned. "He got some little injury up there and he come on home and pretty soon he was hobblin' round the country buyin' up horses. Most ladies couldn't plow or make feed and the horses got bony and they was right glad to sell them off to Cap'n Willy Featherstone cheap. Then Cap'n Willy would take them in a big string up there to North Georgia and sell them to the army. He kept some of the best ones, the prettiest ones, for breedin' and when the fellows come home from the war, them that did, and they didn't have a horse, why they had to go to Cap'n Willy to buy one. Nobody else around here had horses."

"I reckon the South was glad they could get horses somewhere, Mr Craig," said Hallie, seeking to find excuses for Captain Featherstone. She could not give up the hero on the statue easily.

"That's exactly what old Cap'n Willy used to say. He just did his duty furnishin' the South with horses."

Hallie had a feeling of guilt. Mr. Craig was saying the same thing Lucius had said, except that Lucius had not told her the whole story. And because Lucius was poor and old and had no standing she had not believed him.

They had reached the dark woods now and the red road tilted down. Up the hill on the other side, a Negro house sat alone in a cotton field. The smoke stood straight up in the still, chill air.

"I imagine they's hog-killin'," said Mr. Craig, turning off into the rutted road that ran across the fields to the Negro cabin. He parked under an oak near a small runabout Ford.

In the backyard Adam Lincoln from the depot was shaving the pink carcass of a hog stretched between two posts. He laid down his knife and came over to the car.

"How you, Mr. Craig, how you all?" He peered into the car and added, "There's Hallie in there too. How you today?"

Mr. Craig said, "Fine, fine. Everything all right down in here, Adam? All these your children?"

"No, sir, Mr. Craig, you know these ain't my children. These my grandchildren. They keep Mary company whilst I'm up in Greenwood at the depot. Their papa's gone to Detroit."

"Looks like a pretty good hog you got there," said Mr. Craig. "They's nothing like a nice fat pig when the weather cools off."

"Yessir, he's nice and plump. Mary really knows how to raise pigs."

"They's just nothing like it," said Mr. Craig, "a little fresh pork or sausage for breakfast. Or hog liver," he added.

"If'n I had something to put it in I could give you a piece of the liver," said Adam.

Mr. Craig leaned over to the back seat and felt around on the floor of the car among the guns and handcuffs and chains and rusty wrenches and came up with a tin pan.

"Just lay it in there," he said.

Adam went away and came back with the pan covered with a piece of newspaper.

"Put this back there on the seat with you," said Mr. Craig, starting up his motor again. "Well, just stopped by to see how you all were gettin' on," he said to Adam. "Got to get on down in the country on some business."

"Did Adam used to work for the Ledbetters?" asked Hallie. She was remembering that when Lieutenant Ledbetter came home from the war with his bride he hoped that Adam would still be there.

"Yeah, they're Ledbetter darkies. His pa was named Adam Lincoln before him; he was freed by old Mr. Ledbetter when he come home from the war. He freed him and give him fifty acres. Well, the family's done right well. Adam Lincoln is gettin' on to be one of the richest men, black or white, in Plum Branch County. I can't say it was exactly hard work, though both this Adam and his pa before him were right hard workers. It was more like luck. When the old Ledbetter place was up for taxes, ain't more than a few years back, nobody would consider buyin' it. Adam walked up and he plunked down around seven hundred dollars in cash—that's what they were askin'." Mr. Craig leaned back and laughed. "He hadn' no more'n bought it than here come Mr. Barksdale from up there in North Carolina. Come down here and built a planin' mill and all them Duckets come along to run the sawmills and what with those swampy woods near the river and that new growth of pine that old fellow's really been rakin' it in. I wisht I had his bank account."

Margaret Craig said, "Here's the road down to the old Ledbetter place. Even the road down here is spooky." She shivered as they moved deeper into the shade of the woods. Soon light shone up ahead and they came out into a clearing behind a house. A barn tipped crazily toward the woods as if it longed to lean over and join the trees. Pigpens and smokehouse stood up straighter, but they too were in need of props. As they came into the yard they could see that hog-killing was going on here too.

"Well, if hit ain't the sher'f," said a hearty voice. This was Mr. Ray Ducket. "Sugar, this here's the sher'f."

"Proud to meet you," said Mrs. Ray Ducket, spitting expertly over the banisters. "Won't you all come in and set by the far?"

"No'm," said Mr. Craig, "we can't stay long. Just come by to talk to your old man a little and see how you folks gettin' on down here in the country."

The little Duckets, who had been standing there on bare blue feet staring at the newcomers, shuffled uneasily as if something might be expected of them.

"Go git some of your play-pretties," said Mr. Ray Ducket to the oldest child, a little girl with stringy brown hair. "This here's Darleen and this here's Ray Junior—we just call him Junior—and Delta, Paul and Woodruff."

Hallie walked toward the front of the house. After all, she had come to see the house, not the Duckets. Darleen trailed along with her.

"What you starin' at?" asked Darleen.

"I'm just looking at your house," said Hallie. It was exactly like Magnolia Hall—same six square columns, same balcony over the door, same wide expanse of veranda—and yet not the same, as in a horrible before-and-after picture. The fanlight over the door had cardboard in two panes and a pillow in another one; the veranda steps sagged dangerously. How sad, how sad to see an old house falling into decay.

"Didn't they ever have a name for this house?" she asked Margaret Craig, who had come up and stood by her.

"Ledbetter's old home place is all I ever heard," said Margaret. "Look at that old red river. You go in washing much down here?" she asked Darleen.

"No'm," said Darleen. "They's snakes down there."

Over to one side the children had a tire swing hanging from a water oak. River must have sat under that tree in summer surrounded by his dogs. Lucius with his crawfish walk had gone up and down those steps, sat rocking on that porch. Now he looked the way the house looked. It sagged and he sagged. But someone might still save it; oh, it could be saved, she thought, straightening the house, painting it, cutting the clearing between house and river to make a sweep of lawn, perhaps installing a dovecote. What about Byrd who had done so well off there in Atlanta? Wouldn't he come back and save the house if he only knew?

"You children come on now. We got to be gettin' on home," called Mr. Craig. "Come on up to see us when you come to town," he said to Mr. Ray Ducket.

"I'll bring you up some sausage when an old lady gets hit made." Mr. Ray Ducket stood by the car with one foot on the running board, loath to let them go.

As they went back down the dark road through the woods Hallie thought suddenly of the reason for their trip. "Did he find out about the criminal?"

"Oh, *him*," said Mr. Craig. "That's right, I spoke to Mr. Ray Ducket about him. He thinks he's lit out for Macon." Mr. Craig



drove along silently for a while, then said, "And besides, it was a good day for hog-killin'."

One day when mamma had gone on an errand Hallie asked Elberta if she knew Boyce McClure, from the Dewy Rose community. She watched Elberta closely as she asked the question, waiting for some telltale blush to sweep up from her neck. Elberta was ironing; she stopped and stood very still, lashes lowered on her cheeks, her hand on the iron. "McClure? I hearn tell of McClures down in there." Hallie could see no blush. "What did you say his name was?"

"Boyce," said Hallie.

"Well'm, I ain't right sure," said Elberta. She looked uncomfortable, but there did not seem to be any more questions to ask. Hallie was glad that mamma had not been around to hear her. Mamma could not stand prying, even though she might like to know herself.

May Belle and Virginia talked about Boyce McClure constantly, but Boyce's schedule made him as distant and unattainable to one as to the other. He left Miss Lizzie's house on a highway truck early in the morning and came back late in the afternoon. On Saturdays he would find neighbors up from Dewy Rose doing their weekly trading and would catch a ride with them back home. This Saturday-night disappearance was of great concern to Virginia and May Belle. Did he go home to see his mother, or did some Dewy Rose siren lure him back?

In December Virginia began a new piece in expression, *The Highwayman*, by Alfred Noyes. For a long time she insisted on calling it *The Highway Man*, but Miss Corrine was very firm about accenting words.

"*The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees, The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas*," intoned Virginia, looking at herself in the mirror enunciating the *d* in wind and the *n* in galleon as Miss Corrine had taught her to do.

"Why don't you ask Boyce McClure to come to B.Y.P.U. Sunday night?" asked Hallie one day when she caught Virginia practicing her piece in front of the mirror.

"Oh," said Virginia. She leaned against the bureau looking at herself thoughtfully. "I don't think I could all by myself," she said finally.

"I could go along just to keep you company," said Hallie.

"You can come if you want to," said Virginia, not looking at her and seeming not to care whether she did or not. "Please wear something besides that filthy skirt if you're coming."

Miss Lizzie Wallace came to the door and said, "Come right in, girls. Aren't you good girls to come call on an old lady?"

That was not what Hallie expected her to say and she looked to Virginia to set Miss Lizzie straight. But Virginia just stood there with her whole face suffused with pink. Finally Hallie said, "Well, Miss Lizzie, Virginia and I have a message from the B.Y.P.U. for Boyce McClure."

"Oh, I should of known girls with a papa like yours would be about the Lord's business," said Miss Lizzie. "Come on in and I'll call him. He was taking a little nap."

"Oh," said Virginia, looking as if she would dive through the door.

Miss Lizzie waved her back. "He won't be a minute," she said. "Here he is now. Come on in, Boycie. These girls are out doing the Lord's work."

"Yes'm?" he said.

Boyce looked as if he had been sleeping, his hair pushed up in back, his nose a little red, but there was an interested awake look in his blue eyes.

"This is Virginia, and this is Hallie, and they're the daughters of Brother Jones—you know, down at the depot. He's one of the saintliest men I've just about ever known."

"Yes'm. Pleased to meet you," said Boyce obligingly, and sat down in a rocker near the door. He was very tall and with his blue eyes, his crisp hair and his shirt open at the neck, he had the air of a *highwayman*—not *highway man*—who might come riding, riding, riding in the moonlight. Hallie thought about Elberta and how Elberta might have "tempted" him as Miss Beulah suggested. He looked as if *he* might have done the "tempting."

Hallie waited for Virginia to begin. Virginia should take the lead; she was corresponding secretary of the B.Y.P.U.

Miss Lizzie looked from one to the other, smiling.

"How old *are* you girls nowadays? My, I never saw anybody grow like you. Just like weeds."

Virginia sat studying the picture of Great-Uncle Walter as if she had come only for that. "Virginia's fifteen and I'm thirteen now," said Hallie.

"I declare," said Miss Lizzie.

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Boyce McClure put one foot up on his knee and scratched it a little as he waited. He had a hole in his sock. Hallie thought that if Boyce McClure responded to Virginia's invitation there was no reason why she herself should not *visit* B.Y.P.U. even if she was still supposed to go to the meeting of the Sunbeams on Saturday.

"How *is* Brother Jones?" asked Miss Lizzie, unhappy about the silence.

"All right, I guess," said Hallie. "Reckon he'll be coming home from the depot soon."

Virginia leaped to her feet and started for the door. "We better go," she said.

Boyce McClure looked from one to the other.

"Virginia honey," said Miss Lizzie, "didn't you have some message for Boycie here?" She smiled encouragingly at Virginia.

But Virginia didn't wait. She said from the door, "No'm, papa says sometime when we're in this neighborhood we ought to come see you."

"I don't think you can count a visit to Miss Lizzie under community service," Hallie said later.

"Well, at least he knows my name now," said Virginia.

Now that Hallie had seen it, the old Ledbetter place haunted her like a sad gray ghost. The more she thought about it the more she sought the proper inhabitants for the old place. Then the figure of Lucius Ledbetter, broken and ramshackle as the house, came to her. Thinking of Lucius caused her some disquiet; she had a small tight ball of guilt inside when she remembered that she had thought of him as an old tramp and had accused him of lying and being envious.

One day after Christmas Miss Lill brought a basket of pecan nuts over to mamma. "Seems to me I haven't seen Lucius Ledbetter over at your place in a long time," Hallie said as she cracked two of the pecans in her hand and looked away from Miss Lill as if she were not really interested in the answer.

"Why," said Miss Lill, "I was just telling Doc he ought to see about Lucius. Why, that old coot didn't even come up for his Christmas dinner. And he just never misses bringing some little trash for the children on Christmas."

Next day at supper papa said that Doc McGhee had found Lucius down in Adam Lincoln's shanty next the tracks.

"Is he bad off?" asked Hallie.

"Doc McGhee brought him up to his house. Says he's a sick man. He told Adam he better burn that bed old Lucius been sleeping in."

"I hope Adam doesn't catch it, whatever it is," said mamma.

Miss Lill put Lucius to bed in a little room beyond the dining room detached from the rest of the house. Aunt Relly came by after school and bathed him and cleaned up his room, and Dellie the McGhee cook, took his meals in to him.

"Maybe I could take Lucius some rusk," said Hallie when she came in from school and found mamma taking it out of the oven.



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"That's a nice idea," mamma said. "Take a half of one of these and wrap it in a napkin. Tell him to eat it while it's hot."

Lucius was propped up high on the pillows, and his small brown bloodshot eyes turned on her with the same interest that she remembered. "Hey, Hallie," he said. "Come on in."

"Mamma thought you might like some rusk. She just baked it," said Hallie, taking it up to his bed and removing the napkin.

"Smells good," he said, sniffing it to show his appreciation. "Now just lay hit down there." He gestured to a table by the bed on which pink paper flowers, stiffly waxed, sat in a blue vase.

"I mustn't stay," said Hallie, taking the chair by the bed. She folded her hands in her lap, and Lucius put his head back against the pillows and turned his bright brown gaze on her expectantly.

"I was down to your old home place not long ago," said Hallie. "It's like Magnolia Hall, except ——" She could not express the difference. The Ledbetter place—Montpelier, she had named it—was like the bleached bones of an old skeleton wracked by the sea and finally tossed on a beach, whereas Magnolia Hall was the living, moving man in bright shining garments.

"Built by the same carpenter," said Lucius. "He come th'u from somewheres down near Savannah and says he knew how to build nice houses. Wood was all cut down on the place and the houses built one right after another."

"Don't you and River and . . . your brother up in Atlanta ——"

"Byrd?"

"Why don't you write Mr. Byrd, and see if he doesn't want to fix it up?"

"Byrd don't keer about that old place," said Lucius. "He's got himself a fine place up there, got himself a wife and some boys. I imagine that Byrd's even got to see the ocean."

"Got to see the ocean?" murmured Hallie. She longed with all the passion of a child born inland to see the ocean; tried to imagine its untellable vastness, its dark and swirling depths, its monstrous waves.

Lucius said, "Mamma used to say she had 'bout everything she wanted except she wanted to see the ocean. Mamma really loved water. She made papa cut down ever' last tree betwixt the house and the river so's she could always see hit runnin' by."

"Is that why she named Mr. River River?"

"Yes'm. After she named me Lucius after pa, she says she was goin' to name her chillun for the purtiest things she knew. So she named River River and Byrd Bird."

"Oh, B-i-r-d," said Hallie.

"Bird, like a bird that flies," said Lucius. "They tell me Bird's done changed the spellin' on his name. When he run for commissioner I seen he spelt hit B-y-r-d."

"I like B-i-r-d better," said Hallie.

"Me and River used to say to mamma, 'Mamma, if you'd 'a' had girls would you 'a' named them Honeysuckle and Magnolia?'" He panted and coughed again and lay back against the pillow. For a while he kept his eyes shut and when he opened them he looked at the room and at Hallie with surprise, as if he had been away for a while in another room. "Mamma said, 'One of you boys just got to see the ocean.' She used to say to pa, 'Lucius, tell the boys about the ocean.' He seen hit when he were up there to the war. But he says he seen too much blood at the same time, he don't keer to talk about hit."

"Didn't *you* want to see the ocean?" asked Hallie. The attitude of his father toward the war, a war hallowed in the memories of all true Southerners, had caused the trouble between them before. She would distract him.

"Yes'm. I'd 'a' liked right well to 'a' seen hit. But we decided, guess that was after pa died, that Bird had more chancet. I was the po'liest one, and River liked the woods and he didn' want to go, so mamma sent Bird up to one of papa's uncles in Atlanta."

"Maybe if Mr. Bird knew about the house he'd want to save it," Hallie said.

"Oh, Bird's got other fish to fry," said Lucius. He slumped a little in the bed now and closed his eyes.

"Mamma says I shouldn't stay long," said Hallie, standing.

He opened his eyes again. "Come on back and set anytime," he said, smiling, even twinkling at her. "I'm agoin' to be gettin' up and about one of these days soon, but till I do I just soon have company."

As she walked across the street swinging the napkin Hallie still had an uneasy feeling about him. Calling on him with the rusk was something any girl, any member of the Sunbeams, might do and write down on Saturday when the good deeds for the week were collected. So she thought next day she would take him flowers. But Lucius already had a caller; when Hallie entered Adam rose from the rocker beside his bed.

"Hallie, I'm mighty glad you come," Lucius said. "This old black preacher ain't going to stop until he converts me. Been workin' on me, workin' on me, how many years now, Adam?"

"Guess me'n you about the same age, least we were when we were boys."

"Adam here comes from a real bullheaded family," said Lucius. "When pa come back from the war he found Adam's pa settin' down there waitin' for him, him and Hattie. They'd hid the horses when that old buzzard, Cap'n Featherstone, was aroundin' them up. Pa give old Adam fifty acres and told him to pick out a name. Old Adam, he says he wants to be named Adam Lincoln. Pa didn't like that Lincoln part, but he says he guess Adam has a right to pick out his own name."

"Mr. Lincoln were a great man," said Adam.

"Guess mamma would say if one of us boys couldn't hold on to the old home place she'd as soon see Adam Lincoln have hit," said Lucius.

Adam said soothingly, "Git well now, Lucius, and you can have it back anytime you want it. We'll get Mr. Barksdale to throw the Duckets out."

"Pa always said them Lincolns were all just as stubborn as mules, ever' one of them," Lucius snickered and coughed.

"Where's your syrup?" Adam asked.

"'Tain't no good," Lucius gasped. "Doc says hit ain't no good."

"How come he sells it then?" said Adam. "I'll get you a bottle so's you can have it in the night."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Spring's Prettiest Hairdos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70



Takes 21 large rollers, clips for 13 pin curls. *For the lily-accented hairdo*, comb the ends of the side and back hair into deep low waves close to the face, with ends turning under. Brush top crown section smoothly back and into large stand-up waves. After pushing waves into place, bring ends of hair around to front, holding in place with bobby pins. *For a hairdo with more width*, brush hair back without part. Comb sides into deep low waves. Ends turn under on right side, up on left. Back hair turns under.



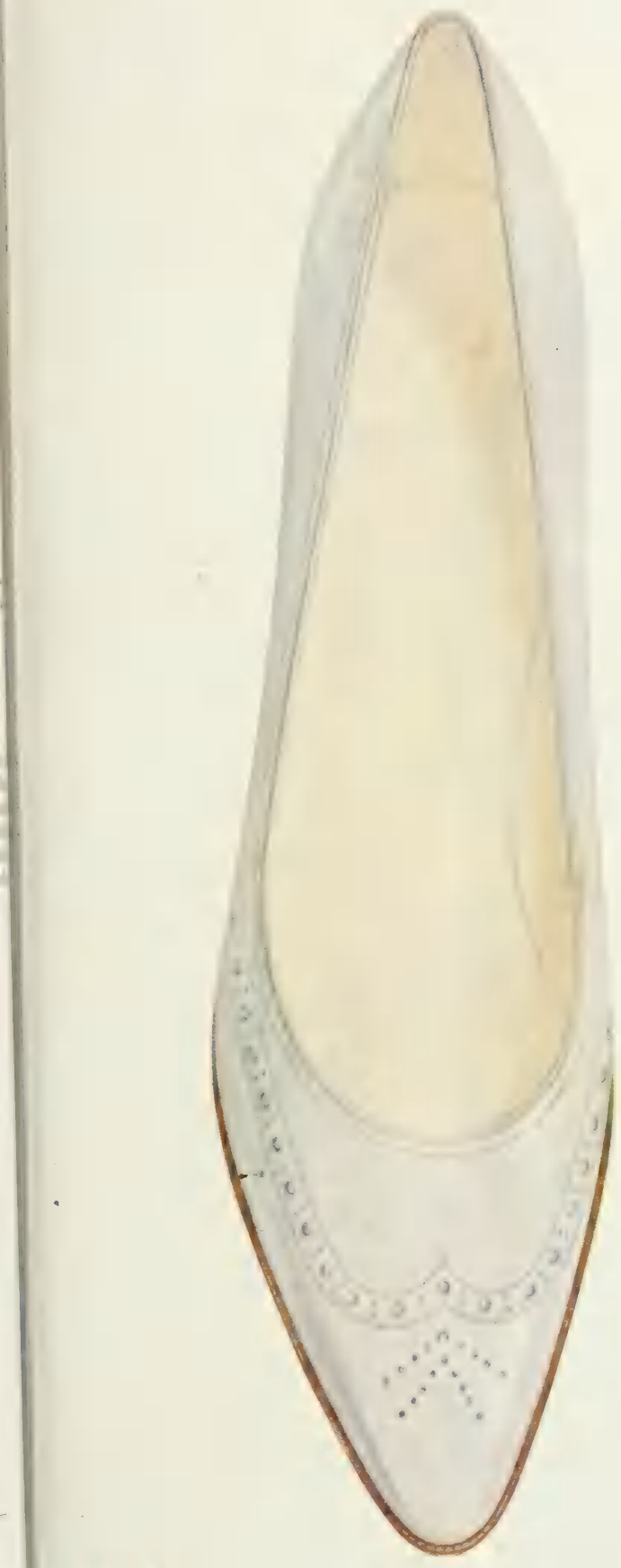
This takes 14 medium rollers, 2 small ones and clips for pin curls as shown.



For this you need 16 medium rollers and clips for 10 pin curls as shown.



For this set, hair must be cut in layers. Arrange bangs over strip of cotton, then set as diagram shows, on seven large rollers, with clips for 18 pin curls.



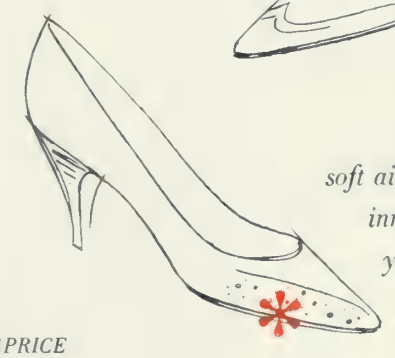
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Lucius lay back against the pillows with his eyes closed. His cheekbones glistened and his face had a stretched, lifeless look.

"I think I ought to go now," said Hallie, but then she saw that she was still holding the bouquet. She held it out to Lucius, thinking hard because she could not say it, hoping that Lucius could feel her apology coming down through her arm and out into the feeble blossoms: *Oh, Lucius, you were right and I was wrong and I am sorry.*

He took the bouquet as he had taken the rusk and sniffed it, smiled one of his Santa Claus smiles and said, "Smells almost as good as a magnolia."

"I'll bring you a magnolia later," Hallie said, feeling released, feeling understood. She would beg or borrow or steal a magnolia from Miss Beulah's across the street when the season came.

"I'll be waitin' for it," he said.

Hallie waved a hand to say good-bye and went out into the dusk of the big porch. The sky and air were green and chill as pond water; a sad time of day. Often Hallie had contemplated the vastness and sadness of the world as the sun set, but this was a different sadness She did not want to go into the warm open brightness of the kitchen where her face and feelings would be exposed. The water oak was green-black and cold, but she crawled up and sat on the boards of the tree house, then lay on her stomach and felt cold and sad. She wanted to make it all different. She wanted the world to be different for Lucius. Bird (or Byrd) should return like a knight in shining armor and restore the old house to its rightful owners, prop it up, paint it, establish Lucius in a reclining chair on the sunny porch behind the columns, and hire Adam to fetch and carry in the old Southern way. Then she pondered on Adam's black hand tenderly raising Lucius up to spit, and thought, *He's waiting on Lucius because he wants to, not because he has to.* And the look that Lucius turned on him was that of a brother. Adam seemed to act more like a brother than either River or Mr. Bird. She began to weep, to weep for all the gray bones of Ledbetters in Tranquil graveyard, to weep for River, to weep for Lucius, to weep that Lucius had never seen the ocean and never would see it now.

Hallie was prepared when she heard the next day that Lucius had died. Prepared and yet made weak by the news. "Adam was with him," mamma said, and this made her want to cry even more, but she refused to give way. Virginia had come in from school with her and she would never understand how Hallie, the silly fool, could burst into tears for an old tramp like Lucius Ledbetter.

What could she explain? That she loved Lucius; that she loved his mother, that little mountain girl who rode a mule through the springtime, holding a rooster.

"Doc was planning to go ahead with the funeral tomorrow; he'd already picked out one of his own coffins for him, but then he thought he ought to wire Mr. Bird Ledbetter, that's Lucius's brother, lives up in Atlanta. He says to wait and have the funeral Saturday and he'll come," mamma went on.

Hallie waited on the porch on Saturday, even after mamma and Virginia had gone on over to the church. She waited to see Mr. Bird arrive, thinking she would get some idea from his face what the future of Montpelier might be. Because from now on, the only hope of saving Montpelier would lie with Mr. Bird. Lucius was dead, and anyone could see that River lacked get-up-and-go.

The hearse arrived, followed by a black car almost as long as the hearse. It must be at least a Pierce Arrow, Hallie thought, and hope quickened in her bosom. This must be Mr. Bird. A man was driving and a pretty woman with a blue hat trimmed with varicolored feathers sat beside him. Mr. Bird got out of the car and in a courtly manner came around and opened the front door for his wife to descend. She put her arm through his and they stood waiting, heads bowed slightly, while the coffin was taken from the hearse. Hallie ran quickly around to the side door, down the side aisle and into her seat in time to see the coffin come in at the front door, followed by Mr. Bird and his wife. Adam Lincoln and Mary sat in the balcony, and Adam leaned forward and rested his arms on the railing.

River sat in the front pew with Mr. Fitzgerald. As Mr. Bird sat down he seemed surprised to see him and offered his hand timidly and awkwardly, while Mr. Bird shook hands as if he did it often.

Brother Jamieson prayed. "Lord," he said, "we are gathered together to perform the last rites for this our brother, made of clay like the rest of us, cut down suddenly in his manhood. Was he ready, Lord? Our days are numbered even as are the sands of the sea, and Thou knowest the day on which we shall be called before Thy throne to answer for our sins of omission and commission. Lord, wilt Thou say to us, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' or shall we be cast into outer darkness where there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth? Lord, each and every one of us must face up to that question. Oh, that this our brother hast made the right decision. Amen.'

Brother Jamieson kept his head hanging and his eyes closed for a second or two as if he were thinking. Hallie, too, was thinking. Would Lucius be cast into outer darkness where there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth? Not only had he never set foot inside a church, but his father before him had not been there for years. Did River quake inside? He always went walking with the dog on Sundays. And Mr. Bird? He looked unworried; probably he attended church regularly, and his wife looked as if she might teach Sunday school.

Brother Jamieson now stepped back, and said, "Is there anyone here present who wishes to be heard before we transfer the ceremonies to the graveside?"

River did not show any sign that he had even heard the question and Mr. Bird shook



s head slightly. In the quiet of waiting a deep oice suddenly boomed out, boomed out over e heads of the congregation, and they all rned to look upward. "Brother Jamieson," e voice said, "I'd like to offer a prayer." dam stood tall in the balcony and stretched s arms out over the congregation, closed his es and prayed: "Lord, Thou lookest upon e heart. Thou knowest that this man was ntle as a lamb, as innocent as a dove. Lord, there is no place saved for him on Thy right nd, let him sit upon Thy footstool. He's on s way there now, Lord, mountin' up there raight to Thy throne on strong and powerful ngs. He's thrashin' th'u the air with a noise e the wind in the trees, and when he comes, rd, take him by the hand and say, 'Lucius, u may 'a' talked one way down there, but I en you and I knows you. Enter thou into the of thy Lord.' For Jesus's sake, amen."

Hallie's closed eyes were flooded with tears. was beautiful to think of Lucius flying pow- fully through the air, heading straight for e throne, when in life he had crawfished ng. She blinked her eyes to hide her tears d saw Miss Lill blowing her nose and Doc atching his bald head and moving his hand own toward his eyes. Brother Jamieson must l sheepish. Everyone must feel now that cius would sit on God's footstool, not out the dark.

After the grave ceremonies the crowd me- dered slowly toward the parked cars. Mr. d seemed no longer sad; he talked in a ppy way as if being there greeting his friends s what he had been longing to do. His talk s almost like Lucius's, but as if he had un- rned it and then learned it again.

Blessings never come in pairs. Misfor- tunes never come alone. CHINESE PROVERB

Friends," he said, "I been away too long. I to get down in here oftener, get to know better. Yessir-ree, all during this funeral I n thinkin', been athinkin' that the old in fellow was right when he said, '*Ubique inisci patriam*,' which to me, friends, ans you cain't go back on your raisin'."

Listen to Bird put on," snickered Mr. gerald to River, jabbing him in the arm yet seeming proud of Mr. Bird too.

I want to get to know my neighbors," Mr. went on, "yes, and my own relations." looked at River, but River did not meet yes; he was staring at the ground. "Maybe e of you here present remember my old er down in the Tranquil section, praise l, a man who gladly went out and fought he South in the War Between the States, lieutenant in the Featherstone Fusileers er Captain Featherstone, a man who went to serve God and the South."

e paused and turned toward the car and ie feared that he was going to say good-bye then she would never know . . . never w. How should she ask it? Was he coming to save Montpelier? She could not ask right out. And suddenly she was asking a tion that she did not even know she was king about.

Mr. Bird, did you ever see the ocean?" As as she said it she felt a fool.

Honey," Mr. Bird said, "you've asked me od question." He turned to the group nd him. "Friends, this little girl wants to v if I've ever seen the ocean. I want you now that I not only have seen the ocean, 've seen what's on the other side of the n. I had the opportunity, friends, to serve ountry in the last war, in that great war reedom and democracy. But friends, I you to know that the ocean off the shores eorgia is the prettiest ocean you've seen here. From Rabun Gap to Tybee Light ave one of the most beautiful states any- e in any country of the world. I'm glad ittle child has asked me this question be- I want to say to her, and say to you, e God, that I'm proud of my state and of it's as pretty as Plum Branch County. made a *re*solve, friends, just while I've here. I'm comin' back. I'm comin' back old home place. I've neglected my family and my friends and the house of my fathers long enough."

Hallie had been disappointed at first that he had used the ocean only to get somewhere and to come back. That wasn't what his mother had meant. But her heart had risen when he said he was coming back to his old home place. A man with a Pierce Arrow would fix up his old home place; he would not come and camp in it like the Duckets.

Mr. Bird got in behind the wheel. Looking at Mr. Fitzgerald, he said, "Look for me down this way soon now—I'll get in touch with you," and started backing out.

Mr. Fitzgerald poked River again. "Sounds pretty nice, don't it, River? You gonna go back down in there and git your old home place back."

River showed no signs of joy. "Maybe he don't know he's gonna have to buy hit back from Adam."

"I don't think Adam would want that old run-down place," said Mr. Craig. "I can't really see what Mr. Bird wants with it either."

"He's fixin' up to run for somethin'," said Mr. Wake McClure. "I thought he was hardly goin' to get away from the graveside before he started 'lectioneerin'."

"Couldn't be governor," said Mr. Craig, "not yet. Maybe lieutenant governor?"

Mr. Fitzgerald slapped River on the back again. "What you think about having a brother in the governor's seat, River?"

Hallie walked across the street, but instead of going inside she climbed the tree and sat there for a while. Mr. Bird seemed to love his old home place. He planned to come back and save it. He would take it from Adam, which would be all right; Adam said he did not want it. Yet she was not entirely happy as she sat there, though she kept telling herself she should be.

One day in February Aunt Relly knocked on the back porch and called, "Mrs. Jones."

Mamma seemed to know just why she had come. "Did Elberta have her baby?" she asked. "Is she all right?"

Aunt Relly had such a morose air that Hallie was sure that the delivery must have been like those in Miss Beulah's worst (or best?) stories.

"Yes'm, she's all right, I reckon. Thank the Lawd she done have a boy." But even as she said this Aunt Relly did not look particularly happy.

When Elberta came back to work mamma fixed up a wash basket next to the kitchen range. Papa leaned over the basket and poked the baby and clucked at him. The baby opened his eyes and papa picked him up and held him. "You named him yet, Elberta?" he asked. He rocked the baby in his arms.

"Naw, sir, still just callin' him Baby."

"You can't go on like that forever," said mamma. "A nice boy like that ought to have a nice name."

"Why don't you name him for papa?" said Hallie.

Mamma said, "'Jonathan' seems a little formal. But you could call him Jonny for short."

"I always thought Jonny was the prettiest name for a boy," Elberta said.

When Elberta was off cleaning in another part of the house Hallie picked the baby up, undid the blankets and examined him quickly to see if he had a black stripe running down his spine. A little baby as white as this one must show his colored blood in some way.

When Miss Beulah saw the baby she rolled her eyes, turned her head away in disgust and said to mamma, "What did I tell you?" Long ago before Elberta looked even the least bit pregnant Miss Beulah had predicted that the baby would be white.

"Mamma," Hallie whispered one day when Elberta was out of the kitchen, "do Negro babies usually have blue eyes?"

"No," said mamma, and that was all she said.

Elberta blossomed out into a new creature, a proud mother. Oh, she was proud of that baby. But she seemed also to be a laughing, happy girl who sang about her work.

One Saturday afternoon Hallie saw Elberta downtown wearing a new dress, a blue dress

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that Hallie had never seen before. Where did she get it? The dress was silk and Elberta looked tall and slender and pretty, a proud princess. The crowd in front of the cotton office stopped talking as she passed; the men sat on their haunches and stared as she went by. She did not even glance into the post office (who would write Elberta?), went past the bank and on toward Mr. Jess Bailey's store. Mr. Jess Bailey was standing in front talking to a farmer; he finished with the farmer and went hurriedly inside. Elberta disappeared around the corner and Hallie wondered where she could be going so dressed up on a Saturday afternoon.

When March came Hallie and Virginia began to practice new pieces in expression. Miss Corrine said that both of them should try out in the contest at the end of school. "Start your piece early," she said to Hallie, "and we'll work hard on it now. I'm going to be extra busy toward the end of school."

At first the significance of this remark did not register on Hallie. But the next Sunday around the bend in the stairway she saw Miss Corrine and Mr. Jess standing close together at the choir door. Miss Corrine was poised, ready to step up into the choir when Mr. Jess leaned forward and took her by the arm, held her back, leaned forward and touched his lips to her neck, held his lips there, and nibbled her neck under the three brown curls that hung down from her knot. Miss Corrine, her face warming up, turned and looked deeply into his eyes, as if she longed to turn her lips to him, then gave him a little push as if to say, "This is no the place for that," and turned from him and stepped up into the choir On the bend of the stair Hallie held herself still for a heartbeat or two Now she knew why Miss Corrine was going to be busy toward the end of school. Miss Corrine and Mr. Jess were planning to be married.

Hallie asked Miss Toulou Vass if she would give her the *Wedding March*—Mendelssohn's—for her next piece. "Why, honey," said Miss Toulou, "is somebody stepping off and keeping it a secret? Is Virginia quit old enough?" She said this openin wide her amber eyes and lookin mock-seriously at Hallie. "I think it a pretty piece," said Hallie, and sh started practicing it every afternoon stroking firmly down on middle C fo the breathtaking beginning.

Beginning in mid-April, every Sunday after church, while Miss Corrin and Mr. Jess Bailey wended their wa down from the choir, stopping t shake hands and talk to people, an then walked around to the front doo and toward Miss Corrine's car, Halli raced ahead across the street, ran int the living room and began to play th *Wedding March*. She could not pla and watch at the same time—that wa impossible—she could not tell if Mi Corrine stopped as she was bein gently handed into the car, pause and listened and said, "Where is th music coming from?" But perhaps th tune, and the expressive way in whic it was played, would haunt Mi Corrine. She would begin to wonde whence it had come, and of cours once she began thinking she wou immediately decide that it came fro the Joneses' house. And of cour after she had decided it was Hall who played, it would be only a sho step to deciding that Hallie must pla for her wedding.

Hallie tried this plan for sever Sundays. But here it was already M and Miss Corrine had given no sig that she even suspected Hallie w available to play the *Wedding Mar* and Hallie feared she might choo someone else. Surely Miss Corri must be making her plans, but the was no whisper that she was even ge ting married.

On this Sunday evening in May Ha lie thought about it all during pray meeting. It was a dull prayer meeti because so few people came. S hoped to see Mr. Bird Ledbetter; had attended the morning service, riving alone in his Pierce Arrow. H Mr. Bird must have gone back to A lanta in the afternoon. Boyce M Clure was there, sitting next to M Belle Ballard; he had finally come B.Y.P.U. at her invitation and M Belle's cheeks were splendid as a ples. Shadrack Cartledge was mi ing; and Benny and the boys, w usually crowded into the back p after the first hymn, never came at a And where was Mr. Jess Bailey? M Corrine sat next to Mr. Holden in t choir and sang off his book.

After Brother Jamieson had p nounced the benediction, Hal ducked past papa quickly, know that without Mr. Jess Bailey th Miss Corrine would not linger. S ran across the street and into house, sat down at the piano, pau a minute to give Miss Corrine time get across the street. Finally, feel the moment had come, she began first sure downstroke on middle C. the time she had got through opening, surely, oh, surely Miss C rine would be standing at her car d and could not fail to hear the first emn crashing chords.



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In the pause before the chords, like a breathing pause in expression, she heard a sound like horses' hooves, a half-heard hollow clomp of horses' hooves muffled in dust. Then she sensed a strange light in the room, a yellow flickering; she played the first chord, played it extra loud, but she could not ignore the dancing reflection on the black wood of the piano. No one ever rode a horse at night; no one but Mr. Jess Bailey ever rode a horse, though occasionally a Negro rode a mule. She ran to the door and out onto the porch. There, just passing the church and about to pass her house, were white-robed riders on white-robed horses, carrying torches, great chunks of rich lightwood held high and flaring red as the riders and marchers moved forward.

The procession passed in front of the church slowly, like a parade before a reviewing stand, and she could see now that the steps were lined with figures silhouetted against the lighted front window of the church. Everyone stood still there, watching. And although it was not a large procession, four men on horses or mules with torches and a few figures on foot, it seemed to take a while for it to pass, so slowly and solemnly did they walk. They turned the corner toward town—and it was only then that she could pause in her looking and say to herself, *Ku Klux Klan.*

A minute later mamma and Virginia came in and went to the window on the orchard side to watch the procession moving toward town. When papa came in mamma said, "I never knew there was a Ku Klux Klan around here, did you?"

Papa shook his head. "What are they up to? There's sin, Lord knows there's always sin, but punishment? Who shall cast the first stone?" No one answered.

Hallie said, "I thought the Ku Klux Klan was something they had after the war was over. Didn't it keep law and order then?" thinking of *The Clansman*, by Thomas Dixon.

"Maybe it was all right then," mamma said, "but seems to me we've gone past that now. When you come right down to it, I really hate a fellow goes around doing things with his face hidden."

Virginia said, "Do you reckon they could mean to *lynch* somebody?" She whispered the word "lynch." Hallie thought, *Lynching;* surely not lynching, not in Greenwood; lynching happened far away and long ago, always somewhere else, like the bloody ballads. And in the ballads an aura of passion and honor and loyalty and courage hung over the word, making it acceptable. But now with the riders on their way, she suddenly saw a body collapsed on the end of a rope.

"Who could they be after?" she murmured.

Mamma turned the ring on her finger and looked out the window. She did not answer Hallie's question. "Where's Benny?" she asked, looking at them as if they could tell her.

"I kept wondering why he didn't come to church," said Virginia, "but then none of the boys did."

"I can't understand why they came by just when church was letting out," said papa. "Seems sacrilegious."

"Maybe they were just showing off," mamma said hopefully. "Once they get themselves all fixed up they just got to show off to somebody. If I hear that Benny's fooling around with that crowd ——"

Virginia sat on the piano stool and kept twirling around on it. "Mr. Jess Bailey wasn't at church, Mr. Shadrack Cartledge wasn't there either."

Not Mr. Jess Bailey with his open, pure face. She was not sure how she felt about the Ku Klux Klan; but she knew (knew it from her dreams where she knew him well) that Mr. Jess would never need to cover his face.

Papa said, "Why, I couldn't believe a thing like that of Mr. Jess Bailey."

"I'd be just like Mr. Shadrack Cartledge," said Virginia. "Honestly, I think he's one of the meanest-looking men I've ever seen. He has a real mean look out of his eyes."

Mamma said to papa, "Maybe you ought to have a talk with Benny. He's too old to whip."

Papa looked unhappy at the thought of having to Benny. "Well, let's wait and see. Don't tell yet. He may just have gone down in the country with some of the boys; may be attending church down there in the country," he said hopefully. Papa always hoped the answer would be simple.

"Do you think they were just parading around, or were really out to—to scare somebody?" Hallie asked.

"Let's hope they're just showing off. Maybe it's kind of like when the Masons meet," said mamma. "Your father had a hat with a white plume on it over in Glover."

They sat on in the living room; papa still held his Bible on his knee and mamma still wore her jacket. Virginia swung round and round on the piano stool; Hallie hoped that she would not notice the music of the *Wedding March.* Finally papa laid down his Bible and closed the window. "Guess we might's well go to bed. Nothing we can do anyhow."

Though Hallie and Virginia had the room farthest back, Hallie heard Benny coming in later; a door opened and closed almost without sound. Much later, she woke up to hear a voice, the sound from her dream, whispering from the back porch, "Mrs. Jones?" She sat up now and when she heard mamma walking across her room and opening the screen door she tiptoed out to the porch too. A figure

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leaned against a post, holding on to it as if for support.

Mamma peered in the darkness. "Elberta. Is it you, Elberta? Come on in, child. Come in." She took her by the arm and guided her into the back hall and then into the kitchen. Hallie followed. Mamma did not turn on a light until she was in the kitchen. Elberta stood there like the girl who had come to them months ago—dejected, beat down, wearing Aunt Relly's sweater and the same faded dress. Mamma took her by both arms and pushed her into a chair. "You're trembling, Elberta. Hallie, get a quilt. Now don't wake everybody up," she said softly but sternly.

Hallie found a quilt lying on the trunk and tiptoed back with it, carefully, carefully, closing the doors behind her.

Mamma had stirred up the fire and put some milk in a pan, and she took the quilt from Hallie and wrapped it around Elberta's shoulders. Then she seemed to see Hallie for the first time, standing there in her nightgown. "What are you doing up, Hallie? You just go right on back to bed."

"Yes'm," said Hallie, and walked from the room, through the dark hall, opened the screen door and shut it with a slight bang, then tiptoed back in the darkness and sat down under the summer table next the kitchen door.

"Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Jones," Elberta sobbed, "I got to go away."

"Elberta, stop crying," said mamma firmly. "Stop crying now and tell me."

"Them men come by tonight. Oh, Mrs. Jones, I was so scared."

"You mean the Ku Klux Klan?" asked mamma.

"Yes'm, them men all dressed up in white sheets. Them were the ones."

"Elberta, what did they do to you? Did they harm you, Elberta?"

"No'm, no'm, I'm all *right*, but I got to go away. They said so." She sobbed aloud once more.

"Elberta, you have to tell me," said mamma.

"Yes'm, I will." And there was a silence. Then, "I done fed Jonny, and Aunt Relly was settin' by the fire and I was about to go to sleep when I heard somethin' and I opened my eyes and I seen this light outside and heard men's voices talkin', and then I heard someone bangin' on the steps. I sat up and Aunt Relly looked toward me. I could just see her eyes there in the firelight. We hadn' lit no lamp. And she went toward the door and opened hit a crack and says, 'What you want?'

"'We don't want you, Aunt Relly,' somebody called. Then they said, 'Where's that gal?'" Elberta stopped here, as if to get her breath, as if she could not bear to go on.

"Yes?" said mamma.

"Then Aunt Relly, she calls out, 'What you want with her?' and didn' move, just stood there at the door, but I was scared. Oh, I was scared. I slid down under the covers until I was at the foot of the bed, and I lay there shakin'."

She began to cry again, and mamma said, "Drink a little more of the milk, Elberta." Then, "Did you go to the door?"

"They kep' on sayin', 'Where's your niece, Aunt Relly? Send her out here,' and Aunt Relly says again, 'What you want with her?' and then someone said, 'We ain't goin' to hurt her if she comes out nice.'

"So Aunt Relly come and took the baby away from me and says, 'Wrop a quilt around you and go out.' And I wropped a quilt around me and stepped to the door. And then one of 'em says, 'Step on out here, gal, we got somethin' for you,' and helt somethin' out toward me. I seen hit were a letter, and I reached forward my hand and taken hit."

"What did it say?" asked mamma.

"Here hit is," said Elberta. "Hit says I got to leave."

Mamma was silent for a minute. She must be studying the letter.

"Who gave it to you?" she asked.

"I couldn' tell," said Elberta. "They were all covered up and they weren't a good light."

"Didn't you recognize any voices or see anything that would give you a clue to who they were?" asked mamma. "Think, Elberta."

There was silence for a minute and then Elberta, her voice trembling, said, "Well'm, when I reached forward my hand to git the letter one of the horses whinnied. When I looked there, someone swung one of them lights around and I seen the horse had white on hits legs." Elberta began to cry again.

Mamma said, "A horse with white legs?" in a disappointed voice. But Hallie's insides seemed to jump and she leaned forward.

"Like little white stockings on hits legs," sobbed Elberta.

"Do you know the horse?" asked mamma. "Had you ever seen it before?"

"Yes'm, I seen hit before," and Elberta cried harder than ever. "Hit were Mr. Jess Bailey's," she said. "Hit were Lady."

"The horse with the white legs belongs to Mr. Jess Bailey?" said mamma.

Elberta said, "Oh, I feared hit were him. Hit were Mr. Jess." And she cried and cried.

"But why, Elberta, why? Would he have a reason?" and Hallie knew at once what the reason was, knew at last that Jonny's blue eyes did not come from Boyce McClure. "Elberta," said mamma, "was Mr. Jess Bailey the man?"

Elberta made no sound, but she must have nodded her head because mamma went on as if her question were answered.

"Oh, Elberta, Elberta," mamma said sadly, sadly. Then after a minute she said, "How did you know him, Elberta, way down there in the country?"

"He come down there in the country, come down there ridin' that pretty brown horse with white legs he calls Lady. He was huntin' round down in there lookin' for kaolin."

"Yes?"

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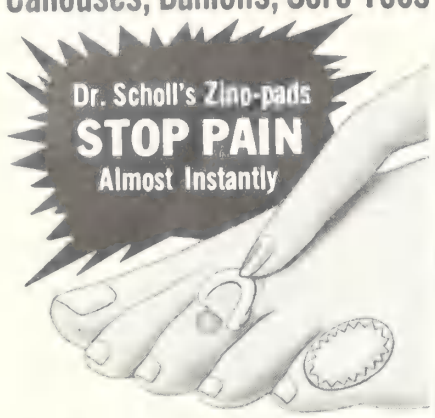
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"He rid up to the door one day and ast for a drink of water."

"Where was your mother?" asked mamma. "Wasn't she there, or your father?"

"They were all away. Hit were cotton-pickin' time. I was there i'nin' in the front door when he rid up. He ast for a drink and I give him one from the bucket and I told him he could get a cool one over in the woods at the spring."

"And he went away then?" said mamma.

"Yes'm. He come back two or three days later. He brought me a box of Fig Newtons. Said he wanted to thank me for the drink of water."

"And that was all?"

"No'm. He come by two or three times. Sometimes he had a sack of candy. And one day he come by and brought me a dress. Oh, hit were the prettiest dress, the prettiest dress I ever had. Hit were blue."

"Did you show it to your mother?"

"I hid it," Elberta told her. "I knew I shouldn' 'a' taken hit, though Mr. Jess said he just wanted to give me a present for givin' him the water."

There was silence again in the kitchen, and Hallie had time to think of Mr. Jess Bailey handing the blue dress to Elberta, smiling his beautiful smile with the dimples showing briefly.

Mamma said, "That wasn't last summer. After all, you were already here at cotton-pickin' time or soon after."

"Yes'm; he didn' come around again until May. One time when I seen him comin' I put on the blue dress, and when he seen me he taken me up in front of him on his saddle and I rid with him to the spring."

Hallie wanted to call out, *No, no, no—that was my dream.* Crouching under the summer table, her insides moved with pain as she remembered her own dream of riding in front of Mr. Jess Bailey on his horse, her own dream that he would lean forward and kiss the back of her neck and murmur, "My dearest, most precious little angel girl."

"Elberta, has he ever said anything to you since ——"

"No'm, he's never *said* anything. 'Course all that time before I had the baby I never went anywheres but here and to church with Aunt Relly. I seen him sometimes pass in a car, or far off ridin' on his horse, but I was never real close to him till ——"

"Yes," said mamma.

"Well, hit were just day before yestiddy. Sat'd'y. I declare, Mrs. Jones, I don't know what come over me. I was feelin' so good I put on that blue dress. I told Aunt Relly I needed some condensed milk for Jonny. And I walked right down in front of the stores in my blue dress. What come over me? I walked past his store and he were standin' there talkin' with a man and he seen me. He looked so scared, I declare, I felt real sorry for him. And he just turned right quick and went back inside. Oh, Mrs. Jones, what you reckon made me do that?"

"Oh, Elberta," mamma said, but sadly, not in an angry way.

It was quiet for a long time in the kitchen. Finally mamma said, "Do you think you could go back to them now, back down there in the country, with Jonny?"

"Oh, no'm, I couldn'," and Elberta began to cry again. "I got no real place to go."

"Don't you have any relatives who would take you in?"

"Maybe I could go up to Macon and bode with somebody," said Elberta. "They's lots of folks from down here gone up to Macon."

"Macon's so close," said mamma, as if talking to herself. Then she said, "You know what I think you ought to do?"

"No'm."

"I think you ought to give up being a colored girl and become a white girl."

Elberta said, "But Mrs. Jones ——"

Mamma said, "I think you'll get along better if you're a white girl, and Jonny too. He should become a white boy as soon as possible. Elberta, there's no reason in the world why you can't pass, but you've got to learn to speak better. And your name. I think you ought to be called *Al*berta. Did you ever hear of a white person called Elberta?"

"No'm, I never hear of *anybody* with the name, only a peach." Then Elberta said, her voice shaking and sounding as if she would cry again, "But I cain't do hit all by tomorrow, Mrs. Jones, and the letter said I had to go right away."

"I've been thinking," said mamma. "I'll get Mr. Jones to fix you up a ticket to Glover. There's a school over there for colored folks and I know the people who run it. You can go and stay at the institute for a while and then, when you can talk better and get used to your new name, I have an idea where you can go."

"Yes'm?" said Elberta.

"When we were over in Glover," mamma said, "we took in a girl, a white girl, some relation of Mr. Jones from down on the Saluda River, and got her up to a hospital in Philadelphia where she learned to be a nurse. She married up there—married real well, a doctor. I'll write to her and tell her about a girl who needs help."

"You goin' to write her about a colored girl who needs help?" asked Elberta.

"No," said mamma, "I'll just write her about a girl. And you go up there and work and someday you'll find a good man and you'll get married too." Mamma did not say, "And you'll live happily ever after, Elberta," but Hallie could tell by her tone of voice that she was planning it all that way.

But Hallie did not feel happy. Miss Beulah's stories came back to her. Elberta would go north and marry some poor white man and then she would have a black baby. The horror of it shook her so that she got up from under the table and walked toward the lighted kitchen and stood in the door, ready to say to mamma that she could not, should not.

"Hallie," said mamma, "why are you up again?" Then, "Hallie, have you been listening?"

Hallie nodded her head.

"I declare you ought to get a good whipping," said mamma. But she said it mildly, as if she might have done the same. It always killed mamma not to know everything. "Now that you're up," said mamma, "you and I are going to walk Alberta home. She's got a little boy there may be wondering where she's gone."

They went out the kitchen door to the side yard and out into the street. It was a dark starry night. *This is the latest I've ever been up,* thought Hallie, *the very middle of the night. I must be getting grown up to be up so late.*

Hallie could not say the thought that had brought her into the doorway, the thought of the Negro baby born to Elberta when she married a white man. Now she said, as if she would creep up on the subject, "What's Elberta going to say when they see she's got such black hair?"

"If they say, 'What black hair you have, Alberta,' she should just say, 'Thank you, ma'am,' as if it's a compliment. Up there where she's going there's lots of people with dark hair, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Spaniards. Who was that fellow, that Spanish fellow, who kept looking for a fountain?"

"You mean Ponce de León?" said Hallie.

"Who can tell but what he came up in here? Just say, 'Ponce de León was one of my ancestors.'"

Elberta shivered. "I never could say that, Mrs. Jones. Do I have to?"

"No," said mamma. "I was just teasing Hallie. She always wants people to have such noble ancestors. Let's hope people up north don't talk about ancestors as much as we do."

Now they were in front of Elberta's cabin, and mamma said as she let her arm go, "Get a good sleep, now, and tomorrow you're going to wake up and be *Al*berta."

"Oh, Mrs. Jones," said Elberta, taking mamma's hand in both of hers and pulling it toward her, clinging to it.

"Mamma," said Hallie as they turned to walk back under the water oaks, "is it right? Elberta *is* colored."

"Not nearly as much colored as she is white," said mamma. "She'll have an easier time if she's white."

"But it isn't right, is it? If she's Negro, even just a little bit, people ought to know it, oughtn't they? What if she marries and has a coal-black baby?"

"Why coal-black?" said mamma. "Honestly, Hallie, I declare, I wonder sometimes where you get your ideas. I suppose I should just never let you hear Miss Beulah open her mouth. You sound just like her."

Hallie said, "When I hear her I know she's silly, but what she says keeps coming back anyhow, just popping back into my head."

They walked on silently. Finally mamma said, "We can't look on the dark side. We'll just have to have faith. Alberta's a nice girl and a smart girl. We're all human beings, black or white, though sometimes the white ones don't act like it."

When they came back into the kitchen and stood in the light mamma put her hands on her shoulders and said sternly, "Hallie, you're not to breathe a word of this, not to Virginia, not to Margaret Craig, not to Benny."

"But what about Miss Corrine?" Hallie said. "And Mr. Barksdale? And Magnolia Hall? Is everything going to be the same? Just the way it was before? Is it right? Shouldn't you ——"

"No," said mamma. "No, I shouldn't and you shouldn't. He never would marry Elberta, not in a hundred years. He has his conscience and what he tells Miss Corrine is up to him. He'll have his worries. He wouldn't've gotten so desperate if he weren't mighty worried. Now go to bed," and mamma kissed her and gave her a push toward the hall door.

I wouldn't play the Wedding March for them if they asked me on their bended knees, thought Hallie. And she thought of Mr. Jess's unfaithfulness—to Miss Corrine, to Elberta, to her (Hallie) in her dreams, to Magnolia Hall—oh, most of all, to Magnolia Hall.

Hallie wakened the next morning with a vague ache in her legs, they would not be comfortable in any position. Was this what mamma meant by the "jimjams"? Finally she got out of bed and started dressing, but she had to sit down so often to yawn and stretch that Virginia was ready before her.

"What's the matter with you?" Virginia asked.

She could not tell Virginia that she would never rest easy again, that she would never again feel right knowing what she knew. A wrong had been done to Elberta, but should it also be done to Miss Corrine?

Margaret Craig met her at the corner with the news of the Ku Klux Klan. Margaret had seen the lights of the marchers out the jail window, seen them stopping in front of Elberta's house.

"What did your father do?" asked Hallie.

"What did he do about what?"

"About the Ku Klux Klan," said Hallie. "Shouldn't he ask them what they're doing, where they're going? Seems to me the sheriff ——"

Until last night if she had thought about the Ku Klux Klan she would probably have thought of it as a kind of Southern tradition. This morning all was different. She could still feel the shiver of surprise at the sight of the white-robed figures.

"Well, papa wasn't around for one thing," said Margaret. "He was out in the country looking for a dangerous criminal."

As they turned into the driveway to school Miss Corrine passed in her roadster, drove into the parking lot and jumped out. She was wearing her G.S.C.W. sweater and carried a book and a big bunch of pink roses, largess of Magnolia Hall, which she would arrange in her studio and share with other teachers.

"You know your piece yet?" asked Margaret. Seeing Miss Corrine must have reminded Margaret of the expression contes

"Pretty near," said Hallie. "Do you?"

"Oh, I've known it for weeks now," said Margaret. "Cousin Bootsie and I are workin on the finishing touches." She dropped h voice to a deep dramatic register. "'Stick i the engine and stand by your mother, Jack,' she said, in what was obviously intended to b a dying voice.

Miss Bootsie Craig always chose sad, dr matic pieces. Hallie had to admire Margaret power although Miss Corrine would have fit if one of her pupils carried on like tha

Laura Fitzgerald turned around wh Hallie was in her seat and wanted to kn

ll about the Ku Klux Klan. "Say, where was Benny last night?" she asked. "I kept watching and watching for him at church and he never did come."

"Don't know," said Hallie, not looking at her but at the board as if the identity of X was the most fascinating information in the world.

The morning stretched like eternity ahead of her.

When the lunch bell rang she decided to walk home because she could not bear to listen to Margaret Craig and Laura Fitzgerald gabbling. If she walked home she would have only a few minutes before having to turn around and come back, but it would be long enough to find out if Elberta got away all right and if mamma had told papa that the man was Mr. Jess. Perhaps papa would be able to do something to stop Miss Corrine from marrying Mr. Jess. He could speak to Mr. Barksdale as man to man.

Mamma was taking the biscuits out of the oven as she walked into the kitchen. "Well," she said, looking hard at Hallie, "I suppose you get tired of those dry sandwiches."

Today papa took grace even more seriously than usual. He blessed the food and then went on, "Lord, Lord, soften the hearts of those who sit in the seats of the powerful" (could he mean Mr. Jess? Not until he lived at Magnolia Hall), "be with the poor and downtrodden" (this might refer to Elberta), "shed Thy grace on those men, forgive them, Lord, those whited sepulchres" (Mr. Jess, yes, Mr. Jess) "who under the cover of darkness, hiding behind masks, take advantage of the helpless and the

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eak. Help us, Lord, help us to know which ath to take. Amen."

Mamma must have told him. But now she id, "Then you found out who was in the Ku lux Klan, darling? The whole town knows?"

"Nobody *knows*," said papa, "nobody *ows* for sure. But it's easy to guess. Coming wn in here thinking he can get everything s way."

"Who are you talking about, darling?" ked mamma, sounding as mixed up as Hallie felt. Her stomach felt queer again; the ed liver looked greasy. She did not feel like ting and her eyes were full of crumbs.

"I mean Mr. Bird Ledbetter," said papa, ling off the *Bird* and *better* with his thin, rvous mouth. "If he wasn't with those night ers, then he stirred them up to do his work. od will hold him responsible."

"What work?" asked mamma.

"Leaving a note on Adam," said papa, hreatening him."

"On Adam?" Mamma leaned back and put wn her fork. "Not on Adam. He wouldn't m a fly. He's a good man. Why would y do that?" And when papa did not anr her at once she said, "Who told you?"

"Adam told me," said papa. "He'd just me in and taken off his shoes when he heard racket down the road; he saw the lights ough the door and then he heard someone his name, 'Adam.' He took a minute to on his shoes and whoever it was called, ed his name again, two or three of them, erent voices, and someone rapped on the ch and said, 'You better get on out here, ger.' He said he took his time then, he don't to be talked to like that, but he finally ped out on the porch and he could see the ted torches and the horses dressed up in ets, and the men. And he said, 'Who called am?' And someone stepped forward and l, in a put-on, high voice. 'Adam, here's e for you, nigger. Take heed.'"

"What did it say?" asked mamma.

"Like the rest. Get out of town or ——"

But why would they want Adam to leave n? He's a good worker, knows his place, ds his own business."

Adam says it's because Mr. Bird Ledbetter ts his old home place back."

allie's brains felt addled. Of course she planned for Mr. Bird Ledbetter to take Montpelier back—this was *her* plan—but not this way; she had not planned this.

"Adam doesn't want the Ledbetter old home place, does he?" She concentrated so as not to say Montpelier. "Won't he sell to Mr. Bird?"

"Adam's funny," said papa. (*Stubborn, bullheaded*, Lucius had said.) "He said he *thought* he would sell the house, if Mr. Bird wanted it. But the more Mr. Bird talked to him the more he thinks he won't sell him anything."

"Did Mr. Bird speak mean to him?" asked mamma.

"Adam just said he didn't like the way Mr. Bird talked. Said Mr. Bird had gone back on his raising. He said Mr. Bird's mother and father would be ashamed to have a son grow up and act like him."

"Suppose Adam won't sell. He'll have to go, won't he?" said Hallie.

"He says he ain't going and he ain't selling." (*Stubborn*, said Lucius.) "Says he's going to sit tight, mind his own business and pray for his enemies."

Mamma took away papa's cold, uneaten fried liver and brought him a dish of canned peaches. "What are you going to do, darling?" she asked.

"I don't know," papa said. "I'm praying for guidance."

"What about Brother Jamieson?" said mamma, evidently unwilling to wait for God. "The board of deacons is meeting tonight, isn't it? Why couldn't you just bring the matter up to them, ask them what they think of it? They know Adam, know he shouldn't be hurt. Why don't you ——"

But papa did not raise his eyes from his plate. "I feel a little backward about stirring things up," he said, "just new in town and all, new on the board of deacons. They might think I'm just trying to stir up trouble."

"Well, talk to Brother Jamieson alone," said mamma, "then maybe he'll take it up."

"Maybe I ought to do that," said papa, looking at his watch, wiping his mouth and standing up. "The freight's due through in fifteen minutes. I have to get back. I'll pray about it," he said.

"Hallie," said mamma, "you're going to be late getting back to school."

But Hallie sat there, unable to move, unable to think.

"Why don't you go back and take a nap?" mamma said. "You can miss school for once. I'll say you had a headache or something."

Hallie sleepwalked to the bedroom and threw herself on the bed. She could not remember pulling the quilt up, but later when she waked up the quilt was there and mamma was calling through the screened door, "Hallie, you won't sleep tonight."

She stretched. Her eyes felt better and her legs felt right again. But she had not asked the question she came home to ask. "Mamma, did Elberta get off all right?"

"Oh, yes, she got away all right." Mamma folded the quilt and spread it over the foot of the bed and smiled. "Miss Beulah came by before I went down to the station to see Alberta off. She looked around real quick to see if Alberta were here, kept saying, 'What about Elberta, wonder what she's going to do.' But she didn't linger; I guess she was afraid she'd miss something downtown."

Hallie was in the kitchen eating biscuits and jelly when Miss Beulah returned that afternoon. "Well, Lizzie Wallace saw Elberta walkin' to town holdin' her head just as high as you please. If it had happened to me I'd be ashamed to show my face ——"

"Seems to me those fellows were ashamed to show their faces too," said mamma.

Miss Beulah looked amazed. "Why, Mrs. Jones, I declare, you sound as if you didn't approve of the Ku Klux Klan. As Bubber says, you just can't have a community gettin' a reputation for sin and lawlessness."

"Does he belong?" asked mamma.

"Why, Mrs. Jones, I'm surprised to hear you don't know the Ku Klux Klan is a secret society. Even if I knew I couldn' tell. It's a secret."

"Oh," said mamma, and rubbed a coffee stain on the tablecloth as if she thought it might come out by her rubbing.

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"I really would like to know where that Elberta went to," said Miss Beulah. "Where'd Mr. Jones sell her a ticket to?"

"That's a professional secret," said mamma. "Mr. Jones isn't supposed to tell where people buy tickets to. Lawyers have their secrets, and doctors. And the Ku Klux Klan. And so does Mr. Jones."

Miss Beulah's pockmarked face turned red. She stood up, her head thrust forward, her jaw set; she would be mad at mamma for quite a while. "Well," she said, pushing back her chair, "good riddance to bad rubbish, I say. Bad enough having that baby, but having one with blue eyes and straight hair! I declare, I never could see how you could afford havin' that girl around here, what with your young girls growin' up and gettin' ideas."

"The ideas they got from Elberta are not the ones I worry about," mamma said.

Tuesday, Hallie hurried home after school to ask mamma what Brother Jamieson had said to papa about Adam the night before. But mamma had disappeared. Not knowing what was happening made the quivering start inside and grow into a kind of panic. Was Adam all right now? She called for mamma out the front door. If she were at the McGhees' she would hear her, or even at Miss Beulah's. But there was no answer and she started toward the depot, running to the corner and slowing down, telling herself that nothing could have happened. Nothing could happen yet; it was too soon.

When she walked into the depot office mamma was standing there talking to papa.

"Adam?" said Hallie, panting from her run.

"He's out in the warehouse," said papa, as if Hallie were simply making an inquiry.

Adam had been sweeping and when he saw Hallie he came toward her, big, black, hitching up an overall strap.

"Hey, Hallie," he said, "I was in hopes you'd come by." He wanted to see her too. "I was just leanin' there thinkin', 'Now if Hallie would come by I could ask her to do me a little favor.'"

The trembling started in her chest again; Adam was in trouble and he was asking her help. She murmured, "Yes, oh yes," hoping she could do it, whatever the feat that should be required of her.

Adam went to a dim corner near the entrance door and picked up a tomato can full of roses. "My roses just started bloomin' around the shanty," he said, "and when I saw 'em I thought I'd pick a handful for Lucius's grave. But the freight's kept me busy. I thought, 'If Hallie would come I could just ask her to drop them off on her way home.'" He shook the water off the stems. "There's a vase up there, I reckon?"

"Yes," said Hallie, weak, relieved, "I can find one."

"I waited for you," said mamma as she came back into the office. Papa was busy at the telegraph table; mamma stood in the door, waiting.

"Mamma, is Brother Jamieson going to help?" Hallie asked as soon as they were outside.

"Well, Hallie, when it came right down to it your father just didn't get a chance to ask him."

"Didn't even *ask* him?"

"Now, Hallie," said mamma, "it's not all as simple and easy as you might think. He was *going* to ask Brother Jamieson, but in the end it just didn't seem best to ask him."

"But what will happen to Adam?" She could feel the trembling in her chest again, and in her voice.

"Now, Hallie," said mamma almost roughly, "Hallie, will you stop worrying? Adam will be all right, anyhow, until next Sunday. Mr. Bird never comes down except on Sundays and Adam's sure he'll hear from Mr. Bird again before anything happens."

"Oh," said Hallie again, telling the trembling to cease.

"Now about your father and Brother Jamieson," said mamma. "He left home all set to ask him. You remember he went early thinking he would have a little talk with Brother Jamieson before anybody else came for the deacons' meeting. But Brother Jamieson had company. Mr. Jess Bailey." (Mr. Jess again!) "Brother Jamieson said right off to your father that Mr. Jess had been considered for a deacon for a long time and that he had spoken to two or three other deacons and they said why not, why not go ahead and make him a deacon. Well, your father ——"

"Did you tell him, mamma, about Mr. Jess and Elberta?"

"Hallie, I just couldn't. He was so upset already about Adam. I couldn't add ——"

"Can they make Mr. Jess a deacon just like that?"

"Well," said mamma, shifting her sack to the other arm, "when the other deacons got there the preacher immediately brought up Mr. Jess and said he hoped they'd vote him in that night, and in the same breath he went on to say that Mr. Bird Ledbetter, even though he's a member of the Peachtree Square Baptist Church up in Atlanta, still he had come down to Greenwood and very generously offered to give a stained-glass window for the front of the church in memory of his father and mother."

"But they wouldn't want that," said Hallie.

"What? Who? But they're dead," said mamma. As if not understanding, she went on, "Then your father realized, though he couldn't tell why, that there was some connection between Mr. Jess and the stained-glass window and Mr. Bird Ledbetter. You know they're both after land. Mr. Jess has been going around buying up kaolin land cheap, and Mr. Bird wants to buy back his old home place. Your father thought then if it's true Mr. Bird's going to run for something maybe he wanted Mr. Jess to kind of manage things for him down here. Maybe they're somehow in cahoots."

"But, mamma, I don't see ——" Hallie squeezed the bouquet of roses and the thorns pierced the paper and reminded her what she was carrying and that the cemetery was across the street. "Papa could still have *asked* Brother Jamieson ——"

Mamma seemed edgy again. "Now, Hallie," she said, "I want you to remember your father's doing the best he can." She looked away from Hallie; she seemed to be looking into the past. "You remember he said he would pray about it. He'll pray ——"

She pulled away from mamma and ran across the street to the cemetery, ran down a lane of graves, her chest still racked with sobs, skirted the rusty iron fence of the Fitzgerald plot and came to the plot marked McGhee where Lucius had been laid to rest. She stood by the grave and wept, her eyes unseeing from tears; then she took the faded daisies and rusty water out of the tin can, added fresh water at the faucet, and arranged Adam's roses. She had promised Lucius a magnolia soon she would have to steal one from the tree in Mr. F.'s or Miss Beulah's yard.

If Lucius could say, he would probably say he would rather lie here where the McGhee children could come and play than down in the Tranquil churchyard near his folks. But what would he say about a stained-glass window for his father and mother in a church they did not care for, given by a son who misunderstood everything they said? What would that little mountain girl who wanted to see the ocean say about Bird who had seen it?

As Hallie dressed for the expression contest on Friday night she had a comforting thought. Perhaps Miss Corrine was *not* going to marry Mr. Jess Bailey. No announcement had appeared in the Sunday *Telegraph* and not a soul had ever really said for sure they were going to be married. She turned so Virginia could fasten her in the back, thinking, hoping. *Maybe I made the whole thing up. Miss Corrine may go off to school next year, and it won't happen after all.*

"Hallie, we've got to hurry," said Virginia. "May Belle will be by any minute."

Miss Corrine wore blue chiffon, the skirt full and floating, the waist tight, and high-heeled shoes dyed pink. Hallie could hardly bear to look at her. Ever since last Sunday, in between worrying about Adam she had thought of telling Miss Corrine about Mr. Jess Bailey. She would write her a note, signed "An Anonymous Friend and Well-Wisher." Or perhaps a note to Mr. Barksdale: "Dear Mr. Barksdale, I think you should know that your daughter, Miss Corrine Barksdale, is about to make a great mistake. She is about to marry a man who is the father of Elberta Smith's child, Jonny. Signed, a Friend of the Family."

But she had done none of these things because once the words were spoken or the note read the light would go out in Miss Corrine's eyes. And thinking of her as she would look if she knew what Hallie knew, she began to see Miss Corrine as a person with an incurable sickness, a cancer gnawing at her vitals, while she, Hallie, was caught in the position of a doctor who knows the dreadful truth about his patient and must decide whether or not he should divulge it.

Yet on the outside Miss Corrine looked happier and prettier each day. This evening after the girls had gathered in the studio, carefully arranging their recital dresses on the folding chairs, she said, "Girls, I've something very special to tell you. I'm going to be married to Mr. Jess Bailey." She paused as they expelled their held breaths with little ecstatic screams. "I wanted to wait until near the end of school to tell you, so the younger children wouldn't get too excited."

"Oh, Miss Corrine," breathed Virginia, "I think it's just wonderful. Mr. Jess is so handsome, and you—well, you're going to make the most wonderful couple."

May Belle jumped up and hugged Miss Corrine and all the other girls clustered around Miss Corrine, all except Hallie. But in the excitement it was hardly noticed.

"Are you going to have a big church wedding?" asked Laura Fitzgerald.

"Oh, Miss Corrine, I hope so," said Virginia.

"Well," Miss Corrine said, "it *is* going to be a big wedding. It's going to be all white; the men are going to wear white suits—even down to Brother Jamieson. The bridesmaids are going to wear white organdy, and the maid of honor and matron of honor are going to wear white chiffon. And of course I'm going to wear white satin."

"Is Miss Toulou going to play?" asked Laura.

"I thought I'd have one of my friends from up in North Carolina play," said Miss Corrine. "She's accustomed to playing with the violin and cello."

"You're going to have more than the piano," said Virginia. "How wonderful." Suddenly Hallie felt very hot and red at the thought of how silly she had been to think ——

Then Miss Corrine said, "I've been wondering if you would help me," and the room became quiet while each girl held her breath.

THE TRAVELERS

By FLORENCE B. JACOBS

We would all sit reading under the lamp,
three generations together,
with applewood snapping, and frosty panes
framing the steel-dark weather.

A sudden prescience might touch my heart,
bring in the outside cold:
"Grandmother, mother, will still be here,
lonely, perhaps, and old,
in a time when I shall have grown and gone
to Limerick, Cornwall, Devon." . . .

But I stayed home and they went away
farther than Scotland even.

"You know we're going to have the reception at Magnolia Hall, and I was wondering if I could count on you, my most advanced pupils, to help me out."

"Oh, Miss Corrine," they all cried, everyone except Hallie, "oh, Miss Corrine, of course." . . . "You know anything you'd ask ——" "We'd love to ——"

"For example, I'll need someone to keep the guest book."

"Let me, let me," screamed the girls—small ecstatic screams, of course.

Miss Corrine gave them each a job. "What do you want to do, Hallie?" she asked and turned her warm brown eyes on Hallie.

"Well," Hallie said, testing out her throat which had been thickening with a large cry bubble that had oozed up from her stomach, lodged in her throat, and almost suffocated her, "well, I think maybe I won't be here." She had tried to prepare herself for this, but her voice did not sound as she had planned.

"Won't be here?" said Virginia. "Where do you think you're going?"

She could have killed Virginia. She answered in a funny strangled voice, "I've been thinking I'd make a little trip over to Glover when school's out."

Virginia' said, "Mamma won't let you."

"Well, Hallie," said Miss Corrine, "I hope you'll change your mind. You know, I don't believe the marriage would be legal without you there." She came over to Hallie and lightly put her hands on her shoulders, shook her gently, affectionately. Then she turned to the others. "Now, it's time for us to go in and I haven't said a word about the contest. I don't think it's important which one of you wins tonight. What is important is that you do the best you can and show everyone how much you've improved during the year, you darling girls." As they marched out she stood at the door and gave them each a little pat.

As they took their places Hallie tried whispering to herself to see if any air was coming up through her throat, which still felt thick and tight, too tight to make a voice. What she would like to do was to rush off somewhere in the dark and cry. "'In the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day awaited their fate,'" she whispered.

Mr. Holden announced the boys' declamation contest and the first boy stood and began to speak. His voice rose and fell, came to a climax and dropped to a whisper, but he said nothing that Hallie could understand. Another speaker went through the same routine, followed by a rattle of applause.

Finally the boys filed down and the girls took their places; six of Miss Corrine's pupils and Miss Bootsie Craig's one pupil, Margaret Craig. Mary Beth Dozier was first. She began slowly, her voice pitched low, making her *o*'s nice and round. Her piece was a funny one about a family catching a train, but as she approached the climax her voice rose higher and higher, grew more and more nasal, more and more like a girl from the Flatwoods.

Laura Fitzgerald had a long piece that she said in a flat monotone—an absentminded voice as if she were somewhere else, not there on the platform at all.

Virginia was next. Suddenly Hallie longed for Virginia to say her piece well and win for Miss Corrine. She had never before thought of Virginia's winning, had only thought of herself, but now she longed for Virginia to win.

Virginia could do *The Highwayman* piece beautifully. Her voice sank deep when she said, "'One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,'" and when the landlord's daughter let down her hair in the casement, a "'black cascade of perfume,'" and he passed its waves in the moonlight, the audience became quiet and the faces turned up toward Virginia watched her with expectancy.

T

Now the landlord's daughter was waiting for the highwayman to come to her by moonlight. She had been tied up by King George's men with a musket at her breast and she waited with the soldiers for her lover in the moonlight. "'*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear; *Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot*, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?'" Virginia asked the question and paused—a long pause. Suddenly in the listening silence, like a shot from the back row of seats, came a long, high horse whinny that resounded in the silence of the hall and seemed to strike Virginia like a physical blow. There was a tittering in the audience and a rustling as the high-school pupils turned to see who had made the whinny. Virginia pulled herself up again, tried taking a deep breath, struck out, and said loudly, too loudly, "'Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, The highwayman came riding, Riding, riding!'" But something had been lost. The audience was restless. When Virginia had finished, Hallie tried to look into her eyes to show her sympathy, but Virginia came back to her place with her head lowered and her face red.

Now it will have to be me, thought Hallie; *it will just have to be me. I'm the only one who can win for Miss Corrine.* May Belle Ballard was reciting now, but May Belle was too silly and she twittered. She could not win.

Margaret Craig was next. She had been quiet and composed listening to the others; only occasionally she flung back her red curls with the air of a horse shaking its mane eager to be off.

As May Belle sat down and the audience gave its formal applause, Margaret Craig drew herself up a little, gave her curls a last shake, then stood and walked to the front of the stage. She wore a sea-green watered taffeta the color of her eyes. It shimmered in the light and suddenly Hallie thought that Margaret might be what she always pretended to be—a budding actress, a girl awaiting a glorious future, one with Theda Bara, Mae Murray or even Mary Pickford.

Margaret Craig announced her piece in a calm, subdued voice: "'Engineer Connor's Son,' by Will Allen Dromgoole," she said, her voice low, almost as low as Brother Jamieson's when he began a sermon. The first climax came soon. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, both legs mashed and an arm gone. Every man had jumped from the engine but him; he had stuck with his train and reached home with only enough life left to gasp out, "I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my little man." Hallie's throat curdled with sadness, though she told herself that Miss Corrine would not approve. She would never give one of them a piece like that. Margaret Craig was speaking quietly again—Little Jack's mother had gone away, had fallen under the train and died—then her voice became charged with emotion as little Jack died too. A long slow freight went through with its mournful whistle as he greeted his mother in heaven.

Hallie swallowed hard. The audience was still for a moment, then there was loud applause and as it died away sounds of throats being cleared. Margaret Craig sat down. Now it was Hallie's turn. She laid her handkerchief in her seat and walked to the front.

"Look at me," Miss Corrine always said, and Hallie looked at Miss Corrine as she said, "'The Sacrifice of Sydney Carton,' by Charles Dickens." But as she finished the last word and prepared to step forward Mr. Jess Bailey came down the aisle, tiptoeing and hunched, making himself small as if he knew it was not the right time to come in. Miss Corrine turned and saw him; they gazed into each other's eyes. "'The Sacrifice of Sydney Carton,' by Charles Dickens," Hallie said again, because suddenly the first line of her piece had gone skittering off into the bushes like a snake. She felt herself getting hot all over, a prickle of sweat ran down her spine; but though she felt hot and wet, her mouth was so dry that she thought if a word were spoken it would fall like a brown leaf dry and sere from the tree. Again she opened her mouth and the words, "'The Sacrifice of Sydney Carton,' by Charles Dickens" rustled out between her teeth. Now Miss Corrine turned from Mr. Jess Bailey and sat forward, staring at her, forming words with exaggerated gestures of the lips. Hallie tried to read the words, thought she would have to give up, then heard them being whispered from behind her. Virginia was whispering, "'In the black prison of the Conciergerie, the doomed of the day . . .'" and Hallie grabbed the words as a dog would a bone.

After she had started, it was all right. She went through the whole piece, holding the pauses, rounding her *o*'s, raising her voice, lowering her voice, doing everything that Miss Corrine had told her to do, everything. But she knew that she had lost all.

Lois Adams was the last speaker, and she did not count one way or another. She had never had a chance. Miss Corrine had put her on the program only because she was a senior.

Miss Naomi Featherstone announced that one of her pupils would play a selection on the piano while the judges made their decision.

"Now," said Mr. Holden, "for the boys' declamation contest: second place, Teddy McGhee for his excellent piece 'Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death,' by Patrick Henry." Applause. "First place to Henry Featherstone for his inspiring delivery of 'A Message to Garcia,' by Elbert Hubbard. Henry, if you keep on like this we'll see you in Congress before you're very old. Now," said Mr. Holden, looking at the paper again, then straightening up, "now I take great pleasure in announcing, second place to Miss Virginia Jones, for her excellent poem, 'The Highwayman.'" There was applause and in the middle of it a whinny, and somebody said, "Whoa, there." Mr. Holden went on hurriedly, looking hard at the back row of seats, "Now for the first-prize winner, I am very pleased to announce that Miss Margaret

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GENERAL KITCHENS

Craig wins the medal for her touching rendition of 'Engineer Connor's Son.'" The audience clapped and cheered. Miss Bootsie Craig's frowzy head shook with pleasure. But Hallie could not look at Miss Corrine; she could not bear to see her face.

The girls stood, and Hallie pushed past Lois Adams to the exit on her side. Miss Corrine would come up and tell them how well they had done and how proud she was of them; she might even give them a hug in her wonderful loving way. But Hallie could not bear any of it. She started for home. Under the dark trees and close to the shrubs near the sidewalk she would not be seen by anyone. She would run and get there ahead of them.

Two cars filled with laughter and loud talk passed her and she slunk over toward the hedge. Were they laughing at her? "That poor little Jones child, couldn't you have just died? Honestly, I just wanted to go through the floor, it was so awful." Miss Corrine would not pass her; she would have driven toward Magnolia Hall with Mr. Jess. Miss Corrine still did not know his perfidy. Would no one have the courage to tell her? They would ride close together down the dark road, Mr. Jess kissing Miss Corrine softly on the back of the neck, as *she* had once dreamed of him kissing *her*, as he *had* kissed Elberta. He would be saying, "But who *cares* who won that old expression contest? It doesn't matter as long as we have each other, does it?"

Papa had taken mamma's advice and talked to Mr. Craig about Adam. Mamma told her about it on Saturday. Mr. Craig had been away on business when the Ku Klux Klan rode and that was a disadvantage too. Mr. Craig said so himself; he said right away to papa he was sorry he had not been in town, then he would have some *evidence*. Then papa said what about the letter for evidence, the one that was left on Adam? Mr. Craig said, "What does the letter say?" and papa answered, "Get out of town or—and then pictures of skulls and crossbones." Mr. Craig said he didn't see what he could do about that; he'd have to know the handwriting of every man, woman and child in Plum Branch County—maybe even in Macon. Best to keep quiet about the whole thing, he said.

Hallie had stayed near home all day Saturday, too drained and ashamed to show her face in public after the expression contest. But this news about Mr. Craig made her forget her own shame.

"Tomorrow's Sunday," she said to mamma as they talked in the kitchen.

"I know, Hallie, I know. Honey, don't take it so hard. We'll think of something. Your father says maybe he ought to persuade Adam ——"

"To go?"

"Well, yes," mamma said, putting another piece of wood in the stove. "Your father would hate to see him go. But maybe it would be better in the long run."

Sunday. She had waited with fear and trembling for Sunday. And now it was Sunday and Miss Corrine sat in the choir next to Mr. Jess. They were an engaged couple now; they had the right to turn loving eyes toward each other. He had the right now to lean toward her and whisper something, actually brushing some stray curls aside with his nose to speak more closely. He had the right now since the news would undoubtedly be printed in the Macon *Telegraph* today.

Yesterday May Belle and Virginia had spent the whole afternoon trying on dresses and talking about the wedding. They had nothing suitable in their own wardrobes, they said, and they decided they would have to make identical white organdy dresses to do honor to the sacred duty of handling the guest book. Hallie knew that May Belle and Virginia would spend the afternoon together leafing through copies of the *Ladies' Home Journal* looking for a pattern for their organdy dresses, trying on makeup and doing their hair different ways. All for the hateful wedding. She could feel nothing but pain when she heard the word "wedding."

As she sat in church that Sunday her fear and trembling for Adam pushed the pain of the wedding away. She watched the front entrance for Mr. Bird. Sunday was his day to come to Greenwood; if he came today ——

Miss Toulou played a little louder as Brother Jamieson came out from behind the pulpit and took his place in the carved chair. It was almost time to begin. Perhaps Mr. Bird would not come. *O Lord, let Mr. Bird not come. Let him stay in Atlanta. Let his Pierce Arrow be broken down so he cannot leave Macon.* Now there was someone at the door hurrying in. Mr. Barksdale. Only Mr. Barksdale in a white linen suit, hurrying to get into his pew before the Doxology.

Miss Toulou rambled her little piece around to a point where she could crash into the Doxology and Brother Jamieson walked forward to the pulpit and raised his arms for the congregation to stand. "*Praise God from Whom all blessings flow*," they sang, "*praise God* ——" There was a movement at the door again; Mr. Bird Ledbetter stepped inside apologetically and slid into a pew.

So Mr. Bird was here. She gripped her Sunday-school paper and Bible; there was no use running to warn Adam. He would be off preaching somewhere, not in his shanty. No use running; and settling down to stay, she resolved that she would never plan again. *She* had thought up the plan that Mr. Bird was now carrying out; *she* had planned that he should come back and rescue Montpelier from the Duckets; *she* had planned that he should turn them out and restore Montpelier to its former glory. She had planned it all, but not that it should happen this way. Not this way.

"'The Lord is my shepherd,'" intoned Brother Jamieson, beginning his Bible reading in the Psalms, "'I shall not want.'" Papa should talk to Mr. Bird, appeal to him, recall the days of his childhood when he rode on Adam's back to visit the waterfall. "'—— lie down in green pastures . . . leadeth me beside the still waters ——'" It was a description of the country Lucius's mother loved. Of course

SPECIALLY FOR BABY

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

"There are so many irresistible and useful baby accessories that make life a lot easier for Jeff and for me too," Lynne Rankin (page 78) says. Her own favorites are a plug-in bottle sterilizer and the car bed which holds little Jeff (pictured here) secure as she drives to market.

Gifts which make caring for baby quick and easy around the clock appeal to young mothers. Today's toys, like those shown here, are fun to watch, fondle or listen to—and many, importantly, are washable as well as unbreakable.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART AND LYONS



WHEN BABY EATS. For weekend trips, baby's planned-in-advance menus include his usual daily foods in infant-size jars (meat, vegetables, fruit and puddings); packages of cereal; and enough formula or boiled whole milk for a short visit. Because baby's jars and appetite are small, his weekend meals pack into a small neat bundle; his own feeding set of carefree stainless steel includes porringer, mug and a long-handled spoon which is scaled down for his small mouth and also dips easily into the little baby-food jars. To keep food "not too hot, not too cold, but just right," there's an electrically heated three-compartment baby dish. For meals at any hour, an electric bottle warmer that plugs in anywhere and shuts off with an audible click for the drowsy watcher. New for use at home or abroad is a nurser set with disposable sterilized inserts for formula which substitute for bottles (they snap off a compact roll, fit into plastic holders). These are said to spare the baby colic, too, since the collapsing container has less room for air.

she had liked running water better, but she would have liked still waters too.

Miss Toulou Vass began the music for the offertory and papa went forward to help take the collection. After Brother Jamieson gave thanks for the gifts received he announced that at the last meeting of the board of deacons a new deacon had been chosen, Brother Jess Bailey, and that he would be ordained after regular preaching service next Sunday. Hallie could not look at Miss Corrine, fearing she blushed with pride.

Then after a suitable pause Brother Jamieson stepped forward to one side of the pulpit and said intimately, "I have a happy surprise for the congregation this morning. I take great pleasure in announcing that Brother Bird Ledbetter, though a member of our sister church, the Peachtree Square Baptist Church in Atlanta, in his generosity has offered to give us a stained-glass window for the front of the church as a memorial to his dear father and mother who lived some years ago in this county. His father was a veteran of the War Between the States."

Everyone turned to look at Mr. Bird as Brother Jamieson finished. Oh, butter would not melt in his mouth, Hallie thought, her stomach feeling a little sick, her throat tight again. She despaired. It would do no good for papa to speak to Mr. Bird, a man who had no more feeling for his father and mother than to give a stained-glass window in their memory to a church his father would not set foot in, a man who would mask himself and frighten a Negro who had carried him as a small boy.

Brother Jamieson chose to read from St. Luke—she listened hard to run away from her thoughts—Chapter 15, verses 3 to 7 (here Jesus carried the lamb, the lamb lost and now found, on His shoulders rather than in His arms). Brother Jamieson took the verses, intoned them, began kneading them into shape, fitting them into the sermon rhythm, beginning small and quiet ——



WHEN BABY BATHES. His pastel tub of lightweight plastic is new with its ribbed bottom and cradle seat designed for safety, its easy-tote rim flared at one end for quick emptying. Clean and dripping, baby is gently dried with soft towels, knit or terry appliquéd with storybook animals. For good grooming, a gift set (available in several sizes) supplies oil and powder.

WHEN BABY NAPS. Tucked beneath a blue cloud of a comforter with the look and feel of luxury (made of nylon and Dacron, it's very washable too!) baby is lulled to sleep by a matching, musical tuck-in pillow with a removable washable cover. A boon to mothers is baby's wheeled convertible that adjusts to several levels, for dressing table (as shown), crib or playpen.



R NOW AND THE FUTURE. Baby's private world has a saucy animal rack hold a tiny wardrobe neatly on miniature hangers. For a practical present, astebasket-and-diaper-pail set. A perky piggy bank invites contributions, t steps toward a happy future. Social security now, a conversation ce later, are sterling-silver diaper pins which can graduate from dia- to dress lapel. For time remembered, baby framed in a silver circle.

WHEN BABY TRAVELS. In a waterproof carrier that zips from toes to chin, baby is ready to travel by land or air, bug-snug with ample kick-and-stretch room. (His immediate needs are tucked in handy pockets.) For big or little journeys, a quick start is certain with a bottle warmer for car plug-in. Join the baby parade gaily with easy-to-push stroller that folds flat for storage and car trips, can be easily adjusted so the baby sits up or lies down.

WHERE-TO-BUY INFORMATION, WRITE JUDY WATERS, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

No, there was no use talking to Mr. Byrd. From now on he would be B-y-r-d, not B-i-r-d. Then who, who could save Adam? The Featherstones? What about Mr. Willy Featherstone? But she knew he could not help her. Could not or would not? One and the same. He was weak—or worse; not only weak, but wicked, evil, with his mindless sayings, his whinny of laughter.

"Ninety and nine," roared Brother Jamieson. This was the peak, the crisis, for after that he spoke softly about the one lamb left out of the fold, the one that caused the rejoicing. His voice sank to a whisper at the end, and his head fell forward on his bosom and the congregation sat very still, awed by the awe with which Brother Jamieson was moved by his own sermon. He stepped back, and said, "Is there anyone here present who would like to add his testimony to mine, who would like to testify to the love of the Shepherd for His sheep? Look into your hearts and speak." He did not look directly at papa, but this was his usual Sunday-morning announcement and usually papa responded. Heads turned in papa's direction. But papa sat studying the floor, not hearing. Brother Jamieson said, "Will Brother Jones lead us in prayer?"

Papa slid to his knees, raised his face to the ceiling, closed his eyes tight and addressed God.

Papa prayed in riddles. He could not say, even to God, "Help Adam," or, "Help me," when he prayed in public. She and mamma knew his real prayer, but would anyone else within the sound of his voice know that the cry was "Help Adam, help Adam"?

She opened her eyes and looked up as papa prayed on, looked at the stained-glass window beyond the choir. "Friend to the Friendless," she read. "In Loving Memory of Adelaide Wingate Barksdale." Mrs. Barksdale had restored the dovecote, had loved to see the white birds fly up. . . . Right now on the other side of the church Mr. Byrd sat planning his next step. Panic and desperation surged in her chest. They must find someone—if not Mr. Willy Featherstone, who was born in Magnolia Hall, what about Mr. Barksdale who lived there now?

Simply because she was desperate she pulled out her pencil used as a marker in her Bible and wrote on her Sunday-school paper, "Could Mr. Barksdale help? Ask papa."

"Help us find the way, Lord," papa prayed. "Let us go forward in Thy name—for Thine is the power and the glory forever. Amen." Brother Jamieson echoed "Amen" and papa rose from his knees and slid into his seat. As Brother Jamieson announced a hymn Hallie showed the Sunday-school paper to mamma. She read the words and touched papa on the arm with the paper. He looked at it, took in the message, and his lips twisted into something like a smile. He nodded toward Hallie and he formed "Yes" with his thin lips.

Papa said God had spoken through her. He came back from the depot on Sunday afternoon, and Hallie, watching, still trembling inside, came down from the tree to meet him. "Daughter," he said solemnly, putting his hand awkwardly on her shoulder, "God spoke through you," and an aura of holiness descended on Hallie. She did not have to say to papa "Adam?" or "Mr. Barksdale?"; the answer, the release and the holiness all descended at once to sit on her shoulders like doves lightheartedly cooing.

It lasted, this newfound ease and lightheartedness. It lasted all the time papa told about his talk with Mr. Barksdale and Mr. Barksdale's later report to him. Immediately after church papa had approached Mr. Barksdale and drawn him aside and found the courage to speak to him about Adam and his trouble.

Mr. Barksdale stood thinking for a minute and then—and this papa repeated with an apologetic blushing of pride—Mr. Barksdale said, "It takes someone like you, Brother Jones, to point out the man fallen upon by thieves." Then he shook hands with papa and hurried away.

Mr. Barksdale drove out to the Fitzgeralds' even before he returned to Magnolia Hall for his Sunday dinner. By the time he arrived Mr Byrd and the others were gathered around the

table. Mr. Barksdale said he was mighty sorry to disturb them at their Sunday dinner, but he was passing by and would like to speak a few words privately with Mr. Byrd Ledbetter.

Mr. Byrd, gracious and obliging, came out to the porch and he and Mr. Barksdale sat together on the steps. Mr. Barksdale said that there was a rumor that Mr. Byrd was trying to buy his old home place back. Mr. Byrd said he had been thinking about it, thought he might come down weekends for the fishing; he had a lot of friends up in Atlanta who liked to go fishing. Then Mr. Barksdale said, was he to understand that Adam was willing to sell? Mr. Byrd said, well, he had had a little talk with Adam: actually he and Adam had been having a little discussion about the price.

Then Mr. Barksdale said he did not know who the rowdies could have been who had gone around threatening an old Negro, particularly one who had the good reputation Adam had, a preacher, decent, minding his own business, knowing his place.

Mr. Byrd said he was shocked and horrified to think of anyone threatening Adam. Mr. Barksdale said he was greatly relieved to hear from Mr. Byrd's own lips—though of course he had never suspected it—that there was no relationship between the offer to buy back the Ledbetter old home place from Adam and the visit of the Ku Klux Klan. "Seems to me that for a fellow running for office a suspicion like that would be a bad thing," Mr. Barksdale had said, "since it is very well known in Greenwood that your own brother Lucius was taken in by Adam when he was sick unto death. Folks might say that was a funny way to pay him back."

Then Mr. Byrd got very red in the face and said he would like to meet the scoundrels who were trying to deal him this blow below the belt. Why, it was a vile insinuation; his relationships with the colored race had always been the very best, and furthermore he and Adam had been raised together. "Why," he said, "I remember being toted all over Tranquil woods on Adam's back."

Papa paused and took a swig of buttermilk. His throat must be dry from talking.

"It will be all right for Adam, then?" asked Hallie. "Adam will be all right?"

"You don't need to worry about Adam now, honey. Brother Barksdale said he was sure it would come out all right." Papa said it in a tone of blessed assurance that God would look after His own. Then papa said, looking prouder than ever, "He said I should call him *Brother* Barksdale."

Mamma said, "He's a fine man."

"Brother Barksdale really took it upon his heart," papa went on. "He got to thinking he ought to talk to someone else just to find out for sure that no one else held anything against Adam. Then he thought of Jess Bailey, going to be his son-in-law. Decided it would be a good idea to talk it over with him; thought he's a young man, might have heard some whispering about who was in the Ku Klux Klan that night. Mr. Jess shook his head and said he thought probably some of the boys were just pranking around with Adam; he imagined that the whole thing would blow over."

Papa said Hallie had been touched by God and he had thanked her and thanked God for her having spoken out. Now she felt moved to speak again. "But what about Mr. Jess and Miss Corrine? What about Magnolia Hall?" And she knew that this was the cry that had been in her heart since Elberta had told them; this was the cry that had tightened her throat for the expression contest, the cry that must be cried and now was the time to cry it.

"Oh, Hallie," said mamma, and shut her eyes.

Then Hallie wished she had not said it, and hung her head over her plate.

"I would've spared you," said mamma to papa. "I did spare you during the trouble with Adam, and I would keep on sparing you if I might."

Papa's harassed face became as sad and tormented as the face of Jesus. He said, "I can drink from the cup if I must ——"

"Well, Elberta told me the night she came to tell about the Ku Klux Klan leaving the note—she told me who the man was ——"

Papa pushed back his chair and sat there without moving. "Hallie knows too?" he asked.

"She knows," mamma said; "she was up, too, and heard." She did not say, "She listened when I told her not to."

Papa's glance roved the four corners of the room, looking for help from the ceiling and from under the table and behind the stove. Finally he said, "It has something to do with Magnolia Hall, with Brother Barksdale?"

"Yes," said mamma.

Papa stood up and pushed in his chair. "Jonny's father," he said. "I won't ask any more."

"What can we do?" asked mamma, and when no one answered she went on, "There's nothing we can do. I told Hallie. I told her all along. There's nothing we can do."

They stared at Hallie now and she did not know whether they stared because they hated her for asking the question or because they thought that God might speak through her again and tell them what to do. She waited for the light to come. None did.

Papa said, "There's nothing we can do except never tell." He picked up his B.Y.P.U. paper and his Bible. "Never tell anyone," he said. "It would break too many hearts."

"That's what I said," mamma said.

"But it's wrong," Hallie cried, and the tightness in her throat came back, the tightness that could be dispelled only by shouting so the world could hear that it was wrong, wrong, wrong.

School ended and there was a week to live through before Miss Corrine's wedding. Hallie spent a great deal of time lying on her back in the tree house, thinking of nothing; she was enveloped in a green-tinged mist filled with small bird sounds.

One morning mamma said, "Hallie, honey, are you all right?"

Hallie could have cried then. She was being offered the chance to cry by mamma's look, and if she cried mamma might even suggest that she go over to Glover on a visit for a while.

But she did not cry. She said, "I'm all right."

"I know how you feel," mamma said. "I think you're doing awfully well. It's wrong, of course it's wrong—we know that. But saying it's wrong won't help. You just don't know how much trouble and sadness we'd cause"—mamma closed her eyes just thinking about it—"if we breathed a word of this. How much better for everyone if only you and I and your father know."

"But Miss Corrine? And Magnolia Hall?"

"It won't help, Hallie. You must believe me. It won't help."

Hallie said nothing more, her throat thick with the injustice. "Do I have to go to the wedding?" she asked.

Mamma reflected for a moment. "Go if you can, Hallie. You don't have to, but go if you can."

Until the moment came to get dressed for the wedding Hallie was uncertain whether she could go or not. Virginia and May Belle dressed in the back room—dressed there, it seemed, all afternoon. They came in to early supper in kimonos, their heads tied in handkerchiefs, their faces looking skinned. Seeing her sitting at the table in her everyday clothes, May Belle said, "Hallie, when you going to dress? You're going to be late."

She opened her mouth to say she was not going, but that required explanations she was not prepared to give. She followed May Belle and Virginia back to the untidy room and dived into the closet for her blue taffeta.

No one had prepared her for the splendor of the church lighted by tall white candles instead of bare bulbs, or for the hushed music played by the trio. She felt at once that she should not have come, but mamma and papa sat between her and the end of the pew, and there was a commotion at the doors and a feeling of expectancy in the music.

She lived, trembling inside, while Miss Corrine walked down the aisle on Mr. Barksdale's arm, her chin tucked inside a calla-lily cup, lived—that is, lived outside, died inside—when Mr. Jess Bailey, tall, golden and pure-looking, came in with his best man. She lived through it all, suffered through it all, until the bride and groom stood together in front of Brother Jamieson, Brother Jamieson speaking the service in a resounding, deeply significant voice. Then, looking around at the congregation, his glance rested on Hallie, stopped there, pierced her to the quick (was this glance a slanting sunray from the sounding board of God?), he said, "If any man can show just cause why they may not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him speak now or else hereafter forever hold his peace." Hallie, pierced to the heart by the question, for one last wild moment thought God had spoken, that she must stand and say yes, cry out yes, there was a reason. Then Brother Jamieson took a breath, then a step forward; the moment was passing and now she knew she would not do it, could not do it, and she settled back into the seat, torn with regret. She had deliberately shaken off the hand of God, and yet she was relieved that her voice had not had a strange will of its own. Making a period, Brother Jamieson said, "And now, dearly beloved, whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

After that, how quickly it was over. Mr. Jess turned to face Miss Corrine and she raised herself on tiptoe and looked lovingly into his face and he into hers, as if all their

LET HIM LIVE WITH THE PIGS



Tong Chin lived in a mountain village on the East Coast of Formosa. His home was a shed which was part of a pig pen. He was in rags, couldn't speak Chinese, only tribal. He ate with his hands and his mother was anxious to get rid of him saying, "He can't do anything. He only eats." Her attitude explains why instead of living with her he existed with the pigs. He couldn't run away because he was blind. A more hopeless future than the one he faced is hard to conceive. But visit him now in a Christian Children's Fund Home for the Blind and listen to him recite his lessons and play part of a classic on the piano. In just a couple of months he has become a clean, bright and extremely appreciative boy. Modern teaching methods for the blind can accomplish miracles.

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lives had been gathered into this here and now when they kissed. Then Mr. Jess helped her to arrange her train, and they marched out.

When the crowd streamed out into the dusk it was not like a Sunday crowd at all. Everyone who had a party dress was wearing it, and in the yellow, orange, red, green and pink crepe de Chines and organdies and taffetas the girls seemed to glow like Chinese lanterns in the dusk. But she felt no glow. She looked at the ground to shut out the glowing crowd. She could not go to Magnolia Hall. Mamma put out her hand and took her arm, but Hallie hung back even more. Mamma put one arm around her and hugged her, and seeing her edge away, papa said, "Where're you going, Hallie?" and she said, "Home."

"But aren't you going down to Brother Barksdale's?" he said, frowning his Sunday frown, as if always Brother Barksdale were the important one, and she was about to say she knew not what—wondered if she would ever know the time for truth again—when mamma said:

NEXT MONTH

What deadly bond linked the dead girl with a murdered parish priest? What was the connection between a woman who died of pneumonia gasping "great wickedness" and three old women who practiced black magic in a country inn? Mark wasn't sure; he only knew he must find out fast—or cause the death of the girl he loved.

THE PALE HORSE

a new mystery by Agatha Christie complete in the April Journal, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"I declare, Hallie has these headaches too ften. I think we ought to get her some asses," and she hugged Hallie again.

Papa said, "I didn't know she was sick. rother Barksdale said to me today he was oking forward to seeing us all down there," d mamma said, "Well, home's the best place r her if she's sick, *I* think." Then, perhaps membering the time years ago when he had cked her on the porch in Glover or perhaps nking of last Sunday when God had spoken rough her, papa leaned over and patted her d said, "Well, child, look after yourself."

It was then, standing in the middle of the dding crowd in the dusk, that she trem- d on the brink of conversion. "Accept, cept," they said to her; the bright dresses, starting cars, the glad voices, the vision of Chinese lanterns at Magnolia Hall, all d, "Accept," as if she heard the hymn. love that will not let me go, I rest my ary soul in thee." But she could not rest weary soul, though she felt sorry for mma and papa, sorry for papa in his kwardness, sorry that he was timid, sorry t she no longer liked to kiss him. And mma? Oh, she felt sorry for mamma, too, o would not have done what she had done Elberta if Elberta had been blacker; she sorry for papa who could not be a phet; and she saw them awkward and ertain, offering her conversion. She could saved, could abandon herself, could rest weary soul —— A good cry, finally d cry, and she could join the reception.

Mamma held out her hand offering her theartedness again, but she turned from n, rejecting conversion, and walked to- d the house. As she entered the dark hall glanced at the piano in the living room, blushed to think of herself as she was in those romantic days when she thought she might play the *Wedding March*. She went on back to the kitchen, turned on the light and ran a dipper of water, stood drinking it and thinking of that other liquid now being served down at Magnolia Hall, pink punch with peaches floating in it around a glacier of ice.

She went back to the bedroom, took off her shoes and lay down, still in her blue taffeta. She thought of Miss Corrine standing in her white satin wedding dress in the reception line at Magnolia Hall. Couples would stroll out under the Chinese lanterns and under the trees and the musicians would play something soft and beautiful that would float out through the tall windows into the night.

She tried to stop thinking of the hateful reception. She thought of the evening, of the rest of it and how she would get through it; thought of tomorrow and how she would get through it; thought of the summer made up entirely of dog days, stretching out, stretching out. She feared she would always be filled with this vague unease; filled, yet empty, except for a hard gristle of guilt undissolvable by simple offerings of flowers and rusk. Oh, she should have cried, she should have railed. But when? Where and to whom? Resisting conversion and staying away from the reception were hard; yet even harder things would be asked of her in the future.

She closed her eyes at the thought and tried to turn to a happier time—those first days in Greenwood when she had her dream of mansions. She leaned back on her pillow thinking of the doves and the white horses. How she had loved this fairy-tale country with its white birds, white horses, white mansions filled with aristocratic people sensitive to the beauty around them. And entering this dream world, deliberately entering it now to escape the vision of the days ahead, entering it perhaps for the last time, because she knew now it was a dream country, she saw the pigeons spread their tails and teeter on the roof of the dovecote; saw the white horses dancing in the green pasture, dancing on their shiny black hooves, their pink nostrils flaring. The six columns shone behind the magnolias and the magnolias were in bloom, the air awash with their perfume. The moon hung as round and yellow as Margaret Craig's medal from the expression contest; and *Here Comes the Bride*, Miss Hallie Jones, in her white satin robes, her chin nestled in a calla-lily cup, marching to the anthem on the arm of her bridegroom, a golden Southern gentleman whose name she dared not say. Her two bridesmaids, May Belle and Virginia, twins in white organdy, eaten up with jealousy at her handsome bridegroom, ran ahead and opened the double doors for them. Now she entered the hall, her hall, and she could see that the rosewood piano was being played by Miss Toulou Vass. Her bridegroom leaned toward her and, after giving her a long look as if he would swallow her, said, "*Ego amo te*." Mamma was there wearing little red slippers on her tiny, tiny feet; she was hardly speaking to anyone because she was the mother of the bride who lived in Magnolia Hall. Papa was not chewing tobacco; he bowed from the waist and greeted the guests like a Virginia planter. When absolutely overcome with the desire to chew he went out to the porch and lit a big cigar and blew smoke rings off at the magnolias. White-turbaned servants moved in the background or came forward curtsying to the bride and groom, saying, "Welcome, massa, welcome, little missus, welcome, welcome." Laura Fitzgerald passed punch, the pinkest punch, and in the center of the bowl, instead of ice, a white magnolia floated. She, Hallie, gave a speech with Latin quotations. When she finished the bridegroom stepped forward and kissed her under the curls on the back of her neck, and she could feel herself glowing, glowing and trembling like the Chinese lanterns swaying in the breeze. She glowed with happiness as the lanterns swayed and glowed. . . . Then a car door banged somewhere far away, voices called, a screen door opened and shut in some other house, the voices came nearer.

The reception was over. It was time now to get up, time now to say good-bye to that sweet dream.

END



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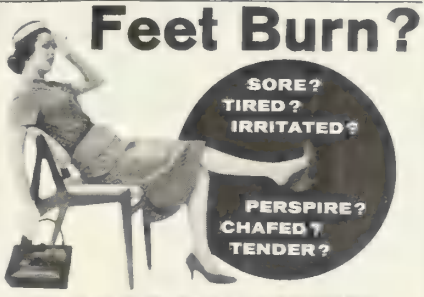


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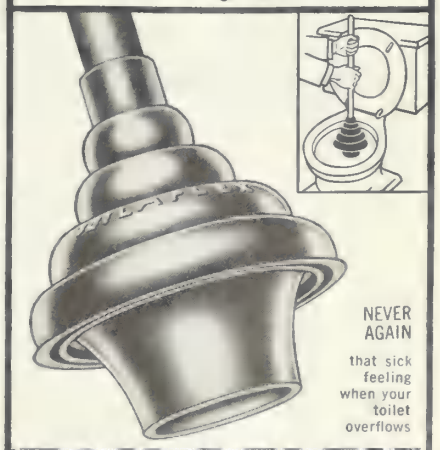


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OUR BABY IS EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

at Lynne to rest—and filling breaches. The diaper service didn't begin until Monday; and besides, if one's own diapers were used, service was extended another month. The answer was more diapers, and more diapers arrived under Mrs. Norman's arm. But the company supplied no pail! Horrors! A splendid diaper pail magically appeared.

By the time the fifteenth arrived, and Jim's bank balance shot up by his semimonthly take-home of $190.14, Jeff was as accoutered as a knight of old—or as the typical American baby. He had everything for the foreseeable future that one could think of—from waterproof pants to party clothes—and Jim's bank was not busted. Maybe, after all—for Jeff *was* a planned baby—he really would fit into their budget. If they could just keep him within the $50 a month they had already been paying out since May, and if they held their breath around the corners —— And then on the sixteenth came another gift, a letter from Jim's company, the Canada Dry Corporation, from its headquarters in Connecticut. They were very pleased with Jim's work during his first six months with them, and retroactive to August first his salary would be raised $35 a month. The retroactive check would be issued shortly. "We're not going to touch this raise!" Jim told Lynne jubilantly. "Every penny of it is to go to savings." Lynne said nothing, but she saw some very large corners looming ahead—the obstetrician's bill, the life insurance Jim had talked of getting to assure Jeff's education, can upon can and jar upon jar of baby food. However, she and Jim had been successfully translating hopes into practice for three years together, and they were well used to holding their breath in a pinch.

Lynne and Jim remember a few occasions of happy solvency since their marriage in 1958, but the occasions of happy or just plain tough insolvency have been a good bit more frequent. In fact, if Jim hadn't been insolvent in 1958 they never would have met.

Jim, a Wisconsin boy, had run out of money after three semesters at the University of Wisconsin. He quit at the end of a semester in January, '58, in a typical bold gesture. He was twenty-four years old, had had four years in the Air Force (another bold gesture taken when he was seventeen), more than half of them stationed in Germany and traveling through Europe. His father, a successful salesman of heavy farm machinery, had always encouraged independence in his sons, and Jim had been a smart hand at earning money since he had been old enough to shave—usually enough to keep himself in a car. Matured by the Air Force, he had come back and entered the university on the G.I. bill, but the narrow standard of living imposed by the U. S. Government was not his. At the time he left, he had a seven-year-old car and a vague plan to raise a little surplus money and come back.

But his youngest sister Judy talked him into driving west to visit their sister Betty, who had recently married and moved to Oakland. Some girl friends of Judy's came along, and the girls paid his expenses while he provided the car. It was, as Jim calls it, "a crazy trip."

The very night they arrived Betty invited her best friend from the insurance company where they worked, Lynne Norman, to meet her dashing older brother. After dinner, they drove to downtown San Francisco to show the newcomers around. To Lynne, from the self-contained Oakland area across the bay, the sights were almost as new as they were to Jim.

Jim says, "We just window-shopped and walked through Chinatown, but Lynne was so excited she was like a magnet. I'd never known a girl who had so much life. I said to myself, 'I'd like to marry this girl.'"

He decided to stay awhile in San Francisco (his female traveling companions had quickly scattered), and he started dating Lynne immediately. He confided his plans to Betty, who warned him not to rush Lynne too fast (Jim would say as he left in the evenings, "O.K. if I kiss her tonight?"), and Jim restrained himself from February to early April before he proposed. Meanwhile he got a job selling vacuum cleaners door to door, and boarded with Betty and her medical-intern husband, paying them $15 a week. One month he earned $1200 on commissions, the next almost nothing; the 1958 recession was deepening.

Lynne did not say "Yes" immediately. Jim had come into her life as something of an adventurer from the East, and, as she says, "I wasn't quite sure yet whether what I *wanted* to do was the *right* thing to do." In many ways, she and Jim were opposites. He was tall, blond and independent. Lynne was small and dark, a cherished only daughter, with a gay circle of school and college friends. Jim had knocked about the world. Lynne had never been farther from home than Santa Barbara. Her paternal grandfather, a San Francisco attorney, had been legal adviser to Sun Yat-sen and then to Chiang Kai-shek during the twenties and thirties, but her father had his own public-accountant firm in the quiet, well-to-do section of Piedmont. Lynne had gone to Piedmont High School, where the girls wore uniforms and juvenile delinquency was almost unheard of. She had gone on to the University of California at Berkeley, commuting from home. As Lynne says, "Everybody in my family went to Cal—my mother, father, cousins, aunts. It was just taken for granted my younger brother Bob and I would go there too." She graduated in '57, and had had her first job for just half a year when her friend Betty invited her to dinner.

Saying yes to Jim undoubtedly called for daring, but Lynne said it before April was out. Part of her delay had been anxiety over what her parents would think; and indeed, about the time she broke the news to them, Jim walked out on his vacuum-cleaner job in disgust. Lynne's parents had liked Jim from the first, but they did wonder just what he intended to offer their popular daughter. Lynne herself was not in the least dismayed at Jim's prospects. "We both knew he'd go back to school and I would work. Kids were doing it all the time."

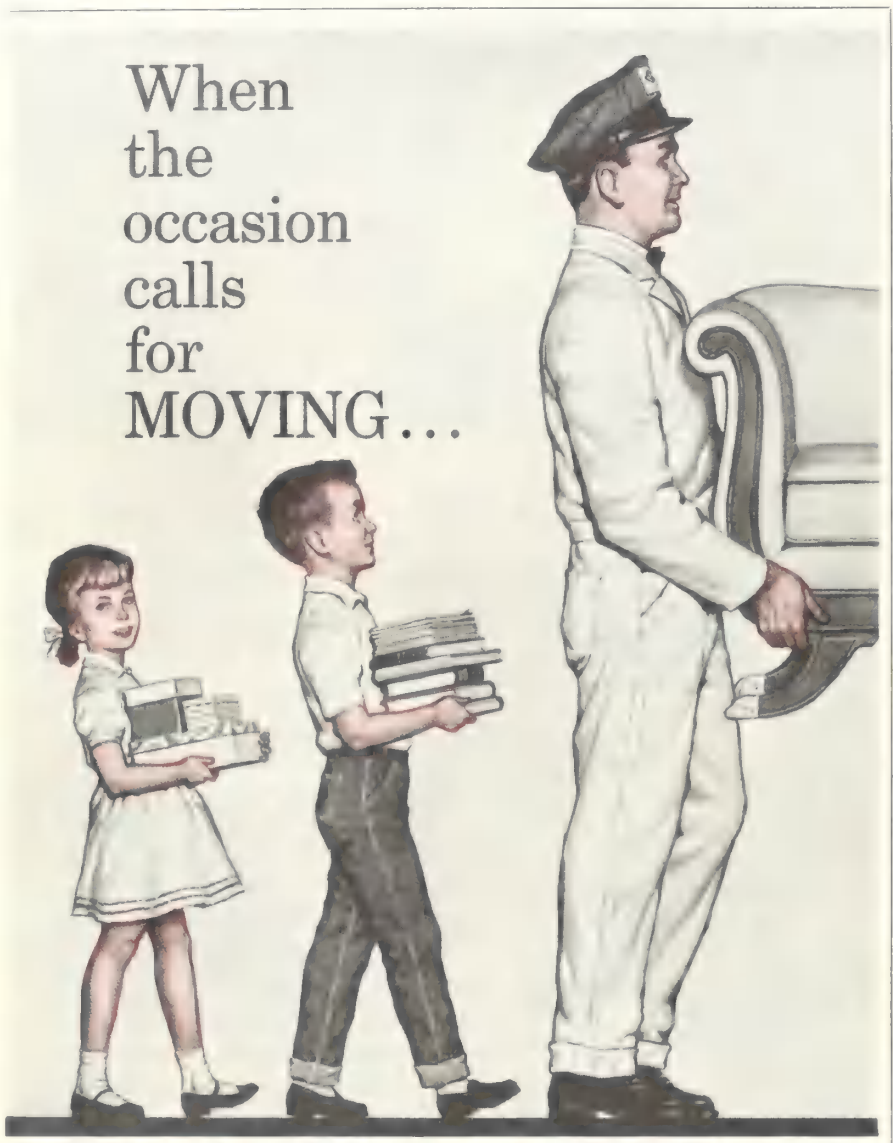
Jim got a job with a shaky young company manufacturing batteries, and a summer wedding was talked of so he and Lynne could return to the University of Wisconsin in September. But spring was in the air, and Jim's battery company suddenly went bankrupt. In June the young people told Lynne's parents that if they married at once Jim could make a summer-school session in Madison. Why delay?

Lynne's parents might have thought of several reasons, but they faced the inevitable. There was no longer time for a formal wedding, so on Friday, June thirteenth, Jim and Lynne arranged an "elopement" in which the bride and bridegroom packed Jim's old car under everyone's noses, and which was handsomely blessed by her parents with a trousseau and a complete set of blankets and linens. They were married that afternoon in Reno, in a Presbyterian church, with the minister's wife as a witness. Their chief assets were about $1000 in cash saved from Lynne's job (she had worked up to the moment of departure), her parents' presents and some shower presents in the back of the car. Jim's last paycheck from the battery company had bounced, but as he says, "I had saved enough to pay the minister myself." Almost the last of his cash went to make their wedding memorable. He had bought a new suit, Lynne wore a new pink

HOW THE RANKINS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

What They Get	
Salary	$510.00
Car-depreciation allowance	43.00
	$553.00
Where It Goes	
Federal income tax	$61.80
Social security tax	12.50
State income tax	1.60
4 percent state tax (estimated)	4.50
Food (including cleaning supplies)	68.00
Baby's expenses (food and vitamins, $10.80; pediatrician, $8.75; medicine, $2.50; diaper service, $7.20; other, $1.50)	30.75
Housing (rent, $105; utilities, $12; water, $2.15; phone, $9; garbage collection, $1.35; home equipment, $1.50)	131.50
Clothing (purchases, $22.50; laundering, $8.67; dry cleaning, $1.50	32.67
Car (payments, $52.50; upkeep, $20; depreciation reserve, $23)	95.50
Health care (employee-plan contribution, $7.36; other adult care, $7; payments to obstetrician, $9)	23.36
Contributions, gifts	12.50
Life Insurance (employee contribution, 7.50; G.I., $2.80)	10.30
Personal Care (barber, toiletries)	7.00
Advancement (magazines, newspapers, $3; Chemical Society membership, professional magazines, books, $3.67)	6.67
Recreation (including entertainment, boating, sports equipment)	24.00
Miscellaneous (including tobacco)	11.30
Savings	19.00
Total	$553.00

For an analysis of the Rankins' budget, turn to page 136.



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dress and pink bandeau hat. Before the ceremony Jim stopped at a florist's, made Lynne wait outside, and came out with pink carnations and white stephanotis for her to carry.

Their honeymoon was the trip to Wisconsin. In Waukesha they were warmly greeted by Jim's father and stepmother and fell heir to $500—Jim's share of the sale of some family property. They reached Madison eight days after they had left California, their stake of $1500 nearly intact.

Jim says now, "We were in the chips that summer." The young couple found an unfurnished apartment and spent most of their stake furnishing it. Wedding presents such as dishes, a toaster, began to come from California. Jim's G.I. allotment was $135 a month, and pretty Lynne quickly found a job as a dentist's receptionist at $275 a month. Jim says, "Lynne just chipped in right away, excited and happy. I was the one who had to adjust to her—I'd never known anyone in the world could be so unselfish and uncomplaining. Or," he adds with amusement, "so naïve. For example, she'd hardly grocery-shopped in her life. She couldn't cook, either. I was a pretty good cook after my years of bachelor life, so we managed. Now she's a good cook *and* a good shopper."

There was also the weather. Lynne, used to Oakland's marvelously equable climate, found Wisconsin a place of man-eating extremes. "I thought, 'It's too hot! It's too cold! I don't really care for snow!' By October I was telling Jim, 'Honey, I'll never be colder than I am right now.'"

Their first summer was a rip-roarer. Jim, majoring in chemistry, studied from 1 A.M. till dawn in their ovenlike little apartment, slept in the afternoons. In the evenings they went to movie theaters. That winter broke local records for snowfall, and their second winter broke records for low temperatures.

It was probably the brutal weather, in fact, that caused the downfall of their finances. Late that first October Lynne came down with a sore throat that developed into acute nephritis. Nephritis is a serious kidney disorder which may follow a strep invasion plus chilling, and can leave permanent damage. It involves swelling of the tissues, and before long Lynne was in the hospital with a ghost-white puffy face, while Jim held her hand and told her everything would be all right. She had two relapses in the hospital and lost so much weight on cortisone that she dropped to a wraith-eyed eighty pounds, but on a January day when she felt grimmest her urologist told her, "You're a young, healthy girl and there's no reason why you shouldn't recover without harm." With the odds against her, she bounded back unharmed, and by April she was back at work.

It took considerably longer for their reeling finances to get back on their feet. When she first became ill Jim cut into his studies to take a part-time job at a biological-research laboratory at $1.75 an hour. His hours were irregular, and he doubts now if he ever brought their monthly income (including the G.I. allotment) above $275 a month—a puny match against the hospital and medical bills Lynne was piling up. But back in California the Normans, Mrs. Norman says, "could *never* lose our concern for our children." Checks from California began to arrive. A flow of checks in December were all called "Christmas checks." In January and February, Mr. and Mrs. Norman sent $150 to Lynne's doctor and clinic, and another $76 on long-distance telephone calls. In February, Lynne's aunt paid Jim's semester tuition bill ($110). Her grandmother sent a $50 "Valentine's Day" check, in March an "Easter" check, and after that, since her thoughtfulness was greater than the number of holidays, just plain checks every month until Jim graduated.

None of this money came from large wealth. Lynne's parents, though comfortably, live modestly on a variable income and Mr. Norman, a statistician, has always worked with her husband; Lynne's aunt is a schoolteacher; her grandmother lives on a small income. It was money sent with anxiety and love.

And Lynne and Jim stretched what money they had. Jim had shot a buck in November. They froze 80 pounds of meat and dined on venison from November to May. By midwinter, when Jim was flying from classes to job to home to take care of Lynne, his '51 car commenced to lie down and die. First he had to disconnect the battery every time he wanted to turn off the motor, then the starter broke, and he had to get a push to start. Lynne has recollections of its breaking down on *every* trip, of Jim lying underneath it in the snow on Sunday afternoons, coming in to wash his hands in warm water, then going out again. Lynne doesn't remember their buying any clothes at all the whole time they were in Wisconsin.

Economic recovery began with Lynne's new job in April of '59. This time she was a receptionist in a medical clinic, beginning at $225 a month—a lower income just balanced by her grandmother's check. Somehow, between then and the granting of Jim's degree in August of 1960, they squeezed out enough money to pay almost all their debts to doctor and hospital. Jim guesses that Lynne's medical bills totaled "about $1000," but precise reconstruction is now almost impossible. Some (including the Normans' contribution of $150) was paid while she was still ill and constantly incurring more. The only thing they are sure of is that it was a long haul, and they are proud to have managed it during Jim's student years.

In fact, the last half of Jim's schooling was a return to happy insolvency. Lynne's job enabled Jim to plunge right on into summer school. One day in July he came home looking all fierce and demanded of Lynne, "What did you do to the car?"

Lynne, aghast, said, "Honey, I don't *think* I banged into anything."

"Come see!" said Jim sternly, and led her to his proud new acquisition—a '53 model, all of two years younger than his former ailing heap. Its cost, $450, was paid within the year. That fall Lynne's family treated her to a week's vacation at home in California; she came back with her first warm winter coat.

Jim had his last classes on August 12, 1960—Lynne's birthday. They didn't waste a day. They saw their furniture in storage that afternoon and started for California at once. Both want it clearly understood that their decision to return to Lynne's home area was unanimous. Jim says, "Our two years alone gave us a good start, but opportunities are better in California," and Lynne says, "Jim knew I'd love to come back. But of course I left it to him."

They arrived at Lynne's parents' house dusty (they had camped along the way, with two cots and no tent) but more than welcome. And Jim had the pleasure of returning a tried-and-tested son-in-law. He had studied almost without a break for two years and two months, including three sessions of summer school. He had a solid degree in chemistry. His eager plans made clear his loose foot had been replaced by a businesslike ambition. And Lynne's devotion, which *still* tends to stand in her face in Jim's presence, must have been plain to see. As Mrs. Norman says, "The fact that Lynne was happy made us very, very happy."

Jim was talking to the American Chemical Society's local placement bureau the day after they arrived. As it turned out, he didn't take his first job until mid-October (a slim chance of a better one delayed his choice), at the same time that Lynne landed a temporary job as a part-time salesgirl in the toy department of a large department store. Overjoyed at this fine start of a new chapter, they started apartment hunting at once.

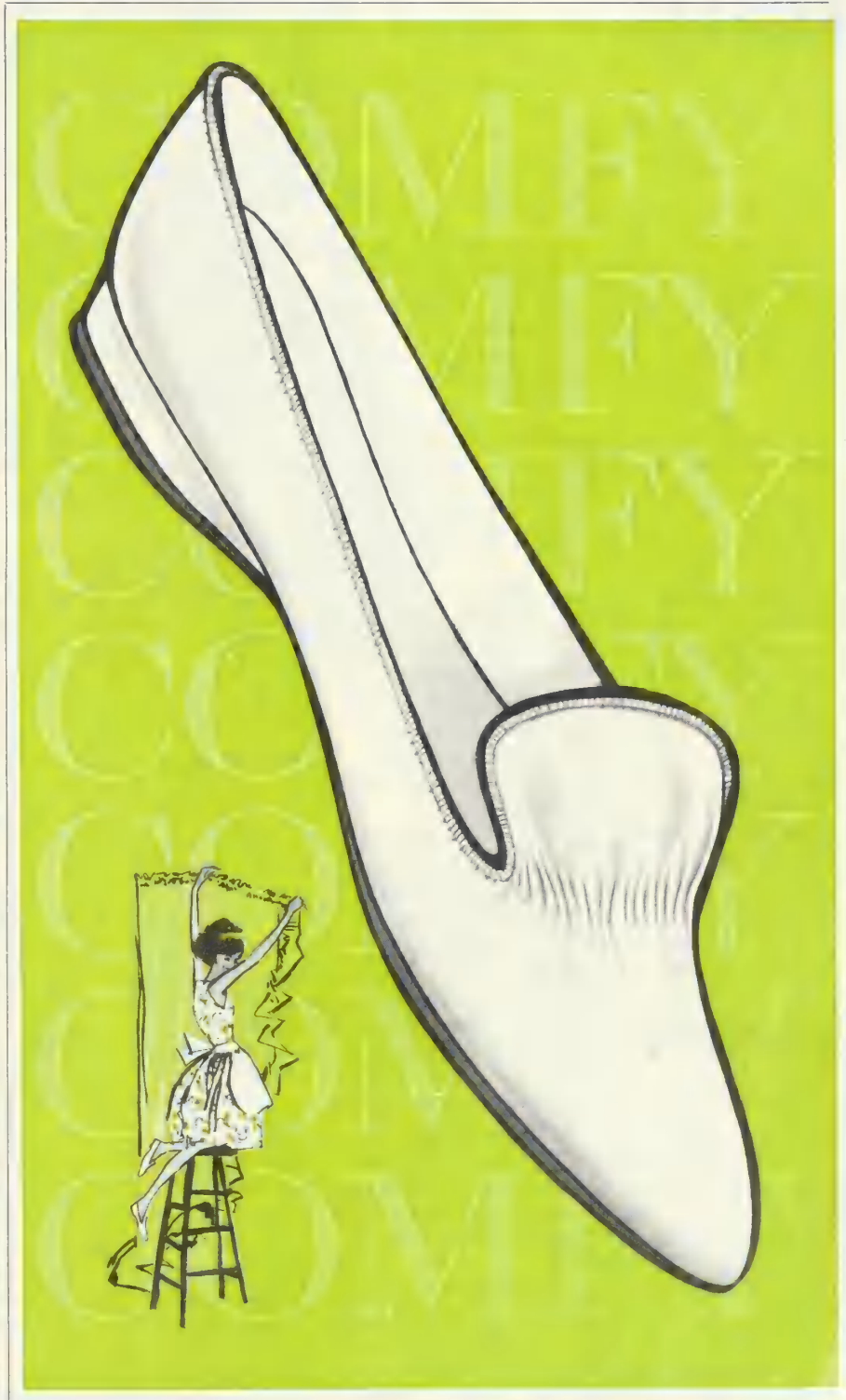
Meanwhile, the Normans fed and bedded them ("They were our kids"). They had arrived with $200 cash and needed "little more than gas and pocket money" but their first paychecks didn't come until November 1, and before that Lynne was stuffing IOU's for small cash into an envelope marked "Lynne" that her father kept in his desk. It was an envelope as capacious as the Normans' affection for their daughter, and Lynne says gratefully, "We couldn't have got along without it," for they found their present apartment, a lucky find at $105 a month, before October was out. Out of the envelope came advance rent, and in went a large IOU.

"But," says Lynne, "we paid daddy back with our *first checks*—all except sixteen dollars. With our second checks we opened a checking account and the first check we wrote was sixteen dollars to pay off our debt to daddy. I remember arguing with him about it. He kept tucking the check back in my pocket, and I kept tucking it back in his. But I won in the end."

Jim was earning $450 a month, and Lynne's store job ($1.37 an hour) built up during the Christmas rush until by Christmas week she was working full time. They still lived simply. They deferred sending for their furniture, still stored in Madison, and furnished the apartment piecemeal, mostly from the Normans' house. The pieces ranged from two magnificent ironwood chairs and a teakwood table from China to a cast-off sofa resurrected from the Normans' basement. A friend lent them a braided rug to go with their Wisconsin maple furniture that wasn't there, and they dined on a borrowed card table till May. "About the only thing we bought was a lampshade."

By the end of the year they had paid the last of Lynne's hospital bill in full and were a bit ahead. At Christmas "we were able to *give*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138



Cindy . . . fleet-footed fashion for the Jill-of-all-trades. Butter-soft leather in a variety of colors with matching gingham linings. Black, pink, powder blue, red, white. AA, B and D widths. **6.50,** slightly higher west of the Rockies.

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NEW MONEY PLAN FOR BRAND-NEW PARENTS

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

With a baby in the house, the Rankins are eager to get off the paycheck-to-paycheck way of life that is partly an aftermath of Jim's college expenses and Lynne's serious illness. They have started on a four-point plan designed to provide more-certain security in this financially critical stage of their life.

With the *Journal*'s guidance, Lynne and Jim plan to:

1. Reduce immediately the finance charges they now pay on their car, some needed clothing just bought on credit, and other equipment, and then pay these debts at an accelerated pace. (Finance charges have been costing them over $150 a year.)

2. Reduce their rent, which looms large in their expense list, by pulling together the down payment for a home. (Among other cash-raising measures, they plan to sell some valuable outdoor equipment accumulated in Wisconsin, which they now have little opportunity to use.)

3. Master the tax deductions applying to them, since a couple with a baby has more chances of finding tax savers. (Many young families are more awed by tax returns than they really need be—to their disadvantage.

4. Develop a capital fund that will enable them to meet their expanding needs for cash. (Jeff's first-year expenses of $30 a month are only the beginning. A couple can expect a child to increase their costs about 15 percent his first six years—more after that.)

Their debt strategy: The Rankins now pay finance charges of 18 percent on three installment debts. We advised them to seek a personal loan from the bank where they have their checking account, to pay their other debts. The lower-rate bank loan would save about $60 on finance charges plus lower collision-insurance charges. Jim probably does need collision insurance. His car is essential to his job. But the full coverage his automobile-finance company requires is disproportionately more expensive than a $100-deductible policy (adequate enough for Jim's needs), since it costs insurers as much to handle small claims as large ones.

Their housing plan: "Tract" or mass-built development houses are available in the Oakland suburbs for as little as $14,300, some even with no down payment. Large-tract builders can put up houses in this area for $10–$11 a square foot of living space, compared with $14–$15 for custom-built houses or small developments.

But Lynne is concerned that these low-priced homes may not be satisfactory, Jim that he would have to commute long distances on California's crowded freeways. There are other more-adequate and accessible houses, some recently built, some older, available in the $16,000–$17,000 bracket. If the Rankins should pay 10 percent down on a house in this range, they would reduce their present housing costs, and also have more facilities (yard, garage, laundry area).

With a thirty-year $15,000 mortgage, their monthly expense for mortgage payment, taxes, insurance, heating would run about $120 a month. This seems even more than they now pay. But they can deduct the mortgage interest and taxes on their Federal tax return, and save about $17 a month during the first five years. Too, part of their payments would build equity in the house—about $1100 by the end of the fifth year. Their real housing cost during this period would be about $85 a month.

The long-term increase in property values, estimated by California realty experts as 2 to 3 percent a year, through good years and bad, would further add to their equity.

An expense of $120 for the Rankins would be within the orthodox rule of 25 to 30 percent of take-home income for housing.

Some couples pay rent for years while they wait to buy the house they envision as their permanent home. But the only way most families ever afford the house they really want is by building up equity in a "starter" house first. The fact is, custom-built houses often cost $30,000 today in close-in suburbs.

Homeownership is especially advantageous for a wartime veteran like Jim. Not only does Uncle Sam help subsidize ownership through a tax saving, but California, like a number of other states, gives veterans a partial property-tax exemption. A typical property tax of $275 would cost the Rankins only $185.

An older house would provide more space than a new tract house for about the same cost. But the Rankins must beware of obsolete wiring and plumbing that could add $2000–$3000 to the ultimate cost. They need not hesitate to bargain over the price, especially if armed with a professional appraisal ($50 to $75) of the value and rehabilitation needed. An Oakland mortgage authority reports that actual sale prices average 9 percent less than asking prices.

Nor, in this year of softer interest rates, need the Rankins be reluctant to comparison-shop for a mortgage as enthusiastically as for the house itself, even in high-rate California. The VA rate of 5¼ percent is the lowest, but not always available. When it is, the borrower usually has to pay an extra bonus to the lender of four to six "points" (one point equals $1 for every $100 of mortgage).

Next lowest is the FHA 5¼ percent plus ½ of 1 percent for loan guaranty (a true 5¾ rate), with a likely bonus, in California, of 2½ points. Conventional mortgages are available from savings associations, insurance companies and banks, at 6 to 6½ percent plus 1 to 1½ points, depending on where the money is borrowed. Since Jim is a "prime risk" (his occupation as a chemist promises income growth), the Rankins would be able to negotiate a relatively reasonable rate. They simply must be careful that a lender does not agree to a moderate rate, then turn around and charge extra points. Two points equal an additional ¼ of 1 percent interest.

Mortgage interest is the largest cost of homeownership. On a $15,000, 6-percent mortgage the Rankins would pay, in thirty years, over $17,000 in interest. The Rankins—and other home hunters—would be wise to make sure the mortgage contract grants the right to prepay without penalty when they have extra cash, or even refinance the mortgage if rates drop.

Taxmanship for new parents: As one example of the importance of knowing tax benefits the Rankins unnecessarily paid $9 in a local personal-property tax last year. They didn't know until too late that Jim was eligible for a veteran's partial exemption.

On Federal income taxes, I first advised Jim to stop having extra tax money withheld from his pay. Many families do this to get a refund. But this attempt at enforced saving is more than canceled when the family then buys on credit. Uncle Sam pays the Rankins no interest on additional withholdings, but they pay up to 18 percent on credit purchases.

In making out their annual return, the Rankins had been accustomed to taking the standard 10 percent allowance for deductions. But with more deductions now available to them, they should first determine whether their permissible deductions do not actually add up to more than 10 percent of their income before deciding whether to itemize deductions or take the standard allowance.

We made a trial run on their 1961 return and found they would be eligible for a refund of about $275 if they itemized, but only $228 with the standard deduction. Even though they couldn't take a deduction for property taxes and mortgage interest, these tax savers were available to them (and many other families):

Contributions: They can deduct not only cash contributions to church and charities, but also contributions of goods, and the excess over reasonable value paid for merchandise bought from tax-exempt organizations.

Interest: They can deduct the interest they pay on their installment debts, up to certain limits.

Taxes: They can deduct other taxes they pay, including state income tax; personal-property tax; sales tax ($31.80 on their car alone), and state gasoline tax.

Medical expense: This is a large deduction for the Rankins this year. Here we also employed a bit of tax strategy known as "bunching." When I discussed taxes with Jim and Lynne last December, I advised them to get a short-term loan from their bank to pay their remaining medical bill of $186 before the end of the year. In '62 they may not have sufficient medical expenses to get full tax advantage (you can deduct only that portion of medical expenses over 3 percent of income). A short-term loan in this amount would cost them about $7 but save $37 in taxes.

("Bunching" can be used in other ways too. A family which doesn't always have enough deductions to itemize can bunch contributions and other deductible payments so that one year it itemizes, another year takes the 10 percent allowance.)

Besides doctor, hospital and dentist fees, the Rankins can deduct their health-insurance payment and drug costs, including household medicines, even if not prescribed by a doctor, and therapeutic vitamins advised by the doctor for Lynne as well as the baby.

Other deductions: Jim can also deduct the cost of membership in his professional association, of the technical magazines and books he buys for his work, and of any excess of business-travel or car expense over his employer's reimbursement. Other common deductible costs include safety clothing, tools, distinctive work uniforms and investment expenses, including rental of a safe-deposit box for securities.

Building a capital fund: As soon as they have cleared their debts, Lynne and Jim plan to use the money released from installment payments and extra tax withholdings to set up a fund for their growing household needs. More even than other families, young parents need such a capital fund. The great bulk of installment debts are owed by young families, and, surprisingly, not by low-income families but by white-collar and skilled workers. (In fact, almost half of the growing number of consumer bankruptcies—growing through boom years as well as recessions—involve families under thirty-two.)

But sometimes young families can save by borrowing. The Rankins' tax-deductible medical bill is one example. For another, like many a young wife in a rented home, Lynne is spending over $100 a year on a coin-operated washing machine, when she could buy a new automatic washer for $100.

New parents also need to inquire into their public benefits. Only because of a thoughtful reminder by the Veterans Administration did Jim realize he had a last-minute chance to reinstate his G.I. insurance. This solved his immediate worry over increasing his family's protection, at a cost of $2.80 a month for $10,000 of insurance (in addition to the $15,000 his company plan provides). This young couple did not even realize Lynne and the baby could get Social Security and VA payments if anything happened to Jim.

Parents-to-be and new parents can also call on community resources, such as preparenthood classes offered at some local hospitals, postnatal help from a visiting-nurse agency or public nurses, and, if funds are limited, prenatal and pediatric care at maternity and well-baby clinics sponsored by the Federal-state child-welfare program.

Among the major maternity costs a young couple needs to prepare for are obstetrical fees of about $150 (less in the Midwest, more in California), and hospital care at, typically, $30–$35 a day.

HOW TO EAT REGULAR MEALS AND STILL LOSE WEIGHT

...without liquid diets, drugs or exercise

By BOBBIE REYNOLDS



Beautiful, blue-eyed Yvonne De Carlo has, without a doubt, one of the youngest-looking figures on the Hollywood scene. Read how she keeps it that way.

Grown-up Americans are just coming out of the greatest formula feeding "jag" they've been on since babyhood. Only this time, the millions of men and women who have been drinking their meals did so to lose weight. Unfortunately, when returning to the joys of good solid food, many of these formula users were shocked to discover that they began to gain unwanted pounds again. And after months of doing without regular meals! Perhaps you are one of these.

And now what to do about it?

Well, Hollywood, hometown of the original glamor girls and always one step ahead of the rest of us, appears to have



Glamorous, British-born Diana Dors had to come to the States to learn the secret of weight control. Now she wants to tell the world about it.

the answer. It's all wrapped up in a low-calorie candy that actually lets you eat regular meals and still lose weight. Just exactly what every hungry dieter dreams of doing.

Now, eating candy may sound like a strange way to lose weight. But this is no ordinary candy. For instance, a chocolate bar contains 125 calories. However, one of these special candies (called Ayds) contains only 25 calories. Furthermore, Ayds is enriched with vitamins and minerals to help maintain your health while you take off weight. Still they're delicious eating.

No liquid diets are involved. No drugs needed with "jumpy nerves." No laxatives or starvation diets.

It seems, when you take these candies before meals according to directions, they act to lessen your appetite. So, you automatically eat less and lose weight naturally.

The list of Hollywood stars who have used Ayds is legion. Take, for instance, Yvonne De Carlo who has as pretty a figure as you'll find anywhere. When I asked her about reducing, she said: "No fad diets for me. It's too great a risk. And anyhow, why do it the hard way when I can achieve the results I want easily and safely, on the Ayds Plan. With Ayds, you can eat what you want, but you never want more than you should eat."

Blonde and beautiful Diana Dors, just finishing "On The Double" with Danny Kaye, is another. "Yes," she said, "over the years I've tried fad diets, but this is a miserable way to reduce when you love food the way I do. On the Ayds Plan I lost 8 pounds and never felt better."

To learn more about how and why this candy works so effectively, we did some research. The Ayds Plan is unquestionably a tried and medically validated way to reduce. We found no less than three different clinical reports published in medical journals about this candy. In one, the doctors reported that "subjects who were given Ayds, the caramel candy, before mealtime, lost three times as much weight as those on a straight diet alone and nearly



It's plain to see riding instead of walking hasn't hurt Virginia Bruce's lovely figure. Fact is, she's lost nine pounds.

twice as much as those using other appetite depressants, including products prescribed by physicians."

Perhaps the most dramatic and convincing study of all was a weight-control test on pregnant women by obstetricians and gynecologists. Said these specialists: "We found this [Ayds Vitamin and Mineral Candy] had a wide margin of safety. It not only suppressed the appetite satisfactorily . . . but there were no digestive or central nervous system side effects."

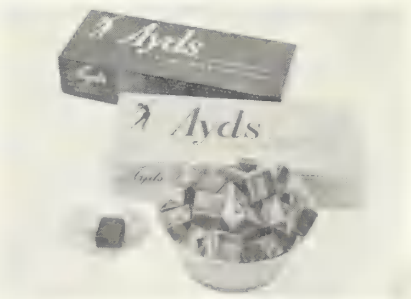
Interestingly enough, the doctors made this further comment: "Liquid diets are contraindicated during pregnancy. They contribute to an increase in body fluid and cause constipation in some, diarrhea in others."

Finally, the director of the Research Department of a large University gave me the explanation of how this candy works. They, too, had studied weight-reducing products and had clinically tested over seven different ones on patients. Finding Ayds gave the best results, they conducted a further study on blood sugar levels and stomach contractions. This gave them their answer. You feel hunger waves when your stomach is empty and your blood sugar level is low. Ayds quickly raises your blood sugar level . . . quiets hunger waves and you experience a reduced appetite, resulting in a reduced intake of food.

As the director pointed out, "Do you remember how your mother refused to let you eat candy before meals, because it would spoil your appetite? Well, this is the same principle—only science has applied it to reducing by developing this special candy. It is a most sensible and economical way to take off pounds."

There's the reason men and women by the hundreds are switching over to this candy plan. Those who have lost weight find it the ideal way to keep from gaining it back while still enjoying regular meals. And overweights find they can lose as little or as much as their doctors think they should without drugs or starvation dieting. As a matter of fact, the makers of Ayds guarantee that you must lose weight with your first box ($3.25) or they will refund your money.

Virginia Bruce, one of the all-time beauties of Hollywood, says: "Ayds is ideal from every point of view. So many women 'over thirty' become careless about their figures and looks. And what a shame—when Ayds is such a pleasant, safe, inexpensive way to stay slim."



So, if you want to lose weight this delightful way, see your doctor first. Then get a box of Ayds Reducing-Plan Candy, vanilla caramel or chocolate fudge-type, at any drug or department store.

NOW!
RELIEF FROM ALL 5
ACID CAUSED
STOMACH TROUBLES
in seconds!



Upset Stomach
Heartburn
Gas Pains
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Whether tension-caused or due to over-indulgence in food or drink, Phillips' brings relief from all five stomach troubles – *in seconds!* For the cause of all these stomach troubles is excess acidity. And scientific tests show Phillips' starts to neutralize excess acids in seconds! Yet stomach and lower intestinal walls remain completely free to do their digestive work. There's no digestive interference.

So when the fast pace of living gives you one of these stomach troubles, take Phillips'. You'll feel fine in practically no time!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

presents for the first time. What a relief! People had given to us for so long." Lynne got Jim some much-needed clothes on her department-store discount. Jim gave Lynne, among other things, a set of slinky slacks and a blouse. When Lynne tried on the slacks she couldn't fasten them around her waist, and she almost cried—but purely for Jim's sake. Both knew what was amiss. As Jim says now, "I started boasting about our baby six weeks before she went to the doctor."

Lynne's job ended with the year, and on January sixth the doctor confirmed their certainty. They took the new slacks back to the store and exchanged them for a dark maternity skirt and white blouse which were to be the mainstays of her wardrobe until August. (That irrepressible gift giver, her mother, gave her a shantung outfit for best, and friends lent her a generous supply of rotating maternity clothes.) That same month, Jim's chemical society's placement bureau telephoned with the news that Canada Dry Corporation's West Coast area was looking for a chemist. By February first Jim was in his present job as one of Canada Dry's dozen quality-control representatives, all of whom must be willing to travel up to half the time and relocate if necessary. His starting salary was $475 a month.

Almost everything about Jim's job appeals to him. He and one supervisor have a laboratory in Berkeley as their headquarters, but their beat is some forty-eight bottling plants that range from Alaska to Mexico, and Jim spends 40 percent of his time on the road. Jim's chief function is to make sure that Canada Dry's standards are being met, and he arrives unannounced, somewhat like a bank inspector, at each plant. But Jim says, "I don't think of myself as a policeman. I'm expected to help plant managers with *all* their problems, including their bottling equipment. It's the combination of chemistry and mechanics that I like."

With the change in jobs, Jim moved from one group medical-insurance policy to another, but Lynne's pregnancy fell between the two stools, hence Jim has had to pay the costs himself. But he and his family are now covered by Canada Dry's policy for field employees—life, accident, hospital and surgical protection all for a contribution from him of $14.86 a month.

Jim's job also carries a flat $43-a-month depreciation allowance for his car (his mileage allowance is only 3½ cents). Out of this he is expected to keep his car in perfect running trim at all times, a feat that was becoming impossible with his old '53 model. It had just barely seen them back west. "First the reverse wouldn't work," says Lynne, "which made parking on our hill difficult. Then the low gear went phooey. The brakes were bad, and finally it wouldn't even go forward half the time. One day in March Jim got stuck in traffic, and he was so mad he stormed in saying, 'Let's go car hunting while the motor still runs.'" They came home with a splendid '59 model, their first real symbol of Jim's new status as a wage earner. Down payment was the old car and $150 in cash, and they settled for two-year financing at $52.50 a month.

From February through August last year, Jim's take-home was $380 a month, and the living was not easy. In May they finally sent for their long-stored furniture and brought their sunny apartment, with its views of outdoor planters and a backyard with climbing roses (neither of them theirs), to its attractive finished state. But the moving bill ($348) was the last irregular extra they would be able to afford for some time, for also in May they began the hospital payments for Jeff. As Lynne says fervently, "We live from paycheck to paycheck. Believe me, we do."

When Jim's raise went through last August, he claimed no extra deduction for Jeff, preferring to look forward to a tax rebate this year. Thus most of the raise was swallowed by an increased Federal tax, an increase in his company insurance deduction for Jeff, a modest raise of $10 a month for Lynne for household expenses, $2.80 a month for Jim's reinstated G.I. insurance policy, and some much-needed new clothes. Living from paycheck to paycheck means that Lynne takes the semimonthly check to the bank for deposit, and withdraws $45 of it for all her household cash expenses. Out of this $90 a month come all their food, cleaning and household supplies; quarters for the metered apartment-house washing machine, in which Lynne does all the laundry; incidentals, from resoling a pair of shoes to buying vitamin drops for Jeff. Jim keeps himself so short of cash that he collects from Lynne for almost every household errand he does. (After she came home from the hospital he *didn't* dock her for the roses, but, because her expenses had been light, he did for the stamps, baby bottles and so forth. "After all," he argued, "those cigars I passed out were for *your* baby.")

Jim writes small cash checks as he needs them. He takes his lunch to work in a paper bag, keeps himself in cigarettes, haircuts and coffee for under $20 a month. Their chief entertainment expense is Lynne's bridge luncheon, which falls due every nine months, and water-skiing equipment—an indulgence of Jim's from his days on Wisconsin lakes.

They have no savings account, no vacation fund. An ordinary doctor's bill and a prescription for a bottle of gold-plated antibiotic pills for either one of them would put a real hole in their budget, but they remain healthy from month to month. Until Jeff was born, they made a gift of Jim's absences from home, which are often for a week or more at a time. Sometimes Lynne would stay home, dine at her parents' house ten minutes away, and save scads of food money. More often she would go along, cheerfully roughing it and paying for the extras with her household cash. "We'd take along the coffeepot and buy rolls the night before for breakfast. Then, while Jim was at the plant, I'd buy some groceries for my lunch. It cost us only a couple of extra dollars, and it was fun."

Now Jim's trips are a time of real loneliness for Lynne, although Jeff goes along with her to her parents' house. Jim says firmly, "As soon as he's old enough to sit up in his car seat, he'll come along on the trips too. I believe in doing things as a family." At which his womenfolk, aware of the realities of traveling with a baby, look dubious.

Jeff arrived with a price tag of $205 from his obstetrician (for delivery and incidentals), which the Rankins are eking out in monthly installments. Above this, his actual monthly maintenance has worked out at $30.75. He has moved on to bottles, and this figure includes formula, diaper service and pediatric care. His pediatrician charges a flat rate of $105 for all shots and periodic visits during his first year ($8.75 a month).

Jeff is a planned baby—not in the sense that savings were put aside, but in the sense that those who love him are managing to care for him very well. The presents and loans are still piling up—a bathinet, a silver fork and spoon, a crib. When Jim's expenses and everyone else's gifts are added up, close to $1000 has already been spent on him in the first months of his life.

Jim and Lynne view the future conservatively. Lynne, the child of her own parents, frankly cannot conceive of casually filling a house with children and turning them loose on the world. "We'd like to space ours apart so we can give more of ourselves to each one. We want time to think about a house next, and then, if the next one is a girl, we may have only two children. Every child is a great responsibility, and we'd like to do right by each one."

Jim, one of four children, agrees with her. The help they have received from the Normans is still a faintly touchy subject with him, and he'd like to be able to support his children himself. But he also shows signs of wanting to spare his son the lonely self-sufficiency of his own teens. Jim was expected to put himself through college as a young man. He began planning expensive insurance for Jeff's education well before Jeff was born, until he found he could reinstate his G.I. insurance. Lynne says, "Jim is very tender with his son." The night that Jeff first came home from the hospital, he wakened at 2:30 A.M. and was fretful after his nursing. Jim took over. "He put Jeff on his knees in bed and crooned to him for an hour."

Jim and Lynne have been scandalized by the lack of discipline among some small children they have seen, and they have no intention of spoiling their son. Yet Lynne is as hopeless a crooner as Jim as she nurses Jeff ("Do you like to be talked to? Yes you *do!*"). She says of Jim, "He likes to tease me. But when it comes right down to it, he lets me do almost anything I want." Then, alarmed at how this sounds, for her own first wish is that Jim be true boss of the family, she adds, "You know how I mean that. Just about *little* things."

Jeff will probably get his college education and a lot of little things, too, from his father. Jim is already the official reader of Dr. Spock, and he is considered better at burping Jeff than Lynne (Jeff's small, bright-eyed face bobs like a cork over his father's shoulder). Jeff already has the greatest gift of all: his parents' deepest feelings.

When he was first home from the hospital, Mrs. Norman couldn't resist sympathizing with his every hunger cry. "Poor thing!" she would exclaim, as Lynne hurried to his side. "*Poor* little thing!"

And Jeff, who had more urgent things on his mind than counting his riches, would simply lapse into blissful content at his mother's breast. END



"All right, let's get rolling with that nine-o'clock tantrum!"

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...NES' HOME THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN APRIL 1962 35c

JOURNAL

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL APRIL, 1962

VOL. LXXIX NO. 4


DR. ADAMS


AGATHA CHRISTIE


JANE HINCHMAN

JOURNALITIES

DR. CLIFFORD ADAMS has been guiding Journal readers in ways of "Making Marriage Work" (see page 52) for fifteen years. Professor of psychology at Pennsylvania State University, he teaches and counsels students in preparation for marriage, conducts one course by closed-circuit television. "My work is so fascinating," Dr. Adams tells us, "that I probably would pay for the privilege of doing it."

In AGATHA CHRISTIE'S newest novel (page 68) a minor character who writes detective stories complains "the murder part is easy—it's the covering up that's so difficult." Miss Christie has been practicing the art of covering up for an unmentionable number of years. "The Pale Horse," a mystery with a dash of romance, introduces an intriguing new approach to Doing Away With. If the method catches on, detectives of the future may need degrees in psychiatry.

If ever you were a tomboy, you'll see yourself in "Touch and Go" (page 66). Author JANE HINCHMAN, a Dayton housewife, says the story comes from a lifetime association with football—three husky brothers who drafted her for quarterback, and a husband who captained Ohio State's team. "Just when I thought I'd outgrown football, my son and his friends on the Fairmont High reserves began running wind sprints on my lawn," she tells us. "I also have a daughter who prefers to play Dixieland jazz."

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OUR READERS WRITE US

PILLOW FIGHT

Dear Editors: My new *Journal* came yesterday. I had no chance to read it all day, so I carried it upstairs, still unopened, to read in bed. But my husband managed to get in bed before I did. He said, "I've got the *Journal*. Did you bring anything to read?" What do I do now?

GEORGENE C. SWANK, *Grand Forks, N.D.*

● *Cuddle up a little closer.—ED.*

DO-IT-YOURSELF DELIVERY

Dear Editors: Shortly after the conception of my first child, I dreamed of delivering it entirely by myself. The dream experience was so marvelous, I decided on waking that I would follow no other course. I followed my diet almost fanatically, eating only highly nutritious foods and eliminating the weight-producing ones. Because of this, I was able to continue working as a fashion model until my sixth month. I had gained only five pounds and was in vibrant health.

I then moved to the country, where I could indulge in the outdoor exercise I love. I spent the rest of my lazy summer swimming, walking, cycling and gardening, wearing as little clothing as possible and shoes only when absolutely necessary. These activities I continued up to the day of parturition.

Until four o'clock that afternoon I cleaned, shopped, prepared meals in advance for my husband, cleaned out the car and wrote letters. I then showered, donned a comfortable robe, and prepared the bed with rubber sheet and pad. By then the contractions were severe



"A glimpse of paradise."

enough to warrant lying down. Soon I went into the second stage of labor. As I held my breath and bore down with each contraction, my husband, watching my face, remarked that I appeared to be enjoying it. He was holding a hand mirror at the proper angle; I could see the whole procedure as well as he. I took a deep breath, held it (thank goodness for all that swimming last summer), and with one long bearing-down effort delivered my baby. I carefully and firmly tied the umbilical cord six inches from the navel and again two inches from the first tie. With sterile scissors, I severed my daughter from her source of food and she became another link in humanity's chain. I washed her and weighed her—6 pounds, 4 ounces. She measured 18". Only one and three quarter hours' labor! My feeling of exuberance, delight and thankfulness at the end of this momentous experience was unspeakable.

My recovery was quick. I was up and around the next morning, doing light housework but resting at intervals. Four days after the birth, my body had returned to normal, at least outwardly—my waistline being one half inch smaller than before pregnancy. I even managed to attend church the following Sunday.

To those who ask if I plan to follow this procedure with future babies, I can only reply, "If you were shown a fleeting glimpse of paradise, wouldn't you want another look?"

NATALIE SANDELL, *Glassboro, N.J.*

TAKES BIBLE TO MOSCOW

Dear Editors: In the July, 1961, issue of your fine magazine a letter from the Rev. Steve Durasoff stated that Americans visiting the Soviet Union were missing an opportunity for Christian service if they did not take with them a Bible printed in Russian. (The letter also said that anyone interested would be supplied with such a Bible at no cost.)

Since we were planning a trip to the U.S.S.R., I wrote to Mr. Durasoff (Box 3456, Grand Central Station, New York City) and offered to take a Bible with me to Moscow.

With the Bible, he sent a list of seven churches to which it could be presented. My husband and I picked the first one on the list, the Baptist. We met the Rev. Ilia Orlov of this church and gave him the Bible. He was most grateful. He told us he was allowed to preach the gospel but could not recruit young people or have any youth organizations in his church. He also said that Bibles (one at a time, not a quantity) could be sent to him in Moscow.

We shall always remember with great satisfaction that we had the pleasure of doing this service because we read the "Dear Editor" page of your magazine.

MRS. A. HAMILTON OTTO, *Plainfield, N.J.*

CAN A LADY EVER RELAX?

Dear Editors: When I read that it strains a marriage if the wife goes to bed in cold cream and curlers, I stopped. Then someone accused housewives of combing their hair with a vacuum cleaner. When I looked into my mirror, I saw it was true. So I started getting up a half hour earlier in order to put my hair up. Then I read a letter in the *Journal* from a milkman who said suburban housewives are slobs who come to the door in nightgowns and wrappers. I've done that, all right, so I began getting up even earlier to put on a girdle, high heels and makeup. I didn't want my milkman to complain about me to you—but then I felt like a visitor in my own home. How could I possibly scrub floors and iron? Before dawn? Now I'm a slob again. But I tried! I suppose you try too.

A SUBURBAN SLOB, *Mt. Vernon, N.Y.*

● *Yes, but we pay attention to our postman—not our milkman. He arrives at a reasonable hour.—ED.*



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by ira hirschmann

In Hitler's last mad drive to exterminate the Jews, 250,000 terrified men, women and children were helpless. One man, unknown then, acted to save them. Today, he is known and loved by millions.

one man's humanity

BASED ON AN EPISODE IN TO KNOCK IS TO ENTER, BY MR HIRSCHMANN, TO BE PUBLISHED IN THE FALL BY DAVID MCKAY COMPANY, INC.

The woman on my right was engrossed in sprightly table talk with the man on her right.

We had been introduced as we sat down to dinner, but her name had escaped me in the wave of chatter and the shuffling of chairs. I did quickly notice, however, the evident modishness of her dress and the smartness of her grooming. "Chic" was the word, and to a middle-aged romantic she was immediately designated as a Continental.

I had no desire to eavesdrop, but snatches of her conversation reached me, disconnected words and phrases which despite their vagueness suddenly interested me. There was something in the way she flattened certain vowels and thickened her consonants which hinted at an accent that seemed to have meaning to me.

When, finally, she turned toward me, I reintroduced myself and put the question: "Are you from Europe?"

She laughed at the naïveté of my question and answered, "Couldn't you tell by my accent? I'm from Hungary, from Budapest."

"Were you there during the war?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, for most of it."

I remarked that I knew something of the hardships suffered by the people there at that critical time, adding, "Especially the Jews."

By this time our conversation was no longer the typical chatter one exchanges with dinner partners. Her face clouded over with an expression close to pain as she quietly told me, "I should know. I was one of them."

"But you did get out before the end?"

"Yes," she said after a CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

moment's hesitation. "Yes, I got out, at the last moment. But if I hadn't been baptized that night, in a bomb shelter, I might not be here today, talking to you."

The words were simply said, but the impact struck me with more force than she could have expected. In that moment I was transported as if in a filmed flashback to another period, years earlier and thousands of miles away.

I was aboard a tiny excursion boat on the Sea of Marmora which separates the Aegean and Black Seas and is practically landlocked by the two halves of Turkey. It was late in the summer of 1944; my companion was Gilbert Simond, the International Red Cross representative in Turkey and we were on our way to the tiny island of Biuyacada to see Monsignor Angelo Roncalli, the Apostolic Delegate of the Vatican in the Middle East.

At that time I was serving as a special envoy for the War Refugee Board, which had been established by President Roosevelt with the express purpose of saving lives wherever and whenever possible. My personal mission was to extricate refugees from the Balkans.

In the months that I had been in Turkey, we had been able to force the closing of the concentration camp at Transnistria in Rumania. Ships of all sizes and descriptions were leaving the Black Sea port of Costanza, loaded with people fleeing to escape the fate suffered by so many others—being driven, in turn, into ghettos, concentration camps and finally the extermination centers. And the flow of these refugees across Turkey and Syria to safety in Palestine had grown to sizable proportions.

But all of us concerned with saving the remnants of European Jewry were horrified and frustrated by the news that was leaking out of Hungary. The reports that came to us from underground sources would have been unbelievable if we had not by that time learned at first hand of the actual existence of the gas chambers, the crematoria and the other implements of Hitler's savage and unrelenting war against the Jews.

We learned that the Nazis, under the personal direction of the infamous Adolph Eichmann, goaded by the knowledge that the tides of the war were racing against them, were determined to complete their grisly task of extermination, their "final solution to the Jewish problem." They sought to accomplish in weeks in Hungary what had taken years in Germany, Austria, Poland and the rest.

The statistics of the charnel house tell their own tragic story. From April 10, 1944, to June 28 of the same year, 516,075 Jews of all ages had been transported from Hungary to Auschwitz and systematically slaughtered. In slightly more than two months all Hungary outside of Budapest had been rendered "*Judenrein*"—free of Jews—the most devastating mass annihilation in the history of mankind.

We didn't know all the grim statistics then, but we did know that the time for rescue had shrunk to a few precious weeks. Something drastic had to be done immediately to save the Jewish population of Budapest—approximately a quarter of a million terrified and helpless men, women and children.

In desperation I turned to Gilbert Simond, a man of great good will who had been instrumental in the saving of thousands of lives. Simond was an influential Catholic layman and I begged him to prevail upon his friends in the church to help us in the name of humanity. He suggested that we see Monsignor Roncalli and arranged a meeting.

The home of the Pope's highest emissary in the Middle East was a spacious old house sitting high atop a hill. Hidden from below by lush foliage, it nevertheless afforded a stunning view of the sea in all directions. Immediately on our arrival on the island, we had been ushered into a well-appointed room where we waited for Monsignor Roncalli.

After a brief wait, he entered, a short rotund man whose good humor was immediately evident in his eyes, twinkling under his black skullcap. Warmly and graciously, he welcomed us in Italian, bidding us be seated. As we did so, I offered a silent prayer of thanks for the Italian I had learned some years back: it established an easy contact between us.

Once Simond and I were comfortably settled, our host turned to a small cupboard from which he took a bottle of red wine. After admiring its color, he poured out three glasses and insisted upon drinking to our health. Anxious about my mission, I discreetly tried to introduce the reason for my visit. But Monsignor Roncalli brushed me aside, saying, "That will come later. First we must enjoy the view, the conversation and the wine."

His personality was so radiant and his conviviality so genuine that I was warmed by his spirit and for the moment let the purpose of my presence escape me. In fact, it wasn't until the dregs of a second bottle had been downed that he would permit any thought of practical discussion. Then, suddenly, he announced, "*Dunque, cominciamo* . . . now, let us begin."

Monsignor Roncalli listened intently as I outlined the perilous plight of the Jews in Hungary. I cited the meager statistics available to me and repeated several of the eyewitness accounts I had received from underground operatives. Then he pulled his chair closer and quietly asked, "Do you have any contact with people in Hungary who will cooperate?"

After my affirmative reply, he hesitated a few moments before asking, "Do you think the Jews there would be willing to undergo baptism ceremonies?"

Not prepared for this suggestion, I equivocated a bit and said that I could only guess or assume that if it meant saving their lives, they would be ready to do so gratefully. I added, "I know what I would do."

He went on to say that he had reason to believe that some baptismal certificates had already been issued by nuns to Hungarian Jews. The Nazis had recognized these as credentials and had permitted their holders to leave the country.

We agreed that he would communicate with his representatives in Hungary and that I would get in touch with our underground connections to arrange for either large-scale baptism of Jews or, at least, certificates to be issued to women and children. It would be up to those who were baptized to decide later whether they would wish to remain in the church or "go their way."

The proposal and agreement had been accomplished in what seemed like a few minutes. It was clear to me that Monsignor Roncalli had considered this plan before my arrival and that he had created an atmosphere in which to test my credentials, my discretion and my ability to put the operation into effect practically. I had no doubt that the wheel would soon be set in motion in Hungary for "Operation Baptism" under the auspices and with the mercy of the Catholic Church.

Simond and I were silent as we sailed back to Istanbul in the little ferryboat. Somehow we were awed by the scope and direction of the events of the afternoon, arrived at so simply and without inhibition, but so heavy with possibilities. In our silence, each of us was taking stock of the implications of our compact. We were approaching twilight, and as our little steamer skimmed over the water the lengthening shadows stretched ahead like moving phantoms. Could this be a portent of the lifting of a curtain to reveal a new freedom for those whose lives depended on our help?

Try as I may, I have not been able to ascertain exactly how many Hungarian Jews were saved or had their lives made easier with those baptismal certificates. They must number in the thousands. And all this thanks to the compassionate intervention of the benevolent Apostolic Delegate to the Middle East.

No other personality I met during those troubled times in Turkey had more sharply etched himself into my memory. How often I have recalled our meeting and remembered his warmth, dynamism and sympathy. It was not within the purview of his pastoral duties to be involved in the rescue of Jews. His action was proof of his humane concern for the welfare of all people.

Is it any wonder that I was moved to tears when in 1958 I read the headlines which announced to the world that Angelo Roncalli had been elected the ruler of the Catholic Church and was from that date to be known as Pope John XXIII? END

For women who are thinking of investing

The right way vs. the wrong way to invest

in stocks and bonds

When you decide that you want to invest, how will you go about it?

Here are two approaches. Which woman's thinking matches yours?

First woman: "I'd invest all the money I have without worrying about a cash reserve. Why save money with prices rising?"

Second woman: "I would invest only money left over after I had provided for living expenses and put away something for emergencies."

First woman: "I'd pick up a lead on a stock from the girls at the bridge club—a stock that's supposed to be going up fast."

Second woman: "I'd get the facts about any company whose stock I was considering. Does it have a good profit record? Also, what are its prospects?"

First woman: "I'd buy only stocks that look like they'd make money in a hurry. Who wants to wait?"

Second woman: "Depending on my goal, I would consider different kinds of stocks. Perhaps I'd want to know about stocks that might have a chance to grow in value over the years. There are *other* stocks which could be a better choice for income from dividends. Or I might want to consider bonds which usually offer greater safety of principal. And I'd bear in mind that prices of stocks and bonds go down as well as up—and they may not continue to pay dividends or interest."

First woman: "I guess any broker would be glad to take my order. The important thing is to find somebody who knows how to make a lot of money fast."

Second woman: "I'd choose a broker carefully. I'd start with a visit to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. The Registered Representatives there — though they are not infallible—have met Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business."

There *is* a right way and a wrong way to invest. One big step on the right road, we believe, is to find a Member Firm broker. Look in the Yellow Pages of the telephone directory. Member Firms are listed in the Stock Broker section under "New York Stock Exchange."

When you do, talk about the amount you would like to invest, the goals you have set. If you like, ask about the Monthly Investment Plan, which lets you invest with as little as $40 every three months. Start right, if you are planning to invest, with the help of a Member Firm broker.

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MILES PRODUCTS



A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

By **MARGARET HICKEY**
PUBLIC AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT

Often we smile at anecdotes about the brief rebellion of the child who runs away from home. No one seeing Stephen Bowen's wild flight, the desperation in his brown eyes, the tenseness of his small body could have been amused. Plainly, here was a child in trouble. Stevie ran a long way, not knowing where, not caring, just away from the neglect of a disturbed mother, the brutality of a drunken father. Although he did not know it, this lonely, frightened little boy had taken the right direction. It led him to the first real security of his young life and, eventually, to a foster home and an uncrippled childhood.

Not all stories of deprived children have such happy endings. That so many have is due in large part to a little-known Washington bureau and to its small staff, who work quietly and unstintingly to help others meet the physical and emotional needs of children.

Since 1912, when it was established by Congress, the Children's Bureau, beginning with its drive to reduce shockingly high infant and maternal death rates, has pioneered in the field of child welfare. It has pushed for governmental and voluntary co-operation in campaigns for better adoption practices, juvenile courts and birth registration. It has cheered on the fight for child-labor laws, for care and assistance for the unmarried mother, for protection of the migrant child, for understanding of the fine line between neglect and delinquency.

As the Children's Bureau celebrates its fiftieth anniversary, *Journal* editors express their appreciation for its fact finding and sound research, so often quoted in our own editorial championship of children's health and well-being. But little time should be wasted in backward glances. The prevention of damaged lives will not wait. Our primary goal, of course, must be security for the child in his own home, with parents themselves giving love and security. Homemaker services should be provided during illness or incapacity of the mother; day care and health services to protect the child when his family cannot care for him. The homeless or abandoned child needs temporary care until permanent placement can be made; the physically and mentally disturbed child must be rehabilitated.

Establishment of the Children's Bureau made the United States the first nation to create a governmental agency devoted solely to its children. The Children's Bureau has become their lobby, small and modestly budgeted, but with goals so great and vital they have become a powerful expression of our belief that its children are a nation's most important resource. END



WHY DO SOME FAMILIES SEEM TO GET MORE OUT OF LIFE?

Some families glow with the pure enjoyment of life. Everyone who knows them is warmed by their vitality and friendliness. For such a family, life is good and fun and exciting.

And every day, their lives grow more interesting . . . more productive . . . more meaningful.

Typically, both parents and children take a deep interest in each other and the ever-changing world around them. They work together as a team, sharing interests and opinions to strengthen the bonds of understanding and respect that help build a happy home.

This kind of family usually owns Encyclopaedia Britannica. And their set is continually in use. As in so many lively families, "looking it up in Britannica" has become a familiar habit at homework time, during family discussions, and whenever complete, authoritative information is needed on almost every conceivable topic. They have learned to rely on Britannica for background data on current events, politics, religion and history, for help with hobbies, and for educational, enjoyable reading at any time.

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL DRESS BY LEE EVINS SCARF BY VERA JACKET BY SPECIALTY HOUSE

WARDROBE PERFECTIONS...INVESTMENT No. 3 How to dress well on practically nothing!

by BET HAR

What is the most irresistible, never-miss fashion for dinner, the theater or any other very special date? Barbara J. thinks the ideal solution is a good black dress, and as her third and final basic wardrobe addition chooses a black crepe costume. Marvelous as a dress alone, fashion perfection with its own matching cover-up—and it adds only $29.95 to her total in $'s With three steps—costumewise, a suit, coat and jacket dress; and colo wise, turquoise, beige and black—Barbara J. has acquired the essentials a compact basic wardrobe. (Photographed at Louis XIV

ABOVE: *The dress alone has a high wide neckline, takes to accessories with the greatest of ease. Tonight Barbara J. adds pearls and a pin, wears glittering earrings: accessories enough for the most special of evenings.*

TOP RIGHT: *Dress has full, unpressed pleated skirt: long-sleeved bolero jacket comes just to the top of the shiny black patent belt. Black crepe costume, $29.95.*

CENTER: *Almost any color would add fashion dash for having a wonderfu time. Here Barbara J. adds a bright pink-and-white polka-dot scarf neckline. $2.00.*

BOTTOM: *And for the prettiest springlike look, she adds white. Rayon-line jacket is piped with black braid, comes just to below-waistline level. $3.0*

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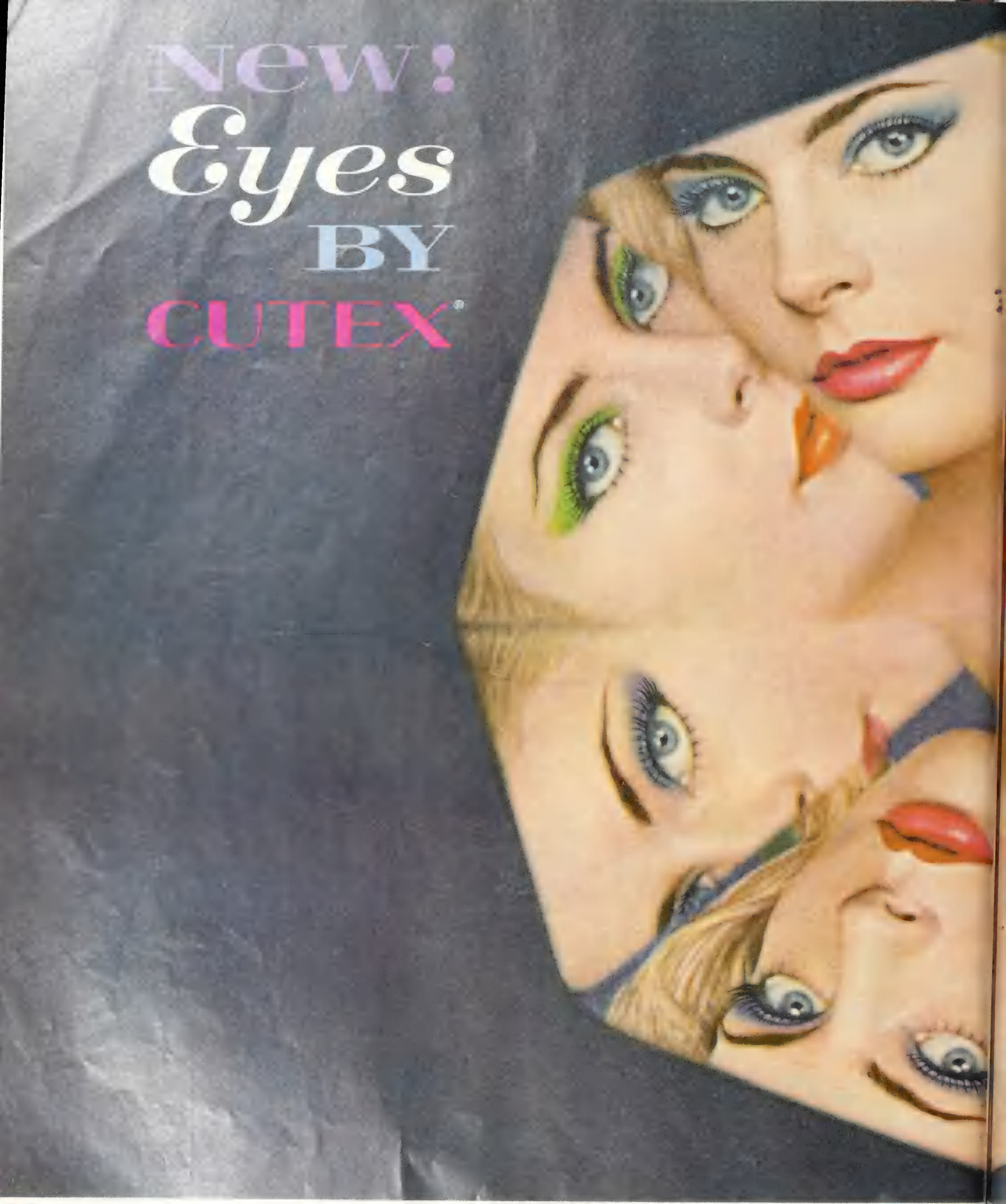


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PLAY BRIDGE

By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON
WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ Q J 10 4 2
♥ Q 7
♦ K 4 2
♣ 10 8 5

WEST
♠ 7
♥ K J 8 5 3
♦ A Q J 10
♣ K 9 6

EAST
♠ 5 3
♥ 10 9 6 4
♦ 5
♣ Q J 7 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A K 9 8 6
♥ A 2
♦ 9 8 7 6 3
♣ A

Neither side vulnerable
East dealer
The bidding:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
Pass	1 Spade	Double	3 Spades
Pass	4 Spades	Pass	Pass
Pass			

West opens the ♦ A

After going down one at what looked like a cinch four-spade contract, South turned dejectedly to West and mumbled:

"What a lucky stab! What on earth made you think of leading the ace of diamonds?"

That smug gent, all puffed up with the brilliant result of his initial thrust, refused to admit there was any luck involved at all.

"It seemed a clear-cut choice," he said. "Quite a lead, I gotta admit. Of course I'm sorry I did it to you, pal."

This is typical conversation at the bridge table: the postmortem in which one player laments his bad luck and the other takes credit for his genius. But in this case, both players were wrong. West couldn't back up his "clear-cut choice" with any logic. And South could have made his contract anyway.

We must admit that West's selection of a lead from his tenace position was inspired. But we don't like to see a fellow brag the way he did.

After West's informatory double, North actually had no perfect bid. He had insufficient values to redouble, and a single raise did not quite describe his good supporting hand. He considered a leap to game, but felt this was an overstatement. Hence he made a semipre-emptive move to the nine-trick level. South, with a swell distributional holding, was under no pressure about carrying on to game.

After West's dramatic lead (we'll admit this would not have been our choice), he continued with the queen of diamonds at trick two. The board's king was played and East ruffed. East then returned a heart through South's ace. Even though he was almost certain that West had the missing king (based on his takeout double), declarer had no choice but to play small. West won the king and promptly cashed his jack of diamonds for the fourth and setting trick.

Let us see how declarer could have overcome the obstacle of that murderous opening fling. After West continued with the queen of diamonds at trick two, declarer should not have put up dummy's king! He could well afford to lose three diamond tricks. Even if East had originally held a doubleton, rather than a singleton, the play of a small diamond from dummy would have been worthwhile.

By playing a small diamond, South would have conceded the second trick to West. East would probably discard a club. Now West would continue with the diamond jack, which would be covered by dummy's king. East would trump, producing the third trick (book) for the defense. East would then shift to a heart, but now declarer would climb up with his ace! South would now extract the adverse trumps, after which he would ruff a fourth diamond in dummy. Now his fifth diamond would be promoted into a winner. Declarer would return to the closed hand with a trump and jettison the board's heart loser on the established fifth diamond!

It would now be routine for South to ruff his losing heart in dummy. The four-spade contract would sail home afloat after all!

Moral: Be extremely careful before making a move at trick one or trick two. The fate of eight out of ten hands is decided by the decision at that crucial moment.

The Solomon System of point count for honor cards is: ace, 4; king, 3; queen, 2; jack, 1; two tens, 1. A singleton king, 2; a singleton queen, 1. (Do not count tens in an original no-trump or for evaluating a slam.) Generally, a holding of 13 points is required for an opening bid.



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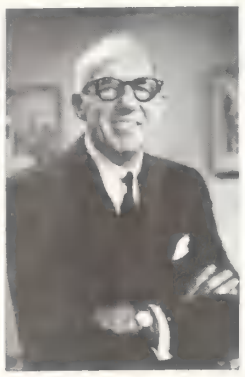
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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

"Most young people who have been brought up in families with high ideals will not let themselves get to the point of intercourse until marriage, not because of lack of desire, not because they are timid, but because the girl, knowing herself, knows that she would lose some of her respect for herself. And the boy loves her too much to be willing to make her unhappy."

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



HOW PARENTS CAN HELP ADOLESCENTS UNDERSTAND SEX

The young adolescent has to wrestle with conflicts in many spheres. But these struggles are particularly intense in regard to sex. Desire has come abruptly. It is more insistent, especially in boys, than at any later stage. When the young person reaches greater maturity he will have a much better sense of the kind of person of the opposite sex he really gets along with. Then the sexual drive will be blended with, and controlled by, other aspects of man-woman relationships: deep companionship and respect, common interests and ideals, plans for the future. But in early adolescence it is suddenly there, unconnected with other interests, calling attention to itself in an embarrassing way, buffeting the inexperienced boy and girl around. It's partly pleasant, it's exciting. At the same time it can bring about self-consciousness, loss of assurance, anxiety and guiltiness.

One aspect of sex which is particularly confusing to an adolescent in America is that many adults show contradictory attitudes toward it. At one time they will talk about it as if it were almost sacred, then as if it were shameful, and then again as if it were a joke to snicker at. This gives him the impression that adults are hypocrites and makes his own understanding of sex more difficult. It seems to be hard for us Americans to think of sex as both natural and noble. This is partly due to the fact that we started as an intensely puritanical country and are having trouble outgrowing this attitude in a scientific age. Some teenagers lately have tried to settle the conflict in their own minds by concluding that sex and love are just a matter of biology, of glands. This is true only of such animals as insects and fishes and rabbits. We know for a fact that some of the finest aspects of boys and girls, their idealism, their creativity, are outgrowths of their capacity for true love of each other. If they try to deny the spiritual aspects of love they will surely get more mixed up; they'll end up being disappointed in themselves and in each other, in dating and later on in marriage.

It is good to be clear at the start about the differences between male and female in respect to the nature of their sexual drives. Back in Victorian times it was a conventional belief that men had all the sexual instincts and that good women were innocent of any such desire. Then, in the revolt against prudery and the double standard, the pendulum swung in the opposite direction. Some people claimed that women had just the same impulses and outlook as men. Nowadays sensible people point out the differences again.

In general, physical desire in boys and men is considerably more insistent. It is less discriminating in its choice. It easily responds, of course, to an attractive, appropriate and appreciative girl. But a boy's sexual interest can also be stirred up by a good figure alone (especially if it's seductively clothed) or a pretty face, even though the girl's personality has no special appeal. He can be aroused by pictures, by stories, by thoughts.

This does not mean that a boy lacks the capacity for the other aspects of love. It depends a good deal on the kind of family he grows up in. If his father shows not only ardor but tenderness, protectiveness, admiration for his mother, it powerfully molds a boy's expectations of what he himself will offer to girls as he grows up. We also know that a boy's capacity to love spiritually is developed way back in early childhood through his intense devotion to a good mother, when she was the most wonderful and important person in the world to him. This is what inspires him, years later in adolescence, to fall in love with a girl who seems to have just the right combination of qualities.

This expression "falling in love" means that his attitude toward her becomes romantic and chivalrous and adoring, as well as physically desirous. He is ready to idealize her, to invest her with wonderful attributes (which may be hard for her to live up to). His greatest desire is to please her in all respects, to achieve success in school or in the world for her sake, to protect her, to give her gifts. Even his physical desire, as he matures, is largely aimed at pleasing her sensually; he receives his most intense gratification only when she responds.

What all this means is that if a worthwhile boy begins to be attracted to a girl (and she to him), he is ready to offer her as many aspects of love as he is capable of. It is up to her to show what kind of appreciation she wants from him. If she's normal, she'll want to be physically attractive. But much more she'll want to be loved as a completely appealing person.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

AL FRANCEKEVICH



It will take a long time for both of them to find out whether they really have the qualities that will satisfy each other's needs and ideals. If they do, they will feel a stronger and stronger love.



MAKES



YOU



WISH



YOU



HAD



MORE



DOORS



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How to find out what fingers are for



bringing up baby®

Hints collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

Busy fingers begin to become aware of their usefulness at about the age of 3 or 4 months. Wonderful how baby discovers that fingers are fine for getting the feel of everything from ears to toes . . . toys to clothes. At 6 or 7 months he uses them to grasp and hold his bottle. 8 or 9 months find those fingers transferring toys from one hand to another . . . and oh, magic moment, at 1 year he can usually pick up small objects with thumb and forefinger.

If baby scoops up his food with his fingers, what matter if it's a bit messy? Rejoice in the fact that he's learning hand control and soon will be able to make a spoon behave. Babies delight in Gerber Junior Foods because they have a flair for flavor. Mothers delight in them because they're so nourishing. Over 40 varieties, specially prepared to preserve the utmost in precious food values. Why not stimulate mealtime interest by rotating colors and kinds of foods?

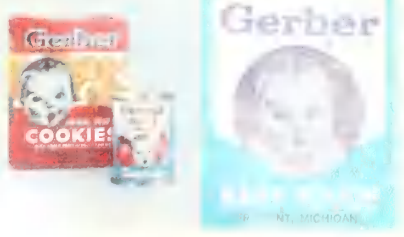
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

It will take a long time, though, in adolescence for both of them to find out whether they really have the qualities that will satisfy each other's needs and ideals. If they do, they will feel a stronger and stronger love. But meanwhile the problem is that the boy's physical desire is strong enough so that, soon after he finds the girl, he will want to express it. If he has any boldness, he will probably try to do so. This is particularly apt to be true in the early part of adolescence when sexual desire is so new and separate. But if a girl allows petting to progress faster than the development of true affection, it is so exciting that it quickly becomes the main interest of their dates, especially for the boy. It gets in the way of their coming to love and respect each other more. Boys and girls who are responsible people sense this and try to keep their physical desire under control. But it is girls who are usually better able to do so.

Most girls have a less intense, less persistent physical desire. Their bodily response is relatively dormant until stirred up by a boy's approaches. A girl is not so apt to be carried away by a boy's appearance alone. She may be attracted by his face at first. But soon her good sense begins to operate. Then she responds primarily to the appeal of his total personality, his attitude toward her, and—most important of all—his suitability as a long-term partner.

All this does not mean that girls are not intensely interested in boys. In fact, it looks as though they spend more hours of the day than boys in thinking and talking together about members of the opposite sex, in sorting them out, partly on the basis of romantic appeal but also very realistically. (You may be interested to know that surveys have shown that, at election time, women in contrast to men judge a candidate more on the basis of what kind of family man he'd make, less on where he stands on the issues.) In the early years of adolescence—13, 14 and 15—the interest of girls in eligible boys is so great and the shyness of most boys is so disappointing that some girls are surprisingly aggressive in chasing the boys who appeal to them, or in arranging, in roundabout ways, to reveal their feelings.

It is necessary, though, for a girl to know early in adolescence that she has a capacity for strong physical desire. If she and an attractive boy spend hours together in privacy, over a period of weeks and months—and if they are halfway normal—the desire for greater physical intimacy will steadily increase. And each stage of intimacy creates a more intense desire for the next. Human nature was designed this way, so that the restraints which are essential in the human race can be gradually broken down between two people in preparation for marriage. The trouble is that Nature is working for a marriage at about 15 or 16 years. Early dating and going steady for months will encourage intimacy even before 15. But our society expects everyone to be in school until at least 17 or 18, and for many people years longer.

There are other drives, aside from physical desire and the search for a suitable partner, which draw boys and girls together. There is a gnawing curiosity about what sex really means which becomes steadily more intense through adolescence. Outspoken boys and girls complain that lecturers in school and college, counselors, parents, books are quite inadequate. These reproaches are often true. But I think that even when literature or experienced friends are thoroughly revealing, the young person will inevitably continue to feel cheated in his knowledge until he has had a satisfactory sexual relationship himself.

In every boy (as in every man) there is a chronic anxiety about whether he will be a sufficiently virile male in general, and an adequate lover. It varies greatly in individuals. It isn't very conscious in the early part of adolescence. Then it becomes particularly insistent through the rest of that period until the young man has proved that he can win, satisfy and support a woman. But all their lives boys and men may show their uneasiness by such actions as taking crazy chances, boasting to females, making passes that are not appropriate, demanding a good table at a crowded restaurant, acting as if they were dashing young bucks when they should be old enough to know better. This aspect of males sometimes makes them laughable to women, but they would be very little use to women in any way if they did not have some of it.

In girls and women the corresponding anxiety is whether they will be sufficiently appealing to attract the kind of man they want, and whether they themselves will be able to respond fully. This concern will, of course, be greatest in adolescence when they have no basis for assurance yet. In most women, marriage relieves the major part of the uncertainty, though they continue to need the assurance that their husbands love them, and appreciate occasional evidences that other men still consider them attractive. A few women, though, remain so insecure in this respect that they must forever be trying to infatuate another male.

Another motive for dating which is unnaturally strong today is the desire of teenagers to have a boyfriend or a girlfriend in order to be like everyone else. It's imitation and competition and the search for security in social life. It's now the convention in most places. It is almost a frenzy in some groups. Back in the days when few went steady until late adolescence, the shy ones and the less mature ones were free to take their time in growing up to dating. Nowadays some children who aren't at all ready are forcing themselves to compete for partners and to play the roles of people in love. There are girls who consider themselves old maids if they aren't married soon after graduation from college, or even school. Sometimes a mother will urge her daughter on, from a misguided desire to ensure her popularity, or because of her own ambitiousness or vicarious excitement. Girls who are too eager to have steady boyfriends are apt to remain pursuers all through adolescence. This brings out the wrong characteristics in both sexes and it isn't good for either.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



"Mom, were you ever in love—not with dad—I mean *really* in love?"

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THE WOMAN'S MIND

Shaping the '60's . . . Young wives and mothers are today's homeowners in greater numbers than ever before. It takes a million and a quarter new single-family units yearly to accommodate their demands for independence and privacy. This month's survey by Dr. George Gallup questioned in depth more than 500 brand-new mistresses of middle- or upper-cost houses. What does their "first house" mean to their families? What are the pleasures, the worries—and the complaints? What's wrong with American houses? What's right about them? And what are the pressures of these pace-setting women for change? . . . _Foreshadowing the '70's_

AMERICA'S YOUNG HOMEOWNERS



JAY MAISEL

Young couples across America are aware that our economy has made it surprisingly easy for them to buy an attractive, livable house. Nevertheless, if they are buying their first house in a new development, they have a vivid sense of being at the mercy of builders. They have little or no say about construction or plans, since the majority (56 percent) move into houses already built, and many of the rest accept models already planned. A whacking third describe themselves as surrounded by loose tiles, leaking basements, aluminum sashes that run off their tracks, chrome fixtures that won't shine, and dining areas that jam the living room. As one young wife said bitterly, "The quality was forgotten." Almost all the wives we questioned (88 percent) could name two or more things wrong with their houses right off the bat. Only one in ten was completely satisfied.

Yet most of our home purchasers accept their lot with good grace – perhaps partly because 56 percent of them expect to move on eventually into better houses with more elbowroom. They admit "the trimmings are cheaply done," as one housewife put it, but they like the layout of the rooms (45 percent), glossy-looking kitchens (37 percent) and having plenty of closet and storage space (19 percent). Ten percent of our sample had to make no down payment at all; for the rest, the down payment was so low that 59 percent were able to cover it with savings, two thirds said they had no difficulty in raising it. Three fourths have no difficulty in making the monthly payments. When they think about it, however, the price of this easy financing hurts: more than three fourths are convinced that interest rates on mortgages are too high.

Our survey was confined to young wives (none over 38, and the majority in their twenties) who, with their husbands, had bought their first house within the last two years. We deliberately sought a select group—young people who could afford better than low-cost housing. Three fourths of the husbands were in the professions or had white-collar jobs, all but 10 percent had finished high school, and nearly half had gone on to some form of higher education. Eighty percent had one, two or three children. All had bought new construction in the middle- or upper-price range.

What does our booming housing industry offer these buyers in the early years of their marriage? Our survey reached to the four corners of the country, but the picture that emerges is surprisingly the same. The typical "first house" is on a quarter acre or less of land, has three bedrooms and something more than one full bath. It is a one-story dwelling—only 5 percent of our families had found a two-story house to buy. However, the body of new housing going up is conservative in style; only 14 percent of our homeowners had bought a house they designated as "modern." Ranch, split-level and something called "one-story Colonial" sweep the field that is bulldozed into a real-estate development.

For most of the young people who move into them, their purchase is such a major experience that it leaves them shaky. More than half are willing to agree, when asked, that homeownership has made them "more stable and conservative." A fifth speak spontaneously of pride, almost as many say they feel more secure and independent, but these feelings do not equate with "happiness." Only 9 percent spontaneously described themselves as happier, and when asked if their home gave them more worries, a resounding 66 percent said yes. The carefree days of renting are gone.

Typical of the mixture of pride and worries is the Michigan wife who said, "Sometimes I feel that too much money goes into the house, but I never felt such pride in anything." Said one young California wife, "Buying a home is usually the largest single expense ever incurred by a family. Such a thing is a very grave and sobering experience."

But when asked directly, almost 70 percent agreed that they do indeed enjoy new feelings of security and "belonging," feelings shared by their husbands. "We feel more secure—as though we're working for a goal." . . . "You take pride in creating things such as flower gardens, and so on. It gives you a feeling of security and belonging somewhere." . . . "My husband is proud, and more confident of himself as a husband, father and wage earner." Most like it this way (from Illinois: "We spend more money on the house, less on ourselves. We enjoy staying home more than going out"), and a tiny 1 percent don't (from New York: "We used to go for lots of drives, now I have to drag him out. He wants to stay home and work!").

The majority of our wives (53 percent) had lived in their new homes for over a year, and so had had plenty of time to decide whether they like good modern-house design. Most do; only 3 percent of our sample could find nothing to like about their houses. The enthusiasm of a California housewife is typical: "We have a spacious living-dining area, and an attractive view from there and the master bedroom. Kitchen design, work area and breakfast area arrangements are practical and attractive. Level yard, just the right size. Good central floor plan, no poor traffic areas, a large rumpus room downstairs that's wonderful for children's play and parties."

As our housewives listed the things they liked best, however, the things most apt to enter their minds first were those that hike housing costs: wall ovens, stainless-steel sinks, two sinks in the bathroom, plenty of big closets, marble sills, three fireplaces, nine oak trees, a community (co-operative) swimming pool, dead-end locations with two acres of land, and above all, that most costly of items, spaciousness—a word that time and again our wives applied reverently to everything from broom closets to mountain views.

Those in middle-cost houses were more apt to list likes such as "excellent layout," "easy to keep clean," "the neighborhood, with lots of friends for my children," or "our location, convenient to a shopping center."

When invited to list their dislikes, the exasperations of cheap construction poured forth. Space, or lack of it, was most frequently mentioned. "Rooms entirely too small," summed up a disgruntled South Carolinian. "The floor space in our house is eleven hundred square feet, which I feel is a little inadequate," said a West Virginian. A particular grievance is a kitchen so small that all eating must take place in a "dining area" that is part of the living room. "This results in a small living area," pointed out one. "It's hard to arrange a nice dinner party," said another. "The children's spilled mashed potatoes are ruining my rug," said a third.

Formal dining rooms cost money, but underlying the great majority of the complaints is a persistent feeling among our young CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

marrieds that things could have been better for the same price. A substantial portion of the complaints had to do with poor planning, and their favorite argument is that better planing needn't have cost much more. A layout that doesn't bring all bedroom and kitchen traffic through the living room, perhaps an extra entrance at the back, seem to them basic rights for all price ranges. Miscellaneous complaints of thoughtlessness were many: "Our house could have been built with more personality at very little additional cost." . . . "They chopped down all our trees to fill in the backyard!" . . . "House does not take advantage of lot. The picture window should have been put in back." Several told of doors that swung into tiny rooms instead of out into empty halls (they rehung them themselves), and one mother told a harrowing tale of her wall-oven door that swings out across the kitchen doorway: "Although I told my small son to watch out, he ran into the kitchen and burned his face on the open oven door."

By far the biggest body of complaints, however, had to do with shoddy construction or workmanship. *Over half our sample* (56 percent) had run into one *or more* problems of cheap materials, poor workmanship, faulty plumbing, drainage or heating systems, cracks in the walls or poor paint jobs. These complaints are angrier too. "Let the buyer beware" may be an old saying in the marketplace, but our young householders are still taken by shocked surprise when, having purchased their houses, they discover the insulation is poor ("Cost of heating our house is *way* out of line; drafty in winter, hot upstairs in summer"), the soundproofing nonexistent ("We have an attached house; we can hear them sneeze next door"), the wiring scanty ("No overhead lights in the bedrooms") and the heating system cheap ("We can't shut off the heat flow in any one room; to keep the baby's room heated, we *must* have heat in our bedroom even though we don't want it").

One third (32 percent) have run into flagrant cases of poor workmanship, a few of them truly calamitous: "The basement wall collapsed and had to be replaced at our expense, which we thought would be the responsibility of the contractor." Reports one indignant householder, "Our well leaks into the window and into the basement. The tiles are sloughing off in the shower." Reports another, "Our pump was replaced twice, and the tank three times at the builder's expense, because he kept installing inferior equipment."

Our husbands and wives have mopped up in basements that "leak like a sieve" and corrected reversed faucets ("Any *literate* person should get the faucets on straight"), but they don't believe they should have to, no matter how little they paid for the house. As one Texas housewife puts it, "Our house lacks *real* quality. The windows leak. The cabinets in the kitchen were varnished very sloppily. No care was taken to fit the tile perfectly in the corners. We have no heat whatever in the bedrooms." There is a recurring refrain: "The wallboard job is terrible; after one year there are cracks around almost every nail." . . . "The paint job is *terrible;* paint washes off with one hard wipe." Tiling, painting and plastering seem to be special areas where purchasers feel shortchanged. From Florida, "We didn't expect $20,000 features for $13,000, but, for example, our floor tile is the cheapest tile. This wouldn't be so bad if they had hired someone who knew how to lay it. There are places that were never stuck down. My husband has helped lay tile, and does ten times better than the workmen on this house."

One villain emerges in these complaints: the builder. No matter how low his profit margin, he is blamed for everything, from warped doors to leaking casements. Said one Michigan wife tartly, when asked what she would look for in the next house she bought, "A better builder—one who gives quality for what you pay." Many evidently have major cause for complaint: "Our contractor refuses to make repairs under the warranty. If all repairs were made, I couldn't think of one kick." . . . "No provision was made for venting the clothes dryer, although the contractor was *repeatedly* told." Said one of our basement moppers, "Our plumbing is poor, yet the builder told us what an excellent job he had done." A wife from Pennsylvania has become perhaps excessively disillusioned: "I used to be very easygoing. Since building, I have learned that if you don't look out for yourself, nobody else does. My husband and I are calloused now in dealing with businessmen."

Perhaps because their houses are still new in their lives, often undistinguished, and almost certainly not built by themselves for themselves, according to their own specifications, our homeowners do not regard their first house as a vital ingredient to their marriage and family life. Three quarters of our wives said owning a home had made "no difference" in their marriages or their closeness to their husbands. Two thirds don't care whether their children live in the house after they are gone, and three fourths consider it unlikely that any of their children will.

Four in ten of our wives do expect to live in their new houses for the rest of their own lives, however, and whether they plan to stay or go, almost all have traditional attitudes toward keeping it attractive, maintaining it responsibly, and enjoying it as a status symbol. Two thirds of the husbands have a "great deal" of interest in keeping it up, and a large 83 percent do minor repairs. Wives are definitely non-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



"Wait? Wait for what—one that stacks the dishes on the shelves?"

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: "Joe is indifferent to the embarrassment his miserliness causes me both at home and in the office."

HE: "Every week of our marriage Ina has spent money, a remarkable amount of money, on bowling."

INA TELLS HER SIDE: "The week after Joe and I came back from our honeymoon I handed over my paycheck to him," said thirty-two-year-old Ina, childless and twice married. "Joe then doled back to me transportation money, lunch money, coffee-break money, one-package-of-cigarettes money. These items were listed on our budget to cover my spending.

"Joe is my second husband. We have now been married four years. He still collects my personal earnings, which he invests, and we pay our living expenses from his earnings. Our living expenses, I can assure you, are held to rock bottom. He sees to that.

"Joe has done extremely well with his real-estate and stock-market investments. I had a much nicer wardrobe when I earned a lower salary and was on my own. Joe screams to high heaven if I buy an extra pair of shoes. I'm supposed to make do with four pairs of shoes a year, the number stipulated in our ironclad budget, and never mind changes in style.

"Everybody except Joe and his Uncle Alvin regards our financial setup as plain crazy. Uncle Alvin, a millionaire bachelor with the same penurious streak, is Joe's employer. Joe and I have already saved and accumulated more than the average couple acquires in a lifetime. His sound investments are partly responsible for our good fortune, but also he and I together bring in an income way above the average.

"A year ago I was picked by my company to supervise the stenographic pool, and my salary jumped from $400 to $500 a month. I'm reasonably sure Joe earns quite a bit more than that. He tries to keep everything about our money matters a deep dark secret, and has always treated me like a financial moron. I can add and subtract, however, and I have eyes and ears.

"Joe's uncle made his fortune wheeling and dealing in bankrupt properties, ranging from tax-delinquent rooming houses to secondhand-car lots and vacant grocery stores. Joe's official title with the outfit is 'chief accountant'—he is a wizard at figures—but he also functions as his uncle's striker, chore boy and general handyman. Uncle Alvin feels quite free to call our house at any time. There is nothing Joe likes better than to sit down at the phone and meekly accede to a string of outrageous orders, and then ask his uncle's advice about *our* investments.

"I'm positive his basic salary runs between $600 and $700 a month. In addition to his regular job, he picks up another $200 or so a month by doing the bookkeeping and income-tax returns for several of Uncle Alvin's associates. We don't spend all Joe earns by any means. It is almost impossible for me to estimate the value of our various stock-market and real-estate holdings, or the amount of Joe's dividends and profits, but I'm sure we must be worth between $30,000 and $40,000. To my certain knowledge we have $3000 in cash in a savings account; the other day I came across Joe's bankbook, hidden underneath a pile of his shirts.



DON ORNITZ

"Every night he empties his pockets and my purse of all the coins he can find, then like a miser happily feeds the piggy banks."

"But Joe still isn't satisfied. Every night before he goes to bed he empties his pockets and my purse of all the coins he can find. He then happily feeds a row of piggy banks lined up in our living room. Just last month he and I had a knock-down drag-out fight—I loathe fighting—before I could get the money to buy a birthday present for my mother. Before I married Joe I often sent little gifts to my mother and my two unmarried sisters who lead lonely lives in Montana.

"I had no idea Joe would be the kind of husband who treasures every dime and behaves as though his wife's earnings were his exclusive property. When we were introduced I was newly arrived in Los Angeles, twenty-seven years old, and, to my regret, was a divorcée. At thirty-one Joe was still a bachelor. I was astonished that such an attractive man had escaped all the single girls. Later on he told me that until the evening he met me he hadn't been interested in marriage because he'd found the vast majority of women were grasping and mercenary. I laughed off the remark. I supposed he was quoting from his Uncle Alvin, who *hates* women.

"However, I was careful to make few demands. I cooked dinner for him in my apartment whenever he cared to come. In those days we had wonderful times. During our courtship he wasn't stingy. It now seems incredible, but he took me to top restaurants, bought theater tickets in the orchestra, learned to bowl because it was my favorite form of recreation. I soon fell in love with Joe, deeply in love, but I waited six or seven months before I accepted his proposal. I had been badly shaken by my previous failure as a wife. But Joe was completely unlike Harry, who was hopelessly irresponsible.

"At that time Joe's industry and ambition struck me as wonderful, and I was able to ignore his repeated cracks about the greed, selfishness and all-around idiocy of the feminine sex. Anyhow, I finally decided I could convince him with loving, unselfish deeds that there was one woman in the world—me!—who wasn't out to get everything she could from a man.

"I grew up with few advantages. My father drifted from one job to another, and in my childhood I always lived in rented, rattletrap houses. My first husband and I occupied a furnished room, and I paid the rent. When I said yes to Joe I knew exactly what kind of house I wanted for us—ranch-type, three bedrooms, two baths, an L-shaped kitchen with a built-in double oven. The night he gave me my engagement ring—a nice ring too—I gave up my dream of a dream house.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



To have a successful marriage, one must concentrate on making the marriage a success. But at the start of married life many husbands and wives have had so little training in cooperation, so little experience of it, that they fail to give the marriage the right-of-way. Marriage counseling frequently consists mainly in heading the partners toward the marriage instead of away from it, and helping them to see what they can do easily as a team, instead of two persons pulling in opposite directions. This was essentially the road to success in the marriage of Ina and Joe, here described, which was counseled by Mrs. Kay Sinclair. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., the American Institute of Family Relations.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"It turned out that Joe already owned a house—a huge, drafty house on a run-down block miles from my office. A *two-family dwelling!* Joe said we could live there at no expense because our tenants' rent would carry the taxes, repairs, mortgage payments. I was appalled by the idea.

"We did the redecorating ourselves. I had expected we would hire a professional painter. One evening the wife of his tenant—she is still our next-door neighbor—dropped in and introduced herself. She congratulated me on my skill with a paintbrush and told Joe he was awfully lucky to be marrying such an energetic wife. Joe laughed and said it wasn't luck; that he was trying me out in advance. To this day I can recall the queer blank feeling that swept over me.

"I wanted wall-to-wall carpeting and real draperies instead of cheap glass curtains; I have never had real draperies. The night Joe ruled out draperies and carpeting I was tempted to break our engagement. I didn't say a word, not one. Somehow I couldn't get up the nerve to tell him how I longed for a few luxuries. For some reason, I went along with whatever he suggested like a person hypnotized.

"I certainly was under his spell the day I lost control of my own earnings. It was shortly before our wedding and Joe was explaining to me the merits of the budget he had figured out for us to follow. In the midst of the budget pep talk Joe pointed out that I had made good wages for years without saving anything, and it might be best for him to handle both our paychecks until we accumulated what he called a 'nest egg.' I agreed. In fact, I was so dumb and so much in love that I signed a sort of premarital contract drawn up by him, in which I promised to stick to that original budget unless he agreed in writing to changes.

"Our honeymoon trip started out fine. In the beginning our sexual relationship was perfect. We went to a glamorous hotel in San Francisco for the weekend and flew on to a Canadian lodge where we were scheduled to stay two weeks. On Friday of our first week Joe happened to see a newspaper and he learned there had been a drop in the stock market. He canceled the remainder of our trip; we returned home, and on Monday morning both of us reported back at our desks.

"Joe is quite indifferent to the embarrassment that his miserliness causes me both at home and in the office. Because he has always toted a lunch box to work he argues that I should be willing to carry sandwiches to my office. I am so strapped for pocket money that I habitually owe small sums everywhere—to the office petty-cash account, to the drugstore, to the garage for five gallons of gas.

"I was chosen by the big bosses to be head supervisor mainly because of my popularity among the scores of girls in the stenographic pool. One of the reasons for my popularity is that I am captain of the company bowling team. Just last June Joe tried to keep me from attending the annual out-of-town tournament held by all the Pacific Coast branches of my company. He objected to my parting with the necessary expense money. So I held back a paycheck on him (as I've done occasionally) and went. When I came home Joe didn't compliment me on our victory, and he sneered at my silver trophy.

"His penny pinching damages him in his own field, limits his potential. He is a mathematical genius. What he should do is throw up his job with his uncle and go on his own. He is so obsessed with the thought of Uncle Alvin's money—he appears to believe the secret of the million might miraculously rub off on him—that he refuses to resign. In Joe's opinion, his uncle is perfect. He thinks it's dandy of Uncle Alvin to provide him with a new-model car every other year, pay for the insurance and the gasoline.

"Joe drives to the farthest reaches of town at any hour at his uncle's bidding; he performs the most menial chores. Several weeks ago he and I had one of our rare engagements—Joe is too busy for fun—and he was unconscionably late. Finally, in my car, I tracked him down in a dingy apartment building his uncle had just acquired. He was on his hands and knees scrubbing the public lobby. He said the experience would come in handy when he and I owned apartment buildings.

"I don't want to own an apartment building at some hazy date in the distant future. I want to own a nice home, with a modern kitchen, right now! I want to have a little pleasure and a few good times while I'm young enough to enjoy myself. I want to give modest presents to my relatives and friends without feeling guilty. I want some pretty clothes. I have frequently reminded Joe that we now have a nest egg, and have suggested that we start living like other people. My words make no impression on him.

"Perhaps if he and I could have had children he might have learned a little generosity. I've had no luck at becoming pregnant, although last year I visited a number of different gynecologists for help. Joe does want children, I think. But I've just about reached the point where I don't want a child by him.

"His stinginess has spoiled our sexual relationship, which was once ideal. I used to love to put my arms around him, but now I shrink from his touch. It's been several months since we've shared the same bed. I used to enjoy bowling with Joe, but now I won't bowl with him. He was a poor sport when his side lost. He complained about the price of every frame and if it was his turn to pick up the food or beverage tab he usually managed to outfumble the other men.

"When I bowl I go by myself. I stay away from home and away from Joe as late at night as possible. If I had the courage to let people find out I had failed again in marriage, I honestly believe I would sue for a divorce."

JOE TELLS HIS SIDE:

"I was brought up in the belief that wives who loved their husbands were ambitious for their men to succeed," thirty-five-year-old Joe announced with complete conviction. "I am sure Ina married me—she took her own sweet time to accept my ring—mainly because she had me tagged as a financial winner. But Ina is like all women; she wants to eat her cake and have it too. She wants plush living now and she also wants comfort and security in the future.

"She can't have it both ways. Ina is intelligent enough to realize we are building a solid foundation for the future. She should sympathize with the problems facing me. At my age Uncle Alvin, who started from scratch just like me, already had his first million. My uncle wasn't hobbled by today's tax structure. In the light of modern conditions, I've done well. Tomorrow morning I could call on my banker for a loan of $75,000 and with my collateral there is no question I would get the loan. Not many men of thirty-five are in that position.

"If Ina was the average wife she would boast of my accomplishments. She should be happy to carry her share of the load and for the time being help me round out our investment program with her earnings. She should be willing to live with a budget that allows for everything a sensible woman could possibly require. At this moment there are twenty-three pairs of shoes in Ina's closet; I counted them just yesterday. In the four years of our marriage I have bought two pairs of shoes while she has bought seventeen pairs, as I can show you by my account books.

"Before our marriage Ina and I discussed my hopes and ambitions at length. She clearly understood and she approved of my plans for us. Indeed, she agreed in writing to abide by the terms of our budget and to help me accumulate working capital by investing her earnings for our mutual benefit.

"Last year she held back her paycheck on nine different occasions. In the process she dribbled away more than one thousand dollars. As a direct consequence she and I lost the opportunity to make an investment last November, highly recommended by my uncle, that has tripled in value. What did Ina buy with the money she wasted? Clothes, recreation, gifts. Those unnecessary shoes. Two dresses, three pairs of Capri pants with blouses, one wool suit, stockings and underwear. She needed the suit and underwear and perhaps a third of the stockings she acquired.

"Two years ago Ina begged me for a sewing machine so she could 'save money' on clothes. Shortly afterward I attended an auction and bid in at a bargain the model she wanted, still in the original packing case. I surprised her with the sewing machine as an advance birthday present. She has done no sewing. And when her birthday rolled around, she declared the sewing machine wasn't a 'real' present and that I owed her another gift.

"Every week of our marriage Ina has spent money, a remarkable amount of money, on bowling. In June of last year, according to my books, she blew in $97.65 at an out-of-town tournament. The cost of her bowling averaged out last year at $39 a month, a mathematical fact she hotly disputes.

"In addition to buying unnecessary clothes for herself, Ina bought clothes for her mother and two unmarried sisters. Her Christmas gift to her mother, who lives on a Montana ranch and rarely goes out socially, was an expensive fur-trimmed coat. Her mother's *birthday* gift from Ina was a fur-trimmed suit. Both sisters received coats, hats and gloves for Christmas, and Ina concealed from me what she sent on their birthdays.

"Whenever I speak of this absurdity, Ina flares up and says I am too selfish and stingy to help my family. My parents would tell you a different story, although I know better than to send them clothing. My father is no money-maker and mother's clothes are limited, but she wouldn't thank me for a fur-trimmed coat. In fact, my parents and my two married brothers, neither of whom is rich in anything but children, would think I had lost my common sense and was trying to lord it over them if I lavished needless, costly gifts on them.



"Sometimes I think I married too young. I went right from homework to housework."

"When I help my parents and my brothers, I help in practical ways. Five years ago I saw to it that my eldest brother, Harold, the father of six children, was able to borrow a large down payment on a commodious house, which means his monthly charges are small. Earlier, with Uncle Alvin's co-operation, I arranged in a similar fashion for my kid brother to buy a trailer truck, avoid the usual heavy service charges, and have a means of earning a decent livelihood for himself and his family.

"My parents own their home, but my father is retired. Over the past few years I've devoted hours of my time—time is money, you know—to assure them an adequate income. I invested and reinvested their pitiful savings until now they have $10,000 in liquid assets plus a fair yield in dividends.

"At one time my father was a high-salaried automotive engineer, but he is impractical, unrealistic and a profound pessimist, and I have never felt close to him. When I was still in elementary school a mild recession in Flint, Michigan, cost father his job and his courage too. He never recovered from the blow. While he sat at home and bemoaned his fate mother bustled around doing odd jobs to support us and vainly seeking to re-establish him.

"During that period my Uncle Alvin, her only brother, came on from California and I met him. He stayed in our house overnight. I can still remember Uncle Alvin peeling bills from a big roll held by a rubber band. His visit made quite an impression on me. That same week my mother carried a letter of introduction my uncle wrote for her to the president of the Michigan title company that held the mortgage on our house.

"Because of Uncle Alvin's letter my unemployed father was offered an adequately paid but lower-status job, which he reluctantly accepted. He was put in charge of superintending the maintenance and repairs on all the houses, apartments, office and loft buildings on the title-company list. Many an afternoon as a schoolboy I worked under father's direction cleaning furnaces, replacing broken window panes, shoveling snow, burning trash. I hated the work, but I liked the wages.

"Way back in those days, at the age of nine and ten, I kept two piggy banks going. I wouldn't come home for supper unless I had earned a minimum of eleven cents. One afternoon I recall I vainly looked everywhere for chores, eventually stopped in a restaurant. The owner kept me washing dishes until eleven P.M., but I was paid a dollar. My mother didn't scold me for being late. Instead she warmed up supper for me and told my brothers I was the family go-getter.

"Unlike my wife, my mother has always been pleased by my ambition. She went with me to the bank on the day I opened my first savings account; for a woman, mother has a sound financial head. Most kids throw away their money as though money was a free commodity. Few kids understand that money begets money. Before I entered junior high I was lending other boys twenty-five cents to buy sodas for their girls, and collecting thirty-five cents at the end of the week. Mother wrote Uncle Alvin a number of times about my progress, but he isn't much of a correspondent and we never heard from him.

"Ten years ago at the age of twenty-five I found myself with my education completed and earning $500 a month, but I was stuck in Flint with a dead-end industry. One evening I wrote Uncle Alvin a long, detailed letter tabulating my qualifications, experience, current salary, hopes for the future. I offered to travel West at my own expense for an interview with him and to accept any job in his organization regardless of its prestige, at any salary he proposed. I heard from him by airmail, the first and only letter I've ever got from him. He offered me a salary of $250 a month—a 50 per cent cut, you may observe—to become his assistant and chief accountant.

"Even now as I approach my tenth full year in my uncle's employ, I work for considerably less than I am worth and I handle many tedious assignments. No money could buy the postgraduate education I have gained from

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEW TOLL HOUSE OATMEAL COOKIE

TOLL HOUSE OATMEAL COOKIES—Makes 50 cookies

- ¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ tsp. soda
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup soft butter or shortening
- 6 tbsp. granulated sugar
- 6 tbsp. brown sugar
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- ¼ tsp. water
- 1 egg
- 1 cup Quaker or Mother's Oats, uncooked
- 1 six-oz. pkg. (1 cup) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels

Heat oven to moderate (375°F.). Sift together flour, soda and salt; set aside. Blend butter, sugars, vanilla and water. Beat in egg. Add flour mixture; mix well. Stir in oats and chocolate morsels. Drop by rounded half-teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheets. Bake in preheated oven (375°F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

Now, America's two top favorite cookies (Toll House® and Oatmeal) are combined into delicious Toll House Oatmeal Cookies. So easy to make with richer-flavored Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels and wonderful Quaker Oats.

AND HERE ARE 3 MORE GREAT NEW COOKIES MADE WITH QUAKER OATS AND NESTLÉ'S® CHOCOLATE MORSELS

Toll House® Oatmeal Marble Squares





Harlequin Dippers

Scotch Toffee

GET ALL THESE NEW COOKIE RECIPES IN SPECIALLY MARKED PACKAGES OF QUAKER OATS NOW



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same.



Flavors you love . . . Nestlé's makes best!

Only Fleischmann's

brings you two delicious margarines

made from 100% Corn Oil



Also sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

GIVE YOUR FAMILY HIGH NUTRITION WITH FLEISCHMANN'S CORN OIL MARGARINE!

Unlike most margarines, Fleischmann's is not a mixture of oils. The only oil used in making Fleischmann's is 100% corn oil . . . partially hydrogenated to help give Fleischmann's a flavor so delicious you can scarcely believe it. Get lightly salted Fleischmann's Margarine in the golden foil package in your grocer's refrigerated case.

New Unsalted Margarine is Ideal for Restricted Diets–Contains Liquid Corn Oil!

New Fleischmann's Unsalted (Sweet) Margarine is ideal for salt-free diets because it's unsalted. Ideal for high-poly-unsaturate diets . . . contains almost one cup of liquid corn oil, in addition to partially hydrogenated corn oil. Get it in your grocer's frozen food case (*not* the refrigerated case).



Also sold on West Coast in familiar cube form.

FRESH FROZEN

IN YOUR GROCER'S FROZEN FOOD CASE!

Fleischmann's CORN OIL MARGARINES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Uncle Alvin. My opportunity to study his business methods, his way of sizing up a piece of real estate, evaluating a stock issue, a complicated commercial deal, has already guided me into a number of fine investments. I've made many valuable business contacts through Uncle Alvin.

"Someday—a day not too far off, in my opinion—I'm bound to hit and then Ina will be the wife of a rich man. She has only to be patient. Actually, she is sacrificing very little. Our home is old-fashioned, but it's a better house than Ina ever lived in before, and it's mortgage-free. She owns a paid-up car, with the title in her name.

"She now feels abused if I hint that she might economize on the gasoline and oil she burns while pleasure-driving. She tells everybody I am tightfisted in the matter of recreation, and take her nowhere. Three or four evenings a week she goes bowling and will not permit me to accompany her. She doesn't mind that I get lonesome. When she does come in at a late hour, she tosses a cool hello at me. For months I have been forbidden her bed.

"Like all men, I want children. Ina used to profess that she, too, was eager to start a family. Last year she and I visited several leading specialists in order to discover why she had not become pregnant. Apparently there is nothing really wrong with either of us, but the fact remains that we have no children.

"Our marriage has drawbacks, but it has compensations. I would prefer more companionship, affection and tenderness—my wife often says that she stays with me only because she dreads to admit a second failure—but I admire Ina's ability, her good qualities. In my estimation she and I are better off together than we would be apart. She would be foolish to divorce a man with my prospects."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Frankly, I was doubtful I could be of help in this case. Ina and Joe had a number of strikes against them. On the surface both young people appeared to be stubborn and inflexible, unequal to the hard work of making habit changes and personality changes.

"Joe's hostility to the feminine sex was obvious; Ina's hostility to the masculine sex, an attitude probably borrowed from a disappointed, overworked mother, was only slightly less obvious. This hostility was demonstrated by her jealousy of Uncle Alvin. Joe disclosed his antiwoman bias not only by his tiresome gibes but by jealousy of Ina's mother and sisters.

"During our initial interviews it seemed to me that neither Joe nor Ina had much interest either in improving their marriage or in preserving it. She appeared to be little concerned with Joe and his needs as a human being. She seemed more concerned with (a) her prowess as a bowler, and (b) with what people, particularly her kinfolk, might think of her if she filed for a second divorce. Joe struck me as callous and self-centered, a genuine miser, a man whose preoccupation with acquiring money had frozen him emotionally.

"I found out I was badly mistaken in my first impressions. It soon developed that Ina was far more important to Joe than money; indeed, that he was very dependent on her, that to keep her as a wife he was willing to make drastic concessions. What I had overlooked was that Joe envied Uncle Alvin his riches, but was anything but envious of his uncle's loveless, bachelor life.

"In my third interview with Joe I bluntly informed him that though it was easy for him to find pleasure in the assets he was piling up, it was virtually impossible for Ina. All the decisions, the kudos, the gratifications were his. From her point of view her youth was slipping away in dull making do and doing without. Though I could appreciate his desire to provide for their future security, I predicted that unless he loosened the purse strings she was almost certain to rebel against the constant strain and walk out on him. It was clear Joe had previously written off Ina's threats of divorce as mere woman talk, nothing serious. His consternation was plain. His action was immediate.

"To Ina's astonishment (and mine) Joe proved in one weekend how much his marriage meant to him. He devoted the weekend to studying his various account books. At our Monday interview he voluntarily modified his ideas on household spending.

"To begin with, he agreed that Ina could spend $75 a month (which she had earned, of course) exactly as she chose and without explanations to him. Oddly enough, Joe's jealousy of his in-laws diminished as soon as he allowed Ina to stop reporting on the gifts she was sending them. He took a second unprecedented step and opened a joint checking account. His dour conviction that a joint account would lead to wild bookkeeping confusion wasn't justified by events. Ina has seldom slipped in balancing her checkbook and almost always remembers to fill in her stubs. In a third step, Joe explained his investment program to Ina in detail. She was delighted to be the recipient of his confidences and as a natural consequence she became less resistant to his determined efforts to save and to plan ahead.

"As she came to comprehend the fun Joe and Uncle Alvin got from their commercial exploits and dickering, she learned to share in the fun by cheering for Joe. This took time. It also took time for Joe to understand that his subservience to his uncle was expensive to his self-respect and lowered him in the eyes of the older man. But Joe finally grasped this point. With considerable trepidation he announced he was quitting the organization to open a private office.

"Results were quick. When Joe's Uncle Alvin realized that he could no longer exploit his talented nephew, that he might lose his

Let your every act and word and thought be those of a man ready to depart from life this moment. MARCUS AURELIUS

services, he atoned handsomely. Joe's salary was raised by one third, he was cut in for a small percentage of the net profits of the business, and his duties were permanently upgraded.

"Joe's concessions and changes eased the roadway to change for Ina. After he abandoned his unpleasant cracks at women, she easily learned to curb her unkind remarks. She ceased to torment Joe with statements that fear of gossip and maternal disapproval rather than love for him, bound her to the marriage. In my opinion, Ina was much fonder of Joe than she herself knew; otherwise, she wouldn't have tolerated his budgetary demands and bullying for so long. In her own way, she was as dependent on Joe as he on her. Through counseling, she became aware of the fact.

"Ina acknowledged that her expert bowling—she was far superior to the average man—might account in part for Joe's poor sportsmanship and could hardly be expected to recommend the game to him. She resigned from three of the five leagues to which she belonged. Nowadays she declines to bowl on an evening he cannot accompany her, unless he is busy with a rare overtime job. She doesn't leave him rattling around at home, alone and lonesome. Joe's game has improved with practice—and now they mostly bowl in partnership.

"They still occupy the old-fashioned house but recently they installed a modern kitchen and Ina is now pleased with her home. As yet they have no children, but it isn't for lack of effort. A year ago Ina's gynecologist suggested that a long period of absolute leisure might lead to pregnancy. She requested and received a six-month leave of absence from her employers. Her hopes and Joe's hopes were not fulfilled.

"Shortly afterward Joe dropped by my office with the bad news. I sympathized with him. As we parted, he grinned ruefully and said his financial affairs were booming, that it seemed highly likely he and Ina would have their first million before they had their first child."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by

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"SEE-LEVEL" BROILING! Now the best way to broil is the most convenient! You can see, you can supervise . . . and yet, because it's Gas, you still broil with the broiler-door shut . . . neither you nor your kitchen get overheated!



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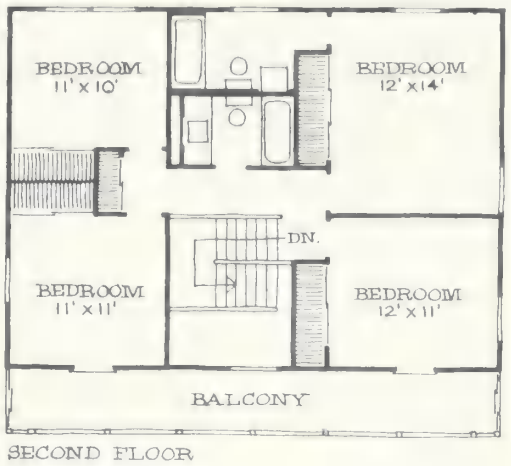
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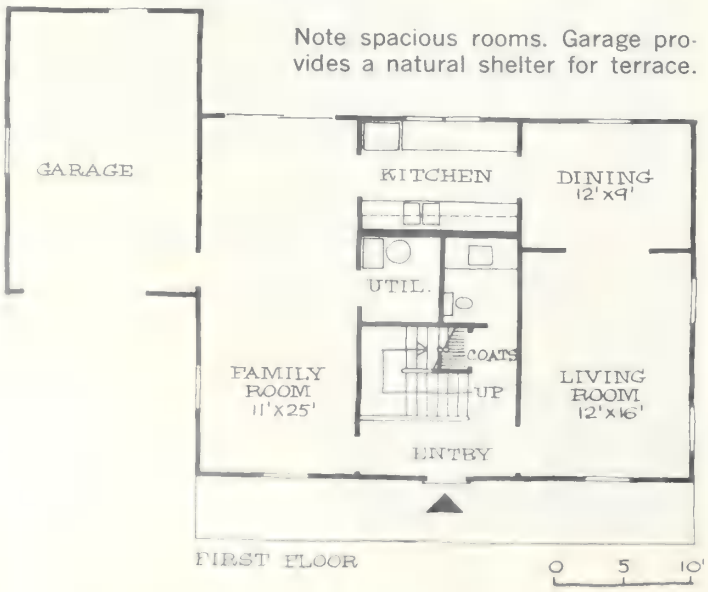
Bedrooms open to balcony for enjoyment of balmy Southern evenings.

A BALCONY FOR BEAUTY

By JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR



SECOND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR

Note spacious rooms. Garage provides a natural shelter for terrace.

In today's swing toward two-story houses for more space, we have run into a problem of styling—how to make a compact, high house look as friendly and sheltering as a snug, low ranch house.

This 4-bedroom, 2½-bath house in Jacksonville, Florida, presents one answer. Its balcony relieves the boxiness and gives it warmth and sheltering grace. The styling is simple and uncluttered, with just enough proved Southern Colonial features to give it a fine sense of permanence.

The two-story plan pays off in luxurious space—four good-sized bedrooms upstairs and a huge family room downstairs, in addition to the living room, separate dining room, and kitchen. And the house can also be built with a full basement for even more space.

This manufactured house is available in twelve Southeastern states, but the design would be delightful practically anywhere.

Area, with brick veneer: 1966 sq. ft.
Cost: $18,000 up plus land

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Style shown, "Santa Barbara" club sofa with Beautyrest® mattress and multi-tweed upholstery, $429.50. Others from $199.95.

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

One of our town's neurotic Lotharios fell in love with a model pictured winking in a perfume ad. He'll buy a gallon of the perfume if he can take her (ahem!) to lunch next time he's in New York.

A psychiatrist I know is going after the tot trade. "The healthiest thing to teach a child," he tells me, "is to say 'I goofed!'"

Two of our town's gilt-edged execs rode home during the winter's worst blizzard on a neighbor farmer's horse. One of 'em with briefcase under his arm even tipped his homburg to a farmwife who peeped at him as he rode by.

Shucks, all the lovebirds in our town quarrel. I got a play-by-play of a newlyweds' tiff; they quarreled over whether she was miraculous or merely wonderful.

On April Fools' Day my poise survives immaculate; I am a debonair butt of any and all jokes, partly because I feel a bit of a fool on the first of *every* month.

If no women are listening, we men might as well confess that a woman's ardent smile is the Golden Fleece, the Holy Grail, the pot of gold, the sedative, the opiate, the restorative.

I know a highbrow who has tried for twenty years to read Sandburg's four-volume Lincoln. He's failed, and now he's paying $7.50 for a one-volume condensation.

Our young captain's blond wife swears she loves life in the Tactical Air Command and will love it even better when she breaks 100 on Langley Field's golf links.

I'll surprise my Dream Girl by pretending the twenty-fifth of every month is Christmas. . . . With presents too; but on December 25 we agree to give only one present to each beloved.

When the stingiest millionaire takes his family to the pancake palace for brunch, his wife orders only coffee, but snacks off his plate like a madman. He grudgingly admires this.

Fame at last! I'm renowned locally as the inventor of a new hors d'oeuvre: peanut butter on a crisp biscuit, with a dash of horseradish. Some of our older families are reserving their verdict.

Luckily, the 1962 bride needn't worry too much about her cooking if her supermarket carries a good brand of tinned beef stroganoff or chicken cacciatore.

If you see a lone feminine driver snorting through traffic at a fast clip early in the day, be gallant: she's probably a teacher a few minutes late to her first class.

"Spring is busting out all over," murmurs Betty Comfort, prodding a snowbank for the first crocus, "but a little more to the south of us."

I still remember fondly the preacher's daughter who uttered the shortest grace I ever heard: "For this bountiful repast, O Lord, thanks awfully."

I have moments when I think a general could instill more patriotism into his raw recruits by reading aloud to 'em Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie* than by making an original speech.

. . . When my daughter-in-law creates for me a work of art to show waitresses how I'd like my tea served in two pots,
. . . Or Patrick goes through his tonsillectomy with the gallant courage of a member of the Foreign Legion,
. . . And Harlan III promises mischievously to put a frog in my ear,
. . . Or my daughter and her man send me Picasso and Van Gogh art books despite their secret belief that I'm a lowbrow,
. . . And my Dream Girl condenses her corrections of my peccadilloes to fewer than 100 words, smilingly,
Then I soar like Icarus on wings of wax and feathers, and the warm sun cheers my shoulder blades, and I sip a toast to wedlock.



"Ralph really has only one fault. He can't seem to do anything right."

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New G.E. 18.8-cu.-ft. Refrigerator

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Freeze-N-Store Ice Service—just flip the trays over and the ice cubes pop right into their own storage bin! Refill trays right in the freezer with a pitcher of water, end trips to and from the sink.

All this, plus Swing-Out Shelves, Mobile Cold to keep meat fresh up to 7 days and famous General Electric quality—7 million General Electric refrigerators in use 10 years or longer.

See the new Spacemaker, and the wide assortment of other General Electric Refrigerators, at your dealer's. Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.

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"It was touch and go with your baby for a while, Alice, but she's fine. That new fetal-heart-monitoring machine was quite a help."



TELL ME DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I just wanted to tell you I'm starting for the hospital, Doctor." Alice Winston's voice over the phone was as gay as if she were off to a party.

"The contractions are coming regularly?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, every five minutes. Look, Doctor, it wasn't *my* idea to have this baby right in the middle of your office hours. *Please* don't come over until they send for you. I don't want all those other pregnant girls to have to go home without seeing you."

Alice Winston, who had worked as a registered nurse before her marriage, was a delightful patient. Her consideration for the doctor's office schedule was characteristic. This was Alice's third baby, her pregnancy had been normal in all respects. She had trained in the very maternity ward where she was to be delivered. The interns and Miss Elliott, the maternity supervisor, the doctor knew, would see that she had every attention.

"Well, Alice, if you're absolutely sure—I do have some rather urgent matters here. I'll be over as soon as I have finished with them. Unless, of course, Miss Elliott should call in the meantime."

However, the doctor's waiting room was still full when Miss Elliott phoned. "Doctor, we've been noticing that when Alice Winston has a contraction, especially a strong one, the baby's heart tones slow quite noticeably. Occasionally there's just a little irregularity in the rhythm too. Alice suspects something is going on, we've been listening to the baby's heart tones so often, but she's being an angel about it."

"I'm starting this minute," the doctor said. "Have the surgery ready for emergency Caesarean section. And keep taking those heart tones. By the way, since Alice already knows something is up and is so level-headed, why don't you set up that new fetal-heart-tone monitor we've been trying out, while I'm on my way over?"

When the doctor stepped into the labor room, he could hear the gentle pulsations of the heart of Alice's unborn baby, sounding through the room in the way he would hear them through his stethoscope, but exaggerated. The fetal-heart-tone monitor, a machine which looked a good deal like a television set, was already installed. Miss Elliott, the senior resident and two interns were watching while the technician fussed with wires attached to Alice's abdomen.

Alice was calm but said, making a little face, "The contractions are getting pretty strong, Doctor. I don't mind that so much. But when they're going on, I can't hear the baby's heart tones."

The doctor, applying his own stethoscope to Alice's abdomen, found that the baby's heart was slowing abnormally during the contractions. "When the uterine muscles contract, Alice," he explained, "they often make little noises of their own, which muffle the baby's heart tones temporarily. But I'm going to be honest with you. Your baby's heart-rate variations are greater than average, and there is an occasional quite irregular heartbeat. Nothing to be alarmed about, just something to watch."

At that precise moment the soft sound of the baby's pulse faltered as it came through the machine, missed a beat or two, picked up in a quick, irregular rhythm, then fell back into a regular, reassuring sequence.

The doctor said, as though nothing had happened, "How would you like to see some pictures of your baby's heart action, Alice?" He pointed to the screen of the fetal-heart monitor, where now little tracings were appearing. "Your own heartbeat is registering in that larger line of pen scratches. The little 'blip' there, as we call it, is the baby's. The tracings are on the order of an electrocardiogram. To have the picture in addition to the sound is helpful, because it doesn't blur during the contractions."

While Alice followed the tracings on the screen the doctor examined her, at the same time unobtrusively inspecting her pads and linens. There was no sign of meconium, and that was good. The appearance of meconium, fecal matter from the fetus, is one of the indications that a baby in the womb, or started through the birth canal, may be in trouble.

Alice closed her eyes as she experienced another contraction. "I can't make much out of those blips, Doctor, except that they seem to be pretty jerky. Do they show there is something wrong with my baby's heart? Maybe a congenital defect?"

"I wouldn't say so. More likely, the irregularity is merely reflecting the amount of oxygen the baby is getting. There may be some slight interference with the cord circulation that has cut down the baby's blood supply a bit."

Alice showed alarm for the first time. "What if it gets worse?"

"We could do a Caesarean within fifteen minutes, if necessary. But your labor has been going along excellently, you are very nearly ready for delivery. The head is so far down, in fact, that we could extract it with forceps if we had to, before the baby could become seriously affected. We may as well take you to the delivery room, you are so well dilated and far along."

As the doctor started to replace the sheet over Alice, there was a show of meconium. Alice was not aware of it, and the doctor's face betrayed nothing. He didn't appear to hurry, but once in the hall he issued swift orders. Within six minutes Alice was in the delivery room. Five minutes were used to administer saddle-block anesthesia; within a few minutes after that the patient was scrubbed and draped. The doctor and his assistants were ready too.

The "heart monitor," as the staff had taken to calling it, had been moved to the delivery room. Again, except during the hardest contractions, they could hear the baby's pulsebeat, soft but quite regular. The saddle block was relieving Alice's pain, but would not interfere either with the contractions of the uterus or with the baby's oxygen supply. To increase this supply, Alice was given some oxygen inhalations.

"The baby's about ready," the doctor said. Just then its heart sounds stopped briefly, began again very slowly. There was a copious

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ischarge of meconium. But the cervix was ufficiently dilated. With the aid of low forceps a little girl, slightly bluer and more listless than normal, was quickly but gently delivered. The complete placenta followed immediately—an unusual occurrence, to say the least.

As soon as the baby had left the birth anal, the sound of her heartbeat stopped, as ell as the little blip in the tracing on the creen, though the scratches representing lice's heart action continued. The sudden lence affected the attendants strongly. They atched, awestruck, while the doctor unound two complete loops of the cord from round the baby's neck, clamped and cut the ord and laid the baby gently but quickly in n oxygen-treated bassinet. She gurgled and pit, breathed deeply, grew pinker, let out a sty yell, and immediately stuck her little st into her open mouth. It seemed to the doctor that everyone in the delivery room started reathing again simultaneously.

By the next morning, Alice was sufficiently covered to learn what had happened. "You e one of our medical family; I'm going to be ank with you," the doctor told her. "It was close shave for the baby. A complete knot as tied in the cord, besides two loops around r neck. She must have been doing some etty fancy gymnastics shortly before she was orn. At least, I didn't catch any heart irregurities on your last office visit. The shortened rd pulled so hard on the placenta as the baby

e number of babies being born in the nited States is increasing every year; the mber of doctors is decreasing in proportn. Leading obstetricians are calling for e training of more nurse-midwives to ast doctors in pregnancy and childbirth ses.

r information about the nurse-midwife ining and the special schools that proe it, write to the Maternity Center Assotion, 48 East 92nd St., New York 28, N.Y.

cended that it was actually pulling the centa loose from the wall of the uterus, ting off oxygen to the baby. We were lucky this one, Alice."

Did the machine save my baby's life?"

No. You owe that to our fine staff here, o caught the heart irregularities and noti- me before the machine had been set up. at the machine did was to provide a conous record of the baby's heart action, doaway with the necessity for constant moning by stethoscope. Also, the machine gives he attendants an idea of what is happening ne baby before birth. It's good for teaching and I believe that it can be quite a help to n our campaign to cut down the loss of y lives."

A campaign, Doctor? Do tell me something ut it!"

t's simply that we obstetricians are conrating now on saving a higher proportion ewborns. I think we have a right to be d of our record in cutting down maternal tality. Though, of course, we won't be fied so long as there is one mother death could have been prevented. But we feel is much to be done toward reducing baby ns. We are making that our goal."

hat's wonderful! How do you propose to ?"

number of committees are studying the lem; they will probably come up with a answers. I would say offhand that one of mportant things is to watch more closely rly danger signals—heavier-than-normal ing, heart irregularities, the appearance conium. You didn't know it, Alice, but was a discharge of meconium just after I finished examining you. That's why I ed you off to the delivery room so rap-

isproportions between the size of the and the birth canal can and should be l out in advance. We can pay more atn to the position of the baby in the womb o its movements, for indications of a shortened cord, or partial prolapse of the cord."

"I should have thought of that myself, Doctor," Alice said. "The baby did seem unusually lively, but it didn't occur to me to report to you."

"It might have helped if you had. As I am sure you know, the great foe to the baby at the time of birth is oxygen shortage. We might have started vitamin K as much as a week in advance of delivery, though it can be administered directly before a birth. It seems to cut down the danger of bleeding especially cerebral hemorrhage in the baby, which is the commonest cause of death or brain damage at the time of birth. It is especially valuable in premature births. Lately, though, there's been some indication of unfavorable effect on the baby's blood. Oxygen inhalations, too, such as you had, given the mother at time of delivery, may be lifesaving for certain babies.

"Then we need to guard against labors that are too long, or fatiguing or difficult. Forceps or Caesarean section in these cases often can save a baby that would otherwise be lost."

"Since we are talking frankly, Doctor, how about more careful use of anesthesia?" Alice suggested. "During my nursing days, more than once I saw a baby born in poor condition when the mother was heavily anesthetized, or oversedated."

"A great deal of attention is being given to anesthesia and sedatives, Alice," the doctor told her. "And it's another point where I believe the fetal-heart-monitoring machine can be very useful. The continuous record it furnishes of the baby's heart action helps us know what kind of anesthesia will be best from the baby's standpoint. And it indicates when to cut down on anesthesia or pain-killers to the mother."

"Won't the machine do away with the necessity to have a highly trained person—the doctor or interns, even registered nurses—in constant attendance during labor, Doctor? I know what a shortage of trained personnel there is today."

"No, Alice, never! That would be a grave misuse. No machine can take the place of a trained person on hand from the time labor starts, alert for any or all signals of distress from the baby. That's where the rub comes in, so far as our new campaign is concerned. The patient's own doctor should be there from the start of labor whenever he can, and there by all means if he suspects trouble may develop. I would have met you at the hospital, Alice, office patients or no office patients, if I had known of the baby's unusual liveliness, and the possibility of cord involvement.

"But as you know, it isn't always possible for the doctor to be there, and the situation is likely to get worse. We obstetricians are becoming something of a diminishing breed. There are fewer young men in training, in relation to the increase in the number of babies being born every year. A lot more of you nurses should take the special midwife course. It's a great pity that the program has been held back by antagonism in some quarters, but mostly by inertia."

"Don't look at me, Doctor! I'm going to have my hands plenty full at home, for a long time to come."

"I didn't mean you individually, Alice, so much as nurses as a group. A dedicated maternity nurse like Miss Elliott probably saves more baby lives than I do. To save all the babies that can be saved, we doctors are going to need whole platoons of people like Miss Elliott to help us."

Just then a student nurse brought in the new baby, for the brief suckling period prescribed before the mother's milk comes in. Alice reached her arms out hungrily, pressed the baby close, laid her cheek tenderly against the silky hair. When she looked up, her eyes were wet.

"I can at least talk to all the girls I know about becoming nurse-midwives, and I will. And after my children are in school I think I'll take the midwife training myself—if it will help save other women's babies, the way mine was saved!"

Next Month Dr. Schauffler discusses prevention of pelvic infections.



Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.



BEFORE: Mrs. Purnell didn't mind growing older, but she *did* mind looking that way. "In my youth," she says, "I had some style—now even that was gone."

By DAWN CROWELL NEY
BEAUTY EDITOR

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO LOOK YOUNG



ROGER PRIGENT

AFTER: In three hours she lost ten years, brightened her outlook on life, and amazed *everyone* who saw her (including the editors!).

TODAY, a year later, Mrs. Purnell still looks "terrific"—without a bit of further help from us.



DEAR BEAUTY EDITOR: *I'm one of the millions who have looked at your pictures of "New Faces in Less Than a Day" and wonder what I can do to my "ole" face and hair. Actually, at age fifty-five, I don't know how I should look. I'm too old to look young and too young to look old. Middle age is quite a problem. It would be so nice to know there was something about me that was attractive. Can you help?*

Very truly yours,
MRS. MARGARET PURNELL
Watsontown, Pennsylvania

Convinced there isn't a woman alive who is "too old to look young," yet knowing Mrs. Purnell's beauty worries were typical of many of our readers', we answered that we would be delighted to help. Her "before" picture shows how she looked when she arrived at our Beauty Workshop one morning at nine. Her "after" picture shows the way she looked at noon the same day. The improvement was so dramatic we could hardly believe our *own* eyes. To make sure this was a beauty story that could and would live happily ever after, we decided to postpone using it for a year. In that time we wanted to see how capably Mrs. Purnell could maintain her newly youthful appearance without further attention from us. Her "year later" picture speaks for itself. We believe any woman who wants to look "younger and prettier than ever" can easily tailor this beauty story to her own needs, and have similar success.

List your assets and deficits. Vital statistics working in Mrs. Purnell's favor: even features; a clear complexion; a trim figure (she's 5'6" tall and weighs 135 pounds); a decision to trade in her spectacles for contact lenses. But even with these assets Mrs. Purnell's eighty-year-old mother was once prompted to admonish, "Margaret, please don't be hurt, but you remind me of one of those old ladies at the convalescent home. Why don't you *do* something about your appearance?"

Definite deficits: a harshly severe hairdo pulled back from the face and wound into a tight little "granny knot" in back; an uncared-for face bereft of makeup with the exception of lipstick; eyeglasses, gray-framed and age-making; too starkly tailored clothes. The sum total of her appearance: a dated, dowdy look stemming from lack of know-how combined with a timid and erroneous belief that she was "too old to look young."

Transformation time: 3 hours. The first and most rewarding beauty step for Mrs. Purnell was to have her long hair (thin and wispy at the ends) cut and shaped to a more becoming length. With this more fashionable beginning fullness and flattery were easy to achieve. See how the feathery bang camouflages a too-prominent forehead while the soft lift at sides and crown also "reshapes" her face by creating more youthful roundness.

Next, a temporary hair rinse in a silver-slate shade was chosen to banish Mrs. Purnell's mousy grayness and add a needed look of color vitality and gloss. The rinse is easy for her to apply herself at home, which she has done with confidence from the start, knowing that possible beginner's mistakes could be quickly washed away.

To set her shorter, shinier hair, rollers were used all over the head except for the short side and nape hair, which was curled forward and held on clips. A mild setting lotion to firm the set, followed by the lightest application of hair spray after her comb-out, holds Mrs. Purnell's arrangement from one shampoo to the next with only occasional pinning up of ends through the week.

Wake up with makeup. Mrs. Purnell was thrilled to discover that her washed-out appearance need not be synonymous with middle

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age, any more than her gray hair had to be associated with a "granny" look. It was not a matter of trying to restore lost youth (futile pursuit) but learning how to *keep current* with pretty, appropriate touches that did the trick.

By avoiding too bright or too dark makeup colors, which are harsh on mature complexions, and dipping into the flattering pastel and rosy tones, we were easily able to show Mrs. Purnell how to bring her features into fresh and pretty focus.

Ordinarily we would have prescribed a colorless moisturizing lotion to use evenly and lightly over her face and neck. These preparations protect and soften skin which has become dry, and if used daily soon bring about a long-lasting and enviable dewy freshness. But Mrs. Purnell's skin is on the oily side (which is unusual for someone her age), so a moisture base wasn't necessary. A creamy pink-beige makeup was used to heighten Mrs. Purnell's fading skin tone. When blended sparingly, such makeups are not discernible as "makeup" but successfully provide a youthful and seemingly natural complexion glow. Following came the barest hint of rosy-pink rouge, blended into near-nothingness, and further softened with an all-over dusting of clear beige powder.

Mrs. Purnell's shaggy eyebrows were plucked from underneath to create a prettier center arch and give a clean, well-defined appearance. Brown eyebrow pencil, sketched on lightly and ending in a slight upward curve at the outer corners, gives added lift. Her pale eyelashes responded luxuriously to a rich brown mascara, and a soft, French-blue eye shadow, smoothed on upper eyelids, emphasized the size and color of her eyes. Pink-cherry lipstick, far more flattering than the dark red she had been wearing, completes her makeup—to the tune of compliments wherever she goes.

Final touch: clothes that compliment. Clothes that flatter are always "in fashion." A color that is particularly becoming, a touch of jewelry that brightens your eyes or makes your skin glow, a neckline that "does something" for the shape of your face—these are the little notes that personalize your way of dressing and make you seem quite special.

Naturally, any woman should keep an eye on *basic* trends in fashion if she wants to keep up to date, deferring to such obvious matters as currently popular shoulder widths or hem lengths. But aside from such basics, what your clothes do *for you* is what counts.

For Mrs. Purnell, whose home life is countrified and casual, "fashion" revolved too one-sidedly on serviceable tailored sports clothes with no real thought about what the style or color did for her. By the simple method of trying on a variety of styles in different colors and fabrics (any woman can do this in a store), and by studying them carefully, on herself, she was soon easily able to see how one outfit could be dull and age-making while the next could be dramatically devastating! From her man-tailored shirtwaist (before) to her softly folded chiffon (after), she has learned a lot, filling in these fashion discoveries for herself: softness in fabric can be as flattering as softness in color; high collars and scarves wound closely around the neck are age-making; one strand of medium-length pearls is marvelously becoming; pink and rose tones cast a pretty glow on the skin; black is too severe unless relieved with a ruffle of white or some flattering color near the throat; pleats, partial or all-around, take much of the severity out of a simple tailored dress or suit; shades of gray need to be livened with accent colors: touches of cornflower blue, buttercup yellow or softest pink at the throat.

One year later. Today Mrs. Purnell looks just as young and pretty as she did when she left our office last year. We asked her how she maintains her youthful appearance, and she told us brightly:

"To me, the greatest *single* difference in my appearance is my new hairstyle. The only time I go to a hairdresser now is to have my hair trimmed and, twice a year, to have a permanent. The rest of the time I do it myself. It took lots of practice (I watched how the operator set my hair and made mental notes), but I feel I do a fairly good job. Every two weeks I give myself a shampoo, adding the slate-gray rinse the *Journal* recommended. And because I have a permanent I need to set my hair only once a week. A little hair spray helps keep it in place.

"My entire makeup routine takes about fifteen to twenty minutes, a small price to pay for the returns. Because I wasn't sure of myself at first, I took one makeup lesson and then went home and *practiced*. I don't wear as much during the day as I do in the evening, but then I use foundation and powder, a bit of rouge, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow and eye liner for special occasions (I confess that I'm still not an expert here), mascara and lipstick. Once a month I carefully pluck my eyebrows. Before going to bed, I wash my face with a special soap and water, because cleansing creams are too greasy for my complexion.

"Now I know that browns and tans tend to make me look drab. My favorite colors are blues and greens, and now and then I wear pink, especially in the summer. I'm afraid I feel a little conspicuous in red. Straight or slightly flared skirts, becoming necklines, soft fabrics and attractive accessories are 'musts.' Today when I buy clothes, I'm very critical of what I see in the mirror. And though I don't wear perfume, I find that a little sachet powder makes me feel feminine and has just the slightest hint of a scent.

"My contact lenses have been wonderful—now I wear them all day long and completely forget I'm wearing them!

"I also watch my weight. When I was younger I was quite thin—105 pounds—but as you get older you tend to gain. Whenever I get above 135 pounds, which I feel is about right for my height, I simply cut down on the amount of food I eat each day.

"I'll *never* go back to being 'ole me.' My husband, my friends and I like the 'new me' much too well. I never would have believed it before, but now I'm my own proof that there really is *no* time limit on beauty!" EN



"Notice how much louder noise is than it was when we were kids?"



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Warner's Uncovered Lycra

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

LETTERS THAT NEVER GET MAILED

Among the letters that come to a marriage counselor's desk are many that are written primarily to give vent to the writer's feelings, or "blow off steam," rather than in expectation of specific advice. These quotations are typical: "I just felt I had to tell somebody about my troubles." . . . "Just writing you has made me feel better." . . . "I may not send this letter, but it helped me to write it."

For every such letter we see, many others never get mailed. But these unsent letters serve a useful purpose if they relieve the writer's tension, or help clarify the problem. It is surprising how often the mere definition of a problem suggests a possible solution.

Of course letter writing is an inadequate substitute for personal counseling, particularly if difficulties are deep-rooted and complex. But some people live in areas where no counselor or therapist is available. Others may feel the cost prohibitive. Some troubled individuals fear that merely being seen in a counselor's office amounts to an announcement of serious conflict (particularly in small communities). Finally, many trivial or temporary difficulties (they arise in every marriage) would not warrant professional intervention *if* the aggrieved wife devised some means of relieving her feelings *without* taking it out on her husband.

The next time you feel angry or bitter toward your husband, why not try the letter-writing approach?

Describe your troubles and how you feel about them. Don't worry about spelling or organization. The important thing is to express your feelings spontaneously. If you are hurt or angry, pour out your emotion freely. Be nasty, self-pitying, resentful or even vindictive if that is the way you feel. If you were conferring with a counselor for the first time, he would want you to "ventilate" your feelings. Until this is accomplished, it will be impossible for you to look objectively at the problem. Now lock the document in a safe place. The chances are that you will feel better for having expressed yourself.

Wait three days, then read the letter. Mark out anything that seems unfair or irrelevant, but add anything else that is necessary to fill out the picture. Revise and organize your statements as though you were going to mail your letter to a counselor for his comments. Try to anticipate and answer questions he might raise. Take enough time to make sure you have included all pertinent facts.

Next, define your problem. If you have done a good job of explaining why and how you are troubled, you should now be able to state with some accuracy *what* your problem is. There may be two or three problems. Be as specific as possible in outlining their nature. If the problem is financial and is due to an actual lack of income, that's one thing; the only solution may be for you to get an outside job or to help your husband earn a salary increase. But don't confuse poor money management with lack of income.

Try to evaluate causes, not symptoms. Your husband's anger outbursts may result from your criticism or nagging rather than from his hot temper. Or it may be that you are irritable or fearful because you are not getting enough sleep rather than because you are emotionally unstable. The counselor looks beneath the surface indications in diagnosing a problem. Try to do the same.

Select and attack one problem. When you are sure that you have defined your problems and know what is behind them, select the one that is simplest and most easily resolved. If possible, talk it over with your husband and ask him to co-operate in finding a solution. But whether or not this is feasible, outline step by step the plan that you think is most likely to work. Think it through carefully, and give it an honest trial for some period of time. Stay with it as long as there is any improvement.

If it fails, make a second plan. Don't forget that most problems have been in the making for many weeks or months. Once you have begun a plan, do your best to make it work. But if the results are disappointing, make a second plan (and even a third) and try it. If you have chosen the simplest problem, the chances are excellent that you will resolve it successfully. If after repeated trials you fail, then you will have to seek outside help, for you have no hope of finding a solution to a major problem if you are unable to deal with a minor one.

But if your plan succeeds, go on to the next problem. And remember that some problems will solve themselves once you put them on paper.

IS THERE A NORM IN SEX?

"My husband and I have a good marriage except for our disagreements about sex. He is thirty-three, I am thirty, and we have been married eight years. Our problem concerns how often we should have intercourse.

"If he had his way, it would be every night. It isn't that I am a frigid wife, for I am not. Once a week (which is my preference) I respond readily. But what is right for me is too little for him, and what is right for him is too much for me.

"We seldom quarrel about anything but this. If I give in to him when I don't feel like it, I can't help feeling resentful. If I don't give in, he is hurt, irritable and hard to live with. I don't know whether he is unreasonable or just oversexed. He says I'm unreasonable and undersexed. What *is* normal frequency of intercourse for married couples our age? Which of us is wrong?"

Neither of you is wrong—or right. Nor is there any magic norm that will answer your question. But a few findings from our study of sexual adjustment in marriage may help you and your husband understand the problem.

First, it is important to realize that the *average* husband does prefer a greater frequency of intercourse than does the *average* wife. (True, there is a small proportion of wives, about one in six among couples your age, who say they have greater sex needs than do their husbands.)

Even more important, successful compromises can usually be worked out. In spite of the differences in sex urge, more than half of the wives in the group studied say that they are able to have intercourse as often as the husband wishes it; three fourths believe that intercourse is usually or always a matter of mutual desire; and three fourths also believe that their present frequency is "about right" for both spouses.

It is rare to find a case where a satisfactory compromise cannot be worked out.

The range in frequency of intercourse for couples of twenty-five to thirty-five is great. A few have intercourse as often as twenty to thirty times a month; others only once a month. For the majority, the average is two to three times a week. (And it cannot be denied that the unusually responsive—or unresponsive—wife, or the very demanding—or apathetic—husband is the one most likely to complain about frequency.)

Frequency of intercourse, whether high or low, is certainly not the only measure of sexual adjustment in marriage. This adjustment is also affected by the wife's responsiveness to her husband's lovemaking and her ability to reach climax. But the real measure of adjustment is whether or not husband and wife can receive *and share* what each wants from the relationship. Some wives, even though they seldom reach climax, still find true joy and pleasure in giving themselves to their husbands. Such generosity of spirit and body, whether of husband or wife, usually keynotes a happy marriage.

It is much easier to be generous and to share when a couple can talk things over freely, with mutual understanding and respect for each other's feelings. The wife who rejects her husband's sexual advances, or the husband who gets angry when his mate tries to explain that her needs and feelings may sometimes differ from his, is building a barrier of frustration and resentment. Such a barrier can destroy that sense of oneness which is a vital, deeply meaningful part of a successful marriage.

Perhaps the wife who wrote us will think through the facts and implications of these comments on her letter. She may find it helpful to ask her husband to do the same. Then at a time when both are calm (certainly not irritated or frustrated about sex), they should talk over their feelings, their needs, and what compromises each can make toward greater oneness. If they can do this, and will continue to apply this technique whenever any problem arises, they may achieve not only a better and more healthful sexual adjustment, but also a happier marriage.

ASK YOURSELF:

Do We Have a Good Marriage?

Many factors influence the success of marriage. The personal relationship between a husband and wife, and their willingness and ability to adjust to their differing goals and needs, greatly affect their happiness, understanding and serenity. Your "Yes" and "No" answers to the following questions should help you appraise the quality of your marriage.

Do we:

1. *Manage our finances without friction?*
2. *Save some of our income regularly?*
3. *Agree on basic standards and values?*
4. *Accept each other's little quirks?*
5. *Cultivate several common interests?*
6. *Face problems directly when they arise?*
7. *Discuss and compromise our differences?*
8. *Make up quickly after an argument?*
9. *Consider each other's feelings?*
10. *Practice daily courtesy and kindness?*
11. *Confide very freely in each other?*
12. *Spend much of our spare time together?*
13. *Exchange kisses at least once a day?*
14. *Honestly try to please each other?*

Ideally, the happy, well-adjusted couple would answer nearly all these questions in the affirmative. With four or more "No" answers, you should study all negative or doubtful answers very carefully to find some way to develop a greater sense of sharing and partnership. If you find it easy to talk to your husband, his ideas and suggestions may encourage both of you to deepen your personal relationship.

QUESTION Do You Agree?

"We plan to become engaged at Easter and to marry in June. Is this too short an engagement?"

No, not if you two have dated steadily for one year.

Food	Approximate Measure	Calories
Cheese and Ice Cream		
Cheese:		
American, Cheddar-type	1 oun	
Blue-mold (or Roquefort-type)	1 oun	
Cottage, not creamed	2 tabl	
Cottage, creamed	2 tabl	
Cream	2 tabl	
Parmesan, dry, grated	2 tabl	
Swiss	1 oun	
Ice Cream, plain	1 cont	
Ice cream soda, chocolate	1 larg	
Meat, Poultry, Fish, Eggs		
Meat, cooked without bone:		
Beef: Pot roast or braised:		
Lean and fat	3 oun slic	
Lean only	2½ ou slic	
Beef: Oven roast: Cut having relatively large proportion of fat to lean:		
Lean and fat	3 oun slic	
Lean only	2 oun slic	
Cut having relatively low proportion of fat to lean:		
Lean and fat	3 oun slic	
Lean only	2½ ou slic	
Beef: Steak, broiled:		
Lean and fat	3 oun inch	
Lean only	2 ounc inche	
Beef: Hamburger patty:		
Regular ground beef	3 ounce patty (about 4 patties per pound of raw meat)	245
Lean ground round	3 ounce patty (about 4 patties per pound of raw meat)	
Corned beef, canned	3 ounces (1 piece, 4 by 2½ inches by ½ inch)	
Corned beef hash, canned	3 ounces (scant half cup)	
Dried beef, chipped	2 ounces (about ⅓ cup)	
Meat loaf	2 ounces (1 piece, 4 by 2½ inches by ½ inch)	
Beef and vegetable stew	½ cup	
Veal: Cutlet, broiled, meat only	3 ounces (1 piece, 4 by 2½ inches by ½ inch)	
Lamb: Chop (about 2½ chops to a pound, as purchased):		
Lean and fat	4 ounces	
Lean only	2⅔ ounces	
Lamb: Roast, leg:		
Lean and fat	3 ounces (1 thick or 2 thin slices, 3½ by 3 inches)	
Lean only	2½ ounces (1 thick or 2 thin slices, 3½ by 2½ inches)	
Pork: Fresh: Chop (about 3 chops to a pound, as purchased):		
Lean and fat	2⅓ ounces	
Lean only	2 ounces	
Pork: Roast, loin:		
Lean and fat	3 ounces (1 thick or 2 thin slices, 1 by 2½ inches)	
Lean only	2⅔ ounces (1 thick or 2 thin slices, 3 by 2½ inches)	175
Bacon, broiled or fried	2 very thin slices	95
Poultry, cooked without bone:		
Chicken: Broiled	3 ounces (about ¼ of a small broiler)	185

Food	Approximate Measure	Calories
Salmon: Canned (pink)	3 ounces, solids and liquid,	120
	ed solids (5 to 7 lines)	180
	17 medium shrimp)	110
	⅔ cup)	170
		100
		80
		110
		80
	thick	60
	thick	60
	thick	55
	thick	60
	thick	55
	⅘ cup)	85
	1⅓ cups)	110
		80
		115
		110
		150
	ounce)	55
canned	6 medium spears or ½ cup cut spears	20
Beans: Lima, green, canned	½ cup	75
, wax or	½ cup	15
	½ cup, diced	35
	½ cup flower stalks	20
	½ cup	30
	½ cup, shredded	10
	½ cup	20
	1 carrot, 5½ inches by 1 inch in diam., or 25 thin slices	20
	½ cup, diced	20
	½ cup flower buds	15
	½ cup	20
	2 large or 4 small leaves	5
	½ cup	60
	1 medium, 2½ inches in diam. (5 ounces raw)	90
	½ cup	235
	½ cup	70
	4 small	10
	½ cup	20
	1 medium, 2 by 2½ inches (about ⅓ pound)	80
	½ cup	25
	½ cup	20
Apples, raw	1 medium, 2½ inches in diameter about ½ pound)	70
Apricots, raw	3 (about 12 to a pound, as purchased)	55
Bananas, raw	1 medium (6 by 1½ inches, (about ⅓ pound)	85



SOURCE FOR CALORIE CHART: BULLETIN NO. 74 U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

For the person frustrated by the complexities of improvised diets:

Too frequently, even the most conscientious person is frustrated by the complexities of a reducing diet: How many calorie counts should one remember? How should the many foods be combined to assure nutritional safety, energy and appetite satisfaction? Consider, then, the advantages of Metrecal.

1. Metrecal offers precise control of caloric intake; no guesswork: On the 900-calorie Metrecal diet, you may enjoy four 225-calorie meals. Each may be an 8-ounce can of liquid or nine Metrecal Wafers, or the two in combination. Whenever a diet of more than 900 calories is indicated—1200, for example—you may still enjoy Metrecal. An 8-ounce can of liquid and three wafers make a 300-calorie meal.

2. Metrecal, in one product, provides all essential nutrients: These include the requisite unsaturated fats, proteins from the several sources to assure the protection of *complete protein* and, of course, the necessary vitamins and minerals.

3. Metrecal helps prevent hunger: Appetite satisfaction can depend less on the *amount* of food you eat than on the types and combinations of nutrients...which Metrecal provides *without* drugs or appetite depressants.

4. Metrecal offers proved safety and effectiveness: Extensive clinical tests show that the Metrecal 900-calorie daily diet can result in gratifying weight loss beginning in less than one week.

Remember, your physician is the best source of counsel on weight control.

Metrecal™ brand dietary for weight control is a product of the Edward Dalton Company, a division of Mead Johnson & Company, Evansville 12, Indiana.

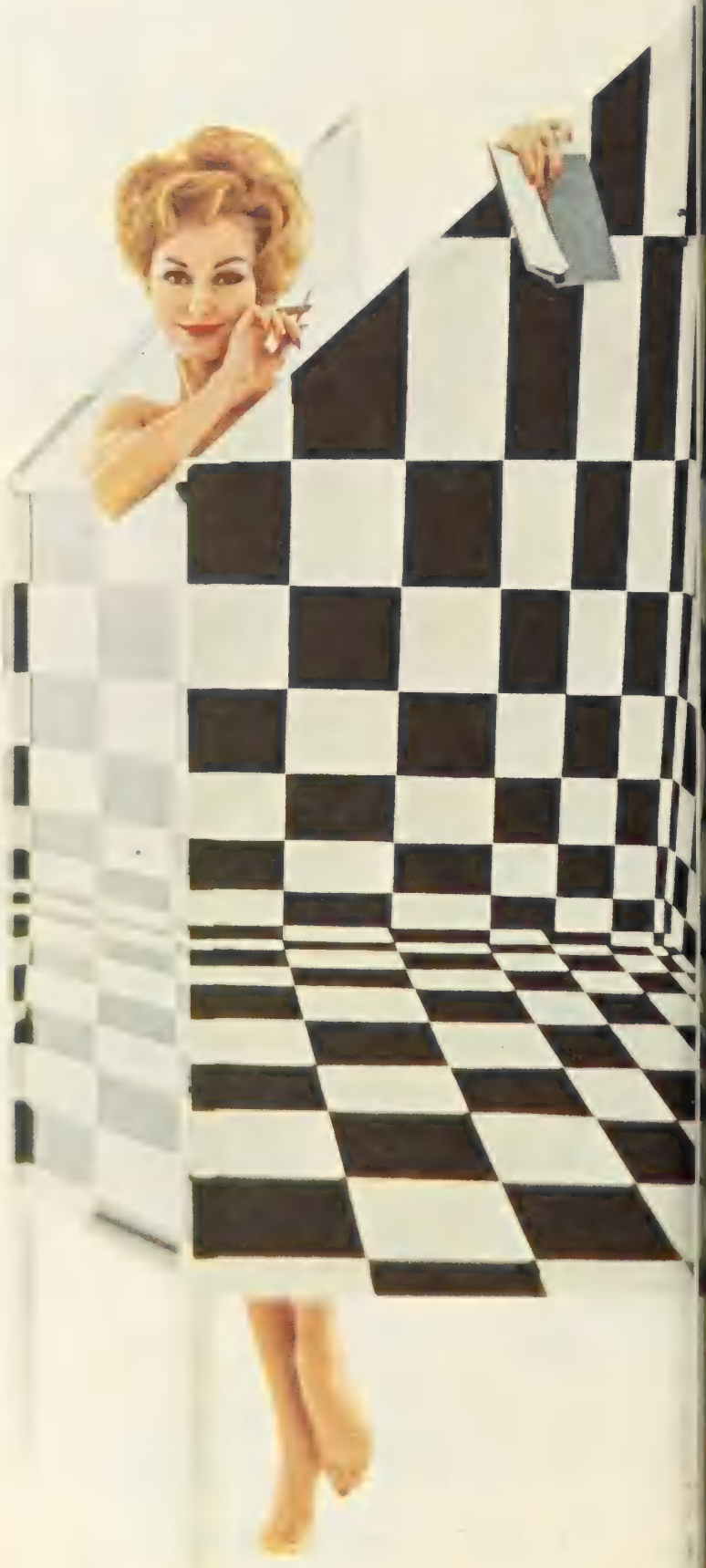
NAKED WITH A CHECKBOOK

BY BET HART

What woman wouldn't want to be in just this position? Imagine you were. We did, and here are the clothes we bought—a complete wardrobe. Everything from hat to shoes, from the inside out.

All this complete wardrobe cost was $270.91. For the clothes, $158.70. For accessories, $74.29. For lingerie, $37.95.

What husband wouldn't adore spending every penny of it? You no longer need say, "I've got nothing to wear." He'll probably say "You never looked lovelier."



Clear sky-blue coat has a gentle flare, will go with fashion perfection over any skirt shape. For a cool spring day now, wear it over beige costume. For a chilly summer's evening, it's bright enough to wear over a light summer dress. $15.00. Coat by Dan Barkin.

"I would pay *anything* (well, almost anything) for a dress I really loved, that my husband always loved my wearing." Melon-pink georgette chiffon always evokes, "How wonderful you look tonight!" In a fabric that's seasonless, next winter the dress will look every bit as heavenly at a holiday party. $29.95. (Dress also available in black.) Dress by Kimie.

"We're meeting in town for lunch. After shopping I have a theater date with my husband." Wear a beige suit for all through the day. At the theater (or party) slip off the jacket and wear the dress alone. Accent either look with a marvelous pin. Beige acetate-and-flax costume, $25.00. Costume by Jerry Gilden. Hat by Mr. John Sophisticates.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BELL



THE NEWS IN PRINTS

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN
FASHION EDITOR







PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Whisk off your coat and you're wearing a print . . . the surprise, the bright change you've been wanting, at any price you like. A happy riot of color or the black-and-white look at its best: the hood and the stole with the flattery aptitude; gaiety no other fashion can touch. More fashion points to look for: the new full shirt dress with the smocking; new sleeve lengths (elbow or wrist); the print with the jacket (multiple uses never better!); the new smashing look of vivid green, yellow and town-brown in print combinations; accessorize with spotless white gloves, patent-leather pumps and, best of all, that celestial feminine fashion, the wide-brimmed picture hat.

Left: The hood, the smocking, the riot of color; the purple balloon print from Dynasty, the flower print with belted-in fullness by Anne Klein. Both are pure silk. Bright pink ballibuntl hat by Mr. John Jr. Small letter-shape silk-shantung bag from Shangri-La.

Top left: The pure pleasure of field flowers in a young silk with a blowy skirt, to be worn with the brightest bag, the shortest gloves. This dress looks forward to the first holiday weekend and to special occasions for months to come. By John Maillard for Lloyd Weil.

Lower left: The triangle print with a soft self sash in staccato black-and-white silk by Herbert Sondheim. To wear now with a coat, in a bright color, without a coat all summer. Smoky pearl choker necklace by Lilly Dache, rough-straw hat for this or any print.

Right: The first print to wear to a luncheon or other affair in town—in new spring green, with a jacket to add to it for versatility. A pure surah silk with a silk-crepe top, fashion with a hundred uses and a long and enjoyable life, by Leonard Arkin. The big green rough-straw hat banded with green grosgrain by Hattie Carnegie.

INSIDE THE EXCITING



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON—DRAWING BY RENÉ BOUCHÉ

WORLD OF FASHION



The world of fashion was the world of Carmel Snow, Harper's Bazaar editor, and in her world were many glamorous people: Chanel, Hattie Carnegie, Lauren Bacall, Suzy Parker, Doris Duke, Noel Coward, Balenciaga, Richard Avedon, Daisy Fellowes, Wilhela Cushman, Christian Dior, George Gershwin, Mainbocher, Katharine Cornell, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence and Truman Capote.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CARMEL SNOW

With Mary Louise Aswell

PROLOGUE. *Carmel Snow died suddenly on May 7, 1961, exactly one week after she and I concluded a long period of collaboration on her memoirs. She had a story that she wanted to tell. Because she operated almost entirely by instinct, she honestly sought in her retirement to learn the secret of her success and pass it on. Since much of her material was tape-recorded, I have been able to reproduce it in her own words. Listen for a deep throaty voice with a trace of a Dublin accent.—M. L. A.*

"It could be happening," as Irish stories begin, that I was born with an instinct for fashion, but I was born in a suburb of Dublin where the great Maud Gonne's dusty black dresses attracted no more and no less attention than the plumes and laces that rode in the viceroy's carriage. Lord Aberdeen was the viceroy and his countess, without knowing it, changed the course of my life. In 1886, Lady Aberdeen organized the Irish Industries Association. This was when Ireland was still in the grip of poverty such as America has never known. The object of the association was to find markets for the home-and-cottage industries that kept the country barely alive, and Lady Aberdeen persuaded my father, Peter White, to become its honorary secretary. In 1888 he and my mother accompanied the Aberdeens to Chicago on an important mission: to arrange for an Irish Village at the World's Fair in the summer of 1893.

My father was put in charge of organizing the village and in February of 1893 he toured Ireland with Lady Aberdeen to choose the "colleens" who would represent the Irish industries. The weather was bad and my father already had lung trouble. He caught pneumonia and a few weeks later he was dead.

With six small children to provide for, my mother made a momentous decision: to take over her husband's tremendous responsibility and run the Irish Village at the Chicago World's Fair. My two oldest brothers, Tom and Desmond, were dispatched to relatives of my father's while Christine and I, with the two youngest boys, Victor and Jim, were sent to my Grandfather Mayne's large house "Oremorne" in Terenure.

In Chicago the Irish Village was a wild success. My mother lived in a cottage on the village grounds. I never saw it, but a grandfather clock that stands in my country home came to me from the collection of beautiful old furniture she brought with her.

When the fair closed Lord and Lady Aberdeen urged my mother to open a shop for Irish handicrafts in Chicago. They were more than willing to back her.

For an Irish woman, backing was also needed from her family, so home she sailed to Dublin and a long argument with her father, a terrifying, Jovelike figure who believed that a woman's place was at home. If my mother hadn't matched him in determination my story would be a different one altogether. But match him she did, on every point except one. She was not to take her children back with her to Chicago. The girls might join her later if she made a go of the shop, but the boys would get their education in Ireland.

When she sent for my sister and me, it was two frightened children who traveled alone on the big boat to New York. I know that a friend of my mother's met us and put us on a Pullman train for Chicago, but I know it because I've been told. Then Chicago at last and our mother meeting us. We drew up before the apartment house where she lived, got out and gaped. This was a bigger house than we'd seen in all our lives!

With our mother's departure for work each morning it was also lonely. We were still too young for school, our mother thought. A convent seemed the solution to the problem. Once more we left home, this time for Davenport, Iowa. What I remember is reading. All of Sunday, the one day we were allowed to read for pleasure, I would be stuck in a book—we were still shy, different, foreign children—but we adored the nuns and, if my mother hadn't discovered that one of our schoolmates was the daughter of a policeman, we might have come out of our tight little Irish shells. Every summer she sent us home to her family, descendants of the McGuillicuddy of the Reeks, who would never associate with a policeman!

The time came for my sister and me to "finish" our education in Brussels, which, compared with Paris, is like the sister of the girl you're in love with, but is where Irish girls went to learn French because it was cheaper. A warm, hearty friend of my mother's met us and made us feel almost at home until we entered the convent. Then it was walks two by two in a long crocodile, all of us dressed in uniforms exactly alike. Christine, thin as a rail, was made to wear a corset for the first time in her life. I was still too young for that torture, but I was handed a chemise to wear when I took my bath. As soon as the sister left me alone I whipped it off, then dipped it in my bath water when I'd finished.

For all my shyness then, modesty has never been one of my afflictions. Years later when I went to Paris as editor of *Harper's Bazaar* my hotel bedroom was as crowded in the mornings as a queen's levee. My associates remember pushing their way in while telephones rang, messengers came and went and the door to my bathroom stood open while I bathed so I could shout dictation or take a phone call.

My practice in French was confined to trips to Paris under my mother's wing, still a very protective wing. On one of her boat trips to Ireland she had encountered four sisters whom she had met at the World's Fair. They were highly successful businesswomen, the proprietors of T. M. & J. M. Fox, one of the great custom-dressmaking establishments in New York. My mother made such an impression on them, they asked her to go to the Paris collection with them, where they recognized her taste and shrewd ability. Since they were thinking of retiring, they offered to sell their business to her.

When my sister and I graduated from the Brussels convent, our new home was in New York, a remodeled brownstone house on West End Avenue. Then, as my brothers began coming over from Ireland, we moved to a large flat in the old-fashioned Navarre Apartments on West 58th Street, with great high ceilings and long windows overlooking the park. This place is

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

UPI



Carmel's presence at a collection gave it the glamour of a command performance. Her fashion sense decreed what women wore—or wished to.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NONFICTION BOOK. © 1962 BY McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., INC. THE COMPLETE BOOK IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY McGRAW-HILL UNDER THE TITLE "THE WORLD OF CARMEL SNOW."





bright cotton suit ...plus

a few well-chosen separates add up to this amusing and amazing number of combinations forsummer. *Theme: pink.*

By **NORA O'LEARY**
PATTERN EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIONEL KAZAN





A pink cotton knit suit expands into a summer wardrobe when combined with striped





and printed separates. The pictures show you how each piece can do double and triple





duty with a minimum amount of effort and a maximum amount of imagination on your part.





The suit, Vogue Design No. 5525: the separates, No. 5527. For back views turn to page 104.





Turquoise denim suit lined and bloused in a wallpaper-print broadcloth to combine and





recombine in surprising fashion with striped-ticking separates. Wonderful for a long





weekend in the country: pretty on the train, on the terrace or on the beach. Two patterns





(suit, Vogue Design No. 5521; separates, No. 5522) to make them all. See page 104.

bright cotton suit ...plus

separates of striped ticking mix and match with endless variety and charm.

Theme: turquoise.









Turquoise denim suit lined and bloused in a wallpaper-print broadcloth to combine and





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bright cotton suit ...plus

separates of striped ticking mix and match with endless variety and charm.

Theme: turquoise.







INSIDE EVERY TOMBOY THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY—
IF THE RIGHT BOY CAN BRING HER OUT • BY JANE HINCHMAN

touch

If I ever get married and have a daughter, I'm going to make one thing plain to her from the star
Whatever happens—never, never play football!

If she has six brothers, as I do, she's bound to be tempted, but I'll bend the twig in some other d
rection. Tennis is always nice for a girl. Those little pleated skirts and lace panties are very feminin

Sandwiched in the middle of my six brothers, what chance did I have? At six I was a good litt
quarterback for the Peewees. By ten I was the best passer in Fairhill Heights—not counting m
big brothers, of course. Our team was composed of everyone in the Denny family old enough t
toddle and any children brave enough to play with us. That year I threw ten touchdown passe



wasn't that I was crazy about Chuck—he simply held the charm of the unknown. He was the first boy who didn't talk to me about sports."

and go

By some unfortunate chance, my mother came to watch our last game and hen we got home she took me alone into the den.

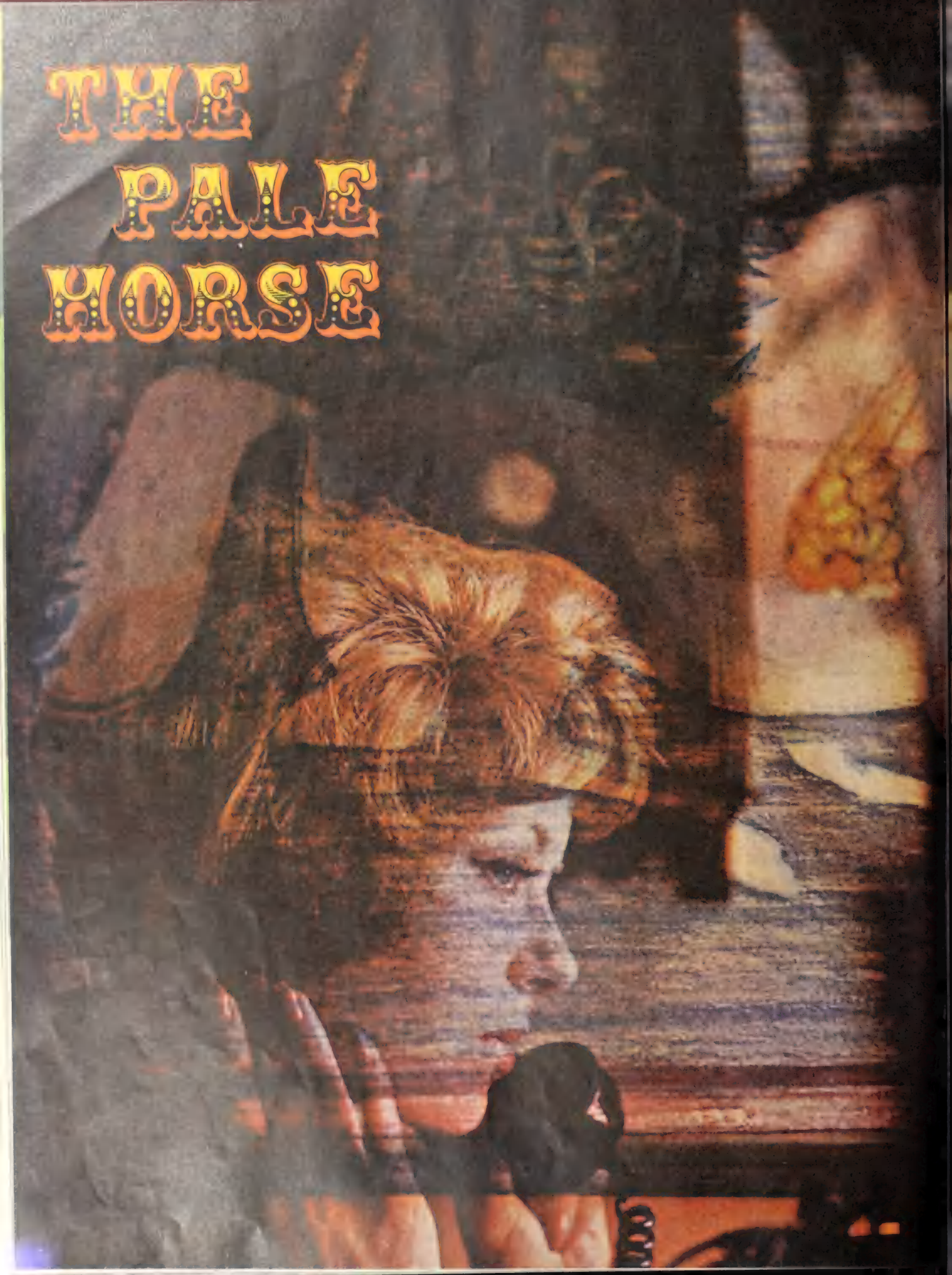
"Mary Elizabeth," she said, "I noticed that the boys tackled you whether you had the ball or not. ow that's not the right way to play the game, is it?"

"They were rushing the passer, mom," I tried to explain.

Instead of listening to me, she told me that I would be growing up one of these days and I must arn to be gentle and feminine. Boys never ask football players for dates. "So, no more football," e wound up. "Next week I'll take you to a beauty shop and we'll see what a permanent will do for you."

All it did was make me look like Medusa, causing my brothers to utter piercing cries and turn stone every time I appeared. My head wouldn't even fit in my headgear. CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

THE PALE HORSE





ILLUSTRATED BY EUGENE COOPER

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

It started with a casual but startling remark that if you wanted to "get rid of someone," the Pale Horse was the place to go.

MARK ESTERBROOK'S NARRATIVE

The espresso machine behind my shoulder hissed like an angry snake. The noise it made had a sinister, not to say devilish, suggestion about it. *Perhaps*, I reflected, *most of our contemporary noises carry that implication.* The intimidating angry scream of jet planes as they flash across the sky; the slow menacing rumble of a tube train approaching; the heavy road transport that shakes the very foundations of your house. A dangerous world—a dangerous world.

I stirred the foaming cup placed in front of me. It smelled pleasant. "What else will you have? Nice banana-and-bacon sandwich?"

It seemed an odd juxtaposition. Bananas I connected with my childhood—or occasionally *flambé* with sugar and rum. Bacon, in my mind, was firmly associated with eggs. However, when in Chelsea, eat as Chelsea does. I agreed to a nice banana-and-bacon sandwich.

Although I lived in Chelsea—that is to say, I had had a furnished flat there for the last three months—I was in every other way a stranger in these parts. I was writing a book on certain aspects of Mogul architecture, and the neighborhood in which I lived was completely indifferent to me: I existed in a world of my own.

On this particular evening, however, I had suffered from one of those sudden revulsions that all writers know. Mogul architecture, Mogul emperors, the Mogul way of life—and all the fascinating problems it raised—became suddenly as dust and ashes. What did they matter? Why did I want to write about them?

I pushed back my manuscript with loathing, got up and looked at my watch. The time was close on eleven. I tried to remember if I had had dinner; from my inner sensations I thought not. So it was that I wandered out into King's Road, and turned into an espresso-coffee bar with the name Luigi written in red neon light across its window, and was now contemplating a banana-and-bacon sandwich while I reflected on the sinister implications of present-day noises and their atmospheric effects.

A sister of mine was always accusing me of not being observant, not noticing what was going on. "You live in a world of your own," she would say accusingly. Now, with a feeling of conscious virtue, I took note of what was going on. It was almost impossible not to read about the coffee bars of Chelsea and their patrons every day in the newspapers; this was my chance to make my own appraisal of contemporary life.

It was rather dark, so you could not see very clearly. The clientele were almost all young people. They were, I supposed vaguely, what was called the offbeat generation. The girls looked, as girls always did look to me nowadays, dirty. They also seemed to be much too warmly dressed. Which just showed, I suppose, how out of touch with the times I was. Perhaps it came of having lived abroad so much.

I was recalled from these thoughts by a sudden accentuation of noise. Two young women at the table next to me had started to quarrel. One girl slapped the other's face, the second dragged the first from her chair. They fought each other like fishwives, screaming abuse hysterically. Cries and catcalls arose from other tables.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL.
©1961 BY AGATHA CHRISTIE LTD. "THE PALE HORSE" IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY DODD, MEAD & CO.

"You'll be all right, do you hear? You'll be all right." Ginny could sense his fear. "Don't panic, Mark," she said.



Flowered sailcloth (98 cents a yard) is sturdy but feminine enough for a young girl's bedroom. The lipstick pink of the print is repeated in sailcloth pillow covers and borders on the curtains (98 cents a yard). To get plans for the bunk bed-on-drawers, send 5 cents to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa., for Pattern No. 296

Penna residents please add 4% sales t



One of the prettiest prints you've ever seen hangs at the window—$1 a yard and crease-resistant! Striped duck (98 cents a yard) on chair enhances a look of summer coolness.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SIL



High-fashion damask pattern on sailcloth at 98 cents a yard covers the rattan-s cushions. Sailcloth on bolsters and chair is 70 cents a yard. Cool rug is made of he

FABULOUS and FRUGAL

Take the high cost
out of decorating
by using cottons
in high-fashion colors and
patterns for curtains
and slipcovers.
Ten of our cottons cost
$1—or under—a yard!

By H. T. WILLIAMS, DESIGNER

Imagine the delight of new slipcovers and curtains bringing summertime freshness into your home! An extravagance? Not with inexpensive cotton fabrics like these. Ranging from light shimmery voiles and satin-smooth broadcloths to upholstery-weight cottons, they come in a galaxy of exuberant patterns and exciting colors to wake up winter-weary rooms.

You will find solid-color fabrics to repeat a tone from the print of your choice, as well as patterns that can be matched in color, like the floral curtains with the striped slipcover in the setting on the lower left. Most are preshrunk, drip-dry and colorfast—as practical to care for as they are practical in price. Whether it's a living room, bedroom or dining room, a big house or a tiny apartment that you wish to transform, there's sure to be a "little-money" curtain or slipcover fabric with just the needed gaiety and charm to effect a change of scene for summer or the year around.

Many of our neatly fitted slipcovers owe their trimness to a new undercover fastener tape which prevents shifting of the fabric cover and makes possible complicated contours and exposed wood frames that until now have been



Bright field flowers, at $1 a yard on a cotton broadcloth, make a pretty "slipcover" for a summer dining table. Cover the chair pads in cotton sateen (59 cents a yard) to match one flower tone in print.



Summer dress for a bay window, bright navy flowers on white, is 98 cents a yard on "little-or-no-iron" chambray. Crease-resistant sharkskin (85 cents a yard) covers the chair. Rug is wool, cool in its color.

FABULOUS and FRUGAL

continued



Summer in the bedroom: cotton-satin slipcovers for box spring and headboard ($1.20 a yard), plaid spread ($2.75 a yard) for you to quilt, voile curtains ($1.29 a yard).

The epitome of trim slipcovering: these graceful painted Provincial chairs conceal their winter garb under a cheerful red, white and blue traditional cotton print ($2.95 a yard).

possible only with upholstery. Except for the green-and-white-striped ones at the right on this page all our curtains are unlined and are made with shirred or pleated headings, using the wondrously easy and practical pleater tape that enables you to wash your washable curtains and then iron them absolutely flat. These aids make sewing curtains and slipcovers so simple that if you have never made your own before you will want to try now. For a list of booklets outlining how to make them, plus shopping information, write to Miss Judy Waters, Ladies' Home Journal, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York.



Fashion perennial, the paisley print ($5.25 a yard), softens a tailored modern sofa. Sheer curtains are embroidered ($1.49 a yard). Vinyl-cork floor imitates wood parquet.



Daisy-patterned chintz ($1.75 a yard) on a wing chair and ottoman brings summer into a study. Striped café curtains ($1.29 a yard) repeat the print's green and white.



lowers, vegetables and butterflies sing of summer on satiny cotton curtains ($1.75 a yard) in a city dining room. Yellow homespun cotton ($1.98 a yard) slipcovers chair seats.



He had known
her for
seven years,
kept her
a secret
from his
family
all that time.
Could the
truth be
concealed
much
longer?



MR. DILWORTH'S COFFEE BREAK

WOMEN MUST WAIT. THEY DON'T MIND WHEN IT'S A MAN THEY'RE WAITING FOR.

By
Rosemary Casey

The chairman rubbed his head wearily. The altercation had been going on for fully five minutes and there was nothing that he could do about it. Absolutely nothing. When Mr. Thompkins had finished reading his report, the chairman had asked if there were any questions and Mr. Robinson said that he would like to ask one. He did so. And since then he and Mr. Thompkins had been trading verbal punches before a board of directors that was successively amused, uncomfortable and apprehensive. For both Mr. Thompkins and Mr. Robinson were very important men, and if an enmity developed between them it could affect several of the men sitting at the table as well as the corporation itself. The chairman rubbed his head wearily. And waited.

Presently Mr. Robinson decided to indulge himself in the pleasure of smiling contemptuously. In the split second in which he was silent, the chairman leaned forward and spoke in a voice that was pleasant, unworried and exceedingly rapid:

"Mr. Dilworth, do you wish to add something to this discussion?"

Mr. Dilworth had been late for the meeting. He had come in while Mr. Thompkins was reading his report, and had slipped quietly into the only vacant chair, the one at the foot of the table. Only his two nearest neighbors and the chairman were aware of Mr. Dilworth's arrival, so when the chairman asked him if he wished to speak, the others turned to him in surprise, and for the most part in relief. For it was a fact that men never quarreled in front of Mr. Dilworth—when they knew that they were in front of him.

"Indeed no," said Mr. Dilworth shaking his gray head. "I just want to sit here and listen while these two brilliant production men are hammering out our new program."

The two brilliant production men tried not to look as pleased as they felt, and the chairman turned to them apologetically.

"Forgive me, gentlemen; I thought that Mr. Dilworth was trying to claim the chair's attention. Proceed."

They proceeded on a high, cool, intellectual plane; the chairman settled comfortably back in his chair, and Mr. Dilworth's forehead wrinkled into the frown of concentration which he always wore at board meetings when he was listening intently.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

From Me To You

By MARCELENE COX

● Mistakes! We all make them. I'll tell you some of mine—write me some of yours. But let's not be too reasonable. I, for one, think men would not like us that way. They find too much joy, humor, excitement, happiness from encountering the unpredictable in the women they love.

● One certain way to keep a man's love is to feed him well. Try ham patties with sour cream. He'll sing you a mouthful of praises. Mix 2 cups ground cooked ham, ½ cup soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chopped green onion, ¼ cup milk, 1 slightly beaten egg and a dash of pepper. Shape gently into 6 patties. Heat 1 tablespoon butter in skillet and brown patties slowly on both sides.

● Place on a warm platter, when ready. Add to the skillet 1 cup commercial sour cream and heat very carefully without letting it boil. Serve over patties. Garnish with a few chopped scallion tops. Will surprise and please 2 or 4, depending on hunger.

● Roast chicken is becoming almost as popular for Easter dinner as baked ham. Cold, tart applesauce gently flavored with curry is a "just right" to serve with it. So is whole-cranberry sauce laced with finely minced celery and thin, thin slivers of orange rind.

● When our four children were in grade school, they all came home to lunch. Since I never could see enough of them, anyway, I felt blessed with that extra hour. Used to make it a fun time by combining soup to their order. One of their favorites was mushroom and celery. Still popular today. Makes a good companion to sandwiches of whole-wheat or pumpernickel bread.

● And what else does soup bring to mind? Crackers! I like the way they're boxed now—divided into separate packages. Why, a stale cracker is as hard to find as a "colicky" baby. For the evening meal, a rule in our house: thin crackers with thick soup, and thick with thin. Seems to make a better balance for diner as well as dinner.

● Thorns on roses remind us that there are several precious things to be kept from harm: a child's faith, a woman's trust, a husband's love.

● One IQ test most housewives would fail is that of accurately putting away the dishes in another woman's cupboard.

● One of our food editors, on a recent trip to the West Coast, tasted a new hot sandwich called the Monte Carlo. Teenagers think highly of it. It's simply this: Spread 2 slices of bread with mild mustard and put them together with a slice of cheese and a slice of pink ham. Cut in half. Dip in egg and milk—as for French toast, but seasoned with Worcestershire sauce. Brown in butter or in the electric sandwich grill.

● Most new foods, these days, seem to be manufactured with children in mind. One that's A-OK here is rice packed with a type of macaroni. Meat-tasting! The Little Women in our house find it an exciting food.

● For those who haven't lost enough weight to go into summer (when more of us will be showing), there's a delicious new lower-calorie tuna. Canned in vegetable broth, it has no added oil. Combine it with celery slices, thin, thin slices of hard-cooked egg, and crisp green lettuce for a salad that will fill and thrill, because this treatment gives tuna a new look, a different flavor.

● If there has to be a bomb shelter, then before stocking anything else, put a Bible there. This best seller has soothed more souls than any other book. You will not understand it all, but you can trust it. An archaeologist can dig with his spade where the Bible says something was, and find it.

● Looking back, the strawberry season often seems as brief as a honeymoon. Don't you think it might be nice to be prepared in advance with a choice suggestion? Make up a package of tapioca pudding. Fold a fourth of it into a pint of washed, hulled strawberries. Layer it with the rest of the pudding and seeded grapes in parfait glasses.

● A memorable aspic: 1 package lime-flavored gelatin, 1½ cups hot water, 1 cup horseradish; especially good with cold sliced roast beef or lamb.

● The new bride in our neighborhood declares she didn't know an oven with a glass door could be so wonderful until she baked her first cake, named "Feather Cake." She thrilled to watch it gently rise, said she wouldn't have missed the preview for anything.



DI PIETRO

My grandchildren love to swing on my gate—just as their mothers did when they were irrepressible tomboys.

● Our own quick dilled beans: Combine ¼ cup wine vinegar and ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder, 2 teaspoons dried red sweet peppers, ½ teaspoon crushed dill weed. Bring to a boil. Drain a 1-pound can blue lake green beans quite dry, pack into hot sterilized jars. Fill with dilled vinegar. Cover. Chill 24 hours. Add a new flavor when cut up in a salad or served on the relish tray.

● Wonder how many of you have ever gathered hazelnuts. I have. They grow on bushes, are easy to get at and easy to crack. For your next "at-home-to-dinner guests" be gay with a minimum of effort by serving the new luscious frozen spice cake frosted with hazelnut-butter icing. Guests will exclaim, "Heavenly!"

AND REMEMBER—

a. Spices that have lost freshness are uninteresting! So there. Out with them.

b. A little mustard added to potato soup makes it royal fare.

c. Never use fresh parsley unless it's truly green; it should be as green as the green out of Ireland.

● Certainly glad that being a woman means having a kitchen. It's a love that lasts a lifetime. Don't know what I'd do without mine! How about you?

● My children say I'm always doing things with scrambled eggs. The latest "do" was to add some diced green pepper, minced pimiento and the remains of a small can of whole-kernel corn. Must make a note to try it next summer with that one ear of corn left on the platter.

● Stew! Heartwarming, rib-sticking stew. Never malign it! It has no season, especially if it's the kind made with big chunks of meat in a rich broth with a variety of vegetables. But if the new, tiny, clean, golden carrots are in your market, cook them separately and add just before serving. If stew can be made a part of spring, this will do it.

● When company drops in, and you want to make "just what you are having for supper" seem like a little more, as if you knew they were coming, try this: Open and cook a package of those wife savers, instant potatoes, and use both envelopes. Then whip in 4 egg yolks, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon instant onion soaked in just a little water. Add a little seasoned pepper and some salt, and it is ready for browning!

If you have an extra minute, put this mixture into your pastry bag. Make rosettes on a greased baking sheet. Or just fluff the potato onto the sheet in cumulus clouds, with a silver spoon. Drizzle peaks with melted butter. Dust with paprika. Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., until just streaked with brown. Delightful!

● April! The diamond month! When the children come in with ferocious appetites, put diamonds in their eyes by setting out a jar of crunchy peanut butter, the heel of a fresh-baked loaf, and glasses of milk.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, WRITE: MISS JUDY WATERS, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

By JEAN ANDERSON

STORY OF THE disappearing meat loaf

Once upon a time a meat loaf went to a party: a tall and glamorous veal ring, filled with coconut-raisin pilaf, wearing candied-fruit kebabs and a golden curry sauce. Beautiful it was, yet hearty enough for a growing family. And that is why meat loaves disappear. Three others due equal billing (but not in the same act, please): a fragrant ham loaf moist and pink under its cranberry glaze; ribbon loaf squares served under a generous ladling of sour-cream gravy (the kind of meal meat-and-potato lovers dream of, since this recipe provides plenty of both); and a festive south-of-the-border beef loaf whose pepperiness has been tempered with dill and tomato for north-of-the-border appetites. Modern Cinderellas, these four fabulous meat loaves. But when *they* disappear, it's fact, not fairy tale!

VEAL PARTY RING

MENU I

*VEAL PARTY RING WITH CURRY SAUCE AND RAISIN-COCONUT PILAF

MIXED GREEN SALAD

MINT SHERBET WITH RASPBERRY MELBA SAUCE

COFFEE OR TEA

2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1½ cups coarse cracker crumbs
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ tablespoons steak sauce
½ cup minced onion
⅓ cup minced green pepper
2½ pounds ground veal shoulder
¾ pound ground pork shoulder

Garnish—Fruit Kebabs on wooden or bamboo skewers (about 4½" long): red grapes, green grapes, minted pineapple chunks, preserved kumquats, maraschino cherries, green minted pineapple rings, cut in wedges.

Beat the eggs and add milk, cracker crumbs, salt, pepper, steak sauce, onion and green pepper. Mix well and add veal and pork. Blend thoroughly and pack into an 8-cup ring mold (the loaf will come out of its pan better if the bottom is lined with waxed paper). Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour and 35 minutes. Place a large metal tray under the ring mold in the oven to catch any drip. Turn out ring on a large tray, then invert on serving platter so that it will be right side up. Fill center with raisin-coconut pilaf and surround with fruit kebabs. To make them, cut fruit into bite-sized pieces, and skewer, alternating colors. Ladle some curry sauce over ring and bring the rest to the table in its own bowl. Garnish platter with parsley ruffs. Makes 8–10 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

JOHN STEWART



EASTER FEAST AFTER CHURCH

BY ELAINE HANNA

Easter Sunday is a special time for rejoicing—and for feasting—in the home of the Reverend Philip Clarke, pastor of New York's Park Avenue Methodist Church. (For a brief account of Mr. Clarke and the work of this "reborn" church, see page 136.) His lovely wife, Sara, will prepare a traditional Easter meal for ten, with two-year-old Catherine and four-year-old David helping and hindering—to be served buffet style from her oval mahogany table. She plans the menu with an eye on Sunday's schedule so she can make some dishes the day before. "Time is so precious because



Sara Clarke combines a plan-ahead schedule with a make-ahead menu for a carefree Easter-Sunday feast.

I like to go to the fellowship hour after morning church—we don't get back until about one o'clock." Still, Sara manages to serve her festive dinner before two!

Tall, frosty glasses of tangy clam juice and chicken consommé, seasoned with a dash of Worcestershire sauce, pique the appetite. There's a succulent, sugar-crusted ham—each slice melts in your mouth—with fluffy, butter-whipped sweet potatoes dressed in orange cups, and Philip's favorite casserole of asparagus tips and petit peas in a creamy mushroom-cheese sauce. Sara likes to bake golden Charleston Rolls, reminiscent of her traditional Southern upbringing, for special occasions such as this. For dessert: fluffy, almond-flavored jellied fruit—as light as air, as delicate as a soft meringue, it makes a spectacular finale to Sara's Easter feast.



Fresh orange juice and sweet apricot nectar happily combine to make this frothy, almond-flavored molded dessert.

SUGAR-BAKED HAM

1 (12–14-lb.) ready-to-eat ham
Cloves
¼ cup lemon juice
1½ cups light brown sugar, firmly packed
Spiced crab apples (garnish)
Parsley (garnish)

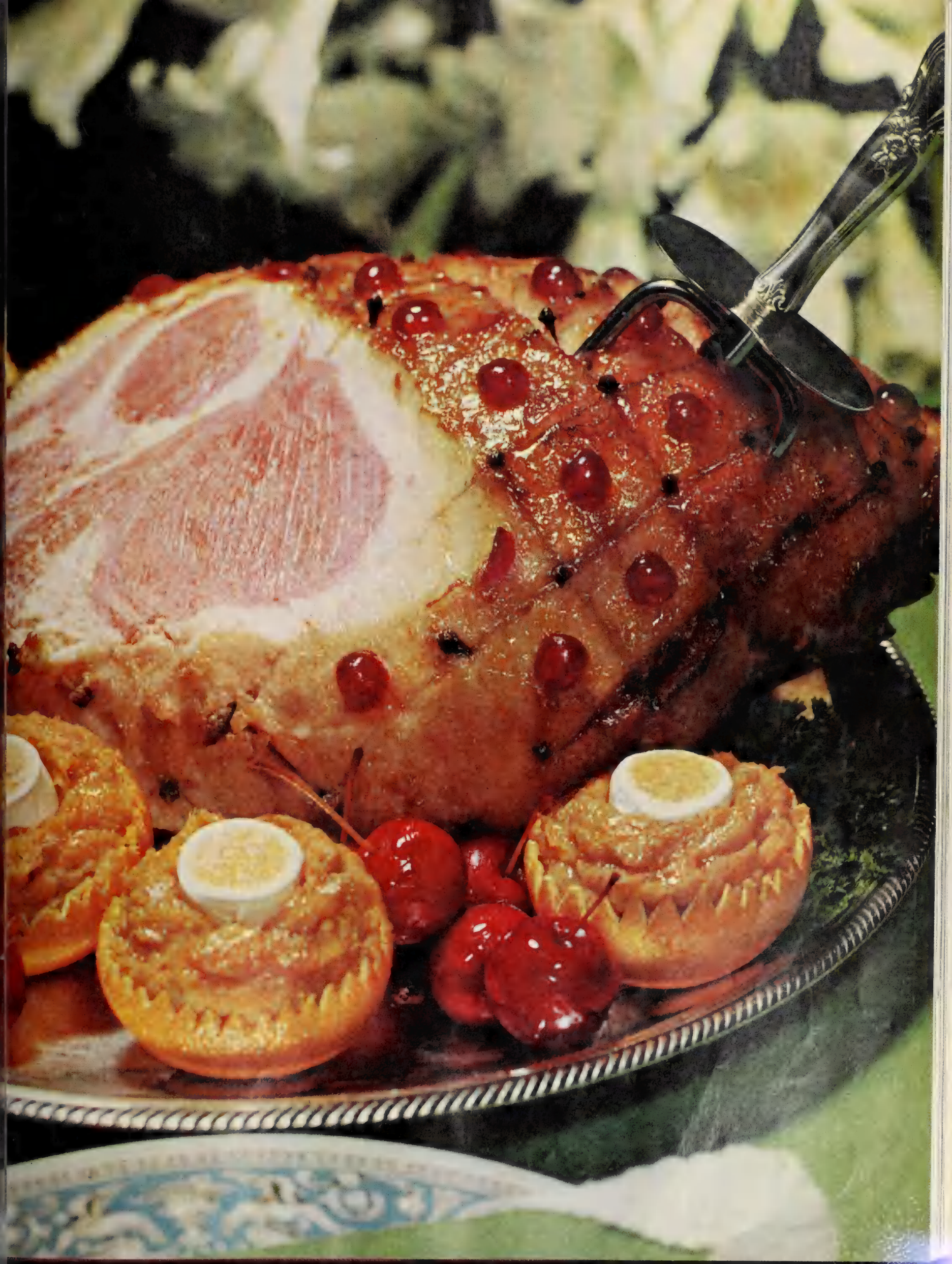
The day before serving, trim the rind and enough fat off the ham to leave about ¼" thickness. Score the fat in a crisscross pattern, stud with cloves and sprinkle with lemon juice. Pat the sugar onto the ham, then place on a rack in an open roasting pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15 minutes to the pound. If sugar crust is getting too brown, cover with aluminum foil. Cool, cover lightly and refrigerate overnight. Allow ham to come to room temperature. About 45 minutes before serving time, place on rack in roasting pan. Cover with aluminum foil and heat in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 40 minutes; uncover for the last 10–15 minutes. Arrange on platter and garnish with spiced crab apples and sprigs of parsley. Makes 12–15 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



Sara's leaf-green cloth, Wedgwood plates and Easter lilies provide a springtime setting for her sugar-baked ham decorated with scarlet crab apples and candied cherries. Fluffy sweet potatoes topped with marshmallows, served in orange cups, add festive color to the platter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN KARLSON



Home in time for GINGERBREAD!

By LIANE WAITE

The best food in the world to come home to: a Molasses Gingercake, full of spices and plump currants, frosted with butter cream! On page 102 you'll find recipes for Mocha Spice Squares (serve them with vanilla ice cream); our White Gingerbread with a sugary crust, top and bottom; and Upside-Down Gingerbread, wearing a crown of peaches under a brown-sugar glaze. . . . On extra-busy days you can make delicious gingerbread, quick as a wink, from one of the wonderful package mixes you'll find on your dealer's shelves. Bake and serve while it is still warm from the oven. Pass chilled whipped cream flavored with nutmeg. Or top with creamy cottage cheese or cold applesauce!

MOLASSES GINGERCAKE

2½ cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1½ tsp. powdered ginger
½ tsp. salt
¾ cup currants or raisins
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup dark molasses
1 cup buttermilk
¼ cup melted butt or margarine

Sift dry ingredients together, add currants ar toss to coat. Add the egg, molasses and buttermil Stir until well blended. Pour in the butter or ma garine and mix well. Turn the batter into a greas and floured 9″x5″x2¾″ loaf pan. Bake in a mode ately slow oven, 325° F., for about 1 hour and minutes. Let stand 5 minutes before turning o of pan. Cool, frost with Butter-Cream Frostin and decorate, if you like.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

Through the window, what does she see? Molasses Gingercake, its fluffy frosting gay with jelly beans. She'll have a piece with milk and a pink-glazed baked app

SOMOROFF

Great Idea:
souper pancakes

Creamed Chicken 'n Pancakes

Make 8 pancakes. Meanwhile, in saucepan, cook 1 cup chopped celery in 2 tbsp. butter till tender. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ⅓ to ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup diced cooked chicken, 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento, and ¼ cup toasted slivered almonds. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve between and over pancakes. 4 delicious servings.



Creamed Eggs 'n Pancakes

Make 8 pancakes. Meanwhile, in saucepan, cook 4 slices bacon till crisp; remove and crumble. Pour off drippings. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ⅓ to ½ cup milk. Add bacon, 4 hard-cooked eggs (sliced), 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve between and over pancakes. (Save some bacon for garnish.) Serves 4.



Creamed Tuna 'n Pancakes

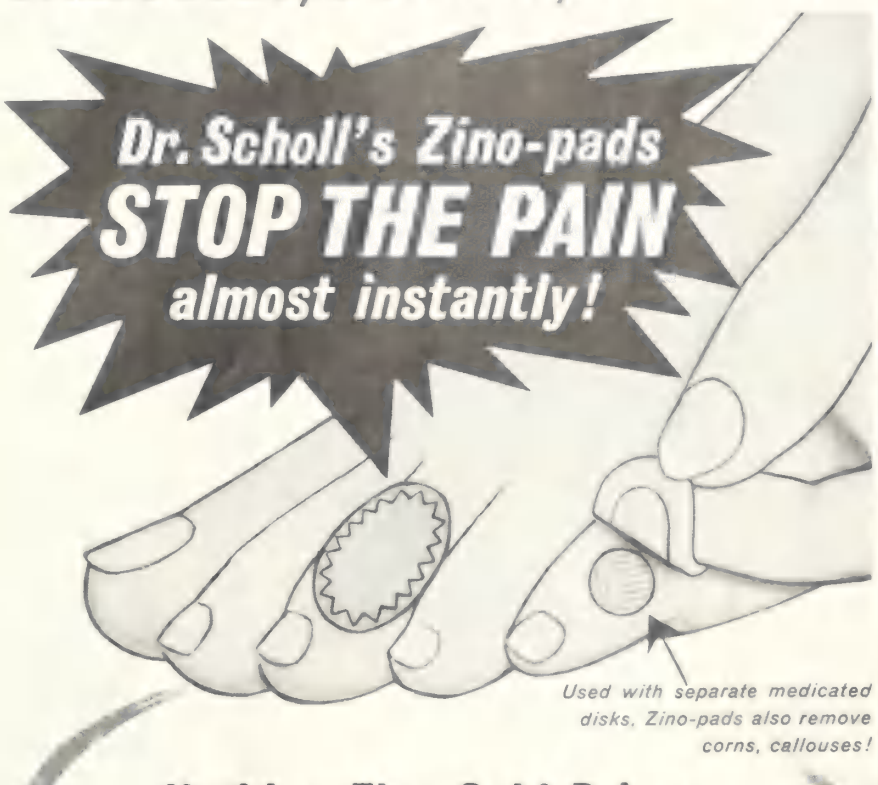
Make 8 pancakes. Meanwhile, in saucepan, cook 2 tbsp. chopped onion in 1 tbsp. butter until tender. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup and ⅓ to ½ cup milk. Add a 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked) and ½ cup cooked peas. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve between and over pancakes. 4 souper servings. Just perfect for lunch or supper.



M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is Campbell's

CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES



Used with separate medicated disks, Zino-pads also remove corns, callouses!

Nothing Else Sold Brings SO MUCH RELIEF SO FAST!

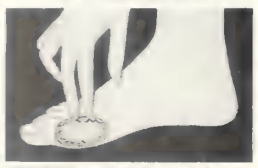
Now there's no waiting for relief of aching corns, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, sensitive spots on your feet. Used alone Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop pain almost the instant you apply them. These soft, protective pads give soothing, nerve-deep relief by cushioning sore areas from shoe pressure and friction.

Used with separate medicated disks (included in each box), Zino-pads also remove corns and callouses—quickly, safely. Applied at first sign of irritation they even prevent corns, callouses, blisters, tender spots from forming. Water-repellent—don't come off in the bath.

Don't wait another day to enjoy freedom from painful foot misery. Get Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads at Drug, Department, Shoe, 5–10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.



CALLOUSES, BURNING on bottom of foot



BUNIONS and Enlarged Joints



CORNS Between Toes

Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

THE PALE HORSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

"Attagirl! Sock her, Lou!"

The proprietor behind the bar, whom I had taken to be Luigi, came to intervene in a voice that was pure Cockney London. "Nah, then, break it up—break it up. You'll 'ave the whole street in in a minute. You'll 'ave the coppers here. Stop it, I say."

But the lank blonde had the redhead by the hair and was tugging furiously. Luigi and the girls' embarrassed escorts forced them apart. In the blonde's fingers were large tufts of red hair. She held them aloft gleefully, then dropped them on the floor. "Come on, Doug," she said, and they left.

The redhead's escort paid the check.

"You all right?" said Luigi to the girl who was adjusting a head scarf. "Lou served you pretty bad, tearing out your hair by the roots like that."

"It didn't hurt," said the girl nonchalantly. "Sorry for the row, Luigi."

"She's a sport all right," said Luigi approvingly, watching the door close. He seized a floor brush and swept the tufts of red hair behind the counter.

"It must have been agony," I said.

"I'd have hollered if it had been me," admitted Luigi. "But she's a real sport, Tommy is."

"You know her well?"

"Oh, she's in here most evenings. Tuckerton, that's her name; Thomasina Tuckerton, if you want the whole setout. Her old man left her a fortune, and what does she go and do? Comes to Chelsea, lives in a slummy room halfway to Wandsworth Bridge, and mooches around with a gang all doing the same thing. Beats me, half of that crowd's got money. But they seem to get a kick out of living the way they do. Yes—it beats me."

I asked what the quarrel was about.

"Oh, Tommy's got hold of the other girl's boyfriend. He's not worth fighting about, believe me, but Lou's very romantic."

It was not my idea of romance, but I did not say so. . . .

It must have been about a week later when my eye was caught by a name in the Death column of the *Times*.

TUCKERTON. On October 2nd at Fallowfield Nursing Home, Amerley, Thomasina Ann, aged twenty, only daughter of the late Thomas Tuckerton, Esq., of Carrington Park, Amerley, Surrey. Funeral private. No flowers.

No flowers for poor Tommy Tucker; and no more "kicks" out of life in Chelsea. I felt a sudden fleeting compassion for the Tommy Tuckers of today. Yet after all, was I to pronounce it a wasted life? Perhaps it was *my* life, my quiet scholarly life, immersed in books, shut off from the world, that was the wasted one. Life at second hand. Be honest now, was *I* getting kicks out of life? An unfamiliar and not very welcome thought.

I turned to my correspondence. The principal item was a letter from my cousin Rhoda Despard, asking me to do her a favor. I grasped at this, since I was not feeling in the mood for work this morning, and went out into King's Road, hailed a taxi, and was driven to the residence of Mrs. Ariadne Oliver.

Mrs. Oliver, a well-known writer of detective stories, was prowling round her room, muttering to herself in a state apparently bordering on insanity. Her eyes, unfocused, swept round the walls, glanced out the window, and occasionally closed in what appeared to be a spasm of agony.

"But why," demanded Mrs. Oliver of the universe, "why doesn't the idiot say at once that he *saw* the cockatoo? He couldn't have helped seeing it! But if he *does* mention it, it ruins everything. There must be a way . . . there must be ——" She groaned, ran her fingers through her short gray hair and clutched it in a frenzied hand. Then looking at me with suddenly focused eyes, she said, "Hullo, Mark. I'm going mad over this cockatoo business."

"Something that won't jell?" I said sympathetically. "I'd better go away."

"No, don't. At any rate, you're a distraction." I accepted this doubtful compliment. "Do you want a cigarette?" Mrs. Oliver asked with vague hospitality. "You know, Mark, I really can't think how anyone ever gets away with a murder in real life. It seems to me that the moment you've done a murder the whole thing is so terribly obvious."

"Nonsense. You've done lots of them."

"Fifty-five at least," said Mrs. Oliver. "The murder part is quite easy and simple. It's the covering up that's so difficult. I mean it's not *natural* for five or six people to be on the spot when B is murdered and all to have a motive for killing B—unless, that is, B is absolutely madly unpleasant and in that case nobody will mind whether he's been killed or not, and doesn't care in the least who's done it."

She seized her hair again and tugged it violently.

"Don't," I cried. "You'll have it out by the roots."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Oliver. "Hair's tough. Though when I had measles at fourteen with a very high temperature, it did come out—all round the front. And it was six whole months before it grew properly again. Awful for a girl—girls mind so. I thought of it yesterday when I was visiting Mary Delafontaine in that nursing home. Her hair was coming out just the way mine did."

"I saw a girl pull out another girl's hair by the roots the other night," I said. I was conscious of a slight note of pride in my voice, as of one who has seen life.

"What extraordinary places have you been going to?"

"This was in a coffee bar in Chelsea."

"Oh, Chelsea!" said Mrs. Oliver. "Everything happens there, I believe. Beatniks and sputniks and squares. I don't write about them because I'm so afraid of getting the terms wrong. All the same, you might take me out to a coffee bar sometime—just to widen my experience," said Mrs. Oliver wistfully.

"Any time you say. Tonight?"

"Not tonight. I'm too busy writing—or rather worrying because I can't write. Tell me, Mark, do you think it is possible to kill someone by remote control?"

"Press a button and set off a radioactive death ray?"

"No, no, not science fiction. I suppose"—she paused doubtfully—"I mean black magic."

"Wax figures and pins in them?"

"Oh, wax figures are right out," said Mrs. Oliver scornfully. "But queer things do happen—in Africa or the West Indies. People are always telling you how natives just curl up and die. Voodoo—or juju ——"

I said that much of that was attributed nowadays to the power of suggestion. Word is conveyed to the victim that his death has been decreed by the medicine man—and his subconscious does the rest.

"Then you think it *can* happen?"

"I don't know enough about the subject to judge. What put it into your head? Is your new masterpiece to be murder by suggestion?"

"No, indeed. Good old-fashioned rat poison or arsenic is good enough for me. But you didn't come here to talk to me about my books."

"Frankly, no. The fact is that my cousin Rhoda Despard has got a church fete and ——"

"Never again!" said Mrs. Oliver. "You know what happened last time? I arranged a murder hunt, and the first thing that happened was a *real corpse*. I've never quite got over it!"

"It's not a murder hunt. All you'd have to do would be to sit in a tent and sign your own books—at five bob a time."

"Well-l-l," said Mrs. Oliver doubtfully.

"It would only be for an hour or two," said coaxingly. "After that, there'll be a cricket match—no, I suppose not this time of year. Children dancing, perhaps."

Mrs. Oliver interrupted me with a wild scream. "That's it," she cried. "A *cricket ball*. Of course! He sees it from the window . . . rising up in the air . . . and it distracts him—and so he never mentions the cockatoo! What a good thing you came, Mark."

"I don't quite see ——"

"Perhaps not, but I do," said Mrs. Oliver. "It's all rather complicated, and I don't want to waste time explaining. Nice as it's been to see you, what I'd really like you to do now is to go away. Now, where on earth did I put my spectacles?"

Dr. Corrigan walked into the D.D.I.'s room
d addressed Divisional Detective Inspector
irneaux in a chatty manner.
"I've done your padre for you," he said.
"And the result?"
"Well and truly coshed. First blow probably
lled him, but whoever it was made sure.
uite a nasty business."
"Yes," said Furneaux. He was a sturdy man,
rk-haired and gray-eyed. He had a mislead-
gly quiet manner, but his gestures betrayed
French Huguenot ancestry.
"Was it robbery?" asked the doctor.
"One supposes so. His pockets were turned
t and the lining of his cassock ripped."
"They couldn't have hoped for much," said
rrigan. "Poor as a rat, most of these parish
ests."
"They battered his head in—to make sure,"
ised Furneaux. "One would like to know
y?"
"Two possible answers," said Corrigan.
ne: it was done by a vicious-minded young
g, who likes violence for violence's sake; or
nebody had it in for your Father Gorman."
"Most unlikely. He was a popular man, well
ed in the district. And robbery's unlikely.
less ——"
"Unless what?" asked Corrigan. "The po-
have a clue?"
"He did have something on him that wasn't
en away. It was in his shoe."
"Sounds like a spy story."
"It's much simpler than that. He had a hole
his pocket. His housekeeper admitted that

man is a true believer unless he desireth
his brother that which he desireth for
mself. MOHAMMED

w and again Father Gorman would thrust a
per or a letter down the side of his shoe—to
vent it from going down into the lining of
cassock."
"What was on the paper?"
Furneaux took out a flimsy piece of creased
per. "Just a list of names," he said.
Corrigan looked at it curiously.

Ormerod
Sandford
Parkinson
Hesketh-Dubois
Shaw
Harmondsworth
Tuckerton
Corrigan (?)
Delafontaine (?)

His eyebrows rose. "I see *I'm* on the list!"
Do any of the names mean anything to
?" asked the inspector.
"None of them."
"Then you won't be able to help us much,"
Furneaux said.
"Any ideas as to what this list means—if
thing?"
Furneaux did not reply directly. "A boy
ed at Father Gorman's about seven o'clock
the evening. Said a woman was dying and
nted the priest. Father Gorman went with
to twenty-three Benthall Street, a house
ned by a woman named Coppins. The sick
man was a Mrs. Davis. The priest was with
for about half an hour. Mrs. Davis died
before the ambulance arrived."
"I see."
"The next we hear of Father Gorman is at
small down-at-heel café. Father Gorman
ed for coffee. Then he asked the proprietor,
y, for a piece of paper. This"—he gestured
his finger—"is the piece of paper."
"And then?"
"When Tony brought the coffee, the priest
writing on the paper. Shortly afterward he
leaving his coffee practically untasted."
"Anybody else in the place?"
"An elderly man came in and went away
out ordering."
"He followed the priest?"
"Could be. Tony described him as an incon-
spicuous type of man. Medium height, dark
overcoat—or could be brown. Not very
and not very fair. No reason he should
had anything to do with it. One just
doesn't know. We're asking for anyone who saw Father Gorman between a quarter to eight and eight-fifteen to communicate with us. Only two people so far have responded: a woman, and a chemist who had a shop nearby. I'll be going to see them presently."

Corrigan nodded. He tapped the paper. "What's your feeling about this?"

"I think it's important," said Furneaux.

"The dying woman told him something and he got these names down on paper as soon as he could before he forgot them?"

"But suppose, for instance, these people were being blackmailed. The dying woman was either the blackmailer, or she knew about the blackmail. I'd say that the general idea was repentance, confession, and a wish to make reparation as far as possible. Father Gorman assumed the responsibility."

"I wonder now," said Corrigan, studying the paper again. "Why do you think there's an interrogation point after the last two names?"

"It could be that Father Gorman wasn't sure he'd remembered those two names correctly."

"It might have been Mulligan instead of Corrigan," agreed the doctor with a grin. "That's likely enough. But I'd say that with a name like Delafontaine, either you'd remember it or you wouldn't." He read down the list again.

"Parkinson—lots of Parkinsons. Sandford, not uncommon; Hesketh-Dubois—that's a bit of a mouthful. Can't be many of them."

On a sudden impulse he leaned forward and took the telephone directory from the desk.

"E to L. Let's see. Hesketh, Mrs. A. . . . Sir Isidore . . . Ah! Here we are! Hesketh-Dubois, Lady, forty-nine, Ellesmere Square, S.W. One. What say we just ring her up?"

"We don't really neglect the obvious," Inspector Furneaux said. "Lady Hesketh-Dubois died last April."

"Last April," said Corrigan thoughtfully. "Five months ago. Five months since blackmail or whatever it was has failed to worry her. She didn't commit suicide, or anything like that?"

"No. She died of a tumor on the brain."

"So now we start again," said Corrigan, looking down at the list. "Do you mind if I continue to concentrate on this?"

"Go ahead. I wish you all the luck in the world."

"Meaning *I'm* not likely to get anywhere if *you* haven't! Don't be too sure. I shall concentrate on Corrigan. Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Corrigan—with a big interrogation mark." . . .

"Well, really, Mr. Furneaux, I don't see what more I can tell you! I don't know who Mrs. Davis was, or where she came from. She paid her rent regular, and she seemed a nice, quiet, respectable person."

"Was she . . . an unhappy woman, do you think?" Furneaux asked.

"Now as to that—no, I wouldn't say so. Businesslike. That's what she always seemed. Methodical. She had a job with one of these consumer-research associations. Going around and asking people what soap powder they used, or flour, and what they spend on their weekly budget. Of course I've always felt that sort of thing is snooping really—though I should say that poor Mrs. Davis would do the job very nicely. A pleasant manner, not nosy, just matter-of-fact."

"Did she ever mention relatives?"

"No. I gathered she was a widow."

"You didn't feel there was anything—well, mysterious about her?"

"Well, I can't really say that I did. Of course, when she got ill ——"

"Yes, when she got ill?" he prompted her.

"Vexed, she was at first. It would put all her schedule out, she said. Missing appointments and all that. But flu's flu, so she stopped in bed, and made herself tea on the gas ring, and took aspirin. I said why not have the doctor and she said no point in it. I did a bit of cooking for her when she got better. Hot soup and toast. And a rice pudding now and again. It got her down, of course, flu does—but not more than what's usual, I'd say. It's after the fever goes down that you get the depression—and she got that like everyone does. She sat there by the gas fire, I remember, and said to me, 'I wish one didn't have so much time to *think*. It gets me down.'"

Progress against...



"the world's toughest jigsaw puzzle"

Cancer, a disease of almost unbelievable complexity, has been called "the world's toughest jigsaw puzzle." Fortunately, more and more pieces of the puzzle are falling into place so that a clearer picture of cancer is emerging—optimism for its eventual conquest is increasing.

Many new discoveries have been made about the chemical differences between normal and cancer cells . . . about the role of viruses in some forms of cancer . . . about the influence of hormones in the development of the disease . . . about the body's innate ability to react or develop immunity against cancerous cells.

Moreover, encouraging gains have been made in the diagnosis and treatment of cancer. For example, there is a simple test by which one of the common forms of cancer in women can be detected in an early stage—or even before symptoms appear. If every adult woman would have the "Pap Smear Test" made every year, the form of cancer that it reveals could almost be eliminated as a cause of death.

In fact, early detection of most types of cancer in both men and women greatly increases the chances of cure. It is estimated, for example, that if all cancer patients received early and adequate treatment, one half could be saved.

Today your physician knows more about the signs and symptoms of cancer. Often he can detect certain cancers while they are localized and can be treated successfully by surgery, X-ray and other forms of radiation. This points up the importance of going to your doctor for a complete health examination at least once a year—or more often, if he suggests it.

Between your check-ups, it is also wise to watch for these seven signs which may warn of cancer:

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere
3. A sore that does not heal
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits
5. Hoarseness or cough
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing
7. Change in a wart or mole

None of these signs definitely indicates cancer. But if any one of them should occur and last longer than two weeks, you should go to your doctor promptly. Such prompt attention is one of the basic safeguards in the control of cancer.

For more information about cancer, write for Metropolitan's booklet, *Facts About Cancer*. Use the coupon below for a free copy.



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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Furneaux continued to look deeply attentive and Mrs. Coppins warmed to her theme.

"Lent her some magazines, I did. But she didn't seem able to keep her mind on reading. Said once, 'If things aren't all they should be, it's better not to know about it, don't you agree?' And I said, 'That's right, dearie.' And she said, 'I don't *know*—I've never really been *sure*.' And I said that was all right, then. And she said, 'Everything *I've* done has always been perfectly straightforward and aboveboard. I've nothing to reproach *myself* with.' And I said, 'Of course you haven't, dear.' But I did just wonder in my own mind whether in the firm that employed her there mightn't have been some funny business with the accounts maybe, and she'd got wind of it."

"Possible," agreed Furneaux.

"Anyway, she went back to work. I told her it was too soon. And how right I was! Come back the second evening, she did, and I could see she'd got a high fever. Couldn't hardly climb the stairs. 'You must have the doctor,' I says, but no, she wouldn't. Worse and worse she got, all that day, her eyes glassy, and her cheeks like fire, and her breathing terrible. And the next evening she said to me, hardly able to get the words out, 'A priest. I must have a priest. And quickly—or it will be too late.' I sent for that Father Gorman at St. Dominic's. And I rang the doctor and the hospital on my own account."

"You took the priest up to her?" Furneaux asked.

"Yes, I did. And left them together."

"Did either of them say anything?"

"Well now, I do call to mind now as I closed the door I heard her say something about wickedness. Yes, and something, too, about a horse—horse racing, maybe. I like a half crown on myself occasionally—but there's a lot of crookedness goes on in racing, so they say."

"Wickedness," said Furneaux. He was struck by the word. Something rather special in wickedness, he thought, if the priest who knew about it was followed and clubbed to death.

The woman who had reported having seen Father Gorman in the street that evening had no useful information to give. She had seen him turn out of Benthall Street and go into Tony's Place about ten minutes to eight. That was all.

Mr. Osborne, the proprietor of the chemist's shop on the corner of Barton Street, had a better contribution to make. He was a small, middle-aged man, with a bald domed head, a round ingenuous face, and glasses. His eyes glinted in pleasurable excitement.

"It just happens that I *may* be able to assist you. It wasn't a busy evening—nothing much to do, the weather being unfavorable. I'd gone to the door to look at the weather, thinking to myself that the fog was coming up fast. Then I saw Father Gorman coming along on the other side of the street. A shocking thing, attacking a man so well thought of as he is. 'There's Father Gorman,' I said to myself. A little way behind him there was another man. It wouldn't have entered my head to notice, but quite suddenly this second man came to a stop—quite abruptly, just when he was level with my door. I wondered why he'd stopped—and then I noticed that Father Gorman, a little way ahead, was slowing down. He didn't quite stop. It was as though he was thinking of something so hard that he almost forgot he was walking. Then he started on again, and this other man started to walk too—rather fast. I thought that perhaps it was someone who knew Father Gorman and wanted to catch him up and speak to him."

"Can you describe this man at all?" Furneaux's voice was not confident. He was prepared for the usual nondescript characteristics. But Mr. Osborne was made of different metal from Tony of Tony's Place.

"Well, yes, I think so," he said with complacency. "He was five eleven to six foot, at least, I'd say. Sloping shoulders he had, and a definite Adam's apple. Grew his hair rather long under his Homburg. A great beak of a nose. *Very* noticeable. Naturally I couldn't say as to the color of his eyes. I saw him in profile, as you'll appreciate. Perhaps fifty as to age. I'm going by the walk. A youngish man moves quite differently."

Furneaux made a mental survey of the distance across the street. A description such as that given by the chemist could spring from an unusually vivid imagination; he had known many examples of that kind, mostly from women. But it was possible that here was the witness in a million: a man who observed accurately and in detail—and who would be quite unshakable as to what he had seen.

His eyes rested thoughtfully on the chemist. He asked, "Do you think you would recognize this man if you saw him again?"

"Oh, yes." Mr. Osborne was supremely confident. "I never forget a face. It's one of my hobbies. I've always said that if one of these wife murderers came into my place and bought a nice little package of arsenic, I'd be able to swear to him at the trial. I've always had my hopes that something like that would happen one day."

"But it hasn't happened yet?"

Mr. Osborne admitted sadly that it hadn't. "And not likely to now," he added wistfully. "I'm retiring to Bournemouth."

"It looks a nice place you've got here."

"It's got class," said Mr. Osborne, pride in his voice. "Nearly a hundred years we've been established here. My grandfather and my father before me. A good old-fashioned family business. Not that I saw it that way as a boy. Like many a lad, I was bitten by the stage.

Democracy is a very new thing in the world. Our knowledge of man in society goes back to the Neolithic age, nine thousand years ago. Over that span of time man has seen and suffered despotisms of every conceivable variety. Democracy appeared in Athens about 500 B.C., but did not make its modern appearance until the Puritan revolution in England in the middle years of the seventeenth century. It did not attain the form in which we know it until the nineteenth century. Compared with despotism, it is but a few minutes old. The remarkable fact is not that it is still opposed to despotism but that it has survived that opposition as vigorously as it has. GRISWOLD

Felt sure I could act. But eighteen months or so in repertory and back I came into the business. Took a pride in it, I did. But it's not what it used to be, having a chemist's establishment. However, I've a good sum put by, and I'm getting a very good price, and I've made a down payment on a very nice little bungalow near Bournemouth."

Furneaux rose. "Well, I wish you the best of luck," he said. "And if, before you actually leave these parts, you *should* catch sight of that man ——"

"I'll let you know at once, Mr. Furneaux. You can rely on me. It will be a pleasure."

Mark Easterbrook's narrative

I came out of the Old Vic, my friend Hermia Redcliffe beside me. We had been to see a performance of *Macbeth*, and decided to go to the Fantasie for supper. One needs really good food and drink after the magnificent blood and gloom of *Macbeth*.

Hermia was a handsome young woman of twenty-eight. Cast in the heroic mold, she had an almost flawless Greek profile, and a mass of dark chestnut hair coiled on the nape of her neck. My sister always referred to her as "Mark's girl friend" with an intonation of inverted commas about the term that never failed to annoy me.

The Fantasie gave us a pleasant welcome and showed us to a small table against the crimson velvet wall. As we sat down, our neighbors at the next table greeted us cheerfully. David Ardingly was a lecturer in history at Oxford. He introduced his companion, a very pretty girl with a fashionable hairdo, all ends, bits and pieces. She had enormous blue eyes and a mouth that was usually half open. She was, as all David's girls were known to be, extremely silly.

"This is my particular pet, Poppy," he plained. "Meet Mark and Hermia. They very serious and highbrow and you must and live up to them. We've just come from *it for Kicks*. Lovely show! I bet you two straight from a revival of Ibsen."

"*Macbeth* at the Old Vic," said Hermia.

"Ah, what do you think of Batterson's p duction?"

"I liked it," said Hermia. "I've never s the banquet scene so well managed."

"Ah, but what about the witches?"

"Awful!" said Hermia. "They always ar

David agreed. "A pantomime element see bound to creep in," he said. "All of th capering about and behaving like a threef Demon King. You can't help expecting a Go Fairy to appear in white with spangles to in a flat voice:

'*Your evil shall not triumph. In the end,*
It is Macbeth who will be round the be

We all laughed, but David, who was qu on the uptake, gave me a sharp glance.

"What gives with you?" he asked.

"Nothing. It was just that I was reflect only the other day about Evil and Dem Kings. Yes—and Good Fairies too."

"Apropos what?"

"Oh, in Chelsea at a coffee bar."

"How smart and up-to-date you are, ar you, Mark? All among the Chelsea set. Th where Poppy ought to be, isn't it, duckie?"

Poppy opened her enormous eyes wider. "I hate Chelsea," she protested. "I the Fantasie *much* better!"

"Good for you, Poppy. Anyway, you're really rich enough for Chelsea. Tell us n about *Macbeth*, Mark, and the awful witc I know how I'd produce the witches if I doing a production."

"Well, how?"

"I'd make them very ordinary. Like witches in a country village."

"But there aren't any witches nowada said Poppy, staring at him.

"You say that because you're a London There's still a witch in every village in England. Old Mrs. Black, in the third cot up the hill. Little boys are told not to ar her, and she's given presents of eggs a home-baked cake now and again. Becaus he wagged a finger impressively—"if yo across her, your cows will stop giving your potato crop will fail, or little Johnnie twist his ankle."

"You're joking," said Poppy, pouting.

"Surely all that kind of superstition has out completely," said Hermia skeptically.

"Not in the rural pockets of the land. do you say, Mark?"

"I think perhaps you're right," I said sl "Though I wouldn't really know. I've lived in the country much."

"I don't see *how* you could produc witches as ordinary old women," said He reverting to David's earlier remark. must have a supernatural atmosphere them, surely."

"Oh, but take mediums. At one mo trances, darkened rooms, knocks and Afterward the medium sits up, pats he and goes home to a meal of fish and chip an ordinary quite jolly woman."

"So your idea of the witches," I sai three old Scottish crones with second s just an ordinary trio of old women. Y could be impressive."

"If you could ever get any actors to p that way," said Hermia dryly.

"You have something there," adr David. "Any hint of madness in the scrip an actor is immediately determined to town on it! Talking of performances, wh you think of Fielding's *Macbeth*? Gre vision of opinion among the critics."

"I thought it was terrific," said Herm was interesting that Fielding played the p Third Murderer. Is there a precede that?"

"I believe so," said David. "How venient it must have been in those time went on, "to be able to call up a handy derer whenever you wanted a little job Aunt Emily, so rich and so unfortu long-lived; that awkward husband alw

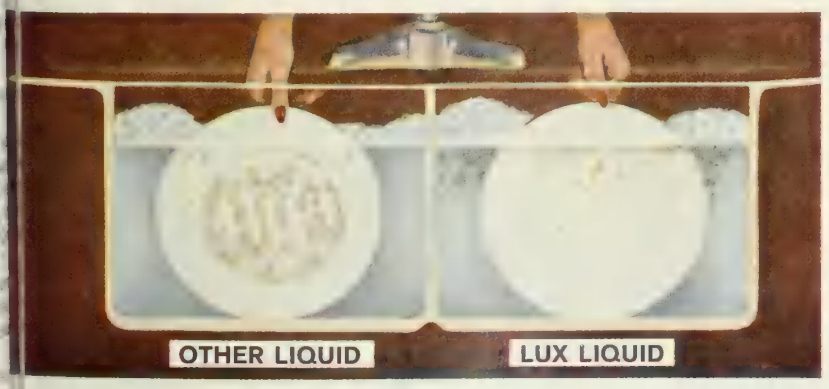
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

the way. How convenient if you could ring up Harrods and say, 'Please send along two good murderers, will you?' "

We all laughed.

"But one *can* do that in a way, can't one?" said Poppy.

"What way, poppet?" asked David.

"Well, I mean, people can do that if they want to. Only I believe it's very expensive." Poppy's eyes were wide and ingenuous.

"What *do* you mean?" asked David curiously.

Poppy looked confused. "Oh . . . I expect I've got it mixed. I meant the Pale Horse. All that sort of thing."

"A pale *horse?* What kind of pale horse?"

Poppy flushed and her eyes dropped. "I'm being stupid. It's just something someone mentioned—but I must have got it all wrong."

"Have some lovely Coupe Nesselrode," said David kindly. . . .

One of the oddest things in life, as we all know, is the way that when you have heard a thing mentioned, within twenty-four hours you nearly always come across it again. I had an instance of that the next morning.

My telephone rang and I answered it. A voice said breathlessly but defiantly "I've thought about it, and I'll come!"

I cast round wildly in my mind. "Are you sure you've got the right number?"

"Of course I have. You're Mark Easterbrook, aren't you?"

"Got it!" I said. "Mrs. Oliver."

"Oh," said the voice, surprised. "Didn't you know who I was? It's about that fete of Rhoda's. I'll sign books if she wants me to."

"That's frightfully nice of you."

"There won't be parties, will there?" asked Mrs. Oliver apprehensively. "And you don't think they'll want me to go out to the Pink Horse and have drinks?"

"The Pink *Horse*?"

"Well, the Pale Horse. There's a pub called that down there, isn't there? Or perhaps I *do* mean the Pink Horse? Or perhaps that's somewhere else. I may have just imagined it. I do imagine quite a lot of things."

She rang off, and I was still considering this second mention of the Pale Horse when my telephone rang again.

This time it was Mr. Soames White, a solicitor who rang up to remind me that under the will of my godmother, Lady Hesketh-Dubois, I was entitled to choose three of her pictures.

"The executors are arranging for the sale of the effects of her London house. If you *could* go round to Ellesmere Square in the near future ——"

"I'll go now," I said.

Carrying the three water colors of my choice under my arm, I emerged from 49 Ellesmere Square and immediately cannoned into someone coming up the steps to the front door. I apologized, received apologies in return, and was just about to hail a passing taxi when something clicked in my mind and I turned sharply to ask:

"Hullo—isn't it Corrigan?"

"It is, and—yes—you're Mark Easterbrook!"

Jim Corrigan and I had been friends in our Oxford days—but it must have been fifteen years or more since we had last met.

"Thought I knew you—but couldn't place you for the moment," said Corrigan. "I read your articles now and again—and enjoy them, I may say."

"What about you? Have you gone in for research as you meant to do? Liver flukes, wasn't it?"

"What a memory! No, I went off liver flukes. The properties of the secretions of the Mandarian glands; that's my present-day interest. Connected with the spleen. Apparently serving no purpose whatever!" He spoke with a scientist's enthusiasm.

"What's the big idea, then?"

"I have a theory that a deficiency in these secretions might—I only say *might*—make you a criminal."

"And what happens to Original Sin?"

"What indeed?" said Dr. Corrigan. "The parsons wouldn't like it, would they? I haven't been able to interest anyone in my theory, unfortunately. So I'm a police surgeon, in N.W. division. Quite interesting. One sees a lot of criminal types. But I won't bore you with shop—unless you'll come and have some lunch with me?"

"I'd like to. But you were going in there." I nodded toward the house behind Corrigan.

"Not really," said Corrigan. "I was just going to find out something about the late Lady Hesketh-Dubois if I could."

"I daresay I can help you; she was my godmother."

"Was she indeed? That's a bit of luck."

We settled ourselves in a little seafood restaurant; a caldron of steaming soup was brought to us by a pale-faced lad in French sailor's trousers.

"Delicious," I said, sampling the soup. "Now then, Corrigan, what do you want to know about the old lady? And incidentally, why?"

"First tell me what kind of lady she was?"

I considered. "She was an old-fashioned type," I said. "Victorian. Widow of an ex-governor of some obscure island. She was rich and liked her comfort. She had no children but kept a couple of poodles. Very set in her ways. What more do you want?"

"Was she ever likely to have been blackmailed, would you say?"

"*Blackmailed?*" I asked in lively astonishment. "I can imagine nothing more unlikely. What *is* this all about?"

It was then I heard for the first time of the circumstances of Father Gorman's murder.

I laid down my spoon and asked, "This list of names? Have you got it?"

"Not the original. But I copied them out."

I took the paper he produced from his pocket and proceeded to study it.

"Parkinson? I know three Parkinsons. Arthur who went into the navy. Then there's a Henry Parkinson in one of the ministries. Ormerod—there's a Major Ormerod in the Blues. Sandford—our old rector when I was a boy was Sandford. Harmondsworth? No. Tuckerton"—I paused—"Tuckerton . . . not Thomasina Tuckerton, I suppose?"

Corrigan looked at me curiously. "Could be, for all I know."

"Her death was in the paper about a week ago."

"That's not much help, then."

I continued with my reading. "Shaw. I know a dentist called Shaw, and there's Jerome Shaw, Q.C. Delafontaine—I've heard that name lately, but I can't remember where. Corrigan. Does that refer to you, by any chance?"

"I devoutly hope not. I've a feeling that it's unlucky to have your name on that list."

"Why the interest in it?"

THE WHEEL SONG

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Listen, my child, to the song I sing—
It is old, it is trite, it is true:
Never go back to the one green hill,
Let it come back to you.
Little and dark, a muffin of trees,
It fades where horizons drop,
You learn as you leave how partial a view
Of the earth you saw from the top.
Taller you travel for being there—
It is less if you return,
But it comes to you as a windy height
Captured from boulder and fern.
There would be tears, only tears if you found
So much as one gnarled tree
And cried, "It is here, it is just the same,
The change is in me, in me!"

"Blessed if I know," said Corrigan slowly. "Perhaps it's just a feeling. Or perhaps it's something to do with Father Gorman. I didn't come across him very often, but he was a fine man, respected by everyone and loved by his own flock. I can't get it out of my head that he considered this list a matter of life or death."

"Aren't the police getting anywhere?"

"Oh, yes, but it's a long business. Checking here, checking there. I thought if I could find out a little about Lady Hesketh-Dubois ——" He left the sentence unfinished. "But from what you tell me, there doesn't seem to be any possible lead there."

"Neither a dope addict nor a dope smuggler," I assured him. "Certainly not a secret agent. Led far too blameless a life to have been blackmailed. I can't imagine what kind of list she could possibly be on. Her jewelry she kept at the bank, so she wouldn't be a hopeful prospect for robbery."

Corrigan told me sourly that I'd been a lot of help. He looked at his watch, remarked cheerfully that he was due to cut somebody up, and we parted.

I went home thoughtful, found it impossible to concentrate on my work, and finally, on an impulse, rang up David Ardingly.

"David? Mark here. That girl I met with you the other evening. Poppy. What's her other name?"

"Going to pinch my girl, is that it?" David sounded highly amused. "I thought you were going steady."

Going steady. A repulsive term. And yet, I thought, struck suddenly with its aptness, how well it described my relationship with Hermia. And why should it make me feel depressed? I had always felt in the back of my mind someday Hermia and I would marry. We had so much in common. . . . For no conceivable reason, I felt a terrible desire to yawn. . . . Our future stretched out before me. Hermia and me going to plays of significance—discussions of art, of music. No doubt about it, Hermia was the perfect companion. *But not much fun,* said some derisive imp, popping up from my subconscious. I was shocked.

"Gone to sleep?" asked David.

"Of course not. To tell the truth, I found your friend Poppy very refreshing."

"Good word. She is—taken in small doses. Her actual name is Pamela Stirling, and she works in one of those arty flower places in Mayfair. You know, three dead twigs, a tulip with its petals pinned back and a speckled laurel leaf. Price three guineas." He gave me the address. "Take her out and enjoy yourself," he said in a kindly, avuncular fashion. "You'll find it a great relaxation. That girl knows nothing—she's absolutely empty-headed. She'll believe anything you tell her."

I invaded the portals of Flower Studies Ltd. with some trepidation. An overpowering smell of gardenia nearly knocked me backward. A number of girls, dressed in pale green sheaths and all looking exactly like Poppy, confused me. Finally I identified her and claimed her attention.

"We met the other night—with David Ardingly," I reminded her.

"Oh, *yes!*" agreed Poppy warmly.

"I wanted to ask you something." I felt sudden qualms. "Perhaps I'd better buy some flowers?"

Like an automaton who has had the right button pressed, Poppy said, "We've some lovely roses, fresh in today."

"These yellow ones, perhaps?"

"Vewy vewy cheap," said Poppy in a honeyed persuasive voice. "Only five shillings each."

I swallowed and said I would have six.

"There was something I wanted to ask you," I reiterated as Poppy was rather clumsily draping asparagus fern around the roses. "The other evening you mentioned something called the Pale Horse."

With a violent start, Poppy dropped the roses and the asparagus fern on the floor. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I was asking you about the Pale Horse."

"A pale horse? What do you mean?"

"You mentioned it the other evening."

"I'm sure I never did anything of the kind! I've never heard of any such thing."

"Somebody told you about it. Who was it?"

Poppy drew a deep breath and spoke very fast. "I don't in the least know what you mean! And we're not supposed to talk to customers." She slapped paper round my choice. "That will be thirty shillings, please."

I went out slowly, seeing again that rather lovely vacant face and the wide blue eyes. There had been something showing in those eyes. *Scared,* I said to myself. *Scared stiff. Now why? Why? . . .*

"What a relief," sighed Mrs. Oliver. "To think it's over and nothing has happened!"

It was a moment of relaxation. Rhoda's fete had passed off in the manner of fetes, and the weary household had retired to the house, and were partaking of a sketchy cold meal.

"We shall take more than we did last year," said Rhoda gleefully.

"It seems very extraordinary to me," said Miss Macalister, the children's Scottish nursery governess, "that Michael Brent should find the buried treasure three years in succession. I'm wondering if he gets some advance information."

"Lady Brookbank won the pig," said Rhoda. "I don't think she wanted it. She looked terribly embarrassed."

The party consisted of my Cousin Rhoda and her husband, Colonel Despard; Miss Macalister; a young woman with red hair, suitably called Ginger; Mrs. Oliver; and the vicar, the Rev. Caleb Dane-Calthrop, and his wife. The vicar was a charming elderly scholar whose principal pleasure was finding some apposite comment from the classics.

"Very sporting of old Lugg at the King's Arms to send us twelve dozen beer for the bottle stall," said Despard.

"King's Arms?" I asked sharply.

"Our local, darling," said Rhoda.

"Isn't there another pub round here? The . . . Pale Horse, didn't you say?" I asked, turning to Mrs. Oliver.

There was no such reaction here as I had half expected. The faces turned toward me were vague and uninterested.

"The Pale Horse isn't a pub," said Rhoda. "I mean, not *now.*"

"It *was* an old inn," said Despard. "Mostly sixteenth century, I'd say. But it's just an ordinary house now. I always think they should have changed the name."

"Who's they?" I asked.

"It belongs to Thyrza Grey," said Rhoda. "I don't know if you saw her today? Tall woman with short gray hair."

"She's very occult," said Despard. "Goes in for spiritualism and trances, and magic. Not quite black masses, but that sort of thing."

Ginger gave a sudden peal of laughter. "I'm sorry," she said apologetically. "I was just thinking of Miss Grey as Madame de Montespan on a black velvet altar."

"Ginger!" said Rhoda. "Not in front of the vicar."

"Sorry, Mr. Dane-Calthrop."

"There's a friend who lives with her," Rhoda continued. "Sybil Stamfordis. She acts as medium, I believe."

"And then there's Bella," said Mrs. Dane-Calthrop. "She's their cook," she explained. "And she's a witch." She spoke in a matter-of-fact way.

"You sound as though you believe in witchcraft, Mrs. Dane-Calthrop," I said.

"But of course! There's nothing mysterious or secretive about it. It's a family asset that you inherit."

I looked at her doubtfully. She appeared to be quite serious.

"Sybil helped us today by telling fortunes," said Rhoda. "She was in the green tent."

"She gave me a lovely fortune," said Ginger. "Money in my hand. A handsome dark stranger from overseas, two husbands and six children. Really very generous."

"It does all sound exciting. I'd love to meet them," said Mrs. Oliver wistfully.

"We'll take you over there tomorrow," Colonel Despard promised. "The old inn is really worth seeing. They've been very clever in making it comfortable without spoiling its character."

"I'll ring up Thyrza tomorrow morning," said Rhoda.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

PEAS NORMANDY

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There's nothing like the delicately rich spring flavor of DEL MONTE Early Garden Peas with chicken—and this subtle, creamy sauce sets them off to perfection.

Brown 1½ to 1¾ lbs. chicken breasts (for 4) in 2 to 3 Tbsp. butter, sprinkling lightly with garlic salt. When chicken is browned, add ¼ cup sliced green onions. Cover; cook gently till fork-tender. Remove; keep warm.

Pour off and save the liquid from 1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Early Garden Peas. (Notice that these peas are just the right sizes, packed together, so they're like a batch of fresh peas you'd shell yourself.)

Stir ⅓ cup of this liquid into pan drippings; cook and thicken with 1 Tbsp. cornstarch mixed with 1 Tbsp. water. Blend in ½ cup dairy sour cream, 1 Tbsp. tomato paste. Add DEL MONTE® Peas. (Easy does it—they're all cooked and meltingly tender. DEL MONTE quality, every spoonful.) Salt and pepper if needed, heat, serve with chicken to 4.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

I must admit that I went to bed with a slight feeling of deflation. The Pale Horse which had loomed in my mind as a symbol of something unknown and sinister had turned out to be nothing of the sort.

There was a feeling of relaxation next day, which was a Sunday.

"We're going to lunch with Mr. Venables," explained Rhoda after church. "You'll like him, Mark. He's really a most interesting man. He bought Prior's Court about three years ago. And the things he's done to it must have cost him a fortune. He had polio and is crippled, so he has to go about in a wheelchair. It's very sad for him because up to then he was a great traveler, I believe."

Prior's Court was only a few miles away. We drove there and our host came wheeling himself along the hall to meet us.

"Nice of you all to come," he said heartily. "You must be exhausted after yesterday. The whole thing was a great success, Rhoda."

Mr. Venables was a man of about fifty, with a thin hawklike face and a beaked nose that stood out from it arrogantly. He wore an open wing collar which gave him a faintly old-fashioned air.

"It was awfully good of you to come," said Rhoda. "After that generous check you sent us, I didn't really hope that you'd turn up in person."

"Oh, I enjoy that kind of thing. Part of English rural life, isn't it? I came home clasping a most terrible Kewpie doll and had a splendid but unrealistic future prophesied me by our Sybil, all dressed up in a tinsel turban."

"Good old Sybil," said Colonel Despard. "We're going there to tea with Thyrza this afternoon. It's an interesting old place."

"The Pale Horse? Yes. I rather wish it had been left as an inn. It seems, somehow, rather tame to have turned it into a residence for three old maids."

"Oh, I *never* think of them like that!" cried Rhoda. "Sybil Stamfordis, perhaps—with her saris and her scarabs—she *is* rather ridiculous. But there's something really awe-inspiring about Thyrza, don't you agree? You feel she knows just what you're thinking. She doesn't *talk* about having second sight—but everyone says that she has got it."

"Interesting thing, witchcraft," said Venables thoughtfully. "I remember when I was in East Africa ——"

He talked easily and entertainingly on the subject. He spoke of medicine men in Africa; of little-known cults in Borneo. He promised that, after lunch, he would show us some West African sorcerers' masks.

"There's everything in this house," declared Rhoda with a laugh.

"Oh, well"—he shrugged his shoulders—"if you can't go out to everything, then everything must be made to come to you."

Just for a moment there was a sudden bitterness in his voice. He gave a swift glance downward toward his paralyzed legs. How deeply, I wondered, had his disability affected him? Had the loss of unfettered movement, of liberty to explore the world, bitten deep into his soul? Or had he managed to adapt himself to altered circumstances with comparative equanimity—with a real greatness of spirit?

As though Venables had read my thoughts, he said, "In one of your articles you questioned the meaning of the term 'greatness'; you compared the different meanings attached to it in the East and the West. But what do we all mean nowadays, here in England, when we use the term 'a great man'?"

"Greatness of intellect, certainly," I said, "and surely moral strength as well?"

He looked at me, his eyes bright and shining. "Is there no such thing as an evil man, then, who can be described as great?"

"Of course there is," cried Rhoda. "Napoleon and Hitler and—oh, lots of people. They were all great men."

Ginger leaned forward and ran her fingers through her carroty mop of hair. "Mightn't they, instead, seem pathetic undersized little figures? Strutting, posturing, feeling inadequate, determined to *be* someone, even if they pulled the world down around them?"

"Oh, *no*," said Rhoda vehemently. "They couldn't have produced the results they did if they had been like that."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Oliver. "After all, the stupidest child can set a house on fire quite easily."

"Come, come," said Venables. "I really can't go along with this modern playing down of evil. Evil is powerful. Sometimes more powerful than good. It's there. It has to be recognized—and fought. Otherwise"—he spread out his hands—"we go down to darkness." . . .

The Pale Horse was set back a little way from the village street. A walled garden could be glimpsed behind it, which gave it a pleasant Old World look.

"Not nearly sinister enough," I complained.

We got out of the car and went up to the door which opened as we approached. Miss Thyrza Grey stood on the threshold, a tall, slightly masculine figure in a tweed coat and skirt. She had rough gray hair springing up from a high forehead, a large beak of a nose, and very penetrating light blue eyes.

"Here you are at last," she said in a hearty bass voice. "Thought you'd all got lost."

Rhoda introduced us and explained that we had been lunching with Mr. Venables at Prior's Court.

"Ah!" said Miss Grey. "That explains it! That Italian cook of his! And all the treasures of the treasure house as well. But come in—come in. We're rather proud of our own little place. Fifteenth century—and some of it fourteenth."

The hall was low and dark with a twisting staircase leading up from it. There was a wide fireplace and over it a framed picture.

"The old inn sign," said Miss Grey, noting my glance. "Can't see much of it in this light. The Pale Horse."

"I'm going to clean it for you," said Ginger. "You let me have it and you'll be surprised."

"Suppose you ruin it?" said Thyrza Grey.

"Of course I shan't ruin it," said Ging indignantly. "It's my job. I work for t London Galleries," she explained to me. S peered at the inn sign. "A lot more wou come up. The horse *may* even have a ride

I joined her to stare into the picture. T pale figure of a stallion gleamed against dark, indeterminate background.

Miss Sybil Stamfordis, who now ca through the door to join us, was a tall, w lowy woman with dark, rather greasy hair simpering expression and a fishlike mou She was wearing a bright emerald-green s which did nothing to enhance her appearan Her voice was faint and fluttery. "Our de dear horse," she said. "We fell in love w that old inn sign the moment we saw it."

The room into which she led us was sm and square and had probably been the bes its time. It was furnished now with chintz Chippendale and was definitely a lady's sitti room, country style. There were bowls chrysanthemums, and tea had been la There were sandwiches and homemade cak and as we sat down an old woman came bearing a silver teapot. She wore a plain da green overall, and had a witless, primitive fa

"Thank you, Bella," said Thyrza.

Bella withdrew to the door, but just befo she went out she raised her eyes and took speedy glance at me. There was something that look that startled me—though it was di cult to describe why. There was malice in and a curious intimate knowledge.

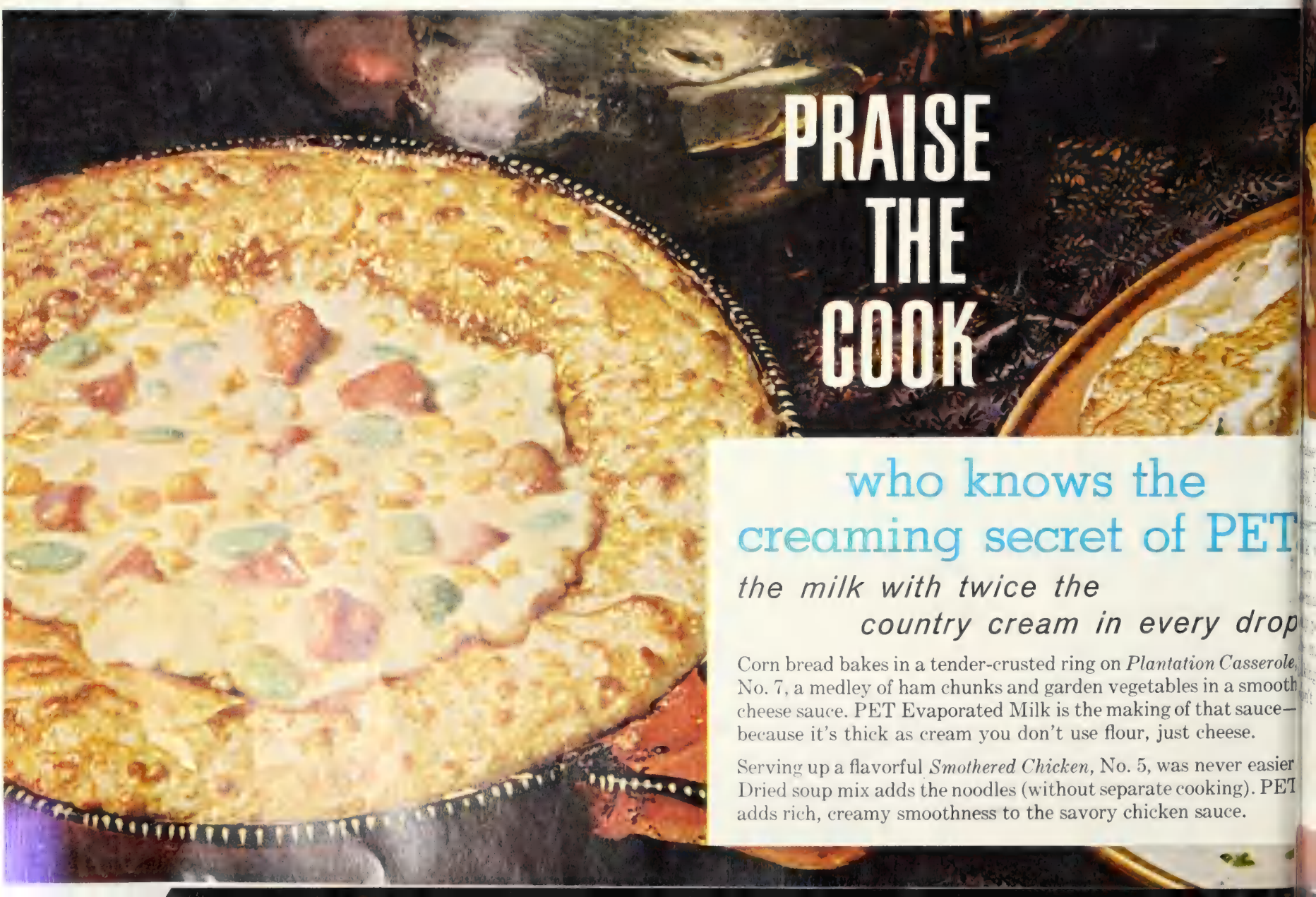
Thyrza Grey had noticed my reacti "Bella is disconcerting, isn't she, Mr. East brook?" she said softly. "I daresay some has told you she's the local witch."

Sybil Stamfordis clanked her beads. "I sure you've heard that we all practice wit craft. Confess now. We've got quite a repu tion, you know."

Thyrza seemed amused. "Sybil here great gifts."

Sybil sighed pleasurably. "I was always tracted by the occult," she murmured. "Ev

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child I realized that I had unusual powers. omatic writing came to me quite naturally. of course I was always ultrasensitive. I ed once when taken to tea in a friend's se. Something awful had happened in that room—I knew it! We got the explanation . There had been a murder there—twenty- years ago. In that very room!"

Very remarkable," said Colonel Despard polite distaste.

Sinister things have happened in *this* se," said Sybil darkly. "But we have taken necessary steps. The earthbound spirits been freed."

A kind of spiritual spring cleaning?" I ested.

bil looked at me rather doubtfully.

What a lovely colored sari you are wear- said Rhoda.

bil brightened. "Yes, I got it when I was dia. I explored yoga, you know, and all But I could not help feeling that it was oo sophisticated—one must go back, I to the beginnings, to the early primitive ers. I am one of the few women who have ed Haiti. Now there you really *do* touch riginal springs of the occult. Their death es are wonderful. All the panoply of n: skulls and crossbones, and the tools gravedigger—spade, pick and hoe. The d master is Baron Samedi, and the *legba* e god he invokes, the god who 'removes barrier.' You send the dead forth—to e death. Weird idea, isn't it?"

urned my head to find Thyrza looking at uizzically.

'ou don't believe any of it, do you?" she nured. "But there *are* elemental truths elemental powers. There always have There always will be."

don't think I would dispute that," I said. Wise man. Come and see my library."

e stables and outbuildings had been re- ituted as one large room. The whole of ong wall was lined with books. I went s to them and was presently exclaiming.

"You've got some very rare works here, Miss Grey. Is this an original *Malleus Maleficorum?* My word, you have some treasures."

"It's nice to meet someone who can appreciate one's treasures."

"There can't be much about the practice of witchcraft that you don't know," I said. "What gave you an interest in it in the first place?"

"Hard to say now. It's been so long. One looks into a thing idly—and then one gets gripped! It's a fascinating study. You mustn't judge me by poor Sybil. Oh, yes, I saw you looking superior! But you were wrong. She's a silly woman in a lot of ways, but she has the power."

"The power?"

"I don't know what else you can call it. There *are* people who can become a living bridge between this world and a world of strange uncanny powers. Sybil is one of them."

"But how? In what way? For what reason?"

She swept her hand out toward the bookshelves. "All that! So much of it nonsense! Such grand ridiculous phraseology! But sweep away the superstitions and the prejudices of the times—and the *core* is truth! You only dress it up to impress people."

"I'm not sure I follow you."

"My dear man, *why* have people come throughout the ages to the necromancer—to the sorcerer—to the witch doctor? Only two reasons really. There are only two things that are wanted badly enough to risk damnation. The love potion and the cup of poison."

"Ah."

"So simple, isn't it? Love—and death. The love potion—to win the man you want; the black mass—to keep your lover. A draught to be taken at the full of the moon. Recite the names of devils or of spirits. Draw patterns on the floor or on the wall. All that's window dressing. The truth is the aphrodisiac in the draught!"

"And death?" I asked.

"Death?" She laughed, a queer little laugh that made me uncomfortable. "Are *you* so interested in death?"

"Who isn't?" I said lightly.

"I wonder." She shot me a glance, keen, searching. It took me aback. "Death. There's always been a greater trade in that than in love potions. And yet—how childish it all was in the past! The Borgias and their famous secret poisons. Do you know what they *really* used? Ordinary white arsenic! Just the same as any little wife poisoner in the back streets. But we've progressed a long way beyond that nowadays. Science has enlarged our frontiers."

"With untraceable poisons?" My voice was skeptical.

"Poisons! That's childish stuff. There are new horizons."

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"Please go on. This is most interesting."

"The principle is well known. Medicine men have used it in primitive communities for centuries. You don't need to kill your victim. All you need do is—*tell him to die.* The psychologists have shown the way. The desire for death! It's there—in everyone. Work on that! Work on the death wish."

"Influence your subject to commit suicide? Is that it?"

"You're still lagging behind. People who have an unconscious wish to avoid returning to work often develop real ailments. Not malingering—real illnesses with symptoms, with actual pain. It's been a puzzle to doctors for a long time."

"I'm beginning to get the hang of what you mean," I said slowly.

"To destroy your subject, power must be exerted on his secret unconscious self. The death wish that exists in all of us must be stimulated, heightened." Her excitement was growing. "Don't you see! A *real* illness will be induced, caused by that death-seeking self. You wish to be ill, you wish to die . . . and so—you do die!"

She had flung her head up now triumphantly. I felt suddenly very cold. All nonsense, of course. And yet ——

"It's a fascinating theory, Miss Grey—quite in line with modern thought, I'll admit. But how do you propose to stimulate this death wish that we all possess?"

"That's my secret. You've only to think of wireless, radar, television. Experiments in extrasensory perception haven't gone ahead as people hoped, but that's because they haven't grasped the first simple principle. You *can* accomplish it sometimes by accident—but once you know *how* it works, you could do it every time."

"Can *you* do it?"

She didn't answer at once. Then she said moving away, "You mustn't ask me, Mr. Easterbrook, to give all my secrets away."

I followed her toward the garden door. "Why have you told me all this?" I asked.

"I had the idea that you—*may need us.*"

"*Need* you?"

"Bella thinks you came here . . . to find us. She is seldom at fault."

"Why should I want to—'find you,' as you put it?"

"That," said Thyrza Grey softly, "I do not know—yet." . . .

"I don't like that woman," said Mrs. Oliver as we drove off. "I don't like her *at all.*"

"You mustn't take old Thyrza too seriously," said Despard indulgently.

"I didn't mean her. She's an unscrupulous woman, with a keen eye on the main chance. But she's not dangerous like the other one."

"Bella? She *is* a bit uncanny, I'll admit."

"I didn't mean her either. I meant the Sybil one. She *seems* just silly. I have a feeling that she could really *do* things—make queer things happen. I mean she could be *used*—by *something*—just because she *is* so silly. I don't suppose anyone understands what I mean." she finished pathetically.



"I do," said Ginger. "And I shouldn't wonder if you weren t right."

"We really ought to go to one of their séances," said Rhoda wistfully. "It might be rather fun."

"No, you don't," said Despard firmly. "I'm not having you getting mixed up in any of that sort of thing."

They fell into a laughing argument. I roused myself only when I heard Mrs. Oliver asking about trains the next morning. "I've got to go to a funeral tomorrow. So I mustn't be late in getting back to town." She sighed. "I do *hate* going to funerals. But Mary Delafontaine was a very old friend—I think she'd *want* me to go."

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"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Delafontaine—of course."

The others stared at me, surprised.

"Sorry," I said. "It's only that—well, I was wondering where I'd heard the name Delafontaine lately." I looked at Mrs. Oliver. "You said something about visiting her—in a nursing home."

"Did I? Quite likely."

"What did she die of?"

"Toxic polyneuritis—something like that," Mrs. Oliver told me.

As we got out of the car, I said abruptly, "I think I'll go for a bit of a walk."

I went off briskly before anyone could offer to accompany me. I wanted badly to get by myself and sort out my ideas. What was all this business? It had started, had it not, with that casual but startling remark by Poppy, that if you wanted to "get rid of someone," the Pale Horse was the place to go.

Following on that, there had been my meeting with Jim Corrigan, and his list of "names"—as connected with the death of Father Gorman. On that list had been the name of Hesketh-Dubois, the name of Tuckerton, and Delafontaine, too, vaguely familiar. It was Mrs. Oliver who had mentioned it, in connection with a sick friend. The sick friend was now dead.

After that I had gone to beard Poppy in her floral bower. And Poppy had denied vehemently any knowledge of such an institution as the Pale Horse. More significant still, Poppy had been afraid

Today—there had been Thyrza Grey.

But surely the Pale Horse and its occupants was one thing and that list of names something separate, quite unconnected.

No one on that list had any connection with the little village of Much Deeping. Unless ——

I was just coming abreast of the King's Arms. I pushed its door open and went inside. The whole place had the deserted air of a pub at this particular time of day. On a shelf by the office window was a battered registration book for visitors. I opened it and flicked through the pages, noting the names.

Was it only coincidence that someone called Sandford and someone else called Parkinson had stayed at the King's Arms during the last year? Both names were on Corrigan's list. And one other name—Martin Digby. If it was the Martin Digby I knew, he was the great-nephew of the woman I had always called Aunt Min—Lady Hesketh-Dubois.

Suddenly I wanted very badly to talk to someone. To Jim Corrigan. Or to David Ardingly. Or to Hermia with her calm good sense. I was alone with my chaotic thoughts and I didn't want to be alone. . . .

"What exciting things happen in the country!" said Hermia lightly.

I had spent the last quarter of an hour in telling her my story. She had listened intelligently and with interest. But her response was not at all what I had expected. The tone of her voice was indulgent—she seemed neither shocked nor stirred.

"One could really write a very amusing series of articles on it all. Why don't you try your hand?"

"I don't think you really understand what I've been telling you, Hermia."

"But I *do*, Mark! I think it's all *tremendously* interesting. It's a page out of history, all the forgotten lore of the Middle Ages."

"I'm not interested historically," I said irritably. "I'm interested in the facts. In a list of names on a sheet of paper. At least three of those people are dead. What's going to happen or has happened to the rest?"

"Aren't you letting yourself get rather carried away?"

"No," I said obstinately. "I don't think so. I think the menace is real."

"I think your imagination is running away with you a little, Mark. I daresay your middle-aged pussies are quite genuine in believing it all *themselves*. I'm sure they're very nasty old pussies!"

"But not really sinister?"

"Really, Mark, how *can* they be?"

I was silent for a moment. "I want to look into it all, Hermia. Get to the bottom of what's going on."

"I agree. It might be quite interesting. In fact, really rather fun."

"Not fun!" I said sharply. I went on: "I wanted to ask you if you'd help me, Hermia."

"Help you? How?"

"Help me to investigate."

"But Mark dear, just at present I'm most terribly busy. There's my article for the *Journal*. And the Byzantium thing. And I've promised two of my students ——" Her voice went on reasonably—sensibly—I hardly listened.

"I see," I said. "You've too much already."

"That's it." Hermia smiled at me. Once again I was struck by her expression of indulgence. Such indulgence as a mother might show over her little son's absorption in his new toy.

I considered Hermia dispassionately across the table. So handsome, so mature, so intellectual, so well read! And so—how could one put it?—so—yes, so damnably *dull!*

The next morning I tried to get hold of Jim Corrigan—without success. I left a message, however, that I'd be in between six and seven, if he could come for a drink. He turned up all right at about ten minutes to seven. I took the chair opposite him and began:

"You must wonder why I wanted to get hold of you so urgently, but something has come up that may have a bearing on what we were discussing the last time we met."

"What was that—the Father Gorman business?"

"Yes. But first, does the phrase 'The Pale Horse' mean anything to you?"

"The Pale *Horse*. . . . The *Pale* Horse—no, I don't think so. Why?"

There are no real difficulties in a home where the children hope to be like their parents one day. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

"Because I think it might have a connection with that list of names you showed me. I've been down in the country with friends—at a place called Much Deeping—and they took me to an old pub, or what was once a pub, called the Pale Horse."

"Wait a bit! Much Deeping. . . . Is it anywhere near Bournemouth?"

"About fifteen miles or so."

"I suppose you didn't come across anyone called Venables down there?"

"Certainly I did."

"You did?" Corrigan sat up in some excitement. "You certainly have a knack of going places! What is he like?"

"He's a most remarkable man. Although he's completely crippled by polio ——"

Corrigan threw himself back in his chair with a look of disgust. "That tears it! I thought it was too good to be true."

"I don't understand what you mean?"

Corrigan told me, "You'll have to meet Divisional Detective Inspector Furneaux. He'll be interested in what you have to say. When Gorman was killed, Furneaux asked for information from anyone who had seen him in the street that night. Most of the answers were useless, as is usual. But there was a pharmacist, Osborne, who has a shop in those parts. He reported having seen Gorman pass his place that night, and he also saw a man who followed close after him. He managed to describe this chap pretty closely—seemed quite sure he'd know him again. Well, a couple of days ago Furneaux got a letter from Osborne. He's retired, and living in Bournemouth. He'd been over to some local fete and he said he'd seen the man in question there. He was at the fete in a wheelchair. Osborne asked who he was and was told his name was Venables."

He looked at me questioningly. I nodded.

"Quite right," I said. "It was Venables. He was at the fete. But he couldn't have been the man who was walking along a street in Paddington following Father Gorman. It's physically impossible. Osborne made a mistake."

"He described him very meticulously. Height about six feet, a prominent beaked nose and a noticeable Adam's apple. Correct?"

"Yes. It fits Venables. But all the same ——"

"I know. Mr. Osborne isn't necessarily good as he thinks he is at recognizing peo Clearly he was misled by the coincidence chance resemblance. But what is this Horse? Let's have your story."

I told him of my conversation with Thy Grey. His reaction was immediate.

"What unutterable balderdash! A medi the local witch, and a middle-aged cour spinster who can send out a death ray guar teed lethal. It's mad, man—absolutely ma

"Yes, it's mad," I said heavily.

"Oh, stop agreeing with me, Mark. make me feel there's something in it when do that."

"Let me ask you a question. This stuff ab everybody having a secret urge or wish death. Is there any scientific truth in that?

Corrigan hesitated for a moment. Then said, "I'm not a psychiatrist. Strictly bet you and me, I think they go much too There's *something* in the death wish, of cou but not nearly so much as they make Anyway, what does a half-baked spinster country village know about psychology?"

"She says she knows a lot."

"So you've swallowed all this, hook, and sinker? You'll be saying next she's Woman with the Box."

"What woman with a box?"

"Just one of the wild stories that turn from time to time. Some people will swal anything."

"I'd be willing to bet you one thing. Wi a fairly recent period—say a year to a and a half—*every one of those names on list has appeared on a death certificate.* A right?"

He gave me a queer look. "You're rig for what it's worth."

"That's the thing they all have in comm death."

"Yes, but that mayn't mean as much sounds, Mark," Corrigan said. "Have you idea how many people die every day in British Isles? And some of those names quite common."

"Delafontaine," I said. "Mary Dela taine. That's not a very common name, The funeral was last Tuesday, I understa

He shot me a quick glance. "There nothing fishy about her death. I can tell that. In fact, there's been nothing question about any of the deaths; the police have investigating. If they were 'accidents' it *n* be suspicious. But the deaths are all perf normal deaths. Pneumonia, cerebral he rhage, tumor on the brain, gallstones, case of polio—nothing in the least suspicio

"Not accident," I said. "Not poisoning. plain illnesses leading to death. Just as Th Grey claims."

"Are you really suggesting that that wo can cause someone she's never seen, away, to catch pneumonia and die of it?"

"*I'm* not suggesting such a thing. *She I* think it's fantastic and I'd *like* to think impossible. But there *are* certain curious tors. There's the casual mention of a Horse—in connection with the removal o wanted persons. There *is* a place called Pale Horse—and the woman who lives practically boasts that such an operatic possible. Living in that neighbourhood man who is recognized very positively a man who was seen following Father Gor on the night that he was killed—the when he had been called to a dying woman was heard to speak of 'great wicked Rather a lot of coincidences, don't you thi

"The man couldn't have been Vena since according to you he's been paral for years."

"It isn't possible, from the medical poi view, that that paralysis could be faked?

"Of course not. The limbs would atrophied."

"That certainly seems to settle the tion," I admitted. I sighed. "A pity. If is a—I don't know quite what to call it organization that specializes in 'Remov Human,' Venables is the kind of brain see running it." I paused—and then said, these people who have died—were there ple who profited by their deaths?"

CONTINUED ON PAG



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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"Lady Hesketh-Dubois, as you probably now, left about fifty thousand net. A niece nd a nephew inherit. Nephew lives in Canada. iece is married and lives in North of Engnd. Both could do with the money. Thomaa Tuckerton was left a very large fortune her father. If she dies unmarried before e age of twenty-one, it reverts to her stepother. Stepmother seems quite a blameless eature. Then there's your Miss Delafonine—money left to a cousin ——"

"Ah, yes. And the cousin?"

"In Kenya with her husband."

"All splendidly absent," I commented. What about Corrigan?"

Corrigan grinned. "Corrigan is a common me. Quite a lot of Corrigans have died—t not to the particular advantage of anyone particular so far as we can learn."

"That settles it. *You're* the next prospective ctim. Take good care of yourself."

"I will. And don't think that your Witch of ndor is going to strike me down with a odenal ulcer, or Spanish flu!"

Clendower Close was very, very new. It ept around in an uneven semicircle and at lower end the builders were still at work. bout halfway along its length was a gate inribed with the name of Everest.

Visible, bent over the garden border, plantg bulbs, was a rounded back which Inspecr Furneaux recognized without difficulty as at of Mr. Zachariah Osborne. He opened the te and passed inside. Mr. Osborne rose from s stooping position and turned to see who d entered his domain.

"Inspector Furneaux!" he exclaimed pleasably. "I take this as an honor. I do indeed, . I received your acknowledgment of my ter, but I never hoped to see you in person. elcome to my little abode. Welcome to erest. The name surprises you perhaps? I ve always been deeply interested in the malayas. I followed every detail of the erest expedition. Sir Edmund Hillary! hat a man! What endurance! But come inle and partake, I beg of you, of some simple freshment."

Leading the way, Mr. Osborne ushered rneaux into the small bungalow.

"Here we are," said Mr. Osborne. "We will and take our rest. Ever rest. Ha-ha! The me of my house has a double meaing. I am ways fond of a little joke."

These social amenities satisfied, Mr. Osrne leaned forward hopefully.

"My information was of service to you?" Furneaux softened the blow as much as ssible. "Not as much as we hoped, I am aid. It could not have been Mr. Venables t you saw on that particular evening."

Mr. Osborne sat up sharply. "Oh, but it was. m *never* mistaken about a face."

"I'm afraid you must have been this time," d Furneaux gently. "You see, Mr. Venables victim of polio. For over three years he has n paralyzed from the waist down."

"Polio!" ejaculated Mr. Osborne. "Oh r, dear. That does seem to settle the mat. And yet —— You'll excuse me, Inspector rneaux. I hope you won't take offense. But t really is so? I mean you have definite dical evidence as to that?"

"Yes, Mr. Osborne. We have. Mr. Venables patient of Sir William Dugdale of Harley eet, a most eminent member of the medical fession."

"Of course, of course. Oh, dear, I seem to ve fallen down badly. I was so very sure. d to trouble you for nothing."

Furneaux leaned forward. "You may have ndered why I have come to see you today, ving received medical evidence that the man n by you could not have been Mr. Venes."

"Well, then, Inspector Furneaux, why did u come?"

"I came," said Furneaux, "because the very sitiveness of your identification impressed . On a foggy night it seemed to me that a ure at that distance would be very insubntial, that it would be almost impossible to tinguish features clearly."

"Up to a point, of course, you are quite ht. Fog *was* setting in. But it came, if you understand me, in patches. It cleared for a short space every now and then. It did so at the moment that I saw Father Gorman walking fast along the opposite pavement. That is why I saw him and the man who followed shortly after him so clearly. 'That's a striking-looking man,' I thought. 'I've never seen *him* about before.' If he'd ever been into my shop I'd have remembered him, I thought. So, you see ——" Mr. Osborne broke off.

"Yes, I see," said Furneaux thoughtfully.

"A brother," suggested Mr. Osborne hopefully. "A twin brother, perhaps? Now that *would* be a solution."

"The identical-twin solution?" Furneaux smiled and shook his head. "So very convenient in fiction. But in real life ——"

"No . . . no, I suppose not," Mr. Osborne said. "But possibly an ordinary brother. A close family resemblance ——" Mr. Osborne looked wistful.

"As far as we can ascertain"—Furneaux spoke carefully—"Mr. Venables has not got a brother."

"You don't know very much about him really, then? About his family, I mean?"

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"No," said Furneaux thoughtfully. "It isn't easy to find out very much about Mr. Venables; without, that is to say, going and asking him—and we've no grounds for doing that."

He spoke deliberately. There were ways of finding out things without going and asking, but he had no intention of telling Mr. Osborne so.

Mark Easterbrook's narrative

I had needed Hermia. I had needed Corrigan. But neither of them would play. There was no one else.

Unless ——

On an impulse I went to the telephone and presently was speaking to Rhoda Despard.

"Ginger?" said Rhoda. "Oh, she lives in a mews. Calgary Place. Forty-five. Wait a minute. I'll give you her telephone number." She went away and returned a minute later. "It's Capricorn Three-five-nine-eight-seven. Got it?"

"Yes, thanks. But I haven't got her name. I never heard it."

"Her name? Oh, her *surname*, you mean. Corrigan. Kathleen Corrigan. . . . What did you say?"

"Nothing. Thanks, Rhoda."

It seemed an odd coincidence. Two Corrigans. Perhaps it was an omen. . . .

Ginger sat opposite me at a table in the White Cockatoo, where we had met for a drink. She looked refreshingly the same as she had looked at Much Deeping—a tousled mop of red hair, an engagingly freckled face and alert green eyes. I liked her very much.

My story didn't take quite so long as the one I had told to Hermia, because Ginger was already familiar with the Pale Horse and its occupants. I averted my eyes from her as I finished the tale. I didn't want to see indulgent amusement, or stark incredulity. The whole thing sounded more idiotic than ever.

Ginger's voice came briskly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"You think—I *should* do something about it?" I asked.

"Well, of course! You can't have an organization going about bumping people off and not do *anything*."

I could have fallen on her neck and hugged her. Warmth spread over me. I was no longer alone.

Presently she said musingly, "There seem to be one or two leads. Perhaps I can help. That girl Poppy knows about it—she must, to say what she did."

"Yes, but she got frightened, and sheered off when I tried to ask her questions."

"That's where I can help," said Ginger confidently. "She'd tell me things she wouldn't tell you. Can you arrange for us to meet? Your friend and her and you and me? A show, or dinner or something?" Then she looked doubtful. "Or is that too expensive?"

I assured her that I could support the expense.

"As for you ——" Ginger thought a minute. "I believe," she said slowly, "that your best bet would be the Thomasina Tuckerton angle."

"But how? She's dead."

"And somebody wanted her dead, if your ideas are correct! And arranged it with the Pale Horse. There seem two possibilities. The stepmother, or else the girl she had the fight with at Luigi's. The stepmother's more up your street than mine. Go and see her."

"I'll have to have a pretext," I said thoughtfully.

Ginger said that that would be easy. "You're *someone*, you see," she pointed out. "A historian, and you lecture and you've got letters after your name. Mrs. Tuckerton will be tickled to death to see you."

"And the pretext?"

"Some feature of interest about her house?" suggested Ginger vaguely. "There must be some old pictures of some kind. Anyway, you make an appointment and you arrive and you butter her up and be charming, and then you say you once met her daughter—her stepdaughter—and say how sad, and so on. And then bring in, quite suddenly, a reference to the Pale Horse. Be a little sinister if you like."

"And then?"

"And then observe the reaction. If you mention the Pale Horse out of the blue, and she has a guilty conscience, I defy anyone not to show *some* sign." She added thoughtfully, "There's something else. Why do you think the Grey woman told you all she did tell you? I mean—why *you* in particular? I just wondered if there might be some kind of tie-up."

"Tie-up with what?"

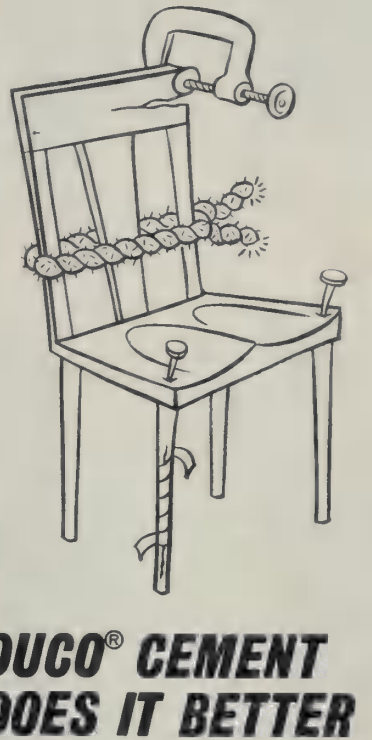
"Supposing—just supposing—Poppy knows all about the Pale Horse in a vague kind of way—not through personal knowledge, but by hearing it talked about. Say she was overheard talking to you about it that night, and someone ticks her off. Next day you come and ask her questions, and she's been scared, so she won't talk. But the fact that you've come and asked her also gets around. Now what would be the reason for your asking questions? You're not police. The *likely* reason would be that you're a possible *client*."

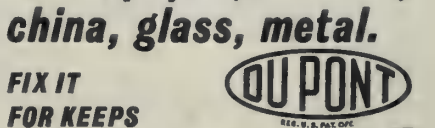
"But surely ——"

"It's logical. You've heard rumors of this thing; you want to find out about it, for your own purposes. Presently you appear at the fete in Much Deeping. You are brought to the Pale Horse—presumably because you've asked to be taken there—and what happens? Thyrza Grey goes straight into her sales talk."

"I suppose it's a possibility." I considered. "Do you think she can do what she claims to do, Ginger?"

"Personally I'd be inclined to say of course she can't! But odd things *can* happen. Especially with things like hypnotism. Telling someone to go and take a bite out of a candle the next afternoon at four o'clock, and they



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GINGERBREAD!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

BUTTER-CREAM FROSTING

¼ cup butter
2 cups confectioners' sugar
About 2 tablespoons cream
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter until light and fluffy. Add half of the sugar and beat until smooth. Stir in cream and vanilla and add remaining sugar. Beat until frosting is thick and smooth. Substitute margarine for butter if you wish.

MOCHA SPICE SQUARES

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons ginger
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 tablespoon instant coffee
1–2 squares semisweet chocolate, grated
¾ cup hot water
½ cup shortening
⅓ cup dark molasses
2 eggs

Sift dry ingredients together and add grated chocolate. Pour hot water over shortening and stir until shortening melts. Mix in the molasses. Then add eggs and blend thoroughly. Quickly stir in the dry ingredients and pour into a waxed-paper-lined pan, 7″x11″x1½″. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 45 minutes. Allow to cool a few minutes before turning out of pan. Serve warm. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

WHITE GINGERBREAD

2 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon mace
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 egg
½ cup buttermilk

Rub flour, sugar and butter or margarine together until mixture resembles cornmeal. Add ½ teaspoon cinnamon and toss. Set aside 1 cup of this crumbly mixture. To the remaining add the other ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ginger, mace, salt, soda and baking powder. Toss; then add egg and buttermilk. Beat smooth. Sprinkle ½ cup of the reserved "crumbly" mixture in the bottom of an 8″x8″x2″ pan and spread the batter over it. Sprinkle the remaining flour "crumbs" evenly over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 35 to 40 minutes.

UPSIDE-DOWN PEACH GINGERBREAD

2 (1-lb.) cans sliced cling peaches
3 tablespoons softened butter or margarine
⅛ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 tablespoon dark corn syrup
6 walnut halves
1 cup dark molasses
¼ cup shortening
2¼ cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1½ teaspoons ginger
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup buttermilk
1 egg, beaten

Drain the peach slices and pat dry with paper toweling. Spread the softened butter or margarine evenly in the bottom of a heavy 9″ skillet. (Be sure it has a heatproof handle.) Sprinkle in the sugar, and then the corn syrup. Arrange the sliced peaches and walnut halves to cover the bottom completely. Heat the molasses and shortening until shortening melts. Set aside to cool slightly. Sift dry ingredients together. Add buttermilk and egg to the molasses mixture and blend. Quickly stir in dry ingredients and pour over peaches. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 1 hour or until done. Allow to cool 5 minutes before turning from pan. Makes 8 servings.

do it without having any idea *why*. About Thyrza—I don't *think* it's true, but I'm terribly afraid it *might* be!"

"Yes," I said somberly, "that explains it very well."

The meeting with Poppy was arranged fairly easily. David was free three nights ahead, we settled on a musical show, and he arrived with Poppy in tow. We went to the Fantasie for supper and Ginger and Poppy, after a prolonged retirement to powder their noses, reappeared on excellent terms with each other. No controversial subjects were raised during the party, on Ginger's instructions. We finally parted and I drove Ginger home.

Three days later she rang me up. "I've got something for you," she said. "A name and address. Write it down."

I took out my notebook. "Go ahead."

"Bradley is the name, and the address is Seventy-eight Municipal Square Buildings, Birmingham."

"What *is* all this?"

"I've been working on Poppy in a big way. We lunched together, and I talked a bit about my love life—and various obstacles: married man with impossible wife—Catholic, wouldn't divorce him—made his life hell. And how she was an invalid, always in pain, but not likely to die for years. Really much better for her if she *could* die. Said I'd a good mind to try the Pale Horse, but I didn't really know how to set about it—and would it be terribly expensive? And Poppy said yes, she thought it would. She'd heard they charged the earth. Perhaps, I said, they'd take something on account? But how did one set about it? And then Poppy came across with that name and address. You had to go to him first, she said, to settle the business side."

I said incredulously, "She told you this quite openly? She didn't seem . . . scared?"

Ginger said impatiently, "You don't understand. Telling things to another girl doesn't count! And after all, Mark, if what we think is true the business has to be more or less advertised, hasn't it? I mean they must want new 'clients' all the time."

"We're mad to believe anything of the kind."

"All right. We're mad. Are you going to Birmingham to see Mr. Bradley?"

"Yes," I said. "I'm going to see Mr. Bradley. If he exists."

Municipal Square Buildings was an enormous honeycomb of offices. Seventy-eight was on the third floor. On the ground-glass door was neatly printed in black: C. R. BRADLEY, Commission Agent. And below, in smaller letters: *Please enter.*

I entered. The office had a desk, one or two comfortable chairs, a telephone, and Mr. Bradley sitting behind the desk.

"Just shut the door, will you?" he said pleasantly. "And sit down. Cigarette? No? Well now, what can I do for you?"

I looked at him. I hadn't the least idea what to say.

It was, I think, sheer desperation that led me to attack with the phrase I did.

"How much?" I said.

It startled him a little, but he did not assume, as I would have assumed in his place, that someone not quite right in the head had come into his office.

"Well, well, well," he said. "You don't waste much time, do you?" He shook his head gently in a slightly reproving manner. "That's not the way to go about things. We must proceed in the proper manner."

"As you like. What's the proper manner?"

"We haven't introduced ourselves yet, have we? I don't know your name."

"At the moment," I said, "I don't really think I feel inclined to tell it to you."

"Cautious," he said rather admiringly. "Now who sent you to me? Who's our mutual friend?"

"Again I can't tell you. A friend of mine has a friend who knows a friend of yours."

Mr. Bradley nodded his head. "That's the way a lot of my clients come," he said. "Some of the problems are rather . . . delicate. You know I'm a turf commission agent," he said. "You're interested, perhaps, in . . . horses?"

He paused for a moment and then asked casually—almost too casually—"Any particular horse you had in mind?"

I shrugged my shoulders and burned my boats. "A pale horse."

"Ah, very good, excellent. You yourself, if I may say so, seem to be rather a *dark* horse. Ha-ha! You mustn't be nervous. Everything I recommend is perfectly legal and aboveboard. It's just a question of a bet. A man can bet on anything he pleases, whether it will rain tomorrow, whether the Russians can send a man to the moon, or whether your wife's going to have twins. You can bet whether Mr. B. will die before Christmas, or whether Mrs. C. will live to be a hundred. You back your judgment on your intuition or whatever you like to call it. It's as simple as that."

I said slowly, "I don't really understand this business of the Pale Horse."

"Frankly, I don't understand it myself. But it gets results. It gets results in the most marvelous way. Do you know the place at all?"

I made a quick decision. It would be unwise to lie. "I—well—yes; I was with some friends. They took me there."

"Charming old pub. Full of historical interest. And they've done wonders in restoring it. You met my friend, Miss Grey?"

"The things she claims! Surely quite—well—impossible?"

"Exactly. The things she claims to be able to know and *do* are impossible! Everybody would say so. In a court of law, for instance ——" The black beady eyes were boring into mine. Mr. Bradley repeated the words with designed emphasis. "In a court of law, for instance—the whole thing would be ridiculed! Murder by remote control isn't murder in the eyes of the law. It's just nonsense. That's the whole beauty of the thing—as you'll appreciate if you think for a moment."

I understood that I was being reassured. If I were to hire a gangster to commit murder with cosh or a knife, I was committed with him—an accomplice before the fact—I had conspired with him. But if I commissioned Thyrza Grey to use her black arts—those black arts were not admissible.

All my natural skepticism rose up in protest. I burst out heatedly, "But it's fantastic. I don't believe it. It's impossible."

"I agree with you. I really do. In this age, one really can't credit that someone can send out thought waves, either oneself or through a medium, sitting in a cottage in England and cause someone to sicken and die of a convenient disease out in Capri. What I do believe, and believe without a doubt, is this"—he leaned forward, wagging a forefinger impressively—"Thyrza Grey does know—beforehand—when someone is going to die. It's a gift. And she has it."

He leaned back, studying me. I waited.

"Let's assume a hypothetical case. Someone, yourself or another, would like very much to know when—let's say—Great-Aunt Eliza is going to die. Will there be, shall we say, a useful sum of money coming in by next November? If you knew that, definitely, you might take up some valuable option. Death is such a chancy matter. Dear old Eliza might live, pepped up by doctors, for another ten years. You'd be delighted, of course, you're fond of the dear old girl, but how useful it would be to *know*."

He paused and then leaned forward.

"Now that's where *I* come in. Naturally you wouldn't want to bet on the old girl's passing out. That would be repulsive to your finer feelings. So you bet me a certain sum that Aunt Eliza will be hale and hearty still next Christmas, I bet you that she won't."

The beady eyes were on me, watching.

"Nothing against that, is there? Simple. We have an argument on the subject. I say Aunt E. is lined up for death, you say she isn't. We draw up a contract and sign it. I give you a date. I say that a fortnight either way from that date Auntie E.'s funeral service will be read. You say it won't. If you're right, *I* pay *you*. If you're wrong, *you* pay *me*."

I spoke—my voice was hoarse. I was acting the part with some confidence. "What terms?"

"That depends. Roughly it depends on the amount there is at stake. In some cases it depends on the funds available to the client. The odds, however, work out usually at five hundred to one."

"Five hundred to one? That's pretty steep."

"My wager is pretty steep. If Aunt Eliza were pretty well booked for the tomb, you'd know it already, and you wouldn't come to me. To prophesy somebody's death to within two weeks means pretty long odds."

"Supposing you lose?"

"That's just too bad. I pay up."

"And if I lose, I pay up. Supposing I don't?"

Mr. Bradley half closed his eyes. "I shouldn't advise that," he said softly.

Despite the soft tone, I felt a faint shiver pass over me. He had uttered no direct menace. But the menace was there.

"I—I must think it over."

Mr. Bradley was once more his pleasant and urbane self. "Certainly think it over. Never rush into anything. Take your time. No hurry in the world. Take your time."

I went out with those words echoing in my ears: "Take your time." . . .

On my return from my incredible interview with Mr. Bradley, Ginger and I put our heads together. It was less incredible to her than it was to me. It afforded her, indeed, a distinct satisfaction.

"It puts an end to whether we're imagining things or not," she pointed out. "Now we know that an organization *does* exist for getting unwanted people out of the way."

"If you're so convinced, then why talk to Mrs. Tuckerton?"

"Extra check," said Ginger. "We know what Thyrza Grey *says* she can do. We know how the financial side is worked. We want to know more about the client angle."

"And suppose Mrs. Tuckerton shows no signs of having been a client?"

"Then we'll have to investigate elsewhere."

Ginger had promised to supply me with a recent book on Nash architecture, but it had not arrived in time, so I was here somewhat inadequately briefed.

I rang the bell, and a rather seedy-looking man in an alpaca coat opened it.

"Mr. Easterbrook?" he said. "Mrs. Tuckerton's expecting you."

He showed me into an elaborately furnished drawing room. The room made a disagreeable impression on me. Everything in it was expensive, but chosen without taste. There were one or two good pictures, and a great many bad ones. There was a great deal of yellow brocade. Further cogitations were interrupted by the arrival of Mrs. Tuckerton herself.

"Mr. Easterbrook?" She was clearly delighted by my visit. She even gushed a little. "I'm *so* pleased to meet you. Fancy your being interested in this house. Of course I knew it was built by John Nash—my husband told me so—but I never realized that it would be interesting to a person like *you!*"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Tuckerton, it's not quite his usual style, and that makes it interesting to—er ——"

She saved me the trouble of continuing. "I'm afraid I'm terribly stupid about that sort of thing—architecture, I mean, and archaeology and all that. But you mustn't mind my ignorance."

I didn't mind at all. I preferred it.

She showed me round, chattering vivaciously most of the time, and thus relieving me of uttering any architectural judgments.

It was lucky, she said, that I'd come now. The house was up for sale—"It's too big for me since my husband's death."

I asked her if she was going to remain in the neighborhood.

"Really, I'm not quite sure. I shall travel a little first. Get into the sunshine. I hate this miserable climate. Actually I think I shall winter in Egypt. Such a wonderful country, but I expect *you* know all about it."

Presently, the tour completed, we returned to the drawing room and Mrs. Tuckerton rang for tea. It was brought in by the seedy-looking manservant. Mrs. Tuckerton sighed as he left the room.

"Servants are really impossible nowadays," she said. "I think it's absurd myself, to pay these high wages."

Yes, I thought, *mean*. The pale eyes, the tight mouth—avarice was there.

There was no difficulty in getting Mrs. Tuckerton to talk. She liked talking. She like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

in particular, talking about herself. Presently, by listening with close attention, and uttering an encouraging word now and then, I knew a good deal about Mrs. Tuckerton.

I knew that she had married Thomas Tuckerton, a widower, five years ago. She had been "much, much younger than he was." She had met him at a big seaside hotel where she had been a bridge hostess.

"Poor Thomas, he was so lonely. His first wife had died some years back and he missed her very much."

Mrs. Tuckerton's picture of herself continued. A gracious, kindly woman taking pity on this aging, lonely man. His deteriorating health and her devotion . . . his death.

Ginger had looked up the terms of his will for me at Somerset House. Bequests to old servants, to a couple of godchildren, and then provision for his wife—sufficient, but not unduly generous. A sum in trust, the income to be enjoyed during her lifetime. The residue of his estate, which ran into a sum of six figures, to his daughter Thomasina Ann, to be hers absolutely at the age of twenty-one, or on her marriage. If she died before twenty-one, unmarried, the money was to go to her stepmother. There had been, it seemed, no other members of the family.

The will, perhaps, had been a disappointment to Mrs. Tuckerton. She had looked forward to expensive travel, to luxury cruises, to clothes, jewels—or possibly to the sheer pleasure of money itself, mounting up in the bank.

Instead the girl was to have all that money!

Unless —— Could I really believe that the blond-haired meretricious creature talking platitudes so glibly was capable of seeking out the Pale Horse, and arranging for a young girl to die?

I said, rather abruptly, "I believe, you know, I met your daughter—stepdaughter—once?"

"Thomasina? Did you?" She sighed. "These girls nowadays. So difficult. One doesn't seem to have *any* control over them. She never listened to anything *I* said." She sighed again. "She was nearly grown up, you know, when we married. A stepmother ——"

"Always a difficult position," I said sympathetically.

"Poor Thomasina," said Mrs. Tuckerton. She adjusted a stray lock of blond hair. Then she looked at me. "Oh, but perhaps you don't know. She died about a month ago. Encephalitis—very sudden. It's a disease that attacks young people, I believe—so sad."

"I did know she was dead," I said. I got up. "Thank you, Mrs. Tuckerton, very much indeed for showing me your house." I shook hands. Then as I moved away, I turned back. "By the way," I said, "I think you know the Pale Horse, don't you?"

There wasn't any doubt of the reaction. Panic, sheer panic, showed in those pale eyes. Beneath the makeup her face was suddenly white and afraid.

Her voice came shrill and high: "Pale Horse? What do you mean by the Pale Horse? I don't know anything about the Pale Horse."

I let mild surprise show in my eyes. "Oh, my mistake. There's a very interesting old pub—in Much Deeping. I was down there the other day and was taken to see it. I certainly thought your name was mentioned—but perhaps it was someone else of the same name." I paused. "The place has got . . . quite a reputation."

I enjoyed my exit line. In one of the mirrors on the wall I saw Mrs. Tuckerton's face reflected. She was very, very frightened and I saw just how she would look in years to come. It was not a pleasant sight. . . .

"So now we're quite sure," said Ginger.

"We were sure before."

"Yes—reasonably so. But this does clinch it."

I was silent. I was visualizing Mrs. Tuckerton journeying to Birmingham. Entering the Municipal Square Buildings—meeting Mr. Bradley. She would have been a hard bargainer. But in the end the terms had been agreed, some document duly signed, and then what? That was where imagination stopped. That was what we didn't know.

I came out of my meditation to see Ginger watching me. "We've got something fairly definite now. Enough to act upon, do you think? Could we go to the police?"

I shook my head doubtfully. "Evidence of intent. But is that enough? It's this death-wish nonsense. Oh"—I forestalled her interruption—"it mayn't be nonsense—but it would *sound* like it in court. We've no idea, even, of what the actual procedure is."

"Well then, we've got to know. But how?"

"One would have to see—or hear—with one's own eyes and ears. But there's absolutely no place one could hide oneself in that great barn of a room—and I suppose that's where It—whatever 'It' is—must take place."

Ginger sat up very straight, gave her head a kind of toss, and said, "There's only one way to find out what does really happen. You've got to be a genuine *client*."

I stared at her.

"You or I, it doesn't matter which, has got to want somebody put out of the way. One of us has got to go to Bradley and fix it up."

"I don't like it," I said sharply.

"Why?"

"Well—it opens up dangerous possibilities. We've got to have a victim—we've got to give him a name. They'd almost certainly check up; don't you agree?"

Ginger thought a minute and then nodded. "Yes. The victim's got to be a real person and we've got to have a real reason for getting rid of him."

"The person, whoever it was, would have to agree," I said slowly. "It's a lot to ask."

"Suppose now that one of us is desperate to get rid of someone," said Ginger. "There's my dear old Uncle Mervyn—I'll come into a very nice packet when he pops off. So there's a motive there. But he's over seventy, so it would really seem more sensible for me to wait for natural causes, unless I was in some terrible hole for money—besides, he's a pet, and I'm very fond of him. Have you got any relatives who are going to leave you money?"

"No one at all."

"Bother. It could be blackmail, perhaps? Bigamy?" She fixed me with a reproachful stare. "What a pity you've never married. We could have cooked something up if you had."

Some expression on my face must have given me away. Ginger was quick.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Have I raked up something that hurts?"

"No," I said. "It doesn't hurt. It was a long time ago, while I was at the university. We kept it dark. I wasn't even of age. We lied about our ages."

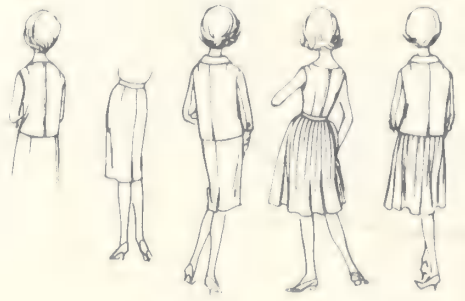
"What happened?"

"We went to Italy in the long vacation. There was an accident—a car accident. She was killed outright."

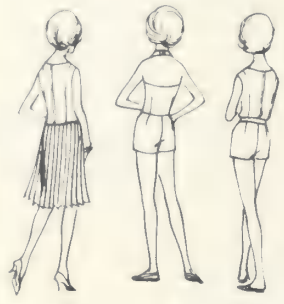
"And you?"

bright cotton suit . . . plus

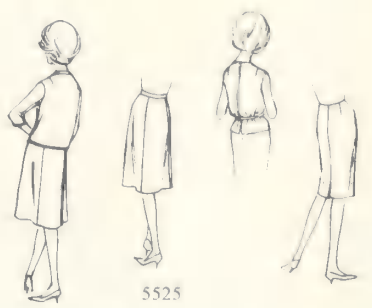
OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 62, 63, 64 AND 65.



5521



5522



5525



5527

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5521. Jacket, skirts and blouse; 10–20 (31–40); $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Jacket and narrow skirt require 3¾ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Blouse, pleated skirt and jacket lining require 6¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Blouse and jacket lining require 3¼ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. All size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5522. Blouse, skirt, halter and shorts; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Blouse, skirt and shorts require 5½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Blouse and shorts require 2½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Halter requires 1½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Blouse and shorts lining require 2½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. All size 14.

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"I wasn't in the car. She was with . . . a friend."

Ginger gave me a quick glance. I think she understood the way it had been. The shock of my discovery that the girl I had married was not the kind who makes a faithful wife.

Ginger reverted to practical matters. "It's an answer to prayer! Nothing could be simpler! You're desperately in love with someone and you want to marry her—*but* you don't know whether your wife is still alive. You've parted years ago and never heard from her since. Dare you risk it? While you're thinking it out, sudden reappearance of the wife! She turns up out of the blue, refuses to give you a divorce, and threatens to go to your young woman and spill the beans."

"Who's my young woman?" I asked, slightly confused. "You?"

Ginger looked shocked. "Certainly not. I'm quite the wrong type—I'd probably go and live in sin with you. No, you know quite well who I mean—that statuesque brunette you go around with. Very highbrow and serious."

"Hermia Redcliffe? Who told you about her?"

"Poppy, of course. She's rich, too, isn't she?"

"She's extremely well off. But really ——"

"I'm not saying you're marrying her for her money. But nasty minds like Bradley's could easily think so. . . . Very well then. Here's the position. You are about to pop the question to Hermia when up turns the unwanted wife from the past. And then—you hear of the Pale Horse. I'll bet anything you like that Thyrza and that half-witted peasant Bella, though that that was why you came that day. They took it as a tentative approach, and that's why Thyrza was so forthcoming. It *was* a sales talk they were giving you."

She paused triumphantly. There was something in what she said. But I didn't quite see —— "It's all very well to invent a fictitious wife, resurrected from the past, but they want *details*—where she lives, all that. And when I try to hedge ——"

"You won't need to hedge. To do the thing properly the wife has got to be there—and she will be there! Brace yourself," said Ginger. "I'm your wife!"

"You don't know what you're saying. It's putting you in danger."

"That's my lookout."

"No, it isn't. And anyway, it wouldn't hold water for a moment."

"Oh yes it would. I've been thinking it out. I arrive at a furnished flat, with a suitcase or two with foreign labels. I take the flat in the name of Mrs. Easterbrook—and who on earth is to say I'm not Mrs. Easterbrook?"

"Anyone who knows you."

"Anyone who knows me won't see me. I'm away from my job, ill. A spot of hair dye, different clothes and lots of makeup, and my best friends wouldn't look at me twice! Who should anyone in the Pale Horse doubt I am who I say I am? If you're prepared to stake papers wagering large sums of money that I stay alive, there's not likely to be any doubt as to my being the bona fide article. They can verify the marriage by looking up old records in Somerset House. They can check up on your friendship with Hermia and all that—why should there be any doubts?"

I looked at her. I liked her very much—her red hair, her freckles, her gallant spirit. But I couldn't let her take the risks she wanted to take.

"I can't stand for it, Ginger," I said. "Suppose . . . something happened."

"Isn't that my affair?"

"No. I got you into all this."

"Yes, perhaps you did. But we're both in it now—and we've got to do *something*. I'm being serious now, Mark. I'm not pretending this is all just fun. If what we believe to be true *is* true, it's a sickening, beastly thing. You see, it's not hot-blooded murder, from hate or jealousy; it's murder as a *business*, murder that takes no account of who or what the victim may be. That is," she added, "if the whole thing is true?"

"It *is* true," I said. "That's why I'm afraid for you."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

We thrashed it out, to and fro, dingdong, repeating ourselves while the hands of the clock on my mantelpiece moved slowly round.

Finally Ginger summed up: "It's like this. I'm forewarned and forearmed. I *know* what someone is trying to do to me. And I don't believe for one moment she can do it! If everyone's got a 'desire for death,' mine isn't well developed. I've good health. And I simply cannot believe that I'll develop gallstones or meningitis just because old Thyrza draws pentagrams on the floor, or Sybil throws a trance. Can you?"

"No," I said. "I can't believe it. But," I added, "I do."

We looked at each other.

"Yes," said Ginger. "That's our weakness."

"Look here," I said. "I think, before we embark on this, we ought to go to the police—now—before we try anything else."

"I'm agreeable to that," said Ginger slowly. "What police? Scotland Yard?"

"No," I said. "I think Divisional Detective Inspector Furneaux is the best bet." . . .

I liked Divisional Detective Inspector Furneaux at first sight. He had an air of quiet ability. I thought, too, that he was an imaginative man—the kind of man who would be willing to consider possibilities that were not orthodox.

I told him of the first mention of the Pale Horse at the Fantasie. Then I described my visit to Rhoda, and my introduction to the "three weird sisters." I related, as accurately as I could, Thyrza Grey's conversation on that particular afternoon.

"And you were impressed by what she said?"

I felt embarrassed. "I made up my mind to find out more about this business."

"And you set about it, how?"

I told him of my call on Mrs. Tuckerton. Finally I came to Mr. Bradley and the Municipal Square Buildings in Birmingham.

"Bradley," he said. "So Bradley's in this?"

"You know him?"

"Oh yes, we know Mr. Bradley. He's a smooth dealer, adept at never doing anything that we can pin on him. He knows every trick and dodge of the legal game."

"Now that I've told you about our conversation, could one act on it?"

Furneaux slowly shook his head. "No, we couldn't act on it. To begin with, Bradley was quite right when he told you that a man can bet on anything. You bet somebody won't die—and you lose. What is there criminal about that?"

He paused a minute and then said, "Let's assemble what we've got. It seems reasonably certain that there *is* some agency or organization that specializes in what one might call the removal of unwanted persons. There's nothing to show that the victims haven't died a perfectly natural death."

He shook his head angrily, and went on: "This woman, Thyrza Grey; you say she boasted to you about her powers! Well, she can do so with impunity. According to her own account, she just sits in a room and employs telepathy. Why, the whole thing would be laughed out of court!"

I spoke in a rush. "I think there's a chance—a possible chance—of getting to know a bit more about all this. I and a friend of mine have worked out a plan. What, exactly, *happens* at the Pale Horse? We don't know, and somebody's got to go and find out."

"Go on."

"Because until we *do* know, exactly, what Thyrza Grey actually *does*, we can't get any further. Your police doctor, Jim Corrigan, says the whole idea is poppycock—but is it, Inspector Furneaux, is it?"

Furneaux sighed. "You know what I'd answer—what any sane person would answer. The answer would be, 'Yes, of course it is!' But very odd things have happened during the last hundred years. Would anyone have believed seventy years ago that a person could hear Big Ben strike twelve on a little box, and after it had finished striking hear it again with his own ears through the window, from the actual clock itself? Would you believe you could hear a man speaking in New York in your own drawing room, without so much as a connecting wire?"

"In other words," I said, "the science of tomorrow is the supernatural of today."

"I'm not talking officially, mind," Furneaux warned me.

"Man, you're talking sense. And the answer is, someone has got to go and see what actually *happens*."

I settled down then, and told him about it. He listened frowning and pulling at his lower lip.

"Mr. Easterbrook," he said at last, "I don't know whether you fully realize that what you are proposing to do may be dangerous. These are dangerous people. It may be dangerous for you—but it will certainly be dangerous for your friend."

> There are three things that can never be hidden—love, a mountain, and one riding on a camel. ARAB PROVERB

"I know," I said, "I know. We've been over it a hundred times. I don't like her playing the part she's going to play. But she's determined—absolutely determined." . . .

I felt no nervousness on my second visit to Bradley. In fact, I enjoyed it.

"Very pleased to see you," Mr. Bradley said, advancing a pudgy hand. "So you've been thinking your little problem over, have you? Well, as I said, no hurry. Take your time."

I said, "That's just what I can't do. It's—well—it's rather urgent."

Mr. Bradley was very adroit. He prompted, eased over difficult words and phrases. So good was he that I felt no difficulty at all in telling him about my youthful infatuation for Doreen and our secretive marriage. I was purposefully vague over details. If Bradley took it that my young wife had gone off with another man, or that there had been another man in the offing all along, that was good enough.

"But you know," I said anxiously, "although she wasn't . . . well, wasn't quite what I thought her, I'd never have thought that she'd be like *this*—that she'd behave like this, I mean."

"What exactly has she been doing to you?"

What my "wife" had done to me, I explained, was to come back. "I suppose it seems extraordinary—but actually, I suppose, I assumed she must be dead."

Bradley shook his head at me. "Wishful thinking. The truth is you wanted to forget all about her."

"Yes," I said gratefully. "You see, then it wasn't as though I wanted to marry someone else."

"But you do now, eh; is that it?"

I admitted shamefacedly that, yes, lately, I *had* considered marrying ——

"Quite natural, my dear sir. You've found someone, no doubt, thoroughly suited to you. Able to share your literary tastes and your way of life. A true companion."

I saw then that he knew about Hermia. It would have been easy. Any inquiries made about me would have revealed the fact that I had only one close woman friend.

"What about divorce?" he asked. "Isn't that the natural solution?"

I said, "There's no question of divorce. She—my wife—wants to come back to me. She—she's utterly unreasonable. She knows there's someone, and—and ——"

"Acting nasty. I see. Doesn't look as though there's any way out, unless, of course —— But she's quite young."

"She'll live for years," I said bitterly.

"Well, the odds are on your side, I admit. But let's have a wager on it. Fifteen hundred to one the lady dies between now and Christmas: how's that?"

"Sooner! It will have to be sooner. I can't wait."

"Alters the odds a bit," he said. "We'll say eighteen hundred to one your wife's a goner in under a month. I've a sort of feeling about it."

signed some form of IOU. The phraseol- was too full of legal words for me to un- stand. Actually I very much doubted that ad any legal significance whatever.

"Now for the—er—arrangements," said . Bradley. "You remember Miss Grey?"

said of course I remembered Miss Grey.

"An amazing woman. She'll want some- ng your wife has worn—a glove, handker- ef, anything like that ——"

"But why? In the name of ——"

"Don't ask *me* why. I've not the least idea. ss Grey keeps her secrets to herself."

He paused, and then went on in an almost nerly tone.

My advice is as follows, Mr. Easterbrook. a visit to your wife. Soothe her down, let think that you're coming round to the idea reconciliation. Then, having purloined a e of daily wear in an unobtrusive manner, will go down to Much Deeping." He sed thoughtfully. "Let me see, I think you ntioned on your previous visit that you friends—relations—in the neighbor- d?"

"A cousin."

"That makes it very simple. You express rself as intrigued by the inhabitants of Horse. You want to participate in a sé- e there. Nothing can sound simpler."

"And—and after that?"

He shook his head, smiling. "That's all I tell you. All, in fact, that I know. After- d, I would suggest that you take a little abroad. The Italian Riviera is very pleas- at this time of year." . . .

"Are you really going to a séance at Thyr- ?" Rhoda demanded.

"Why not?"

"I never knew you were interested in that of thing, Mark."

"I'm not really," I said truthfully. "But it's a queer setup, those three. I'm curious to what sort of show they put on."

"You've been very odd lately, Mark," Rhoda me. "Ever since you arrived. Is anything matter?"

"No, of course not. What should be the er?"

"I believe you're in love," said Rhoda ac- gly. "Yes, that's it. Being in love has a bad effect on men—it seems to addle their "

"Thank you!" I said.

"Oh, don't be cross with me, Mark. I think very good thing really—and I'm de- ed. Hermia is really very nice. And she is just the person for you—good-looking clever; absolutely suitable."

"That," I said, "is one of the cattiest things could say about anyone." . . .

It was a dark overcast night, no stars. za and I came out of the dense outer ness into the long, lighted room. The by night, was transformed. By day it seemed a pleasant library. Now it had me something more. The lighting was in- t and flooded the room with a soft but ight. In the center of the floor was a kind ised bed or divan. It was spread with a e cloth, embroidered with various cab- signs.

At the far side of the room was what ap- d to be a small brazier, and next to it a opper basin. On the other side, set back st touching the wall, was a heavy oak

"Put there," Thyrza said. Then she ad- ed me in an emphatic deep voice: "I must ess upon you, Mr. Easterbrook, the ne- y of remaining absolutely still. This is no s game. I am dealing with forces that are erous to those who do not know how to e them!" She paused and then asked, have brought what you were instructed ng?"

Without a word I drew from my pocket a suède glove and handed it to her.

She put it down on top of what appeared to arge radio cabinet at the end of the room. she raised her voice a little. "Bella. We are ready."

Sybil came in first. She wore a long black over her peacock dress. This she flung with a dramatic gesture.

"I do hope it will be all right," she said. never knows. Please don't adopt a skeptical frame of mind, Mr. Easterbrook. It does so hinder things."

"Mr. Easterbrook has not come here to mock," said Thyrza.

Sybil lay down on the purple divan. Thyrza bent over her, arranging her draperies. Then she wheeled up what was, in effect, a kind of canopy on wheels. This she placed so that it overshadowed the divan and left Sybil in a deep shadow in the middle of outlying dim twilight.

"Too much light is harmful to a complete trance," she said.

Bella came out of the shadows. The two women approached me. With her right hand Thyrza took my left. Her left hand took Bella's right, Bella's left hand found my right hand. Thyrza's hand was dry and hard, Bella's was cold and boneless—it felt like a slug in mine and I shivered in revulsion. There was a long wait with only the sound of breathing, Bella's slightly wheezy, Sybil's deep and regular.

And then, suddenly, Sybil spoke. Not, however, in her own voice. It was a man's deep voice, as unlike her own mincing accents as could be. It had a guttural foreign accent.

"I am here," the voice said. "I am Macandal."

Thyrza said, "Are you prepared, Macandal, to submit to my desire and my will?"

The new deep voice said, "I am."

"Will you undertake to dedicate this body which you now inhabit that death may pass through it, obeying such natural laws as may be available in the body of the recipient?"

"The dead must be sent to cause death. It shall be so."

Thyrza drew back a step. Bella came up and held out what I saw was a crucifix. Thyrza placed it on Sybil's breast in a reversed position. Then Bella brought a small green phial. From this Thyrza poured out a drop or two onto Sybil's forehead, and traced something with her finger. Again I fancied that it was the sign of the cross upside down.

She stepped back and said, "All is ready."

Bella repeated the words: "All is ready."

Bella left the room. She came back, carrying a white cock. It was alive and struggling to be free.

Now with white chalk she knelt down and began to draw signs on the floor round the brazier and the copper bowl. She set down the cock with its beak on the white curving line round the bowl and it stayed there motionless.

"We are ready," said Thyrza.

She went over to what I had taken to be a radio cabinet. It opened up and I saw that it was a large electrical contrivance of some complicated kind. It moved like a trolley and she wheeled it slowly and carefully to a position near the divan.

She bent over it, adjusting the controls, murmuring to herself, "Compass, north, northeast . . . degrees . . . that's about right." She took the glove and adjusted it in a particular position, switching on a small violet light beside it.

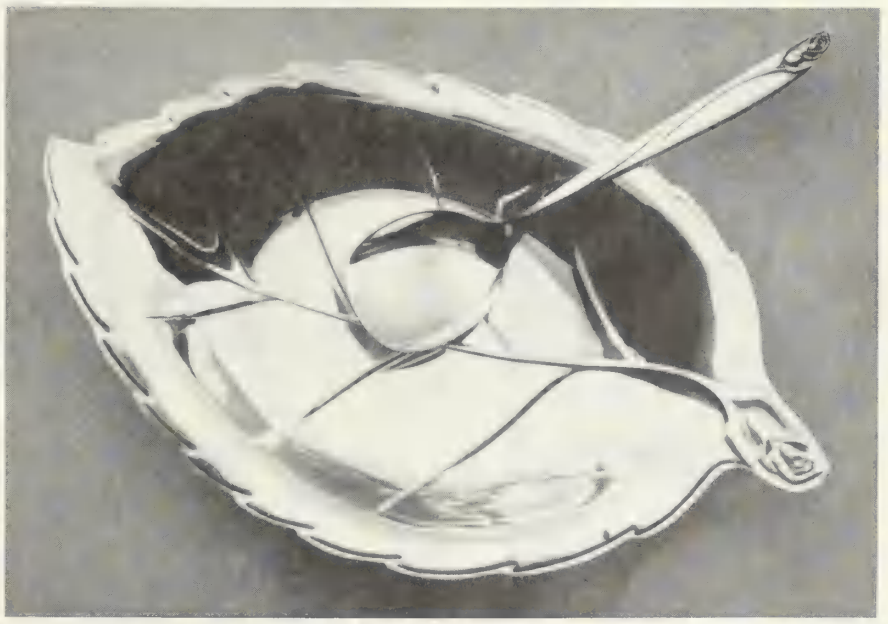
Then she spoke to the inert figure on the divan. "Sybil Diana Helen, you are set free from your mortal sheath which the spirit Macandal guards safely for you. You are free to be at one with the owner of this glove. As with all human beings, her goal in life is toward death. There is no final satisfaction but death. Only death solves all problems. Only death gives true peace. All great ones have known it. Remember Macbeth: 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' Remember the ecstasy of Tristan and Isolde. Love and death. Love and death. But the greatest of these is death."

The words rang out, echoing, repeating. The big boxlike machine had started to emit a low hum, the bulbs in it glowed. I felt dazed, carried away. I realized vaguely why Mrs. Oliver had been frightened, not of Thyrza but of the seemingly silly Sybil. Sybil had a power, a natural gift, nothing to do with mind or intellect; it was a physical power, the power to separate herself from her body. And, so separated, her mind was not hers, but Thyrza's. And Thyrza was using her temporary possession.

Yes, but the box? Where did the box come in?

And suddenly all my fear was transferred to the box! What devilish secret was being





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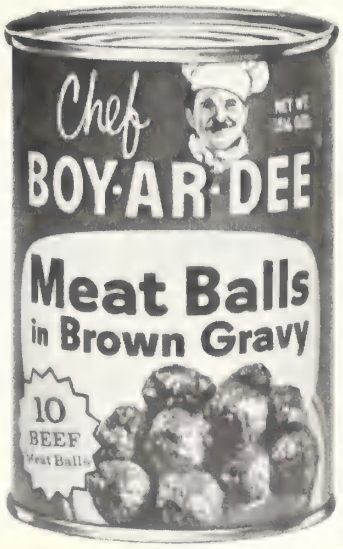
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practiced through its agency? Could there be physically produced rays of some kind that acted on the cells of the mind? Of a particular mind?

Thyrza's voice went on: "The weak spot . . . there is always a weak spot . . . deep in the tissues of the flesh. . . . Through weakness comes strength—the strength and peace of death. . . . Toward death—slowly, naturally, toward death—the true way, the natural way. The tissues of the body obey the mind . . . command them—command them. . . . Toward death . . . death, the conqueror . . . death . . . soon . . . very soon . . . death . . . death . . . DEATH!" Her voice rose in a great swelling cry.

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And another animal cry came from Bella. She rose up, a knife flashed—there was a horrible strangled squawk from the cockerel. . . . Blood dripped into the copper bowl. Bella came running, the bowl held out.

She screamed, "Blood . . . the *blood* . . . BLOOD!"

Thyrza whipped out the glove from the machine. Bella took it, dipped it in the blood, returned it to Thyrza, who replaced it.

Bella's voice rose again in that high ecstatic call: "The blood, the blood, the blood!" . . .

It seemed an eternity before I heard Ginger's voice on the telephone.

"You're all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. Why shouldn't I be?"

Waves of relief swept over me. "I just thought you might have had bad dreams or something," I said rather lamely.

"Well, I didn't. I expected to have, but all that happened was that I kept waking up and wondering if I felt anything peculiar happening to me. I really felt almost indignant because nothing did happen to me."

I laughed.

"But go on—tell me," said Ginger. "What's it all about?"

"Nothing much out of the ordinary. Sybil lay on a purple couch and went into a trance. Frankly, the whole thing was quite a performance."

"And what do we do next?" demanded Ginger. "Have I got to stay put for another week or so?"

"If I want to collect a hundred pounds from Mr. Bradley, yes."

"You'll do that if it's the last thing you ever do." Her voice was a little odd.

"No suspicious characters approached you?" I asked.

"Only what you might expect. The milkman, the man to read the gas meter, a woman asking me what patent medicines and cosmetics I used, someone asking me to sign a petition to abolish nuclear bombs."

"Seems harmless enough," I commented.

"What were you expecting?"

"I don't really know." I had wished, I suppose, for something overt that I could tackle.

"Oh! I had one other visitor," said Ginger. "Your friend Dr. Corrigan. He's nice."

"I suppose Furneaux sent him."

"He seemed to think he ought to rally to a namesake. Up the Corrigans!"

I rang off, much relieved in mind.

I got back to find Rhoda busy on the lawn with one of her dogs. She was anointing it with some unguent.

"The vet's just gone," she said. "He says it's ringworm. It's frightfully catching, I believe. This stuff makes the hair fall out," she went on. "It leaves bald spots for a bit, but it grows again."

I nodded, offered to help, was refused, for which I was thankful, and wandered off again, struck by an idea. Why should I not go and call on Mr. Venables?

The more I considered the idea, the more I liked it. There was something mysterious about Venables. I had felt it from the first. He had, I was sure, first-class brains. A man, perhaps, too clever to be a killer himself—but a man who could organize killing very well if he wanted to. So in due course I turned in at the gates of Prior's Court and walked up the quarter mile of winding drive.

Venables gave me a most cordial welcome, wheeling his chair forward and greeting me quite as an old friend.

I apologized for dropping in as I had, but said that it was a sudden impulse. "I'd love to have another look at your Mogul miniatures. I hadn't nearly enough time to see them properly the other day."

"Of course you hadn't. I'm glad you appreciate them. Such exquisite detail."

I must admit that I enjoyed enormously having a closer look at some of the really wonderful things he had in his possession.

Venables shrugged his shoulders. "I have the best. I insist upon it. Naturally—one has to pay! I pay."

All the natural arrogance of the man showed here. I said dryly, "If one is fortunate enough to be able to do that, it certainly solves many problems."

"It all depends on what one wants out of life. I know what I want. Infinite leisure in which to contemplate the beautiful things of this world, natural and artificial. Since to go and see them in their natural surroundings has of late years been denied me, I have them brought from all over the world to me."

"But money still has to be got before that can happen."

"Yes, one must plan one's coups—but it's a changing world, Easterbrook. It always has been—but now the changes come more rapidly. The tempo has quickened—one must take advantage of that. The new techniques are here to use. Already we have machines that can supply us with the answer to questions in seconds—compared with hours or days of human labor."

"Will machines take the place of men eventually?"

"Of *men*, yes. But man, no. There has to be man the controller, man the thinker who works out the questions to ask the machines."

ONCE AS A CHILD ON THE WING

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Once as a child on the wing I topped
All the fences, trees, and various roofs
In the sun-filmed town where I lived every day
On the supple certainty of rules and proofs;

Or I'd saddle my pony—bribe him with oats
From his chosen lot—and off we would go
In the seven directions of my casual aim
To learn whatever there was to know.

In those days I thought nothing at all
Of the risks involved, and laughed at the joke
(Though the willow wept!) when I fell to earth,
Nor blamed the bough my own weight broke.

"Man the superman?" I put a faint inflection of ridicule into my voice.

"Why not, Easterbrook? Why not? Remember, we know—or are beginning to know—something about man the human animal. Not only the body, but the *mind* of man, responds to certain stimuli."

"A dangerous doctrine," I said.

"All life is dangerous. In the end, perhaps, not only great natural forces, but the work of our own hands may destroy it. We are very near to that happening at this moment."

"No one can deny that, certainly. But I'm interested in your theory of power—power over mind."

"Oh, that." Venables looked suddenly embarrassed. "Probably I exaggerated."

I found his embarrassment interesting. Venables was a man who lived much alone. A man who is alone develops the need to talk—to someone, anyone. Venables had talked to me—and perhaps not wisely.

"Man the superman," I said. "It seems to me that your superman is . . . a superman with a difference. A man who could wield power—and never be known to wield power. A man who sits in his chair and pulls the strings."

I looked at him as I spoke. He smiled. "Are you casting me for the part, Easterbrook? I wish it were indeed so. One needs something to compensate for . . . *this!*"

His hand struck down on the rug across his knees, and I heard the sudden sharp bitterness of his voice.

"I won't offer you my sympathy," I sa "Sympathy is very little good to a man your position. You are a rich man who kno how to buy wisely, who has appreciation a taste. But I feel that there is more to it th mere possession. You set out to acquire be tiful and interesting things—and you ha practically hinted that they were not acqui through the medium of laborious toil."

"Quite right, Easterbrook, quite right. A said, only the fool toils. The secret of all s cess is something quite simple—but it has be thought of! Something simple. One thir of it, one puts it into execution—and there are!"

I stared at him. Something simple—som thing as simple as the removal of unwant persons? Fulfilling a need. An action p formed without danger to anybody except t victim. Planned by Mr. Venables sitting i wheelchair, with his great hooked nose the beak of a bird of prey, and his promine Adam's apple moving up and down. Execut by—whom? Thyrza Grey?

We parted on an amicable note. Was th an amused and malicious twinkle in his eye thought so, but I could not be sure. I felt quite likely that I was now imagining things.

Darkness had already fallen, and as I mov rather uncertainly down the winding drive collided with someone moving in the oppos direction.

"I'm so sorry."

"Not at all. Entirely my fault, I ass you."

The stranger produced a torch from pocket, switched it on and handed it to me. its light I saw that he was a man of middle a with a round cherubic face, a black mustac and spectacles. He wore a good quality d raincoat and can be described only as acme of respectability. All the same, it just cross my mind to wonder why he was using his torch himself since he had it w him.

"Pray keep the torch until you get to t gate," he said.

"But you—you are going to the house?"

"No, no. I am going the same way that y are. Er—down the drive. And then up to t bus stop. I am catching a bus back to Bourn mouth. I have just moved into a sm bungalow there."

I felt a faint stirring in my mind. What h I recently heard about a bungalow at Bourn mouth? While I was trying to remember, companion, seeming very ill at ease, was i pelled to speak.

"You must think it very odd—I admit, course, it *is* odd—to find someone wanderi in the grounds of a house when the—er person in question is not acquainted with t owner of the house. My reasons are a lit difficult to explain, though I assure you tha have reasons. Actually, I am a pharmac who has recently sold an old-established bu ness in London. My name is Zachari Osborne."

Enlightenment came to me. Meanwhile was continuing.

"This *is* Mr. Venables's house, is it not suppose—er—he is a friend of yours?"

I said with deliberation, "Hardly a friend have met him only once before today, whe was taken to lunch with him by some frien of mine."

"Ah, yes—I see. Yes, precisely."

We had come now to the entrance ga Mr. Osborne paused irresolutely; then wor came from him in a rush.

"I shouldn't like you to think —— I me technically, of course, I *was* trespassing. Bu really would like to explain to you, Mr. er ——"

"Easterbrook. Mark Easterbook."

"Mr. Easterbrook. As I say, I wou welcome the chance of explaining my rath odd behavior. If you have the time? It is o five minutes' walk up the lane to the ma road. There is quite a respectable little café the petrol station close to the bus stop. bus is not due for over twenty minutes. If y would allow me to offer you a cup of coffee

I accepted, and we walked to the café gether. Mr. Osborne ordered coffee a

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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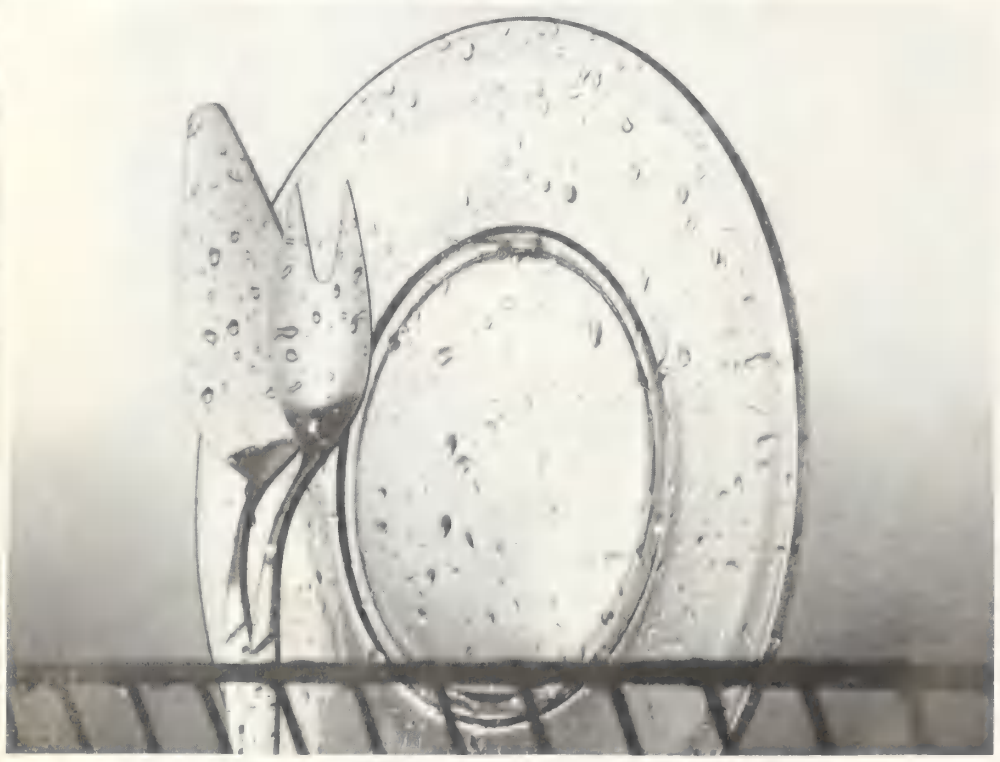
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

biscuits for two, then leaned forward across the table and unburdened himself.

"This all stems from a case you may have seen reported in the newspapers some time ago. It concerned a Roman Catholic parish priest who was set upon one night and killed. By chance I had happened to be standing outside the door of my establishment that evening and had seen Father Gorman go by. Following him at a short distance was a man whose appearance was unusual enough to attract my attention. Anyway, I described the man I had seen to the police. They thanked me and that was that.

"Now I come to the rather surprising part of my story. About ten days ago I came over here to a church fete and what was my surprise to see this same man I have mentioned. He must have had, or so I thought, an accident, since he was propelling himself in a wheelchair. I inquired about him and was told he was a rich local resident of the name of Venables. I wrote to the police officer, who came down to Bournemouth—Inspector Furneaux was his name. He informed me that Mr. Venables had been a cripple for some years, as a result of polio. I must, he said, have been misled by a chance resemblance."

"Well, that seems to settle that," I said.

"Yes," said Mr. Osborne. "Yes." His voice was markedly dissatisfied. "I'm an obstinate man, Mr. Easterbrook. As the days passed by I felt more and more sure that the man I saw *was* Venables and no other. The police said it was impossible. But *was* it impossible?"

"Surely, with a disability of that kind ——"

He stopped me by waving an agitated forefinger. "Yes, yes, but there are ways—ways that a chemist is more likely to appreciate than a doctor. Certain drugs, for instance, can induce fever—various rashes and skin irritations—dryness of throat, or increase of secretions ——"

"But hardly atrophied limbs," I pointed out.

"Quite, quite. But who says that Mr. Venables' limbs *are* atrophied?"

"Well—his doctor, I suppose?"

"Quite. Mr. Venables' doctor is in London, a Harley Street man. The local doctor here *has never attended Mr. Venables.* Mr. Venables goes up once a month to Harley Street."

I looked at him curiously.

"Suppose—just suppose"—the forefinger was now wiggling excitedly—"our Mr. V. makes contact with a genuine polio case in poor circumstances. He makes a proposition. Genuine sufferer calling himself Mr. V. calls in London specialist, and is examined, so that the case history is all correct. Then Mr. V. takes house in country. And there you are! Mr. Venables well documented as polio sufferer with atrophied limbs. He is seen locally in a wheelchair, and so on."

"But *why?*"

"Ah," said Mr. Osborne. "That's another question, isn't it? I won't tell you *my* theory—I expect you'd laugh at it. But there you are—a very nice alibi set up for a man who might want an alibi. He could be here, there and everywhere, and nobody would know." Mr. Osborne paused and glanced at his watch. "My bus is due. I must be quick. I get to brooding about this, you see. So I thought I'd come out here, go into the grounds and—well, do a bit of spying. If, for instance, I spotted our Mr. Venables having a quiet walk around in the grounds, well, there you are! Walking about his library, maybe, never dreaming that anyone would be spying on him?"

"Why are you so sure the man you saw that night was Venables?"

"I *know* it was Venables!" He shot to his feet. "My bus is coming. Pleased to have met you, Mr. Easterbrook."

I said, "But you haven't told me what you think Mr. Venables is up to."

Mr. Osborne looked embarrassed. "You'll laugh, I daresay. Everybody says he's rich, but nobody seems to know *how he made his money.* I'll tell you what *I* think. I think he's one of those master criminals you read about."

The bus had stopped. Mr. Osborne ran for it. I walked home down the lane very thoughtful. It was a fantastic theory that Mr. Osborne had outlined, but I had to admit that t might just possibly be something in it. . .

Ringing up Ginger on the following m ing, I was struck by fear. "Ginger! Y voice ——"

"I've just got a bit of a sore throat or so thing, that's all."

"Ginger!"

"Now look, Mark, anyone can have a throat. I'm starting a cold, I expect. touch of flu."

"Flu? Look here, don't evade the p Are you all right, or aren't you? Do you as though you *might* be starting flu?"

"Well—perhaps. Aching a bit all over, know the kind of thing ——"

"Temperature?"

"Well, a bit of temperature."

I sat there, a horrible cold sort of fe stealing over me. I was frightened. I k too, that however much Ginger might fe to admit it, Ginger was frightened also.

Her hoarse voice spoke again. "Ma don't panic. You *are* panicking—and r there's nothing to panic about."

"Perhaps not. But we've got to take e precaution. Ring up your doctor and get to come and see you. At once."

"All right. But he'll think I'm a ter fusspot."

"Never mind. Do it! Then, when he's l ring me back."

TIDE

By EMMA CROBAUGH

Because you offer me no choice
I shall pretend I never heard
The tide of longing in your voice
Under stern and forthright word.

But when its undercurrent start
To wreck your verbal barricade,
Love will detect, between our hearts,
The channel that my silenc made.

After I had rung off, I sat for a lon staring at the black inhuman outline telephone. Panic—I mustn't give w panic. There was always flu about at th of year. The doctor would be reassu perhaps it would be only a slight chill.

I saw in my mind's eye Sybil in her p dress with its scrawled symbols of evil. Thyrza's voice, willing, commanding. chalked floor Bella, chanting her evil held up a struggling white cock.

Nonsense, all nonsense. Of course it superstitious nonsense.

The box—not so easy, somehow, to the box. The box represented not superstition but a development of s possibility. But it wasn't possible—it c be possible that ——

Ginger rang me two hours later. been," she said. "He seemed a bit p but he says it's probably flu. My temp is quite high. But it would be w wouldn't it?" There was a forlorn a her hoarse voice, under its surface bra

"You'll be all right," I said miserab you hear? You'll be all right. Do y very awful?"

"Well—fever, and aching, and ev hurts, my feet and my skin. I hate a touching me. . . . And I'm so hot."

"That's the fever, darling. List coming up to you! I'm leaving now— No, don't protest."

"All right. I'm glad you're coming I daresay—I'm not so brave as I th

I rang up Furneaux. "Miss Corrig I said.

"What?"

"You heard me. She's ill. She's c own doctor. He says perhaps flu. It

But it may not. I don't know what *you* can do. The only idea that occurs to me is to get some kind of specialist on to it."

"What kind of specialist?"

"A psychiatrist—or psychoanalyst, or psychologist. A psycho something. A man who knows about suggestion and hypnotism and brainwashing and all that kind of thing. There *are* people who deal in that kind of thing?"

"Of course there are. Yes. I think you're dead right. It may be just flu—but it may be some kind of psycho business. Easterbrook, this may be just what we've been hoping for!"

I slammed down the receiver. We might be learning something about psychological weapons—but all that I cared about was Ginger, gallant and frightened. We hadn't really believed, either of us—or had we? No, of course we hadn't. It had been a game—a cops-and-robbers game. But it wasn't a game.

The Pale Horse was proving itself a reality.

I dropped my head into my hands and groaned. . . .

I doubt if I shall ever forget the next few days. It appears to me now as a kind of bewildered kaleidoscope without sequence or form. Ginger was removed from the flat to a private nursing home. I was allowed to see her only at visiting hours.

Her own doctor, I gather, was inclined to stand on his high horse about the whole business. His own diagnosis was quite clear—bronchopneumonia following on influenza, though complicated by certain slightly unusual symptoms.

And, of course, all that he said was true. Ginger had bronchopneumonia. There was nothing mysterious about the disease from which she was suffering. She just had it—and had it badly.

I had one interview with the Home Office psychologist. He was a quaint little cock robin of a man, rising up and down on his toes, with eyes twinkling through very thick lenses. He tried, I think, various forms of hypnotism on Ginger, but, by what seemed to be universal consent, no one would tell me very much. Possibly because there was nothing to tell.

Finally, in an access of desperation, I rang up Poppy at her flower shop. Would she come out and dine with me? Poppy would love to do so. Having lulled her into a happy stupor with delicious food and drink, I began a little cautious probing. I asked her if she remembered my friend Ginger. Poppy said, "Of course," opening her big blue eyes, and asked what Ginger was doing nowadays.

"She's very ill," I said.

"Poor pet." Poppy looked as concerned as it was possible for her to look, which was not very much.

"She got herself mixed up with something," I said. "I believe she acted your advice about it. Pale Horse stuff. Cost her a terrible lot of money."

"Oh," exclaimed Poppy, eyes wider still. "So it was *you*."

For a moment or two I didn't understand. Then it dawned on me that Poppy was identifying me with the "man" whose invalid wife was the bar to Ginger's happiness

She breathed excitedly, "Did it work?"

"It went a bit wrong somehow." I faltered, "The—er—business seems to have recoiled upon *Ginger*."

"You mean ——" She made a terrific mental effort. "Like when you plug an electric iron in wrong and you get a shock?"

"Exactly," I said. "Just like that. Did you ever know that sort of thing happen before?"

"Well, not that way."

"What way, then?"

"Well, I mean if one didn't pay up—afterward. A man I knew wouldn't." Her voice dropped in an awestricken fashion. "He was killed in the tube—fell off the platform in front of a train."

"It might have been an accident."

"Oh, no," said Poppy, shocked at the thought. "It was *them*."

I poured some more champagne into Poppy's glass. The maddening thing was that I didn't know what to ask her. If I said the wrong thing she would shut up in alarm like a clam and go dumb on me. "My wife," I said, "is still an invalid, but she doesn't seem any worse."

"That's too bad," said Poppy sympathetically.

"So what do I do next? Is there anyone I could get at?"

"Eileen Brandon *might* know something—but I don't think so," Poppy said doubtfully.

The introduction of a totally unexpected Eileen Brandon startled me. I asked who Eileen Brandon was, and what she had to do with the Pale Horse.

"Nothing really," Poppy told me. "It was only an idea she got about C.R.C. So she chucked up her job."

"What's C.R.C.?"

"Well, I don't really know exactly. Something about Customers' Reactions or Research. It's quite a small show."

"And Eileen Brandon worked for them? What did she have to do?"

"Just go round and ask questions—about toothpaste or gas stoves, and what kind of sponges you



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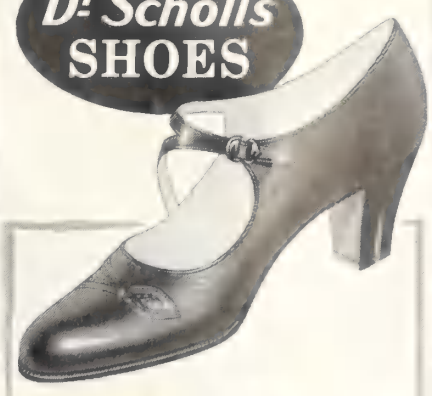
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used. Too too depressing and dull. I mean, who *cares?*"

"Presumably C.R.C." I felt a slight pricking of excitement. It was a woman employed by an association of this kind who had been visited by Father Gorman on the fatal night. And—yes—of course, someone of that kind had called on Ginger at the flat.

"Why did she chuck up her job? Because she got bored?"

"She got a sort of idea about it—that it wasn't what it seemed."

"She thought that it might be connected, in some way, with the Pale Horse? Is that it?"

"Something of that kind. Anyway, she's working in an espresso-coffee bar off Tottenham Court Road now."

There was nothing more to be got out of her, so we finished up the champagne, and I took her home and thanked her for a lovely evening.

Next morning I managed to get through to Jim Corrigan. "What about that psychological pipsqueak you brought along to see me, Corrigan? What does he say about Ginger?"

"A lot of long words. But I rather think, Mark, that he's truly baffled."

"She's worse, isn't she?" I asked.

"Well—yes."

"Then something's *got* to be done."

"Such as?"

"I've got one or two ideas. Going down to Much Deeping, getting hold of Thyrza Grey and forcing her, by scaring the living daylights out of her, to reverse the spell or whatever it is."

"Well—that might work."

"Or I might go to Venables ——"

"Venables? But we've looked into all that."

I outlined to him Osborne's theory of impersonation.

"That man's got a bee in his bonnet," said Corrigan. "He's the kind of man who has always got to be right."

"But Corrigan, tell me, *couldn't* it be as he said? It's *possible*, isn't it?"

After a moment or two Corrigan said slowly, "Yes. I have to admit it's *possible*. . . . There's something wrong about the fellow. He's got a past of some kind. His money's all very cleverly accounted for, in a lot of ways. I believe the Inland Revenue has been smelling around Venables for some time. But he's clever. What do you see him as—the head of the show?"

"Yes. I do. I think he's the man who plans it all. Besides ——" I stopped short.

"Hullo—you still there?"

"Yes, I was thinking. Just an idea that occurred to me ——"

"What was it?"

"I've not got it clear yet. I haven't worked it out yet. Anyway, I must go now."

I rang off and had started for the door when the telephone rang.

I hesitated. Ten to one it was Jim Corrigan again, ringing back to know more about my idea, and I didn't want to talk to Jim just now.

I moved toward the door while the telephone rang on persistently, naggingly. At last I strode across impatiently and jerked the receiver off its hook.

"Hullo?"

"Is that you, Mark?" I recognized the voice of Mrs. Oliver.

"Look here, I'm in a great hurry, got to go out. I'll ring you back later."

"That won't do at all," said Mrs. Oliver firmly. "You've got to listen to me now. It's important."

I curbed my impatience as best I could, glancing at the clock. "Well?"

"My cook had tonsillitis. She was quite bad and she's gone to the country—to her sister ——"

I gritted my teeth. "I'm frightfully sorry about that, but really ——"

"Listen. I've not begun yet. Where was I? Oh, yes. Milly had to go to the country and so I rang up the agency and said what could they send? And they said it was very difficult just now—but they'd do what they could ——"

Never had I found my friend Ariadne Oliver so maddening.

"—— and so, this morning a woman came along, and who do you think she turned out to be?"

"I can't imagine. Look ——"

"A woman called Edith Binns—she ha been with that godmother of yours for year Lady Hesketh-Dubois."

"Well, that's all very nice and I expe you're very lucky to find her. I believe she most trustworthy and reliable and all tha But really—now ——"

"*Wait*, can't you? I haven't got to the poin She sat and talked a great deal about Lad Hesketh-Dubois and her last illness, and the she said it."

"Said what?"

"The thing that caught my attention. Som thing like, 'Poor dear lady, suffering like sh did. That nasty thing on her brain, a growt they say, and she in quite good health up t just before. And pitiful it was to see her pi thick white hair coming out all over the p low. Coming out in handfuls.' And the Mark, I thought of Mary Delafontaine, th friend of mine. *Her hair came out.* And remembered what you told me about son girl you'd seen in a Chelsea coffee place figh ing with another girl, and getting her hair a pulled out in handfuls. Hair doesn't come o as easily as that, Mark. You try—just try pull your own hair, just a little bit of it, out b the roots! Just *try* it! You'll see. It's n natural, Mark, for all these people to ha hair that comes out by the roots. It's n natural. It must be some special kind of ne illness—it must *mean* something."

I clutched the receiver and my head swa Things, half-remembered scraps of know edge, drew together. Rhoda and her dogs the lawn; an article I had read in a medic journal in New York; of course . . . of cours

"Bless you," I said. "You're wonderful

It is no disgrace to fail when trying. T one time you don't want to fail is the la time you try. CHARLES F. KETTERI

I slammed back the receiver, then took off again. I dialed a number and was luc enough this time to get Furneaux straig away.

"Listen," I said, "is Ginger's hair comi out by the roots in handfuls?"

"Well—as a matter of fact, I believe it High fever, I suppose."

"Fever my foot," I said. "What Ginge suffering from, what they've all suffered fro is thallium poisoning. Please God, we may in time."...

"Are we in time? Will she live?"

I wandered up and down. I couldn't still. Furneaux sat watching me. He w patient and kind. "You can be sure that eve thing possible is being done."

"So that's the simple truth behind the P Horse. Poison. No witchcraft, no hypnotis no scientific death rays. Plain poisoning! A she flung that at me, damn her. Laughing her cheek all the while, I expect."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Thyrza Grey. That first afternoon whe went to tea there. Talked about the Borg and all the buildup of 'rare and untracea poisons'; the poisoned gloves and all the r of it. 'Common white arsenic,' she said, 'a nothing else.' This was just as simple. All t hooey! The trance and the white cock and t brazier and the pentagrams and the vood and the reversed crucifix—all that was for crudely superstitious. And the famous 'b was another bit of hooey for the conte porary-minded. The Pale Horse was a stalki horse, neither more nor less. Attention was be focused on that, so that we'd never susp what might be going on in another directio

"Do you think they're all three in it?" ask Furneaux.

"I shouldn't think so. Bella's belief witchcraft is genuine, I should say. The sa with Sybil. She goes into a trance and doesn't know what happens. She belie everything that Thyrza tells her."

"So Thyrza is the ruling spirit?"

I said slowly, "As far as the Pale Hors concerned, yes. But she's not the real *bra*

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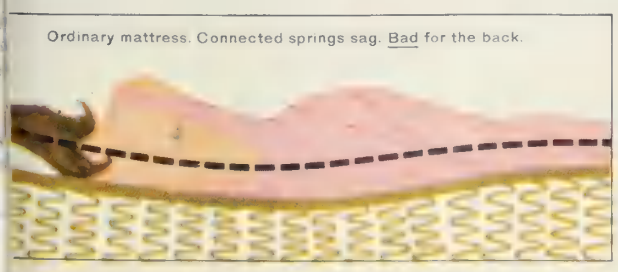
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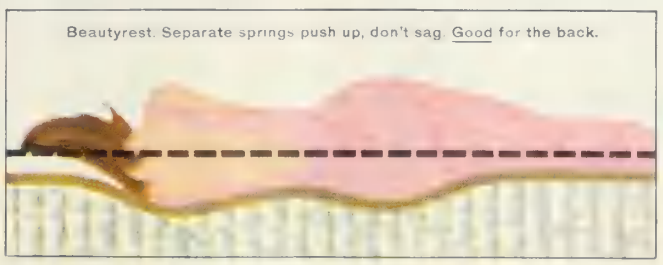
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

of the show. The real brain works behind the scenes. Bradley runs the financial and legal side. Apart from that, he doesn't know what happens elsewhere. He's handsomely paid, of course; so is Thyrza Grey."

"What put thallium into your head?"

"Several things suddenly came together. The hing I saw that night in Chelsea. A girl whose hair was being pulled out by the roots by another girl. And she said *'it didn't really hurt.'*

"I read an article on thallium poisoning when I was in America. A lot of workers in a factory died one after the other. Their deaths were put down to astonishingly varied causes. Among them, if I remember rightly, were paratyphoid apoplexy, alcoholic neuritis, bulbar paralysis, epilepsy, gastroenteritis, and so on. The symptoms vary a good deal, I understand."

"You talk like a medical dictionary!"

"Naturally. I've been looking it up. But one thing always happens sooner or later. *The hair falls out.* Thallium used to be used for depilation at one time, particularly for children—or dogs—with ringworm. Then it was found to be dangerous. It's mainly used nowadays for rats, I believe. It's tasteless, soluble and easy to buy."

Furneaux nodded. "But because the Pale Horse insists that the murderer must stay away from his intended victim, no suspicion of poison ever arises. Why should it? There's no interested party who *could* have had access to food or drink. No purchase of thallium or any other poison is ever made by him or her. The real work is done by someone who has no connection whatever with the victim." He paused. "Any ideas on that?"

"Only one. A common factor appears to be that on every occasion some pleasant harmless-seeming woman calls with a questionnaire on behalf of a domestic-research unit."

"You think that woman plants the poison? As a sample? Something like that?"

"I don't think it's quite as simple as that," said slowly. "I have an idea that the women are quite genuine. But we may be able to find out something if we talk to a woman called Eileen Brandon." . . .

Eileen Brandon told us that before her present employment, she had been employed by a firm called Customers Reactions Classified for over a year. She had left of her own accord, as she had not cared for the type of work.

"Why didn't you care for it, Mrs. Brandon?" Furneaux asked the question.

She looked at him. "I've nothing definite to go upon. Nothing definite that I could tell you."

"Naturally. We understand that. This is a confidential inquiry."

"I see. But there is really very little I can say. It didn't seem to me to be run in a businesslike way. I suspected that there must be some ulterior object behind it. But what that object was I still don't know."

Furneaux asked exactly what work she had been asked to do. Lists of names in a certain neighborhood had been handed out. Her job was to visit those people, ask certain questions and note down the answers.

"And what struck you as wrong about that?" he asked.

"The questions did not seem to me to follow up any particular line of research. They seemed almost haphazard. As though—how can I put it?—they were a cloak for something else."

"What articles did you deal with in the questions?"

"It varied. Sometimes it was foodstuffs. Cereals, cake mixes, or it might be soap flakes and detergents. Sometimes patent medicines or remedies, brands of aspirin, cough pastilles, sleeping pills, pep pills, gargles, mouthwashes, indigestion remedies, and so on."

"You were not asked," Furneaux spoke casually, "to supply samples of any particular goods?"

"No. Nothing of that kind."

"Would it be possible, do you think, that among the questions you were told to ask there was just one question, or one group of questions, that was the object of the enterprise, and that the others might have been camouflage?"

"Yes," she said. "That would account for the haphazard choice—but I haven't the least idea *what* question or questions were the important ones."

Furneaux looked at her keenly. "There must be more to it than what you've told us," he said gently.

"That's the point, there isn't really. I just felt there was something wrong about the whole setup. And then I talked to another woman, a Mrs. Davis ——"

"You talked to a Mrs. Davis—yes?" Furneaux's voice remained quite unchanged.

"She wasn't happy about things either. 'It's not what it seems to be.' That is what she said."

"That was all?"

"There was one other thing she said. I don't know what she meant by it. She said, 'Sometimes I feel like Typhoid Mary.'"

Furneaux took a paper from his pocket and handed it to her. "Do any of the names on that list mean anything to you? Did you call upon any of them that you can remember?"

"Ormerod."

"You remember an Ormerod?"

"No. But Mrs. Davis mentioned him once. He died very suddenly, didn't he? Cerebral hemorrhage. It upset her. She said, 'He was on my list a fortnight ago. Looked like a man in the pink of condition.' It was after that that she made the remark about Typhoid Mary."

"And that was all?"

"Well, some time later we met in a restaurant in Soho. I told her that I'd left the C.R.C. and got another job. She said, 'Perhaps you've been wise. I'll tell you, I recognized someone the other day. Coming out of a house where he'd no business to be and carrying a bag of tools. What was he doing with those, I'd like to know?' She asked me, too, if I'd ever come across a woman who ran a pub called the Pale Horse somewhere. I asked her what the Pale Horse had to do with it."

"And what did she say?"

"She laughed and said, 'Read your Bible.'" Mrs. Brandon added, "I don't know what she meant. That was the last time I saw her."

"Mrs. Davis is dead," said Furneaux.

"Dead! But—how?"

"Pneumonia, two months ago."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry."

"Is there anything else you can tell us, Mrs. Brandon?"

"I'm afraid not. I have heard other people mention that phrase—the Pale Horse—but if you ask them about it, they shut up at once. They look afraid too." She looked uneasy. "I don't want to be mixed up in anything dangerous, Inspector Furneaux. I've got two small children ——"

He looked at her keenly. Then he nodded his head and let her go.

"That takes us a little further," said Furneaux when Eileen Brandon had gone. "Mrs. Davis got to know too much. The question is, how much did she know? That list of people, I should say, is a list of people she had called on in the course of her job, and who had subsequently died. Hence the remark about Typhoid Mary. The real question is, who was it she 'recognized' coming out a of a house where he had no business to be, and pretending to be a workman of some kind? That must have been the knowledge that made her dangerous." He looked at me. "You've an idea, perhaps, who the man is?"

"I've an idea, but ——"

"I know. We haven't got a particle of evidence."

He was silent a moment. Then he got up.

"But we'll get him," he said. "Make no mistake. Once we know definitely who it is, there are always ways." . . .

It was some three weeks later when a car drove up to the front door of Prior's Court. Four men got out. I was one of them. There were also Detective Inspector Furneaux and Detective Sergeant Lee. The fourth man was Mr. Osborne, who could hardly contain his delight at being one of the party.

"I feel it's a privilege. A great privilege, though I don't quite understand ——"

But nobody was entering into explanations at this moment.

If Venables was surprised at our visit, he did not show it. His manner was courteous in the extreme. I thought again, as he wheeled his chair a little back so as to widen the circle round him, what a very distinctive appearance the man had. The Adam's apple moving up and down between the wings of his old-fashioned collar, the haggard profile with its curved nose like a bird of prey.

"Nice to see you again, Easterbrook. And what can I do for you, Detective Inspector?"

Furneaux was very quiet, very suave. "There is a matter on which we think you might be able to assist us, Mr. Venables."

"That has a rather familar ring, does it not? In what way do you think I can assist you?"

"On October seventh a parish priest of the name of Father Gorman was murdered in West Street, Paddington. I have been given to understand that you were in the neighborhood at that time—between seven-forty-five and eight-fifteen in the evening—and you may have seen something that may have a bearing on the matter."

"Was I really in the neighborhood at that time? Do you know, I doubt it, I very much doubt it. As far as I can recall, I have never been in that particular district of London."

"Father Gorman had been called out on that particular foggy evening to the deathbed of a woman nearby. She had become entangled with a criminal organization which specialized in the removal of unwanted persons—for a substantial fee, naturally."

"Hardly a new idea," murmured Venables.

"Ah, but there were some novel features about this particular organization. To begin with, the removals were ostensibly brought about by stimulating what might be referred to as a 'death wish,' said to be present in everyone ——"

"Come now. Come now. Do you really believe that? How very unlike our hardheaded police force!"

"The headquarters of this organization are said to be a place called the 'Pale Horse.'"

"Ah, *now* I begin to understand. So that is what brings you to our pleasant rural neighborhood; my friend Thyrza Grey, and her nonsense! You really believe that Thyrza spouts some highfalutin nonsense, Sybil throws a trance, and Bella does black magic, and as a result somebody dies?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Venables—the cause of death is simpler than that." He paused a moment. "The cause is thallium poisoning."

"Thallium." Mr. Venables frowned. "I don't think I've ever heard of it."

"No? Used extensively as rat poison, occasionally as a depilatory for children with ringworm. Can be obtained quite easily. Incidentally, there's a packet of it tucked away in a corner of your potting shed."

Venables became slightly excited. "Someone must have put it there. I know nothing about it! Nothing at all."

"Is that so? You're a man of some wealth, aren't you, Mr. Venables?"

"What has that got to do with what we are talking about?"

"Would you like to hear just how this little racket was worked?"

"You are certainly determined to tell me."

"It's very well organized. Financial details are arranged by a debarred solicitor called Mr. Bradley. Prospective clients visit him and do business. That is to say, there is a bet on whether someone will die within a stated period. . . . Simple, isn't it?

"The client next visits the Pale Horse. A show is put on by Miss Thyrza Grey and her friends, which usually impresses him in the way it is meant to do.

"Now for the simple facts behind the scenes.

"Certain women, bona fide employees of one of the many consumer-research concerns, are detailed to canvass a particular neighborhood with a questionnaire. 'What bread do you prefer? What toilet articles and cosmetics? What laxative, tonics, sedatives, indigestion mixtures?' People nowadays are conditioned to answering quizzes. They seldom object.

"And now to—the last step. Simple, bold, successful! The only action performed by the originator of the scheme in person. He may be wearing a mansion-flat-porter's uniform, he may be the man calling to read the gas or the electric meter. He may be a plumber, or an electrician, or a workman of some kind. Whatever role he is playing, his real object is simple—the substitution of a preparation he brings with him for a similar article which he knows (by reason of the C.R.C. questionnaire) that his victim uses. Having accomplished it, he leaves, and is not seen in that neighborhood again.

"And for a few days perhaps nothing happens. But sooner or later the victim displays symptoms of illness. A doctor is called in, but has no reason to suspect anything out of the ordinary. He may question what food or drink the patient has taken, but he is unlikely to suspect the ordinary proprietary article that the patient has taken for years.

"And you see the beauty of the scheme, Mr. Venables? The only person who knows *what the head of the organization actually does* is the head of the organization himself. *There is no one to give him away.*"

"So how do *you* know so much?" demanded Mr. Venables pleasantly.

"When we have suspicions of a certain person, there are ways of making sure."

"Indeed? Such as?"

"Recognition is an interesting thing, Mr. Venables. For instance, this gentleman here, Mr. Osborne, is willing to swear he saw you following Father Gorman in Barton Street on the night of the seventh of October about eight o'clock."

"And I *did* see you!" Mr. Osborne leaned forward, twitching with excitement. "I described you—described you exactly!"

"Rather too exactly, perhaps," said Furneaux. "Because you *didn't* see Mr. Venables that night when you were standing outside the doorway of your shop. *You weren't standing there at all.* You were across the street *yourself*—following Father Gorman until he turned into West Street, and you came up with him *and killed him.*"

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

Circumstantial evidence: the kind that often hangs a jury.

Sometimes-I-Wonder Dept.

Why do persons say, "I never take a good picture," when they really mean, "Good pictures are never taken of me"?

Why does the unvarnished truth always sound so highly polished?

One woman's query: "When the advertisement reads 'Waltz-length nightgowns' I can't help wondering, *Who are these hundreds of women who waltz in their nightgowns?*"

A number of parents raised eyebrows when they read the following in a summer newssheet published by their young teeners: "Be sure to notify us if you change your dame or address."

Grandmother used to say, "Carry a child 'on chips' and eventually he'll splinter your heart."

International manners affect women differently. When a foreigner bends over her hand to kiss it, one woman may tingle to her fingertips, another may be mildly amused, while a third must squelch the desire to stroke the back of his head.

From the local press: "Wanted! Woman to run house out of town."



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Mr. Zachariah Osborne said, "What?" It might have been ludicrous. It was ludicrous! The dropped jaw. The staring eyes.

"Let me introduce you, Mr. Venables, to Mr. Zachariah Osborne, pharmacist, late of Barton Street, Paddington. You'll feel a personal interest in him when I tell you that Mr. Osborne, who has been under observation for some time, was unwise enough to plant a packet of thallium salts in your potting shed. Not knowing of your disability, he'd amused himself by casting you as the villain of the piece; and being a very obstinate, as well as a very stupid, man, he refused to admit he'd made a bloomer."

"Stupid? You dare to call *me* stupid? If you knew—if you'd any idea what I've done—what I can do—I ——" Osborne shook and spluttered with rage.

"You shouldn't have tried to be so clever, you know," Furneaux said reprovingly. "Why, if you'd just sat back in that shop of yours, and let well alone, I shouldn't be here now, warning you, as it's my duty to do, that anything you say will be taken down and ——"

It was then that Mr. Osborne began to scream. . . .

"Look here, Furneaux, there are lots of things I want to know."

The formalities over, I had got Furneaux to myself. We were sitting together with two large tankards of beer opposite us.

"Yes, Mr. Easterbrook? I gather it was a surprise to you."

"It certainly was," I told him. "My mind was set on Venables. You never gave me the least hint."

"I couldn't afford to give hints, Mr. Easterbrook. You have to play these things close to your chest. They're tricky. The truth is we hadn't a lot to go on. That's why we had to stage the show in the way we did with Venables's co-operation. We had to lead Osborne right up the garden path and then turn on him suddenly and hope to break him down. And it worked."

"So Venables was in on the performance you put on," I said. "Did he like the idea of co-operating?"

"It amused him, I think," said Furneaux. "Besides, he was impertinent enough to say that one good turn deserves another."

"And what did he mean by that cryptic remark?"

"Well, I shouldn't be telling you this," said Furneaux. "There was a big outbreak of bank robberies about eight years ago. The raids were cleverly planned by someone who took no part in the actual operation. That man got away with a lot of money. We may have had our suspicions who it was, but we couldn't prove it. He was a clever crook, but he wasn't a murderer. No lives were lost."

My mind went back to Zachariah Osborne. "Did you always suspect Osborne?" I asked. "Right from the beginning?"

"Well, straightway he started telling lies. We asked for anyone who'd seen Father Gorman that night to communicate with us. Mr. Osborne communicated and the statement he made was a palpable lie. He'd seen a man following Father Gorman and he described the features of that man, but he couldn't possibly have seen him across the street on a foggy night. An aquiline nose in profile he might have seen, but not an Adam's apple. That was going too far. Of course that lie might have been innocent enough. Mr. Osborne might just want to make himself important. Lots of people *are* like that. But it made me focus my attention on Mr. Osborne, and he was really rather a curious person. At once he started to tell me a lot about himself. Very unwise of him. He gave me a picture of someone who had always wanted to be more important than he was.

"But to go back. Osborne's description of the man he had seen that night was interesting. It was so obviously a description of a real person whom he had at one time seen. I'd say that he noticed Venables sitting in his car one day in Bournemouth and was struck by his appearance. If he'd seen him that way, he wouldn't realize the man was a cripple. When he did find that out, he hadn't the sense to shut up. That was his vanity. Typical criminal's vanity. Like a fool, he stuck to his guns and put forward all sorts of preposterous theories. I had a very interesting visit to him at his bungalow in Bournemouth. The name of it ought to have given the show away. Everest. That was the kind of cheap joke that he enjoyed. Ever rest. He did give people eternal rest on payment of a suitable fee. It was a wonderful idea; one's got to hand him that. The whole setup was clever. Bradley in Birmingham, Thyrza Grey holding her séances in Much Deeping. And who was to suspect Mr. Osborne, who had no connection with Thyrza Grey, no connection with Bradley and Birmingham, no connection with the victim? The actual mechanics of the thing was child's play to a pharmacist. As I say, if only Mr. Osborne had had the sense to keep quiet."

Both Furneaux and I were silent for some minutes while I contemplated the strange creature that was Zachariah Osborne.

"One imagines a mastermind," I said, "as some grand and sinister figure of evil."

Furneaux shook his head. "It's not like that at all," he said. "Evil is not something superhuman, it's something *less* than human. Your criminal is someone who wants to be important, but who never will be important, because he'll always be less than a man." . . .

At Much Deeping everything was refreshingly normal.

Rhoda was busy doctoring dogs. She looked up as I came in and asked me if I would like to assist. I refused and asked where Ginger was.

"She's gone over to the Pale Horse," Rhoda told me.

"She'll overtire herself! She's not fit yet ——"

"How you fuss, Mark. Ginger's all right. What's the matter with you?"

The real measure of our wealth is how much we should be worth if we lost our money. **J. H. JOWETT**

I did not reply, but set out for the Pale Horse.

Just before I got there I met Mrs. Dane-Calthrop, the vicar's wife. She greeted me enthusiastically. "Let's go into the Pale Horse and find Ginger."

"What's she doing there?"

"Cleaning up something."

We went in through the low doorway. There was a strong smell of turpentine. Ginger was busy with rags and bottles. She looked up as we entered. She was still very pale and thin, a scarf wound round her head where the hair had not yet grown, a ghost of her former self.

"Look!" she said triumphantly. She indicated the old inn sign on which she was working.

The grime of years removed, the figure of the rider on the horse was plainly discernible a grinning skeleton with gleaming bones.

Mrs. Dane-Calthrop's voice, deep and sonorous, spoke behind me:

"Revelation, Chapter six, verse eight. *And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.*"

We were silent for a moment or two, and then Mrs. Dane-Calthrop, who was not one to be afraid of anticlimax, said, "I must go now. Mothers' meeting." She paused in the doorway, nodded at Ginger, and said unexpectedly, "You'll make a good mother."

For some reason Ginger blushed crimson.

"Ginger," I said, "will you?"

"Will I what? Make a good mother?"

"You know what I mean."

"Perhaps. But I'd prefer a firm offer."

I made her a firm offer.

After an interlude, Ginger demanded, "Are you quite sure you don't want to marry that Hermia creature?"

"Good heavens!" I said. "I quite forgot." I took a letter from my pocket. "This came three days ago, asking me if I'd come to the Old Vic with her to see Love's Labour's Lost."

Ginger took the letter out of my hand and tore it up. "If you want to go to the Old Vic in future," she said firmly, "you'll go with me."

EN

TOUCH AND GO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

But, as a special concession, because my brothers said they needed me, I was permitted to play touch football.

"I suppose"—mother sighed—"you'll outgrow it by yourself when the right time comes."

Dave and John, the two oldest brothers, were on the Fairhill Heights football team, and I worked out with them all spring and summer. I held the family record, having put ninety-eight out of a hundred passes through the old tire we'd hung on the oak tree in the backyard, though of course they let me stand a little closer.

"How did I ever spawn such a brood?" my father pondered aloud as he watched us run wind sprints and do push-ups one day when he came home earlier than usual. My father is a lawyer, and though he played some basketball in high school, he gave up sports in college to concentrate on graduating *cum laude*.

He stood watching for a little while and then went indoors. When I came in to shower he took me aside and said, "I'm not complaining about the other things, but I draw the line at any more weight lifting for you, sis."

The summer after I graduated from eighth grade and was ready to go on to Fairhill Heights High, mother got very busy shopping, dragging me along and making me try on so many dresses that I finally told her I felt faint.

"That's a step in the right direction," mother said severely. "I only wish you *looked*." She turned to the saleslady. "Haven't you something with little cap sleeves? Something to hide all those muscles?"

Mother kept advising me about how to get along with boys in high school. "Remember to smile a lot. Ask them questions. Praise them. If they talk about sports, pretend you don't know a thing. There are times when a little fib is perfectly allowable."

I couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. I'd been getting along with six boys in my life and they seemed to like me well enough. But since it made mother happy, I wore the ruffled blouses and silly scarves she bought me, though I thought any boy worth his salt wouldn't be fooled by tricks like these. And of course they weren't. Sometimes they asked me for batting averages, or for help with an algebra problem, but they never asked me for dates. It didn't bother me at all. Boys were a novelty, and if it was a dancing partner I needed I knew where I could find six of them.

I had more trouble getting along with the girls. They were always giggling and acting mysterious, and if I asked them what they were whispering about, one would give a little scream and say, "Oh, Mary Liz! Honestly!" I never did find out what the joke was.

Not that the girls were unfriendly. Two or three usually walked home with me and stayed and talked to my brothers, or danced with them or helped them make popcorn. Mother was gratified at the number of my girl friends.

When the first semester ended in January and the honors were passed out, I began to notice a boy named Chuck Fuller. He beat me by .07 for Freshman High Scholastic, which I fully expected to win. He was short, shy and serious, and when he tripped over his own feet or stumbled against a desk on his way to the blackboard, the girls thought it was funnier than if it happened to anyone else. Chuck didn't date or attend school dances. In fact, he seemed to do nothing but study.

With the start of the new semester, our science teacher assigned "A Collection of Representative Botanical Specimens from the Little Roaring River Valley" to Chuck and me as a team project. As the weather grew warmer we went specimen hunting twice a week. Though I'd been dreading these expeditions, they turned out to be exciting. Chuck, who planned to be a doctor, knew all about the medicinal properties of things like witch hazel and sassafras.

I found myself thinking about Chuck a lot. It wasn't that I was crazy about him or anything like that, I finally assured myself; he simply held the charm of the unknown. After all, he was the first boy I ever knew who didn't talk about sports to me.

When our project was finished I invited Chuck to come over to our house anytime. He never did, not even once; and when we passed each other in the halls it was as if we'd never stripped off birch bark together or bogged down side by side while searching for Dutchman's-breeches.

I saw him just twice that summer, when I happened to walk past his house. Once he was chinning himself on the crossbar of his little sister's swing set and couldn't speak, and the other time he was watching his shadow on the garage wall as he stood flexing his biceps, and didn't see me.

Then our family went to the lake and when we got home mother started in again on clothes. "You'll be invited to Cotillion this fall," she said, "and you're going to need a really lovely dress."

"Nobody will ask me, and I won't go without a date."

"Oh, we'll worry about that later," mother said airily, but I could see she wasn't half so confident as she pretended to be. She bought me some new skirts and sweaters because, "Now you're beginning to go in and out in the right places, we can do without the ruffles."

When school started in the fall, Chuck and I were among those assigned to a new accelerated course, which meant we had the same homeroom and most subjects together. Going from geometry to Latin one day I noticed that Chuck was limping badly. I caught up with him and asked him what was wrong.

"I'm hoping to make the football squad this year," he explained proudly. "The only problem is that I'm not so big as some of the fellows and I seem to get hurt a lot."

"You *are* skinny," I agreed, "although you must have grown a foot since last year. Why don't you work out with the weights? It might help."

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"I stepped off fit for a shopping spree," says Mrs. Earl Calkins. "My Boeing flight was so quiet and relaxing I felt *rested* when I arrived."



"Only one drawback. The trip was such fun it was much too short," says Mrs. Nola Kirkpatrick. "Before I realized it, we were half way across the country!"



"I could have sworn we were standing still," says Mrs. Ron Merritt, "yet we went from coast to coast in 5 hours. What a wonderful, exciting experience!"



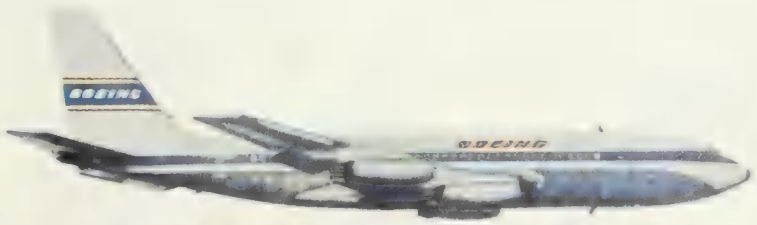
"Just one bottle—in 2,400 miles," says Mrs. Karen Parsons. "Actually, the flight was so smooth my little daughter slept almost all the way."



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For some mysterious reason, he seemed rather cool after that. I put him out of my mind completely for three days. Then we got our Latin test papers back and the whole class was shocked by Chuck's D. I was right behind him as we went out the door and I asked, "What happened?"

"I just didn't feel like studying for it, that's all."

"Are you sick or something?"

"I'm sick, all right. I was cut from the football squad."

I could guess how terrible he must feel, although I'd never personally known a boy who was cut from the squad.

"Maybe I could help, Chuck," I offered. "I've got three brothers on the team. I'll ask them to talk to the coach, if you want me to."

For a second he brightened, but then shook his head hopelessly.

"If all six of your brothers spoke for me, it wouldn't help. The coach said I was too light to play anything but quarterback, and that I'd have to learn to pass and handle the ball better if I hope to make the squad next year."

"But that's what a coach is supposed to do! Teach you those things, I mean."

"Not at Fairhill. He told me he was sorry, but all he had time to do was turn out a winning team."

I knew what he meant. Fairhill has a wonderful Boosters Club, but they get discouraged if we have two losing seasons in a row.

Impulsively, I said, "I'd be glad to teach you!"

Chuck gave me a look. "I'm not interested in the Lipstick League," he replied and walked away.

Too astonished and hurt to think of an answer, I decided he probably deserved being cut. But that evening, after working out with my little brothers and watching young Billy kick five field goals out of seven, I began to feel sorry for Chuck. He'd never had a chance. Personally, I thought he ought to stick to his doctoring and his sassafras; but if playing football was what he wanted, I knew of a way to help him.

I took my idea to Dave, the oldest and biggest of my brothers, and the one with the softest heart. He was enthusiastic. He wanted to be a coach when he finished college and my plan would give him practice. On the bulletin board next day I posted our invitation to all boys interested in forming a touch-football team to meet at the athletic field on Sunday. It was casting a huge net for one little fish.

Chuck was caught, of course. Dave and John divided the boys into teams, ran them through warm-up exercises and various techniques, often using me to illustrate their points. I was careful not to glance at Chuck. When practice was over, Dave gathered us all in a circle. We were to be called the Untouchables, and he hoped the name suited because he had already entered us in the City League.

"But we've got one big problem," Dave declared. "John and I have varsity practice. We'll work with you every Sunday until your season opens, when you'll play league games that day, and three nights a week as long as it stays light. The other two nights you'll be coached by our sister. Stand up, Mary Liz!"

The silence was mutinous for a minute. Then a boy named Bill Everett spoke up. "A girl for a coach?"

"We'll list her as a member of the team. She can even play, according to league rules, but naturally we won't use her." Dave paused, looking very stern. "Forget she's a girl, that's all. We've taught her everything she knows, and it's plenty. Oh, and one last word. I'll personally punch anybody in the nose who gives her a bad time!"

I was glad of Dave's guaranty when I had to handle practice for the first time. I read out his written instructions and the boys obeyed without a murmur.

At the close of practice that day, Chuck came up to me. "Mary Liz, is that offer still good? I mean, about teaching me some football?"

I guessed it was, I replied. For some reason I really had no desire to play football with Chuck, but I agreed to work with him at his house after school on those days when practice was in the evening.

The first time I went, his mother came out on the back porch.

"What are you two youngsters going to do?" she asked pleasantly.

"Well, I thought we ought to start with the belly series," I began. I would have explained more fully, but she gave me a startled look, said something was burning and went back in the house. I never saw her again, to speak to, although I often noticed her shadow behind the kitchen curtains. But Chuck's little sister Peggy was always there, sitting on the porch steps watching us. And every day when I left, she would shout:

"Are you a girl or a boy?"

The City League gave us an eight-game schedule. Four Sundays running, Dave, John and I and a few faithful parents watched our boys win against teams older and more experienced than the Untouchables. It looked as if we were going to be unbeatable, Dave exulted proudly.

This was the time mother chose to interfere. At dinner one night she sat pale and silent as a martyr, until dad finally said:

"Some new catastrophe today, dear?"

"Edmund," she burst out, "Mary Elizabeth has deliberately deceived us! I discovered at bridge club today that she's on the football team!"

Dad raised his eyebrows. "Congratulations, sis. Tell me, how do you manage in the locker room?"

"Edmund!" warned mother.

"We may as well face biological facts, dear. And it was you who wanted her to meet some nice boys, you know. You'll have to admit she went to the right place to find them."

Mother's face was red and she looked ready to cry when Dave leaped into the breach and explained that it was only a touch team; locker rooms were not involved. John added that I was really the assistant coach and never played in public.

"You'd hardly know she was a girl," he assured mother, "in her old jeans and a sweat shirt."

"Touch football is very chic right now," Pete chimed in. "It's the Kennedy family's favorite game, mom."

Slightly mollified, mother gave dad permission to monitor the game when the Untouchables played the next Sunday. He seemed to enjoy it in a quizzical kind of way, was happy

IT RAINS EVERYTHING

By JOHN V. HICKS

It rains potatoes, grass, animals
And catalogs. It rains everything.
Who would think all those sounds on our roof
Are shoes, shirts, bicycle tires and
A yellow muffler? I remember my father
Looking out of the window at five-thirty
The last morning snow was on the ground
And saying, "I smell a summer's rain, Jeremy,
The sky has a tilled look, we've got it made
This year, mark my words, boy, she'll rain
Everything from calves to seat covers."
My father can tell about the rain.

when we won, and suggested that I wear a li tle lipstick next time—simply to prevent cha ping, of course.

"There's something familiar about yo quarterback Chuck's movements."

"I've been helping him some, dad. H good, isn't he?"

Dad nodded thoughtfully. "It wouldn't su prise me if he made the varsity next ye Then where will you be, Pygmalion?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I can get a j leading cheers," I replied, suddenly dispirite

I honestly thought dad was on my si But that night at dinner, after a conferen with mother, he shocked us all by saying

"Mary Elizabeth has an invitation to t Thanksgiving Cotillion. Now I understa that girls may attend without escorts, b that's not what we want for sis, is it?"

There was a nervous chorus of agreeme

"Only it's going to be a little tough, da Dave said. "We'll have to find some fell from another school where people don't kn her."

"And someone we don't care about keepi for a friend," John added.

Dad folded the tips of his fingers together a judicial attitude.

"Would you call your sister homely?" inquired.

They all turned to stare, even the gra school ones, as though they had never seen before.

"Her face isn't bad, and she could w some of that stuff other girls put on," P remarked, as if surprised.

Dave said, "The ponytail has got to Maybe curls would help."



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"With a dress on, she might get y," John chimed in.

"That's settled, then," dad said, miling oddly. "I want all arrange- ients completed this week, and re- ember to get a tall one."

All sorts of candidates were pro- osed, and rejected, before Dave ought of Ron Whitehall. Ron's mily had been our neighbors until ey moved to the other end of town. le played basketball, so he was ound to be tall. I gave in and let Dave ake the delicate offer over the tele- hone. Ron accepted.

Mother went into action at once. e rushed me downtown to buy a w dress, gold slippers and even a air of sparkling earrings. Next she ok me to her favorite beauty opera- r, where she had my hair cut shorter d swished up into something they ld me was a French twist.

"But, mother," I protested wearily, he dance isn't until Thanksgiving!"

"You'll need time to get accus- med to looking pretty. Remember, I n't want you playing football in at hairdo."

I sighed. "The boys have just about utgrown me, anyway."

That Chuck had was certain. The rsity coach himself came to see us n our next two games, and Dave ld me later he was impressed with huck. The more I thought of it, the tter I understood what dad meant en he called me Pygmalion.

I was on the bench cheering wildly, y hair hidden under a scarf, when won our last game and the cham- onship of the South Side. Now we d to play the North Side a three- me series for the city title.

Chuck was regularly walking with between classes, but it wasn't ex- tly the way I'd imagined. He always ked me to diagram plays for him. n the Thursday before the first of the ay-off games, he wanted me to come his house after school for extra actice. Recalling my promise to other, I told him I had homework to ke up.

"I'm sorry, Chuck."

"That's all right," he said awk- rdly. "I owe you an awful lot, ary Liz. I wish there was something ould do to show my appreciation."

You could have asked me to the Cotillion, I thought, but I only said, "I s glad to help. I'm counting on you win for us next Sunday."

We lost that first game by one touch- wn. We'd never been in real com- ition before on a muddy gridiron. lost the ball three times on fum- s, and although Chuck played a nderful game, we never could make for those errors.

efore we ran out onto North's d for the second game of the series, ve gave us all a wonderful, in- ing lecture. I was listening hard h the rest of the team when all of udden I started to cry. Dave threw a look of utter disgust.

cried all through the first half, sit- g in the car. But I had to know who winning, so finally I washed my in a drinking fountain and took place on the bench. Everyone ig- ed me until the fourth quarter, n Chuck threw the little screen s I'd taught him and hit Jackie lker for a touchdown. John hugged and Dave clapped me on the ulder so hard I buckled down onto bench. I was so excited I didn't notice that my scarf had slipped until the game ended and one of th's players sneered as he walked :

Look, guys; they've got a dame on r team. Hey, sister! Wanna rassle?"

efore anyone could intervene, ck punched him hard. Someone hit Chuck and started a chain reaction. I had time, while the officials and spectators broke up the fight, to realize that mother may have been right.

Breakfast next morning was gloomy. No one dared mention the fight on account of mother. When the telephone rang, we all sat frankly listening while Dave carried on a long conversation with a City League official. He hung up and told us that our series had aroused such interest and the demand for tickets was so great, we were to have the use of the university stadium and play our final game at night.

"The day after Thanksgiving," Dave exulted. "Next year they're going to call it the Touch Bowl."

"Thank heaven!" mother exclaimed. "Now Mary Liz won't have to be there."

"Of course I'll be there! I'm a member of the team. I'd die if I couldn't go!"

Mother smiled. "It's Cotillion night, Mary Elizabeth. If you're absent without excuse you can't be invited again, and you wouldn't want me to tell them you're playing football instead?"

"Oh, mother!"

I looked to Dave for support, but he looked away. John shrugged. Pete, the family humorist, just grinned.

"Dad," I appealed frantically, "my honor! My duty to the team! As a lawyer, you must see——"

He sighed. "Better make it a clean break, sis."

There was a long silence, then Dave inquired gently, "Shall I tell the boys, or will you?"

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"I will," I sobbed. "Oh, I hate you all!" I scrambled from my chair and ran upstairs and locked my door, but not before I heard mother say in a satisfied way, "Girls are so emotional."

The Wednesday before Thanksgiving was my last day with the team. Somehow I got through practice, but every time one of the boys looked over at me trustingly and asked, "How was that, coach?" I choked up.

We had a pep meeting when we finished. Then Dave and John obligingly said they had to go, but the assistant coach had a word to say to the team.

"Men," I said, sniffling, "I feel like a traitor. I can't come to the game Friday. My family is making me go to Cotillion."

Nobody said anything. I wished that I had a handkerchief; sniffling was not doing the job.

"It isn't that I wouldn't give an arm to be there and see you win!" I cried. "I think you're just wonderful. Oh, I'm so ashamed; I'm going to cry again."

Somebody handed me the towel we were using to wipe off the ball that damp day. I thought Chuck looked disgusted. I tried to pull myself together.

"I guess you're all glad to be rid of me," I said.

Bill Everett cleared his throat. "Mary Liz, we're proud to have you as a coach," he said. "But we understand that with girls, dancing and things are more important. We hope you have a good time, and we'll win for you if it kills us."

I ran all the way home, crying into the dirty towel, told mother I could not eat a morsel of food, and shut myself in my room. When everyone was in bed, dad sneaked up with a piece of pumpkin pie which I ate only because I hated to hurt his feelings.

Thanksgiving Day passed somehow. I didn't even have the heart to argue, but simply ate my turkey in silent scorn. Mother was not very friendly either. She warned, "Be ready at nine in the morning. I've got Janice, at the beauty shop, promised for practically the whole day."

"As if my hair mattered, at a time like this!" I said.

They all regarded me strangely. Unable to bear their collectively solemn gaze another second, I left the table and ran upstairs. It was getting to be a habit, I thought gloomily as I lay on my bed trying to decide whether my room might be called a prison or a refuge.

What I went through at the beauty shop is better left untold. The author of our World History textbook who deplored the Inquisition would have had his eyes opened if he'd been there.

It was late afternoon when mother came to pick me up, giving little cries as though overwhelmed.

"It's your masterpiece, Janice!" she exclaimed. She paid the bill and pushed more dollars into Janice's hand.

"I can't take it, Mrs. Denny," Janice said, returning the money. "Mary Liz has promised to teach Billy how to play football. His father died in Korea, you know, and it's hard for a woman to bring up a boy all alone."

Mother looked sick, but somehow we got out of there and home, where a special dinner was waiting for me, a scrap of this and that, like the one Mammy fed Scarlett O'Hara before the barbecue. I managed to get myself dressed, in spite of mother's fumbling help. When I was ready I started down the stairs, only to have mother order me back to my room.

"You don't want to seem overeager," she warned.

"Overeager! You mean like Marie Antoinette running up the steps to the guillotine!" I moaned.

The bell tolled for me at last. I peered over the stair railing and saw a tall, redheaded boy speaking politely to mother. At least I needn't be ashamed to be seen with him, I thought, but my stomach felt hollow when I remembered that, just about now, Chuck and the other boys would be running out onto the field.

Mother introduced us, pinned Ron's flowers on me and, unexpectedly, kissed me good-bye. Outside in the car Ron's father sat behind the wheel, listening to a football game on the radio. I knew I should begin asking Ron questions about his favorite sport, favorite hobby, and so on, but I couldn't help listening to the game, and before we reached the club Mr. Whitehall and I were having a good time deciding what play would come next.

We discharged our duty to the chaperons, and Ron managed to find seats for us. We danced each dance together, partly because Ron didn't know anyone else and partly because no one cut in on me. If you sat down for a minute, the chaperons brought over the most unattractive couple they could find and made you exchange dances with them, so we clung together like a couple shipwrecked among a savage tribe.

At intermission Ron got us both a glass of punch.

ANOTHER EVE

By MARY BILLINGS

No word of peacocks wearing
silver chains
In cypress-bordered gardens by
the sea—
The devil spoke no word of olive
groves,
Or pomegranates, when he
tempted me.
His honeyed speech concerned a
small, gray house
With lilac bushes reaching to the
eaves.
Along a railing on the seaward
side,
Woodbine hangs out its tattered,
scarlet sleeves.
He said that I could watch the
twilight come
Up from the sea, to fill the quiet
rooms—
So quiet I could hear the wind-
blown grass
Brushing the walls, outside, with
bending brooms.
The devil knows the house that
I must share—
A pillared house with portico and
dome,
Where I can never watch the tide
streaks curl,
Or one white sail, before the wind,
come home.

"Are you always so quiet?" he asked, gulping out of his paper cup.

I shrugged.

"What is your favorite hobby?" he queried.

"Well ——" I began, and was just about to tell him about my team when the loudspeaker came on with a crackling sound and announced: "Telephone for Miss Mary Elizabeth Denny."

It was mother. She sounded so shaken up I was frightened. "Don't do it, Mary Elizabeth! They're sending John to pick you up. They came here to get your jeans and sweat shirt."

"What happened?"

"Something. Oh, I don't know. They want you to play tonight!"

I would have asked her to put dad on, but just then I caught sight of John and Pete coming through the foyer, John carrying a roll of clothing under one arm.

"John! What happened?"

"Chuck ran into somebody's elbow; they took him to the doctor to get some stitches in his forehead."

"Everett?"

"He's in there now," John told me, "but he can't see. We forgot that the lights would shine on his glasses. We're in the lead, but it's only three points. You've got to come, Mary Liz!"

I nodded, took the bundle from John and ran into the powder room. Some girls who were combing their hair stared at me in amazement as I stripped off my chiffon dress and other things and stepped into my jeans. I came out carrying everything rolled in a wad, my necklace of pearls and my stockings stuffed into my gold slippers for safety. As I raced past the round table where the chaperons were sitting, I heard a man say:

"Don't look now, but I could swear I saw Cinderella leaving the ball."

I didn't stop to locate Ron. John shoved me into the car and briefed me quickly on what had happened, and the strategy that Dave had planned for the second half. We reached the stadium when the third quarter was five minutes gone.

"Where have you been?" Dave yelled when he saw us. "Go on in, Mary Liz. Try twelve first, to pull them in, then twenty-four."

I joined the huddle breathlessly. One of the boys on the North team whistled.

"Pass the lipstick, Mabel," they jeered as we lined up. "A touch of hair spray, please, Eloise!"

It made me mad. I forgot everything mother had taught me about being ladylike. I ran twelve, for a small gain, then faked a handoff and threw a down-and-outer to Jackie Walker, who went all the way for a touchdown. They got the ball on our kickoff and tried a long pass that fell into my arms like a homing pigeon. I ran it back seventy yards for another score, behind blocking that has never been equaled in football history. My boys would have killed, I think, rather than let the North team touch me. Not even the Kennedys could have beaten us that night.

After it was all over, dad appeared out of the crowd and said he was taking me home.

"But we were all going to get a hamburger," I protested.

"Your mother is a little upset," dad confided. "The sooner you make your peace with her, the better."

When we got home, I flew into the living room and gave mother a big hug. "We won! We're city champions!"

"Your escort and his father were here looking for you," she said, sitting stiffly as a stone image. "Mrs. Allison called and told me you're expelled from Cotillion for the remainder of the year."

With that she rose from her chair, burst into tears and went up to her room. Dad and I heard the sound of the lock clicking. I ran up after her and tried to explain through the door, but she wouldn't answer me. After a while, dad and I ate a piece of stale cake and had a glass of milk and went to bed.

"She'll forget about it in the morning, sis," dad said hopefully.

The minute I went into the kitchen next morning I knew something was wrong. Dad was burning some round objects in a frying pan and the boys were lined up solemnly on the benches in the breakfast alcove.

"I thought I heard mother come downstairs," I said.

"She did," Dave said. "She looked at the newspaper and went right back upstairs."

He pointed to the society section, filled with photographs of the Cotillion. I couldn't see anything upsetting about that until John pushed over the sports section. A banner headline read: QUARTERBACK IN EARRINGS LEADS UNTOUCHABLES TO VICTORY. Underneath was a picture of me snapped just as I was throwing the pass to Jackie Walker. It was true; I'd forgotten to take off my earrings, because I'd never worn them before.

Pete cleared his throat. "It's a good picture. Makes you look like Liz Taylor."

We sat silently as dad brought us a platter covered with dark disks which we felt we should eat, under the circumstances.

Then Pete remarked, "John, where did you put that wire that came for Mary Liz? She ought to know the Cleveland Browns want her in the first draft."

"But I hate to see her push poor old Milt Plum out of the picture," Dave said elaborately.

"I'd take the offer from the Rams," John chimed in. "It'd be great, the family living in L.A.!"

Dad was just seating himself at the end of the table with a cup of coffee and a piece of toast. "As far as I'm concerned," he said with a reluctant grin, "I'd like to see her hold out for more money. It costs a girl more to play football, you know—the beauty shop, and all that. And she must have earring insurance."

We laughed, but the shadow of mother's displeasure hung over the table along with the smoke from dad's pancakes. The phone rang and Pete answered and handed it to me.

I listened. Finally I said, "I'll have to ask. . . . Dad," I said, putting a hand over the receiver, "it's a woman from the *Morning News*. It isn't a gag. She really wants to interview me, to prove American girls are just as fi as Russians."

"All right, sis. The damage is already done."

I told her that after lunch would suit me and hung up.

"I'm captain of Fairhill Heights football team and nobody ever wanted to interview *me*," Dave complained.

"Try out for the girls' hockey team," Pete advised. "You may get a nibble."

Dad was sitting facing the back door. Suddenly he smiled. "So that old adage about the better mousetrap is true."

We all turned and saw the back porch crowded with boys. They streamed in, all the Untouchables except Chuck. Bill Everett stepped forward solemnly and handed me the football from last night's game, inscribed with all the boys' names.

"Look out; she's going to cry again," murmured Jackie Walker.

I would have, too, but the front doorbell rang just then and I answered it. A florist's deliveryman handed me a big green box. I was opening it when mother stalked down the stairs.

"What's going on in this house?" she demanded crossly. "I might as well try sleeping in the telephone exchange. Where did the roses come from?"

I handed her the card. It read: "To a girl as pretty as she is gallant." It was signed "Rona Whitehall Sr. and Ron."

"Well," breathed mother, looking bewildered.

The telephone rang again and mother seized the hall extension impatiently. Her mouth was a firm line, but gradually a pleased expression smoothed out her face. She finished talking and, taking the reins of the household firmly back into her own hands, removed the box of roses from my arms.

"That was the Cotillion board. They've reconsidered and want you to keep your membership. I said you'd need the weekend to think it over." She smiled at herself in the hall mirror. "Let them worry a little." And she swept out to the kitchen to find a vase.

I wandered into the living room and stood looking out the back window. About twelve boys were there in our big backyard playing touch football, some from my team and some of Dave's varsity. It would be fun to join them, I thought wistfully. But I had a feeling that I had played my last football game.

"Fame is a lonely state," dad remarked, coming in quietly behind me, "halfway between the mortals and the gods. By the way, sis, there's a boy sitting on the front steps who wants to speak to you."

Could dad guess, I wondered, that fame served its purpose if the right person was impressed? Concealing myself behind the front door, I caught a glimpse of the back of a head.

"She's right behind the door! I saw her."

"Go home, Peggy," Chuck was urging me as I came out.

Peggy turned around and spit in one of mother's urns. Then she dawdled slowly down the walk, staring at me from time to time over one thin shoulder.

At the curb, she shouted back, "Are you a girl or a boy?"

I sat down on the top step beside Chuck. "Sometimes"—I sighed—"I'm not completely sure."

"I am," he said, and when he looked at me I was too.

Hot browns...cool browns...golden browns with no brassy or orangey tones ever!



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DIAMONDS BY HARRY WINSTON. FASHIONS BY HENRI BENDEL © COTY, INC. 1962

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IC COAST PAPER MILLS, BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON
OF PUGET SOUND PULP AND TIMBER COMPANY

ATE'S EASTER



By H. W. HICKLER

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ell . . . it was blue—and —"

"Did it have a big skirt?"

"Sort of big—it had velvet ribbon around the bottom."

"Did you look beautiful?"

I laugh and lean over to hug her. Do any of us tell all the truth to children always?

"Not especially," I say, remembering my awkwardness.

But Kate doesn't believe me. "I'll have a gold dress." Her eyes rest unseeing on the kitchen cabinets. "No—turquoise," she decides. She is trying on her womanhood with the delicate, graceful motions of the little girl she still partly is.

"Turquoise," I say seriously; "that will be becoming."

"A roundish neck?" she asks.

But I know it is not a dress design she seeks from me. She is trying to discover whether I enjoy my femininity. It is no longer a matter of words between us. She watches me closely as I get ready for a party. It is not how I put on my lipstick that absorbs her. She is trying to borrow a sense of womanhood from me.

"Yes. A round neck," I say.

Her dreaming eyes gaze at me. "Why don't you put on some lipstick?" she asks.

She has come back to the kitchen again, to all the small, irritating realities of getting ready for church. Peter shouts down that he can't find a comb. Lisa and Mark are arguing in the living room over the comics.

Upstairs Freddy awakens and begins to cry. "I'll go get him," Kate says. Still in her Easter hat, she becomes another Kate. She puts away the dream of Princess. For this moment she is the baby's mother.

Something new is being born in Kate. This is the Easter of her beginning. Something new must be born in me too. I must be the woman she is reaching for in herself. I ponder the plaided, subtle fabric of womanhood.

Kate comes down the stairs again, holding Freddy. I go toward her to take the baby.

"Happy Easter," I say to his sleepy, upturned face. But I am thinking of Kate. "Happy Easter," I say again, looking at her.

She smiles gently at me. "It *is* a happy Easter," she says. END



TWO SOLUTIONS TO THE WEIGHT PROBLEM

Try as we may to pin it on something else, the chief cause of hyperabundant avoirdupois (or fatness) seems to be food. And drink. In the picture above, we have hinted at two possible solutions. We recommend only one. It is the substitution of Low Calorie Shasta for your customary soft drink. Low Calorie Shasta tastes darned good, contains no sugar (thanks to Sucaryl®), and a full 12-ounce can contains only six calories. This won't solve your entire weight problem (you might have to cut down on rich desserts) but it surely helps.

it hasta be SHASTA

ROOT BEER/ORANGE/COLA/LEMON-LIME/GRAPE/BLACK CHERRY/CREME/GINGER

Powder Room looks so pretty in your Powder Room



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PACIFIC COAST PAPER MILLS, BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON
DIVISION OF PUGET SOUND PULP AND TIMBER COMPANY

KATE'S EASTER



By H. W. HICKLER

Kate's Easter hat is pink and white. She frowns at it, leaning toward the mirror, trying to find the best angle. Light from the bathroom window edges her skin and illuminates her hair. She steps back and lifts her head. There is something royal and womanly in the Kate that gazes back at her. But at twelve she finds much to be critical of in herself.

Her twin brother leans against the doorway watching her. His amusement is tinged with contempt. "What a nutty hat," he says.

"Don't you like it?" Kate is speaking to her own reflection. She watches the movement of her mouth.

"Too fancy," Peter says decidedly, eying her for response. Then, after a moment, "I wish I had a twin *brother!*" he announces to no one in particular.

Kate has hardly heard him. She is studying herself. "My mouth's too big."

Peter laughs. "I'll say!"

She turns in mild annoyance. "I wasn't talking to you." She walks slowly past him with a kind of exaggerated dignity. The reflected Kate stays in her mind's vision and she walks down the stairs examining it.

Peter turns on the sink water with unnecessary force. Kate has left his world of backyard games this year. For the moment he has lost her. Not even the old taunts reach her in the elusive world she has entered without him.

"Tell me about the first dance you ever went to," Kate says, leaning next to me against the kitchen counter. I know in advance that she is gazing at her picture of a royal ball.

I think of how it was, remembering the stiff smile of effort on my face; the boys suddenly unfamiliar, with their plastered-down hair smelling of apricots; the flat, impersonal odor of floor wax; and the sudden, stomach-sinking contest of popularity.

"Well," I began, "I wore a dress my sister's ——"

"What did it look like?" Kate wants to know eagerly.

"Well . . . it was blue—and ——"

"Did it have a big skirt?"

"Sort of big—it had velvet ribbon around the bottom."

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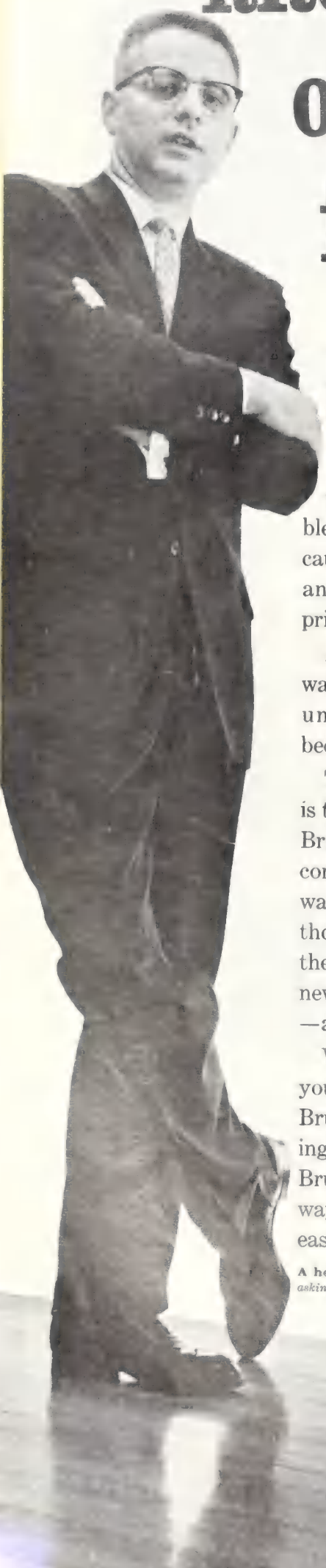
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it hasta be SHASTA

ROOT BEER/ORANGE/COLA/LEMON-LIME/GRAPE/BLACK CHERRY/CREME/GINGER

"Never use kitchen wax on wood floors!"



...warns Henry M. Tobey, Research Director of the world's largest hardwood floor maker...

"The reason? Many of today's self-polishing waxes are simply impossible to remove from wood floors without causing serious damage to the finish and wood—because they are made primarily of *synthetic plastics!*

As a result, you keep putting clean wax on top of old, dirt-embedded wax until eventually the wood floor becomes darkened and discolored.

The right way to care for wood floors is to use either Bruce Cleaning Wax or Bruce Floor Cleaner. Both contain a combination of a *removable* liquid paste wax and a wood floor cleaner. They thoroughly clean your floor, remove the old, soiled wax; and leave a rich, new coat of real paste wax protection —all at the same time!

Which product should you use? If you want a heavy coat of wax, use Bruce Cleaning Wax. For lighter waxing or cleaning extra dirty floors, get Bruce Floor Cleaner. It's the right way to care for wood floors, and the easiest, too!"

A helpful 16-page booklet *on wood floor care is yours for the asking. Write E. L. Bruce Co., Dept. L-2, Memphis, Tenn.*



Unforgettable Breads

BUTTERSCOTCH FRUIT CROWN

DOUGH:

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 2 packages active dry yeast
- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 5½–6 cups sifted flour

Put the hot milk, butter or margarine, sugar and salt in a large bowl and let stand until butter is melted and mixture is lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast on lukewarm water and stir until dissolved. Then add to the milk mixture along with the egg. Gradually stir in flour, beating smooth after each addition. Then beat until dough comes away from the sides of the bowl. Turn out on a lightly floured board or pastry cloth and knead until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl, cover, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Then prepare glaze for the baking pan.

GLAZE:

- ¼ cup softened butter or margarine
- ¼ cup mixed candied fruit, cut fine
- ½ cup thinly slivered filberts
- ½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- ¾ cup dark corn syrup
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine

Spread butter or margarine on entire inside surface of a 10" tube pan. Press candied fruit and filberts on the buttered pan. Sprinkle or pat brown sugar gently over all. Blend together corn syrup and melted butter or margarine. Punch down dough and turn out on a lightly floured pastry cloth or board. Divide into thirds. Cut each third into 12 pieces. Shape each piece into a ball. Dip each little ball of dough into syrup-butter mixture. Arrange in layers in the glaze-coated pan. Cover and let rise for 40–45 minutes or until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 35 minutes. Remove from oven and brush any remaining butter-syrup mixture over top of cake. Return to oven for 10 minutes. Turn bread out onto serving plate at once. Cool. Makes 10–12 servings.



NORMAN KAR

Butterscotch Fruit Crown shimmers der a golden glaze of fruits and

OATMEAL BREAD

- 1½ cups evaporated milk
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups quick-cooking oatmeal
- ⅓ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 4½ cups sifted flour

Heat the evaporated milk and ½ cup water to boiling and pour over the oatmeal. Stir in the brown sugar, shortening and salt and allow to cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, soften the yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water. When the oatmeal mixture has cooled, stir in the yeast and then gradually add the flour.

Turn the dough out on a board knead until smooth. Grease a 2-qu bowl. Place the dough in it and t turn it over. Cover with a clean to and allow to double in size. Punch dough down and knead again until the dough handles easily. Di in half and shape into 2 loaves. Gr 2 loaf pans, measuring 9"x5"x2¾". the shaped dough in these, cover a clean towel and again allow to do in bulk. When ready, bake in a m erately hot oven, 375° F., for 15 utes. Lower the heat to moder 350° F., and continue baking for other 30 minutes. Turn from pans cool. Makes 2 loaves.

ONION ROLLS

- 2 cups chopped onion
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 1 package active dry yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- ¼ cup soft shortening
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon s
- 1 egg
- 4 cups sifted
- 2 teaspoons poppy see

Sauté onion in butter or marg 5 minutes, or until tender and go Set aside to cool. Sprinkle the yea the lukewarm water. Let stand dissolved. Stir in shortening. Then sugar, salt, egg and 3¼ cups o flour. Mix with a spoon until sm Add enough of the remaining flo make easily handled dough. Tur onto floured board and knead minutes. Round up in a greased Cover with a clean cloth and le until double in bulk. Punch down, roll out very thin and cut into c with a 3" biscuit cutter. Put a lit

ve's labor, bread baking. Lovely, the touch of dough. Exquisite, scent of it. Soon the golden loaves follow—hearty bread, perhaps, a glamorous ring wearing a caramel glaze, or lots and lots of therweight rolls. No matter, if it's home-baked and hot, hot, hot!

cooked onion in the center of each e of dough and roll up like a jelly Place on baking sheets, seam side n, about 2″ apart. Cover and let until doubled in size again. Brush milk and sprinkle with poppy s. Bake in a hot oven, 450° F., 5 minutes. Makes 3 dozen rolls.

KOLACHES

cups scalded ilk
ckage active y yeast
ıp lukewarm ıter
ıp sugar
ıp shortening
2 eggs, beaten
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
6–6½ cups sifted flour
Confectioners' sugar

milk to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast ıter with 1 teaspoon sugar. Put re- ing sugar and shortening in a and cream well. Add yeast, eggs, lemon rind and lukewarm milk. in about half the flour and beat batter is smooth. Add remaining gradually, beating smooth after addition. Cover bowl with a clean and let rise until doubled in Beat well, cover and let rise ., until doubled in bulk. Punch ., turn onto a well-floured board. d lightly to break up air bubbles. le into 4 parts and form each part 12 small buns. Place on greased g sheets, about 2″ apart, cover a towel or waxed paper, let rise until doubled in size. Make a round indentation in the cen- f each and fill with a heaping oon of apricot filling. Let rise l shape again and bake in a hot 400° F., 10 to 12 minutes or light brown on top and bottom. ve to rack to cool. Dust with ctioners' sugar before serving. s 48 rolls.

OT FILLING:

und dried apricots ⅓ cup sugar apricots and cook according to ge directions. Drain, reserving p liquid. Quarter apricots and with liquid and sugar over very at, stirring constantly, until thick nooth. Cool.

UTTERMILK BISCUITS

sifted flour
poons ing powder spoon ing soda oon salt
⅓ cup shortening
¾ cup buttermilk
3 tablespoons finely cut pimiento, drained (optional)

y ingredients into a bowl; cut in ning. Add buttermilk all at once ir with a fork until soft dough is d, about 18 strokes. Turn out on floured board and with floured pat or roll lightly ½″ thick. Fold f and pat out again about ½″ Cut with floured 2″ round cutter. on ungreased baking sheet in a ot oven, 450° F., until golden, minutes. Makes 12 biscuits. For variation add the pimiento when the milk is added.

SHREDDED-WHEAT BREAD

6 shredded-wheat biscuits (large size)
2 cups boiling water
2 cups scalded milk
1 package active dry yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
½ cup molasses
3 tablespoons shortening
5 teaspoons salt
8 cups sifted flour

Break biscuits into pieces, then pour boiling water over them. Let mixture stand until cool. Stir in the scalded milk. Add yeast to lukewarm water and let stand for 5 minutes. When biscuit-water-milk mixture is lukewarm, add the yeast, molasses, shortening, salt and flour. Mix well. Turn out onto lightly floured board and knead for 5 minutes. Return to bowl, cover with a cloth, and let rise until twice its bulk, about 1½ hours. Shape into 2 medium-sized loaves. Place in well-greased 9″x5″x2¾″ loaf pans. Cover with clean towel and let rise again until twice its bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45–60 minutes. To tell when the bread is done, slip a loaf from the pan and tap bottom with fingers. If it sounds hollow, the bread is done; if not, bake a few minutes longer. Remove bread from pans immediately and place on wire rack to cool, side down. For a soft crust, cover the bread with a towel while cooling. Makes 2 loaves.

SPOON BREAD

2½ cups water
2 cups yellow cornmeal
1½ tbs. butter or margarine
¾ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
1½ cups buttermilk
1 teaspoon baking soda

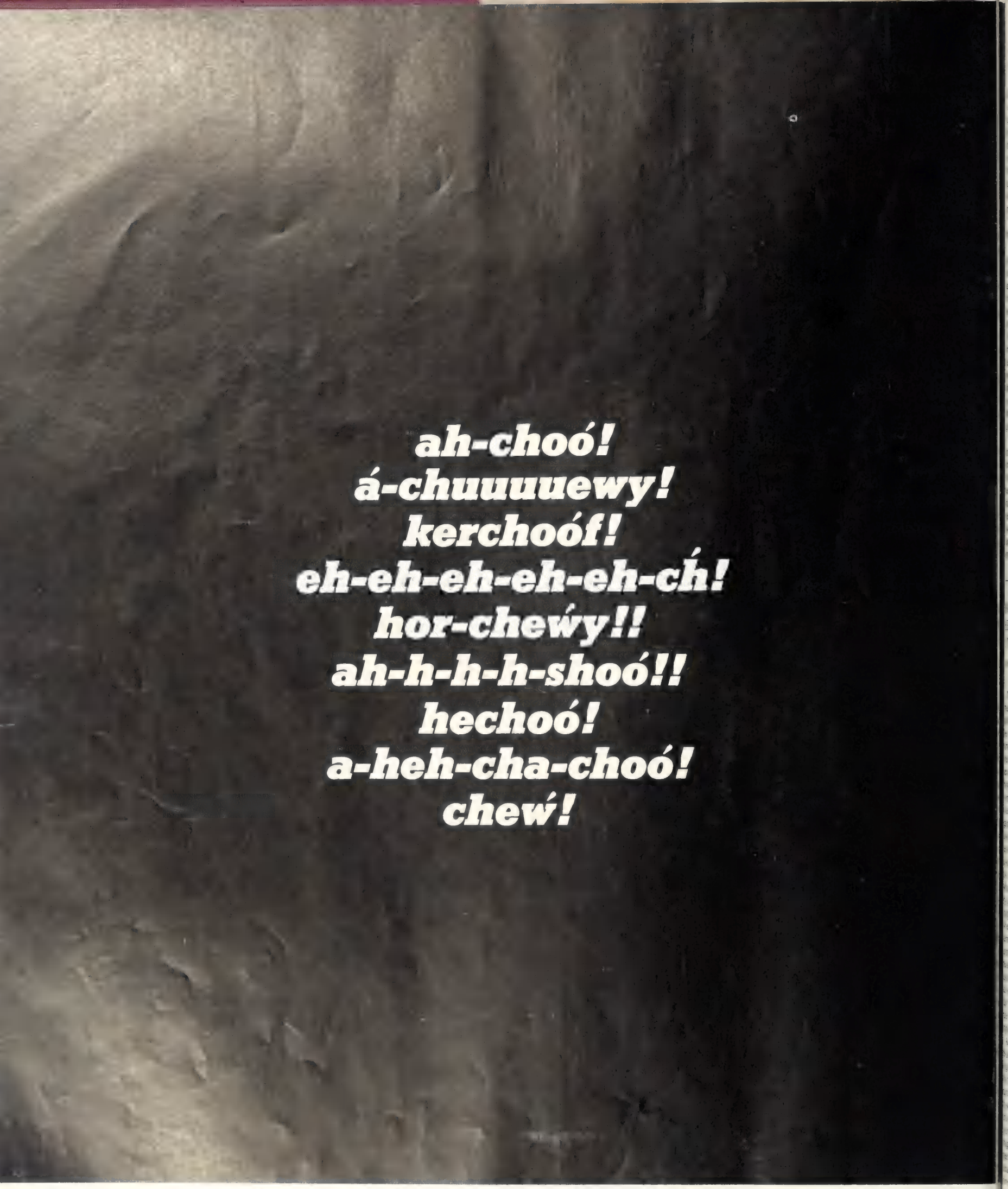
In a large saucepan, bring water to a boil. Gradually add cornmeal, stirring until smooth and thickened. Then add butter and salt and remove from the heat. Beat egg yolks slightly and stir into mixture along with cheese. When cheese is melted, add buttermilk and soda, mixing well. Fold in the egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten, and pour the mixture into a buttered 6-cup casserole. Bake for 40 minutes in a very hot oven, 425° F. Makes 6 servings.

FOR THE BEST OF BREADS: Yeast is a fragrant, living plant to be treated as tenderly as the most delicate flower. Dissolve it in water that's not too hot, not too cold, but just right—*lukewarm*. Handle the dough with respect; you hold its warmth and life in your hands. When you set the dough to rise, measure and mark the bowl on the outside. Then you will know for certain when it has just *doubled* in size.

new
spaghetti sauce mix
complete with tomato



CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®



(Nine sneezes collected at random. How many were caused by linty facial tissues?)

One of the above sneezes was caused by a linty facial tissue. (We suspect seven!) It's bad enough to sneeze for good cause. But to have your tissue turn against you, too, is intolerable. To prevent this unnecessary irritation, we have installed a gigantic vacuum cleaner on our tissue-making machine. We call this device "The Mechanical Nose" because it breathes in the lint that you would normally inhale yourself. But better to have lint in our nose than yours. Ours, at least, can't sneeze.



THE WOMAN'S MIND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

lawn mowers. Three fourths of the husbands do this job, only 6 percent of the wives. In general, husbands (70 percent) do most of the heavy work, caring for trees, doing interior painting; wives (54 percent) the lighter, such as flower beds. More than half of our young families (51 percent) have in mind particular appliances they plan to buy in the next two years. Their new homes are well equipped with refrigerators, washing machines and ranges; "most wanted" items now are clothes dryers, freezers and dishwashers.

Most wives and husbands own their houses jointly, but an unexpected double standard turns up in attitudes toward ownership. The greatest group of wives (44 percent) feel their homes *really* belong "more" to their husbands, although the next largest (31 percent) went out of their way to say their homes belonged to "both equally"! (Husbands, incidentally, are more generous to their wives; only 35 percent felt their houses were more theirs.) On the purely theoretical question of who should get the house in case of a divorce, the double standard did an about-face: 73 percent of the wives felt the wife should, 82 percent would give her the furniture.

Only 2 percent of our wives find themselves in a house "identical" with the house of their dreams, but for the most part these young wives and mothers everywhere have a saving sense of reality that keeps them happy no matter what they are living in. To many, the very words "dream house" mean unreality, like dreaming of being nominated one of the ten best-dressed women of the year. "My dream house is full of push buttons, loud-speaker systems, quick-baking ovens, plushy carpets and elegant furniture. But with a budget plus babies, these things must stay on the dream level for quite a while!" . . . "My dream house was a spacious custom home on a hill with lots of land around it and with a swimming pool. My own home is not custom-built nor does it have a swimming pool nor is it on a hill. But I like it!" Said one harassed housewife, "A dream house comes equipped with a *maid!*"

Their present houses will do as an approximation of their dream houses; 21 percent say their houses are "very similar" to the house of their dreams, 38 percent find them "fairly similar," making (with that lucky 2 percent) 61 percent who at least have come in sight of their girlish hopes. Half our wives may be wrestling with loose tiles and stuck window sashes, a third may feel seriously confined for lack of space, but they discern that most of their neighbors are no better off. Almost a quarter are pleased to report that their houses seem, to their children, nicer than their friends' houses, and another 46 percent think they are about the same. Only 1 percent have children who complain that Mary Jones's house is nicer; the chances are that Mrs. Jones has leaking-basement problems of her own.

To sum up, there is a strong, widespread feeling, which comes into sharp focus with a third of our wives, that today's houses ought to be better built for the price invested in them. A woman from Erie, Pennsylvania, eloquently states their position: "I have found in the building of and ownership of our first home that there should be more protection for the people who are investing their life's earnings in a home. It seems everything is on the contractor's side, and he is allowed to get away with anything that will help put a dollar in his pocket—by getting cheap and inferior workmanship, by putting the cheapest material he can get away with into the house. Practically everyone I know feels the same way. There should be much stricter control over contractors. The minimum requirements should be raised. This house is the biggest investment we will ever make, yet there seems to be less control over this business than over the forty-nine cents I spend on a jar of pickles at the grocery store."

Balancing her is the cool voice of realism from a young woman in Ohio: "I don't think we could have done any better for the price. Our builder is trying to build a business for himself, and did an exceptionally fine job on our home. It isn't the fanciest, but it is very well built. There are some things we would like that we don't have, but you can't expect a house to suit in every detail unless you build it yourself. All these extras raise the price of a house considerably, so naturally you end with only what you can afford to pay for."

The conclusion seems to be the same on both sides: in the absence of higher minimum building codes, a builder of absolute integrity is the home purchaser's best safeguard against disappointment in any price range. (Incidentally, our wives might be interested to know that many housing authorities favor standardizing, tightening and bringing up to date our hodgepodge of local, often archaic building codes, although the building industry is against any national legislation.)

And one other conclusion seems inescapable: unless dramatically new ways are found to bring down building costs, today's ideal house, with the distinctive architect's plans, the double sinks and the three fireplaces that our housewives relish most, will continue to cost a great deal of money.

HOW PARENTS CAN HELP ADOLESCENTS UNDERSTAND SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Many girls are easily persuaded that they must be free in petting in order to win and hold their dates, even though they may not feel at all ready for this at the start. (Every time I see on the road a girl crowding against the boy who's driving the car, this reversal of sex roles startles me.) It's impossible for most boys not to take advantage of such invitations. The girls, in turn, learn gradually to overcome their natural reserve. When a boy gains physical intimacy with a girl without her asking for love and respect, he is sure to think less of her than before, even though he goes on asking for more favors. Girls should know, too, that boys who take advantage of girls who are easy marks show their scorn for them by joking together about them. An increasing intimacy, before a boy and girl have found out whether there are real admiration and tenderness between them, frequently leads to an unpleasant breaking up of the relationship, because at least one of the pair has come to dislike herself or himself for this purely physical sexuality. But it also leads quite often today to pregnancy. (In the past twenty years the rate of pregnancies in unmarried girls has tripled.)

Adolescents are apt to think that the worst result of an unmarried pregnancy is the shock it gives to their parents and the neighbors. In fact, many of the girls who become pregnant by throwing caution to the winds are those who are at odds with their parents and unconsciously wish to embarrass them.) Some young couples who become involved in a pregnancy decide that the most gallant way to meet community disapproval is to act unashamed and defiant. This may impress their parents, classmates and neighbors, but it doesn't make the couple feel good for very long. They've misunderstood where the real harm is inflicted. The parents have their old friends who remain as loyal as ever, and they still have their respected place in the community. As soon as they can overcome their sense of shame, their life resumes as before. It is the boy and girl who suffer the most, whether they realize it or not. If they decide to make a marriage which is not based on love and mutual respect, the chances are high that it will soon end in divorce. Such a marriage and divorce will leave a worse taste in the mouth than one which started with high hopes. If there is no marriage, the girl has to go through the frightening experiences of the long, lonely, secret pregnancy and the childbirth, without the love and emotional support of a husband, without the encouragement of relatives. The pregnancy is likely to interrupt the education of one or both, and so it handicaps careers. Often the most painful experience is the isolation from former friends and classmates at an age when confidential friendships and group life are most precious. In the long run the worst harm for boy or girl, unless he was a callous person to start with, is the loss of self-respect—for having hurt his partner, his family and his ideal of himself. (And an individual's sense of his own worthiness is what he really depends on most to maintain his inner peace of mind from day to day, and to fire his enthusiasm for the future.) If the girl is a highly conscientious person she may remain excessively aware of what she considers her shame, avoid her old friends and neighbors if she continues to live in the same town, fear to fall in love with another boy in the future because she dreads that she will have to confess, worry about what she will tell her later children, feel guilty about the one whom she has given up.

Before I end this discussion of pregnancy I want to make sure it is understood that I have been talking about the dangers of increasing physical intimacy that start primarily with a young girl's belief that she must allow liberties to be taken with her person in order to gain and hold some boy's interest, before she knows whether there is any genuine love between them. She's trading her body and part of her soul in order to gain—for a brief period—a steady partner and a bit of social prestige. This is a miserable bargain for her to make.

The sequence is very different when a boy and girl have become mature enough in their feelings to be drawn to each other as people, and when the girl senses that her physical appealingness is a precious part of her total being. As they come to know each other better they may find incompatibilities and draw apart. Or they may fall more seriously in love. But the progress in stable people is usually gradual. The boy's physical desire increases, but so does his desire to cherish, protect and please. This gives the ultimate control of the expression of physical affection to the girl. If she becomes steadily more convinced that this is a person she can love and depend on, her readiness for physical responsiveness increases. But she is usually less impulsive than the boy. She is the one who sets the limits. This does not make a boy who is in love lose interest. It increases, for him, every aspect of a girl's desirability.

Most young people who have been brought up in families with high ideals will not let themselves get to the point of intercourse until marriage, not because of lack of desire, not because they are timid, but because the girl, knowing herself, knows that she would lose some of her respect for herself. And the boy loves her too much to be willing to make her unhappy.

I've been talking as though there were only the very foolish young people and the very wise ones. Actually, of course, the great majority are in between. In most early and middle adolescents the feelings about self and others are usually so changeable that they can't be counted on.

So I think a sensible parent's advice to daughter or son should always be: Go slow, don't wear your heart on your sleeve or throw yourself at others; don't let yourself be rushed by your own impatience to be popular or by your date's pleas; when in doubt, trust your cautious feelings because they are the ones that usually prove right in the long run. A parent from his or her own knowledge of the world can tell a child, especially a daughter, that some of the individuals most dated in the early teens may be quite neglected or laughed at a few years later, and that the ones who keep their self-respect are more apt to have the worthwhile partners in the end. This advice sounds stodgy. But it's really smart, as most older adolescents and adults will agree, both those who were wise themselves and those who were foolish.

Next month I'd like to be more specific about certain problems of early adolescence.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

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"WE'RE BUYING OUR FIRST HOUSE"

The Dale Morrows, of Independence, Missouri, found that everybody wants to help a young couple buy a house: builder, bank and Uncle Sam.

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



For Army veteran Dale, purchase of new house was dazzlingly free of paper work; $99 down covered everything.



Davey was only one in family who didn't want to move. He already had a best friend, couldn't imagine new ones.

When Nancy Morrow, of Independence, Missouri, looks out her kitchen window, she sees acres of rolling green lawn dotted with trim houses in various models. Children are as rife as daisies, mothers hail one another from backyards. It is a view of a full-sized community, and Nancy herself has seen it rise from mud and thin air—and the longing of young couples to own homes.

It's a longing that in 1961 put $22,000,000,000 worth of new homes on the American landscape. Dale and Nancy Morrow put their first drop into this vast sum just about a year ago, when they gave a real-estate developer $99 earnest money toward their first house. The land on which he would put it, on the edge of Independence, had once been a dairy farm, but Nancy recalls, "If it didn't look horrible last March! Six model houses set in a sea of mud." Already dominating the shorn landscape was a huge sign: "Glendale Gardens, a planned community of 1200 homes"—not one of which was in evidence yet.

Once their $99 was down, the Morrows had their worries about their decision. They liked the floor plan of the model they had chosen. After months of house hunting, they were pretty sure they were making the best possible buy for their money. But they had misgivings over some of the things that seemed part of buying a $15,025 house on a tiny down payment and a Veterans Administration loan. The thirty-year schedule of payments offered by the builder would mean that after two years of paying $104.03 a month, their equity in their house would be less than $500. They would be in one of Kansas City's most explosive "bedroom" suburbs (Independence has shot up from a prewar 16,000 to 63,000), so poor that young Master Davey Morrow, then three, would have in prospect only an old elementary school and no kindergarten. To his mother, a blue-eyed kindergarten teacher, this was being underprivileged indeed. Finally, Nancy's basic attitude toward housing developments is reflected in her wry comment: "It's like an institution. But then we must be mentally ill to pay so much for so little equity!"

But there was the bright side. They were already renting in a development put up by the same builder, and they trusted his buildings and his integrity. Their installment-plan purchasing would be cheaper than their rent. A young couple whose chief resource is eligibility for a Government-guaranteed housing loan has few other choices than brand-new low-cost housing low in risk. But their house would presumably be spick-and-span and trouble-free for a number of years.

Finally, there would be the joy of possession. Their first payment might include only $17.65 off the principal, but they would have complete and delicious mastery over some very pleasant things: a small but good-looking split-level house gleaming with freshness, and a 70′ x 120′ lot for which the purchase price included topsoil, *two* trees and *six* shrubs. As Nancy says now, "Sometimes Dale got cold feet. He'd say, 'It's such an ordinary house. We're pouring our money down the drain!' Then he'd be thrilled. 'We've made a good move!'"

Joy of possession was no small thing to Dale and Nancy Morrow. When they put up their $99 they had been married a little over four years. Dale, 5′11″, combines a youthful crew-cut appearance with lines of wear etched in his face; he has earned his own living since he was seventeen. He is a cost analyst at a huge Ford assembly plant in North Kansas City, but he was thirty-one last March, and had been with Ford less than a year. His route to home owning had zigged and zagged from an hourly job to a late-won college degree, and as he says, "I wanted to get settled and stay somewhere. This meant something to me."

Nancy, five years younger, looks up to Dale as *far* more worldly than she, and she admits her own longing for a home was completely simpleminded. Nancy has almost more kindergarten-teacher endowments than one young woman is entitled to: she is small, neat and pretty, with a blooming complexion and eyes that, under her dark brown hair, are not merely blue but *startlingly* blue. She had seen Dale through every zig and zag, including hanging up wet laundry at midnight in a rented kitchen, and she says, "Ever since I was a girl I wanted a home so badly! I was just longing to meet the right guy."

The Morrows moved in last July. Five houses in all were up and occupied, in addition to the empty display models. By fall there were eighty, and now the community is spilling out of sight over the next hill. The green arrived with even dizzier speed. Last summer wizard crews unrolled turf on the first hill like a grand carpet, taking, Nancy recollects, about ten minutes per lot. Chinese-elm saplings and juniper bushes went in next. Flower beds are first on Nancy's list for this spring.

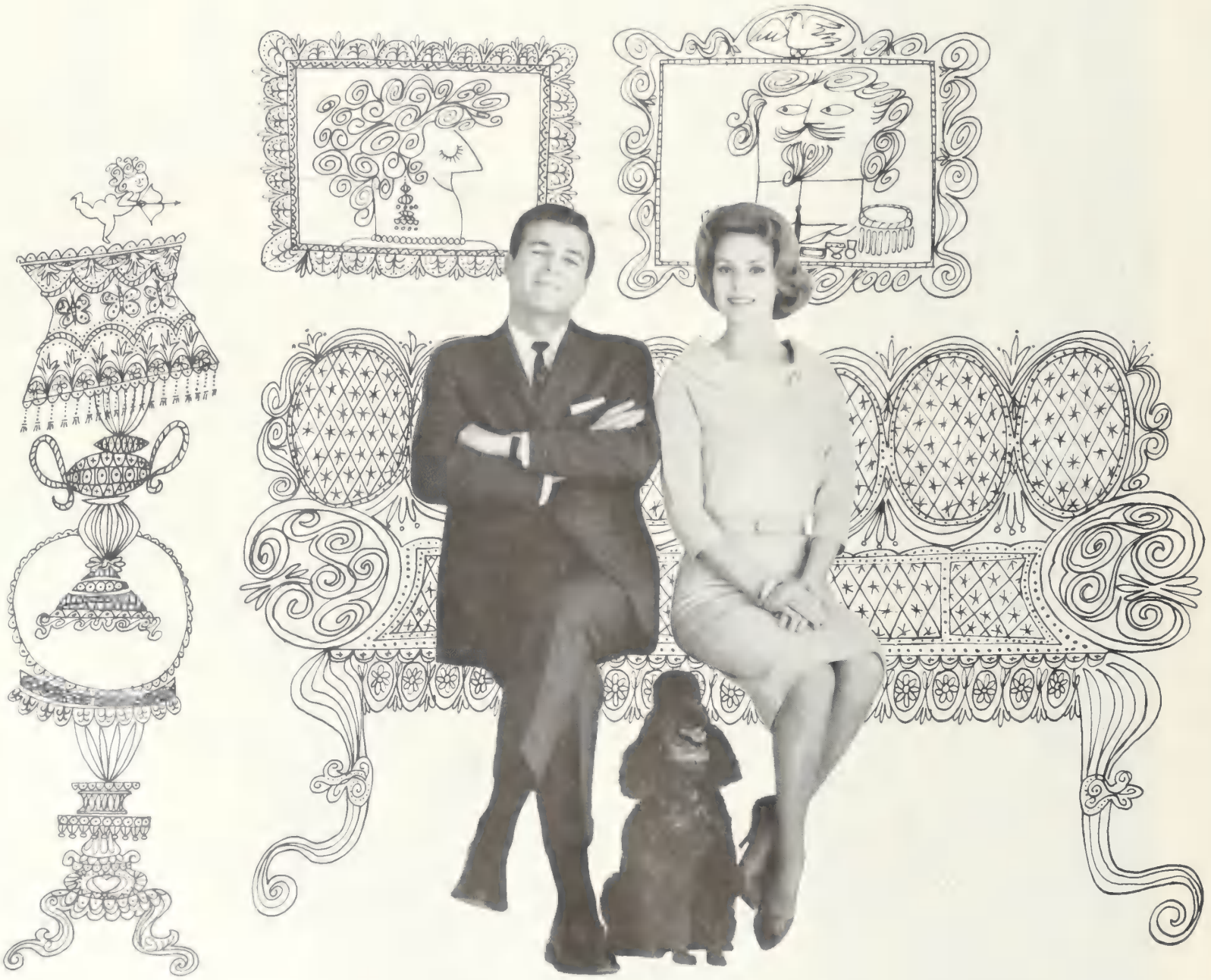
As early birds, the Morrows have a site at the top of the hill, with a big old shade tree just off their property line. Under its branches is Davey's swing set, and on the swing set, at almost any hour of daylight, is a swarm of little boys, all apparently identical in hair (blond, crew-cut), dress (blue CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

"Ever since I was a girl, I wanted a home so badly! I was just longing to meet the right guy."



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Dale's only flaw to Nancy: he won't talk before second cup of coffee.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

jeans) and size (pint) with Davey. It is hard to tell four-year-olds apart when they come by the dozen, as they certainly do in Glendale Gardens, but Davey stands out as a leader among men. His climbing is bolder, his words more complicated, and it is he, after all, who can grandly invite, say, five comrades in for flavored drink and crackers. Davey has a slight cast in one eye, and is currently wearing glasses, but his walk and his stance as he swigs the drink right from the pitcher ("I was *thirsty*," he tells his mother, panting) are so absurdly sturdy that he looks like an owlish junior boxer.

Nancy almost invariably provides the nourishment, kept rigidly simple. For one thing, since Davey is an only child, she welcomes the free-swinging social life. For another, she not only knows most of the children by name, she knows most of their parents, too, although she may be defeated by a newcomer with his fingers planted in his mouth. "What's your name, honey?" she asks. Silence. "Is it Bobby?" The little boy nods agreeably. "Billy?" Another nod. "Stevie?" Another nod. But Davey is a perfect host. He can manage to keep up a conversational monologue with his silent friend during half a box of crackers, and at lunchtime can take him by the hand and lead him home across the green.

Nancy has almost inevitably become one of the knitters-together of her area. She is an old-timer, she is a shade older in years than many of her *very* young neighbors, and above all, she is friendly. On top of this, she is a recruiting officer of high zeal for "Preschool," an organization that, among other things, lobbies for kindergartens, and she is almost totally surrounded by eligible potential members. She says, "I have some wonderful neighbors here," and she now has friends who comfortably drop in for coffee and with whom she exchanges baby-sitting services.

The Morrows' house is brick-and-frame fronted, on three levels. Inside, it is almost as fresh and pretty as its keeper. The upper level has three small bedrooms, a bath and a half, and a little hall lined with baby pictures of Davey. Bedroom No. 3 is given over to an ironing board, mending and a desk. On the wall are two diplomas from the University of Kansas; Dale's from the School of Business, Nancy's from the School of Education.

On the second level is Nancy's spanking new kitchen, full of built-ins, and the big, sunny living room with a picture window facing south. Nancy describes their furniture as "Early Matrimony." The basic pieces they have acquired over the years—couch, big braided rug, coffee table, dinette set—are of good modern design, and the fact that the Morrows haven't any *too* much furniture gives the small house a clean, uncluttered look. Their best piece is a new console piano recently given Nancy by her mother. (Among her other endowments, Nancy includes piano playing. Of the splendid gift, she says gratefully, "I guess my mother had to justify the fortune she spent on lessons for me.")

Windows and polished floors gleam, for Nancy is a demon housekeeper. Dale recalls that Nancy used to scrub up her own kindergarten room, and he says with amusement, "She likes things spotless. She cleans even when there isn't anything to clean."

"Oh, but there always *is!*" Nancy cries. "If there isn't, Davey brings something in. He feels *sorry* for me."

At ground level are the utility room and big garage. This is Davey's rainy-day and trike area, for their hill is unsafe for him to pedal down, and here Dale has built an impressive workbench to his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Shown: Canopy Bed, No. 925-20; Triple Dresser, No. 925-44; Mirror, No. 925-36; Chest-on-Chest, No. 925-09; Night Stand, No. 925-08.

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WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MAKER

HOW TO PAY FOR HOME IMPROVEMENTS

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS
Consultant on Family Finances of
the Family Service Association of America

Today they're even in reach of the "broke young couple" with the brand-new mortgage.

The $99 Dale and Nancy Morrow (read about them on page 122) put down on their new house is only the beginning of a great deal of buying and spending. Home-hungry American families—62 percent own their homes, compared with the last generation's 43—spend an average of $1600 just the first year for equipment ($725), furniture ($650) and tools ($225).

Nor do these expenditures include improvements to the house itself. Few new development homes remain very long as they begin. Dormers are added, attics finished, garages transformed into family rooms, and little dining alcoves into full-size dining rooms.

For many new homeowners, the need for improving and equipping makes a financial quandary, especially since today's buyers increasingly are young families, short of ready cash but determinedly quitting the old pattern of renting for the first few years. In 1961 more than half the buyers of FHA-financed homes were still in their twenties.

Dale and Nancy already have spent close to $400 in the first six months—from $25 for workbench material to $170 for a living-room chair. But they haven't made a noticeable dent in their wants. They foresee about $1100 more of additional equipment and improvements, some undeniably urgent, like storm windows to insulate and new draperies to draw across their picture window which looks out on their neighbors' picture window.

I advised the Morrows not to fear making *useful*, carefully financed improvements, such as putting in the storm windows, transforming their dining alcove, proceeding with Dale's basement den and providing basement storage. Their prospects for recovering practical investments in the house are good, even if they move in a few years. The house is a well-built one, in a young, improving neighborhood. Some of the best investments families have made have been the homes they improved, and sold when their needs changed. Home improvement is one of the few ways the Morrows can spend their money and have it. They will have the use of the improvements meanwhile, and even have a "hedge" against inflation, since the value of their improvements will rise with other prices.

But for retrievable investment, the Morrows—and other new homeowners who expect eventually to move to larger properties—need to follow three policies:

1. *Make sure any costly improvements add to basic livability.* Merely cosmetic improvements, though they may be worthwhile for a family's pleasure, are not likely to recover as much of their cost as improvements that add space or convenience, like adding a room or enlarging a garage.

For example, an appraiser reports he found buyers willing to pay $15,000 for a $14,000 house with an extra bath, although it cost only $500, but only $500 more for brick veneer instead of asbestos shingle, although the brick surface cost $1000. Elaborate patios are another primarily decorative type of improvement often cited by realtors as recovering less than their full cost on a resale, although they may help a house to sell faster.

2. *Stay within hailing distance of neighborhood values.* Once buyers were willing to pay and mortgage appraisers to approve only about 10 percent more for houses improved more than their neighbors. Now both are more likely to go as high as 20–25 percent more. But the specter of the overimproved house lingers as a caution against expanding noticeably faster and bigger *if* you may leave.

3. *Compare estimates and finance at lowest cost.* Nancy is not a wife to heed home-improvement canvassers, who flock to new developments, without consulting Dale. After working their way through college and meeting medical bills of as much as $1200 in one year, they have a strong sense of values and mutuality. They get at least three estimates on large purchases. (For their storm windows, the bids ranged from $220 to $280.)

The Morrows currently have a surplus of $100 a month above basic expenses. The surplus may not remain this plump. Like many other families that move to outlying developments, they face the question of a second car. Nor can they count on their monthly house expense remaining at $104. Property taxes are the fastest-rising cost of ownership in new developments as necessary new schools are built.

But for the present, I suggested they divide their surplus into two funds, and put $50 a month into an investment account for Davey's education and other long-range goals, and the remaining $50 into a savings account labeled "Home Improvements." Then they can buy their needs one at a time with no finance charges, for such charges can add noticeably to the cost of improvements.

For example, the Morrows might buy storm windows for the kitchen and bath first, where window condensation is heaviest, fit the other rooms later, and finish their basement bit by bit.

For improvements that can't wait for savings to accumulate, new homeowners have access to several financing methods. These are, in order of ascending cost:

Package mortgage. Many lenders now will include in the original mortgage durable equipment and improvements that add to basic livability, for both new and older houses. For example, the Morrows could have had storm windows installed by the builder and included in the original mortgage. Then their finance charge on the windows would have been just the low GI mortgage rate of 5¼ percent. However, there is a compensation in their initial reluctance to buy additional equipment. Though the mortgage rate is low, the total interest cost *in dollars* over a long period like 30 years will be much greater than for a short-term loan even at its higher rate of interest.

Mortgage readvance. Many mortgages now have an "open-end" clause, allowing you to reborrow up to the original amount at the same interest rate. You can repay the new loan either by increasing your monthly payment, or by keeping the same payment and increasing the number of years you pay.

Like the package mortgage, the readvance offers a chance to borrow at the low mortgage rate rather than the higher rate for short-term loans. Too, a readvance may be more palatable on a modest budget. For example, a readvance of $2000 on a 5¼-percent mortgage which still has 20 years to run would add $13.48 to the monthly mortgage payment. In contrast, an FHA short-term home-improvement loan of $2000 for 36 months would require $63.88 a month, or if stretched to the maximum 60 months, $41.57.

But though a readvance has advantages for homeowners with big needs and little surplus over living expenses, it is costly if used unnecessarily. A readvance of $2000 on a mortgage with 20 years to go, even at 5¼ percent, means you pay a total of $1235 in interest, in addition to a moderate closing cost of $25–$50. An FHA short-term loan, even at its true annual rate of about 10 percent, would cost $300 in interest fees if repaid in 36 months; $494 if in 60 months.

Long-term improvement loan. A valuable new aid is the long-term FHA improvement loan enacted in 1961. This is the first time improvement loans have been offered at a true 6½ percent. The earlier *short-term* FHA home-improvement loans cost $5 per $100. But the $5 is calculated on the original debt, not on the declining balance as in the new long loans, and so is a true annual rate of about 10 percent.

The new long loans go up to $10,000 with as long as 20 years to pay. They offer a way to hold on to a present low-rate mortgage while also avoiding the usual second mortgages that cost up to 10 percent interest. But the new plan, too, is reserved for important improvements. Minimum loan is $2500 ($1000 in urban-renewal areas).

Short-term loan. For moderate-size projects, FHA $5-per-$100 loans, and bank and credit-union personal loans, still are a reasonable choice. Banks' personal-loan rates in different areas range from $4 to $7 per $100; credit-union rates, from $3.25 to $6.50.

Another way families in new developments can pare improvement costs is through mutual buying. Families in young neighborhoods nowadays often arrange for joint bids on equipment needs, cooperatively buy garden supplies and even fuel and milk at special rates. Dale and Nancy had some experience with co-operative activity in their previous neighborhood where six neighbors jointly put up a property-line fence. Now Dale and his new neighbor are renting equipment and buying supplies together to put in their permanent lawns.

The Morrows' first investment of their other $50-a-month fund will be in the stock of Dale's company. His employer pays one third of the cost—an opportunity too choice to neglect.

With expanding possessions, Nancy and Dale now also face ownership questions. The trend among young families is to joint ownership with right of survivorship. This is a sign of growing mutual trust, and also is regarded as a simple, inexpensive way of assuring ownership by the remaining partner if one should die. Dale and Nancy put their house in both names, and alternate in listing themselves as co-owners of their child's savings bonds.

But as a family's assets increase, overreliance on joint ownership has potential liabilities. One is that a lawsuit against the husband could result in seizure of their joint property. Another is the possibility, in the event of death, of being left temporarily without funds when state tax officials seal off savings accounts. Too, for families with larger holdings, joint ownership could result in higher inheritance taxes. Nor does joint ownership really eliminate the need for reciprocal wills.

State laws vary and a lawyer should be consulted. But in general, here are advantageous ways to handle ownership:

Cash accounts. The family's chief cash account may be in both names, and each spouse also should have an individual account for immediate access in case of death; or at the very least, the wife should. The joint account should be the larger one. Though you can't get immediate possession of joint funds, they are freed sooner than a deceased spouse's individual account.

Safe-deposit box. This should at least be in both names, and preferably, some bankers feel, in the wife's. Since the box is temporarily sealed in the event of death, a wife may need access more urgently than a husband with a salary.

Securities. Here the main consideration is that both husband and wife can exclude up to $50 of stock or mutual-fund dividends from income tax. Either joint ownership or registering some shares in each name can secure a double exclusion of $100.

For savings bonds, joint ownership is the easiest method, except for large estates, since joint property would be considered for Federal inheritance-tax purposes to be the husband's unless the wife can prove part was originally hers.

The house. Joint ownership is the simple, inexpensive method and is usually protected sufficiently from state inheritance taxes by exemptions, but some authorities feel that putting the house in the wife's name better protects her and the children, especially if the husband is in business or other circumstances where lawsuits are a possibility. END



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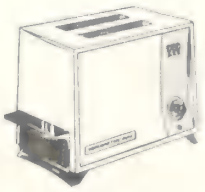
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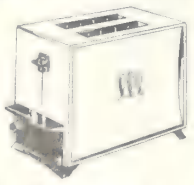
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Now there's elbowroom at the range! A wall cupboard, upside down, holds Nancy Morrow's dishes. Countertop provides badly needed working space.

FIRST AID FOR THE TRACT-HOUSE KITCHEN

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

The kitchen in the Dale Morrows' new split-level home in Independence, Missouri (you meet the family on page 122), is as neat as a new-mown lawn—and the fragrance is just as refreshing on days when pretty Nancy Morrow bakes pies for her husband's lunch or cookies for son Davy. But storage and counter space were woefully limited until the Morrows made room for a cooking and baking center next to the range.

First an ordinary wheeled utility table was transformed into a pastry center. A wood section ($4) was screwed on top; a solid front was added; tip-out bins ($12) and storage shelves were fitted into place. Then an unfinished wood cabinet ($18) with adjustable shelves was installed next to the cart. A new top of hard plastic ($8) spans the distance from the old electric range to the new cabinet for more working space. Since the Morrows' is an open kitchen, the new cabinet was painted turquoise to go with the living room, then splattered with white and tan to blend with the natural-birch cabinets and sand-toned floor in the kitchen. A home-carpentered screen backs the new counter and shields the kitchen from the living room. The cost? Out-of-pocket charges, including lumber, paint and hardware, total about $55. For further information about the made-over cart, write to the Journal Workshop.

Wheeled pastry center rolls between sink and range, fits under counter.



'E'RE BUYING
R FIRST HOUSE"

TINUED FROM PAGE 126

specifications. The Morrows have the
nse satisfaction of being able to treat
elves, within modest limits, to almost
improvement or new household item
akes their fancy, for their move coincided
a steady upturn in their fortunes. Last
completed Dale's first year with Ford,
rought him a raise from $475 to $520 a
h, as well as the savings over their pre-
$120-a-month rent. Dale also receives
tomotive industry's cost-of-living bonus
dition to his base, and last October he
ed another small raise bringing his total
nly average from Ford to very nearly
In addition, Dale is a company com-
er in the Army Reserve, with the rank of
eutenant, and pay-plus-allowances that
ges $91.55 a month.

ring their first months in their house,
nd Nancy managed to spend about $50
th on moving and settling-in expenses.
things, like the clothesline for the back-
($23), are the necessary price of being
owners. Others, like Dale's new power
$35), are pure pleasures. But the Mor-
lso have the satisfaction, far less com-
of knowing exactly where their money
one and how much was spent. Dale is a
sity graduate of business administra-
who deals with money figures in his job.
ng track of expenses appeals to Nancy's
ind, and she even keeps her marketing
dded up during the course of each
. She can, within minutes, produce files
dgers that show the exact balance of
oint checking account, and their ex-
. broken down by month and category
last several years. She knows precisely
uch their house move cost them, from
the piano retuned ($8) to buying back-
the curtains at the side door (80 cents).
medical expenses are high, for Davey
ere allergies, and Nancy has mild ones,
but even so they are now for the first time able to talk with confidence about buying a new car. Their routine expenses, even counting power saws and Christmas as "routine," still leave as much as $100 a month to spare. When Nancy pays their bills and makes notes in her careful files, she has the satisfaction of knowing that their finances are as shipshape as their house.

This is still so new an experience that it has lost none of its savor. Nancy Lee Jones was raised in the small town of Caney, Kansas, and "home" to her and her mother was her grandparents' house. Her father, pictures of whom she cherishes, had died very young, and her mother, "so attractive and so capable," became office manager of a furniture store. Nancy says, "After my grandfather died, we became a household of three women. I have *lots* of old-maidish tendencies."

She had finished Coffeeville (Kansas) Junior College on a music scholarship when, in 1955, she was offered a scholarship to the University of Kansas and decided to take it.

In the row behind her in a "Civilization" class sat Dale. Nancy says, "I thought he was darling. He looked older than the other boys—he looked like a man of the world. I think that was what attracted me to him. I spent more time turning around to look at him than I did looking at the instructor."

To which Dale replies with relish, "Yes, I saw her giving me the eye. I thought she looked kind of *young*."

Dale was then just turning twenty-six, to Nancy's not-quite twenty-one. He was, at the moment, having a hard time, which helped account for the haggard look Nancy found so appealing. After classes he was commuting from Lawrence to Kansas City, forty miles each way, to a full-time job on an evening shift. Dale had not really settled down to getting an education until he came out of the Army at the age of twenty-four. He had come out a second lieutenant, with battle experiences in Korea, and had already acquired about two years of credits at a Kansas City college, living at home and working at night. But he wanted a business school, and this year he had transferred to the University of Kansas. While Nancy was eying him from the row in front, Dale was often falling asleep. He already had serious doubts as to whether his degree, still so far away, could be worth so much commuting.

Something else added to Dale's strain that fall too. He had married the previous spring, but the marriage had lasted only a matter of months. It had not survived his wish to take his young wife from suburban Kansas City to Lawrence.

A clergyman wrote to a wealthy and influential businessman requesting a subscription to a worthy charity and soon received a curt refusal which ended, "As far as I can see, this Christian business is just one continuous give, give, give." Replied the clergyman, "I wish to thank you for the best definition of the Christian life that I have yet heard." REV. W. STRIDE

His parents had just moved to Ohio, and he was now living alone in a boardinghouse. He came, as Nancy now says defensively, "from a good Christian home," and the failure of his marriage had shocked him. But red eyes, haggard look and all, Dale still had heart enough to start walking across campus with Nancy after class. Finally he asked her for a coffee date. He picked her up at her scholarship dormitory, but Nancy came flying out looking "rather shook." She had just discovered he was married.

She sat in his car and they talked about it, but she put a quick end to their relationship. "I had *no* intention of going out with a married man."

That was that. With the opening of the second semester, Dale did not reappear. His job had won in the conflict with his education, and he was back in Kansas City working. They did not see each other again until Nancy had finished the school year and gone right through summer school. She was still short eight credits toward her degree that fall of '56, but she came to Kansas City to teach, and at Union Station she saw a familiar pair of eyes behind the wheel of a taxicab.

Dale was supplementing his regular work with part-time cab driving (for one thing, he had just bought a new car). He was parked at the station drinking a malted milk when he saw Nancy, and he was so mortified at being caught by an ex-girl that he held the carton before his face. But he was too late. Nancy says "I couldn't even remember his name! I said, 'Don't I know you?'"

The carton came down before Nancy's friendly inquiries as to why he hadn't come back to the university. He found out where she was living and asked if he might call. He let her know his divorce was final. They had their first date on September eighth, and by November they were engaged.

To Nancy's great relief, "Everybody in my family fell for Dale." They were married on February 17, 1957, and Nancy considers that the wedding cost a shocking amount of money, of which she doesn't regret a penny. "I'd always dreamed of a big wedding; I think it's something every girl should have."

After the wedding came the bump to reality. Nancy went right on teaching till June. They had no honeymoon. Recollections of their first few months of marriage are of meeting time payments on their new furniture and coping with morning sickness. Nancy became pregnant almost instantly ("I'd say, 'Excuse me, children!' and dash from the classroom").

Nancy stopped working in June, they hustled through their payments to make way for the baby, and on November twenty-second Davey was born, a wholly legal nine months and five days after their wedding. That same month, Dale was promoted from hourly wages to a salaried job. That Christmas they put Davey in his crib under their Christmas tree ("He was the thing we were proudest of") and gave each other socks and underwear for presents.



The following February they celebrated their first wedding anniversary with dinner out—always Nancy's biggest treat. They were a troubled young couple. Dale's $400-a-month salary didn't give them much margin, and their baby was a worry; he was throwing up his milk and crying a great deal. Dale had joined the Army Reserve and was selling insurance part time. They had almost no leisure, and rare moments of privacy. But over the dinner table, Nancy solemnly raised the subject of their future. "I told him I didn't feel as though we were getting anywhere. I thought he had *lots* more potential than being a stockroom clerk at General Motors. I told him we weren't getting any younger, and more children might come; if he was ever to get a degree, now was the time to do it."

Dale says, "I was kind of surprised. Nancy had talked school back even when we were dating, but I didn't know she was still thinking all this. We talked it over, and from then on we knew it was in both our minds."

The '58 recession was on, and in the spring Dale was cut back to an hourly rate again. "That hurt my pride." That fall he and Nancy were both enrolled back at the university. Nancy had her eight hours to complete, and Dale, thanks to the passage of time and interrupted courses, still had about two full academic years to go. The prospects were frightening, for Dale had already used his GI benefits, and at that time was not eligible for more. Davey's troubles had finally been diagnosed as an allergy to milk (and to wheat, eggs and a number of other things too), and Nancy was now driving him to Topeka twice a week for tests. Ahead of him lay a future of tests, shots and pills. As Nancy says, with graphic candor, "We were scared spitless."

They began their first semester with sheer courage, but that fall, in a heaven-sent reprieve, Congress passed a new GI bill that covered Dale again. Benefits of $180 a month became the rock upon which they built. Dale filled out with part-time $1-an-hour jobs. For the two years that he was back at the university, he never saw a football game. He worked twenty-hour weekends, another ten hours during the week, drilled faithfully with the Army Reserve (another $58 a month). "Then he'd come home and study till *so* late. Not enough sleep is the story of Dale's life."

Once Nancy completed her credits, the skies began to lift. Their second semester she was a substitute teacher. They sold Dale's car and bought a '50 model for $90. In the fall of '59, Nancy became a full-time kindergarten teacher, with the magnificent salary of $4000 a year. They felt practically rolling in wealth. Dale remembers hunting in drawers for odd dimes their first year, and "going to class without a penny." Now he could actually afford coffee between classes.

Dale graduated in June, 1960. His parents came from Ohio for the ceremonies; Nancy's family attended too. "He got A's and B's in every course but one," says Nancy proudly. "Ford offered him a job while we were still on campus, and I got $900 from the school system—my summer pay in a lump sum because I was terminating. Within three weeks we had moved, and Dale was at work."

Ford paid for their move to a rented house in their first development, also outside Independence. Nancy remembers the week they moved as a kind of thrilling rehearsal for their later one. Her mother took Davey, and they had the week to themselves. "It was the first time we'd ever had a house. Dale would be down in the basement, and I'd be in the living room, and we'd holler to each other—it was like living in a mansion. We unpacked everything we possessed.

"We bought Dale clothes for business wear—suits, a topcoat. A *hat*. We got a swing set for Davey, the dinette set, our washing machine. We would go downtown, shop in the morning, have lunch, come home, have a cup of coffee together. It was like getting married again. We had a ball."

For Nancy it was a rosy week, and part of the joy was having her husband to herself again. Once established, they quickly put down roots in their new community. Nancy was a substitute teacher again during '60–'61. She joined both Preschool and her local chapter of the American Association of University Women. Incorrigible Dale volunteered an evening a week to a Junior Achievement group, and became a company commander of the Army Reserve. The latter has consumed far more of his hours than Nancy cares to spare. He drills on Tuesday nights, is at the armory all day on Saturdays, and his two weeks' vacation is totally swallowed by summer camp. Nancy is perfectly capable of saying vehemently, "Of *course* I resent it. Think of it! I don't even have the car on Saturdays, much less my husband." It's understood that she can allege that Dale gets home on Tuesdays at 1 A.M. ("What time was I home last Tuesday?" says Dale. "Midnight!") after hours of presumable beer drinking, but on the whole she knows how much Dale enjoys his Army ties, and she adds philosophically, "There's always something! A Dale Carnegie course, volunteer work, this year he's going to real-estate school."

House hunting became their Sunday recreation. Nancy admits she thoroughly enjoyed looking over some $30,000 houses, but that was for pure fun. After they had put their money down in Glendale Gardens last March, they spent spring evenings driving over to look into their hole, then watch the 2 x 4's go up, the house take final shape. "Davey would have a lovely time. He'd come home filthy."

They moved officially on July 15, 1961. Dale took one week of (paid) vacation, but he had to leave right after that for two weeks of summer camp (without pay), and Nancy's recollection of her first week in the house is of spending a great deal of time heavily starching Army uniforms. But she says, "After Dale left, I really tore into it—room by room."

Dale came back late on a Saturday night, and Nancy drove him home. He opened the door, saw the charming house with pictures hung, floors waxed, even flowers in the living room. "You really *have* been busy," he said "But then I knew you would be."

This year Nancy is no longer working. She finds her own house and her own boy almost pure pleasure after the "rush and confusion" of substitute teaching. Also, as she says, looking irresistibly domestic with her blue eyes, apron and slacks, "I *love* housework."

Nancy is housebound without a car, but Davey, house, neighbors, Preschool meetings and her own cheerful energy keep her busy. She bakes twice a week, her weekly cleaning schedule is so rigorous it includes sweeping the garage floor. She plans milkless, butterless, eggless menus around Davey's allergies, respects Dale's feeling that anything less than apple pie is a pretty flimsy dessert. Lolling about in a housecoat is absolutely foreign to her. "I have to get dressed, put on my makeup right away. I *feel* better that way."

One night a week, usually Fridays, the whole family shops together. They go to one of the huge shopping centers that bloom in the suburbs and have hamburgers and malted milks at a counter. Then Nancy takes a shopping cart while the two men visit boats or tools. Two shopping nights a month, their errands include a trip to the bank to deposit Dale's semimonthly check. This averages about $218 after irregular deductions. They promptly withdraw $50 for Nancy, $10 for Dale, plus cash for any extra purchase (such as lumber for Davey's shelves) that they plan to make. Out of Nancy's $100 a month come Dale's cigarettes, shoe repair, dry cleaning, small drugs, and so forth, and regularly $72 for food. Although she tacks her slips up on her kitchen bulletin board and regularly adds them up, she says, "I don't even think about it while I shop. I just find it comes out the same every month."

Tucked around Dale's Army Reserve and real-estate classes is a busy social life. They make Sunday trips to Caney to visit Nancy's mother and grandmother; Dale's parents have returned from Ohio, his brother and his family are nearby; they have old friends. "We have company or are out visiting *almost* every weekend. Our kind of entertaining costs almost nothing at all. We exchange invitations, and the children are always included."

And Davey, their only child, adds much to their life. His parents treat him with sensible firmness. His legs are sturdy, his color rosy, he flourishes with irresistible health among his allergies. His special charm is his well-behaved zest for life. He can eat an entire hamburger (while his parents make sudden dashes with napkins) making strenuous broad jumps off a lunch-counter step. He doesn't say, "Look at me!" He just goes earnestly about the job of meeting a challenge.

Like almost all fours, Davey still turns to his mother first, but nothing shakes Dale's gentle attentiveness to or pride in his male son. "We're like most parents," he sheepishly. "We imagine the day when be in the K.U. stands shouting, 'That boy!'"

Although Nancy and Dale take deep ure in their present scale of living, they hardly been recklessly self-indulgent. have made their cautious investment in house. Dale last year took out a p insurance policy in addition to his com insurance, offering Nancy special prote while Davey is young. But they still hav same secondhand refrigerator Dale's m gave them when they were married (N once crammed fifteen pounds of sale bee its small freezer). They still have a 195 Nancy has plans for putting up white p fencing along their property lines (pure grow climbing roses on, *not* to keep ch out), but they have no great plans fo proving the house. "Someday we hope t a more permanent home," says Dale. secret of a first house like this is *not* t prove it too much. We'll have to take care of it, but mainly we'll want to ge equity out of it."

Their dreams ahead, then, are a bette soon, a better house not very soon, and glimpse of Davey on the Kansas varsi there is an empty spot in Nancy's heart for a second child. She is still keepin Davey's clothes in case she gets pre again. But if more children don't materi she says cheerfully, "I'll go back to teac Last fall, when I saw the kids going ba school, I wanted to go right back with t

Every now and then it strikes them they are being hustled along by forces than they. It was an industrial economy made Dale's degree advisable; they hav to look to a huge Government (with no able lessening in their self-reliance) for in a number of important areas. "We owe the Government for our educatio our housing," says Nancy, "and many time Dale's Army Reserve check save We're not like some people who hat Government—we don't even mind payin income tax. We get it all back!"

They are living in a huge housing dev ment whose tender saplings in all the and back yards have not yet had tim soften its nakedness. Dale is working giant automotive plant that employs men. He has shifted from old union loy to broader management loyalties. He is cerned that he is the only man in his d ment who doesn't have a master's degree not a CPA.

This is the life they have chosen, but its currents of unease. Nancy says, "D a worrier. He worries inside. I've found times that he was worrying about thin never suspected. I think the thing he love to do most is teach—something like ness economics in a high school, with ing on the side. As for me—I was raise big old house with high ceilings and a on two sides. That's still my idea of a And another thing: we go to church he I'm not quite satisfied. I'd like a *small* ch where I could play the organ again an in the choir and teach Sunday school. all that."

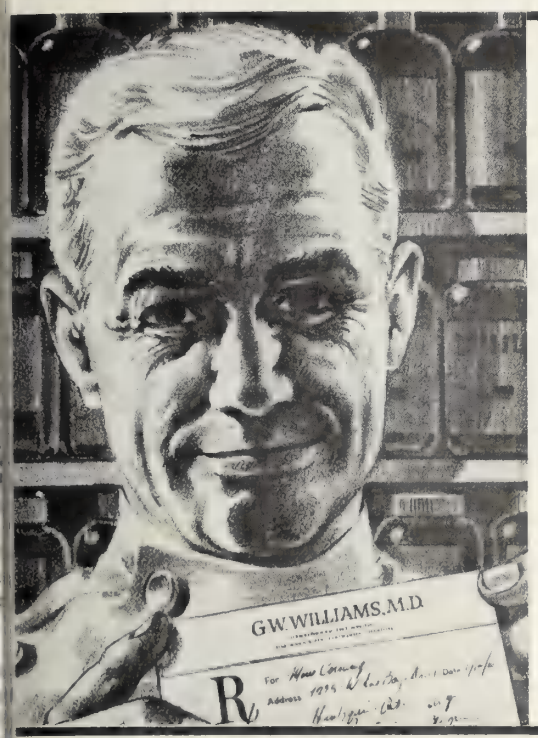
But the country churches of childhoo not be simply wished back. In their pla Morrows have the satisfaction of succ their chosen, urban society. Dale's peak ings as a high-school graduate was his porary salary of $400 a month. As a gra from a good university, he began at $10 a month (including his cost-of-living b is already up from that.

As Dale says, "I now have about a tho percent more confidence in myself. never could have done it without my behind me." And Nancy says, "One nicest things about marriage is hearin husband brag about me. Dale doesn't a tell me his worries, but he tells me th things."

Their house may be small and only a lous fraction theirs, but it performs the service of a home: it contains a family li in affection. This is very much their ow

HOW THE MORROWS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

WHAT THEY GET		
Salary	$551.20	
Cost-of-living bonus	8.66	
Army Reserve pay and allowances	91.55	
		$651.41
WHERE IT GOES		
Federal income tax	66.95	
Social Security tax	12.50	
State income tax	3.14	
2% state sales tax (estimated)	3.30	
(Total taxes)		85.89
Food	72.00	
Housing (mortgage payment, $83.09; taxes, $16; property insurance, $4.94; utilities, heat, $35.25; phone, $7.50; cleaning supplies, $5; home maintenance, garden supplies, $12)	163.78	
Home furnishings, equipment	35.00	
Clothing (purchases, $20; cleaning, $4)	24.00	
Medical care (contribution to employee insurance, $3; other expense, $24.67)	27.67	
Car expenses (including insurance)	30.70	
Contributions (church, charity)	13.00	
Personal gifts	5.50	
Reading, recreation (periodicals, $4; recreation, baby-sitter, $11; Davey's playthings, $2)	17.00	
Advancement (Dale's real-estate course, $8.33; club dues, $1.20; Army Reserve expenses, $9)	18.53	
Dale's personal cash	13.00	
Personal care (including barber, toiletries)	10.00	
Life insurance (including employee contributions)	17.00	
Miscellaneous (including stamps, film, cigarettes)	13.00	
Debt repayment	5.00	
(Total living expenses)		465.18
Available for savings, home improvements or car		100.34
	TOTAL	$651.41



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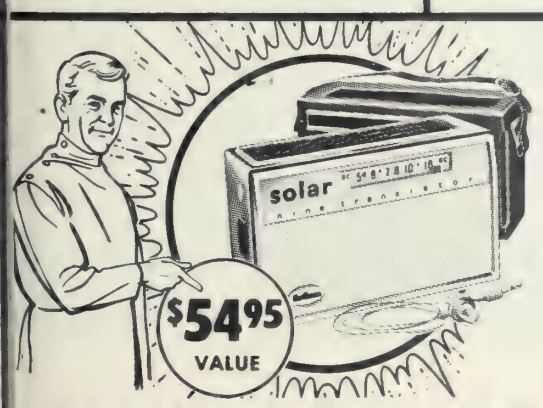
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OW—AS FOR 59 YEARS—EVERY REXALL PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

STORY OF THE DISAPPEARING MEAT LOAF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

CURRY SAUCE

½ cup minced onion
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup flour
1¼ teaspoon salt
Pinch pepper
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons curry powder
1 can (13¾-oz.) chicken broth

Sauté onion in butter or margarine until golden. Blend in the flour and seasonings. Add chicken broth and heat, stirring, until thickened and smooth. Reduce heat and simmer slowly, stirring occasionally, until flavors are blended, about ½ hour. Serve hot with veal loaf. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

RAISIN-COCONUT PILAF

4 cups hot cooked rice (salted to taste)
1 cup golden seedless raisins
½ cup toasted coconut chips
1 tablespoon slivered orange rind
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento

Just before you remove the rice from the pan, mix in the raisins (they'll quickly plump up). Then toss in coconut chips. Fill center of veal party ring with pilaf, sprinkle slivered orange rind, chopped parsley and pimiento over the top to garnish.

MENU II

*HAM LOAF WITH RUBY GLAZE
GREEN PEAS IN ARTICHOKE BOTTOMS
DILLED NEW POTATOES
LADYFINGERS WITH ICE CREAM AND BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
COFFEE OR TEA

HAM LOAF WITH RUBY GLAZE

2 eggs
2 cups soft fresh white-bread crumbs
¾ cup water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 pound ground ready-to-eat ham
1 pound ground pork shoulder
1 cup canned whole-cranberry sauce

Beat eggs and add bread crumbs, water, salt, pepper, onion, parsley and dry mustard. Blend well; add ham and pork and mix thoroughly. Pack mixture into a 9″ x 5″ x 2¾″ loaf pan and bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 30 minutes. Spread cranberry sauce over the top and continue baking for 30 minutes. To remove, turn pan on side, and carefully work loaf onto platter cranberry side up. Makes 8 servings.

MENU III

*BEEF RIBBON LOAF SQUARES WITH SOUR-CREAM GRAVY
MARINATED-VEGETABLE SALAD IN PIMIENTO CUPS
COMPOTE OF SUGAR-FROSTED GREEN GRAPES AND STRAWBERRIES
COFFEE OR TEA

BEEF RIBBON LOAF SQUARES

LOAF:
1 medium onion, peeled and chopped
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1 tablespoon bacon drippin
1½ pounds round beef chuck
2 teaspoons minced celery leaves
3 slices cooked bacon, minced
1 cup soft whole-wheat-bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon garlic salt
½ teaspoon marjoram
Pinch mace
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons chili sauce
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup milk
1 egg

POTATO TOPPING:
3 cups milk
Pinch white pepper
4 teaspoons onion flakes
½ teaspoon powdered savory
Pinch mace
1 teaspoon parsley flakes
2 teaspoons salt
2 (3½-oz.) envelopes dried instant mashed potatoes
2 egg yolks
1 egg white
Milk to soften potatoes, if needed

Sauté chopped onion and green pepper in bacon drippings until onion is golden. Then mix well with remaining loaf ingredients. Bake in a 9¼″ x 9¼″ x 2″ oven-to-table casserole (one that will take broiler heat) in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes or until loaf begins to pull from sides of pan. Pour off drippings and save. *Topping:* Meanwhile, heat 3 cups milk with seasonings to simmering point. Remove from heat, beat in dried instant mashed potatoes, then the egg yolks. If potatoes are very stiff, add milk to make fluffy. Brush top of baked loaf well with slightly beaten egg white. Top with mashed potatoes, swirling the mixture round. Place under broiler with the rack in the middle oven position—just to brown and heat potatoes.

SOUR-CREAM GRAVY

2 tablespoons bacon drippings
5 tablespoons flour
1 can (10½-oz.) beef consommé
2 teaspoons gravy browner
Drippings from loaf (about ½ cup)
1 cup commercial sour cream

Blend flour and bacon drippings, then add remaining ingredients, except sour cream, and heat, stirring, until thickened and smooth. Blend in sour cream just before serving. Serve with Beef Ribbon Loaf which comes to the table in its own casserole and is cut into squares for serving. Makes 8–10 servings, 2½ cups gravy.

MENU IV

*SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER BEEF LOAF
FIESTA CORN (WHOLE-KERNEL CORN TOSSED WITH CHOPPED GREEN PEPPER, PIMIENTO AND SCALLIONS)
WATERCRESS, ENDIVE AND MANDARIN-ORANGE SALAD
MOCHA MOUSSE
COFFEE OR TEA

SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER BEEF LOAF

4 pounds ground round
4 eggs
2 (1½-oz.) envelopes dry onion-soup mix
½ cup catchup
¼ cup minced green pepper
¼ cup minced dill pickle
1 cup commercial sour cream
6 slices bread soaked in 1 cup milk and then squeezed almost dry
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon garlic salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce

GARNISH:
Pimiento strips
Sliced hard-cooked egg
Parsley

Mix all ingredients together thoroughly, making sure to work the bread in well. Shape into loaves in two 9″ x 5″ x 2¾″ loaf pans and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 1 hour. Pour off any drippings and save for soup. Turn loaves out on a platter, garnish top with pimiento strips, sliced hard-cooked egg, if you like, and sprigs of parsley. Makes 12–15 servings (some for leftovers too). END

EASTER FEAST AFTER CHURCH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

SWEET POTATOES IN ORANGE CUPS

4 pounds sweet potatoes, washed
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼-⅓ cup hot milk
12 scooped-out orange halves (save fruit and juice)
12 marshmallows

For an easy Easter Day, cook the potatoes the day before. Peel and mash while still hot. Add seasonings, butter or margarine, vanilla and milk. You may not need all the milk; potatoes should be light and fluffy but not wet. Pile the mixture into the orange halves. Arrange in a roasting pan or on a baking tray. Cover with saran or aluminum foil and refrigerate overnight. About half an hour before serving time, remove cover, make an indentation in top of each serving of potato and put in a marshmallow. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes until potatoes are heated through and marshmallows golden. Makes 12 servings.

Note: Scoop fruit from orange halves and discard membrane. Save fruit and juice to use for dessert. Cut a decorative edge round the tops of the orange cups, if you wish.

ASPARAGUS, PETIT PEAS AND MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

2 (15-oz.) cans green asparagus
2 (1-lb.) cans petit peas
1 can (10½-oz.) cream-of-mushroom soup
¾ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
1 cup soft white bread crumbs
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Chill the cans of asparagus 2–3 hours to prevent breaking on opening. About 40 minutes before serving time, open and drain. Arrange half the asparagus in a buttered 6-cup casserole. In a bowl, mix gently the peas, soup and cheese. Spoon half the mixture into casserole. Add remaining asparagus, top with remaining peas. Toss crumbs with butter and sprinkle on top of casserole. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F. for about 30 minutes or until crumbs are golden. Makes 8–10 servings.

CHARLESTON DINNER ROLLS

3 cups sifted flour
1½ teaspoons salt
½ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup evaporated milk
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon sugar
2 packages active dry yeast
3 eggs, slightly beaten

Sift 1½ cups flour and the salt into a bow Heat the butter or margarine, milk, wate and sugar to lukewarm. Add the yeast, le stand 2–3 minutes, stir to dissolve. Ad yeast mixture to flour. Mix well, beat unt smooth. Cover and let stand in a warr place for 20 minutes. Add eggs and remain ing 1½ cups flour. Beat vigorously. Kna the dough in the bowl until smooth an satiny. Add a little more flour if dough too sticky to handle. Cover and let rise u til doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Whe dough is risen, knead down lightly ar divide into 24–30 pieces. Form into 1½ balls and place in greased muffin pan Cover and let rise until doubled in siz Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 10–15 mi utes or until golden. Makes 24–30 rolls.

Note: Rolls may be baked, wrapped aluminum foil and stored overnight, th reheated in foil about 10 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F., before serving.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM DESSERT

9 cups orange juice, fresh or frozen (diluted according to can directions)
½–1 cup sugar
6 envelopes unflavored gelatin
2¼ cups canned apricot nectar
Few drops almon flavoring
3 egg whites
Drained canned pears and apric (pitted), seeded black and gree grapes, thawed frozen blueberr strawberries

Heat 2 cups orange juice, sugar accord to taste and the gelatin in a saucepan. S until gelatin dissolves. Mix with remain 7 cups orange juice and the apricot nec Add almond flavoring. Whip egg white buzz in blender until very frothy. Stir whites into fruit juices. Pour mixture i a 3-quart mold. Chill until firm—at le 5–6 hours or overnight. Unmold on la platter and arrange fruit round the b Makes 10–12 servings.

"FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP SAVED OUR DYING CHURCH"

For the Reverend Philip Clarke and his wife Sara, Easter Sunday is far more than the celebration of the religious anniversary; it is a time for special rejoicing with congregation, relatives and their own small children. As Philip conducts the Easter-morning service for 300 or more in one of the loveliest churches in New York City, he will surely be thinking back to the dark days five years ago when he and his young bride, Sara, first saw the Park Avenue Methodist Church. "Most difficult—only a handful of parishioners," he was warned. Could he prevent this beautiful old church from fading into the oblivion that has been the fate of so many others in New York? There was even talk of disbanding the congregation and selling the property! Would a modern apartment house or a skyscraper of steel and glass soon replace the 125-year-old place of worship?

Philip Clarke has been equal to the challenge—though he readily admits to having had many doubts in those early days. In a short time, with the help of several dedicated, devout laymen, he has tripled the congregation and completely restored the Florentine interior of the church. Old members brought friends and neighbo worship on Sunday mornings, newcom dropped in to hear Philip preach—t came again and again—and stayed to s the ever-growing membership. His gregation comes from all walks of life, all nationalities, from all denominati young couples as well as older ones. "ple have been drawn to our church," Philip. "We feel they come here becau is like the one back home—they find s town warmth and friendship and spir nourishment in what can be the most l city in the world."

Every Sunday, after morning service and new members gather in the Fellow Hall above the church. There, over c and cake, they meet and talk and ar troduced. You might see a young c from Korea laughing and talking a m minute with a Wall Street attorney; a of movie fame discussing the church with two young fathers. The room is to overflowing.

Few people can realize what it tak revive a dying church in a city like York; in the spirit of Easter, this on risen as if from the dead.

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COMPANY-BEST MACARONI and CHEESE

You get everything you need for 6 delicious helpings

BRINGS ALONG ITS
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MADE WITH THE FINEST
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You used to have to start from scratch to make macaroni and cheese so creamy and good. Now, **this is all you do: cook the macaroni** (elbow macaroni from selected wheat), then **add the tangy cheese sauce** that comes in the package. How smooth it is! How richly golden! Kraft makes it for you with good things like sweet country cream and the finest of natural cheddars. Company-best is everyday-easy with new Kraft Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner.

*Pasteurized process cheese spread



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MR. DILWORTH'S COFFEE BREAK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

But Mr. Dilworth was not listening at all, and what he was thinking of, very intently, was a little woman in the middle fifties whose name was Mrs. Ferguson.

When Mr. Dilworth's wife had died nine years ago he had assumed, and so had his many friends in St. Louis, that his happiness in life was at an end. Indeed, the first year without her had been a nightmare. But Mr. Dilworth was a brave man and for his children's sake he struggled against his grief. He was not greatly concerned about the two boys who were away at school, but the little girl was only eleven and his heart ached for her. It became his principal ambition to make her happy. Eventually he succeeded and by that time he and Mary were very close to each other. So close that when he went away on a business trip, as he frequently had to do, he missed her. The days were no difficulty. He always enjoyed the board meetings or conferences that took him to New York, but the evenings were very tedious.

They hadn't always been. He and his wife had had many good friends in New York and when he returned there for the first time after her death, he called the dearest of them. He was received with love and sympathy and spent a very happy evening discussing his present situation with two understanding people. On several subsequent visits to New York, he spent similar evenings, but then a change occurred. On one of his visits he discovered that a fourth had been added. And the fourth proved to be a very attractive young woman. She was gay, and played good bridge, and Mr. Dilworth thoroughly enjoyed his evening with her. But on his next visit she was also present; and on his next she was not only present, but took to calling him at his hotel and being insistent about further plans of her own.

Mr. Dilworth was a modest man, but he supposed that he was as attractive as most men of fifty-four, which he then was. And he was a realist. He knew that to a young woman who was free to marry—and this young woman had recently been divorced—his considerable wealth would be no deterrent.

Mr. Dilworth took prompt and simple action. On his next visit to New York he did not call his dear friends. Nor did he stay at the hotel at which he had stayed for twenty-five years. Instead, he stayed at a little hotel of which he had never before heard. On subsequent trips to New York he slipped into and out of town without letting anyone know that he had been there.

But the evenings were very tedious indeed. And then one night as he was eating his lonely dinner, he realized that there was no law against his going to a theater alone. It was at a theater that he had met Mrs. Ferguson.

The play was very moving. When the curtain fell on the first act, he found himself wishing that there was someone that he could talk to about it. He turned and inspected his neighbor at the left. He found a rather plump man who looked uncomfortable and puzzled. He glanced at his neighbor at the right, and saw a little woman who had just removed a tear from her eye. She was certainly not less than fifty, she wore glasses when the lights were down, and she was obviously a lady.

"It's that kind of play, isn't it?" said Mr. Dilworth.

She smiled at him and spoke without eagerness or shyness. "Yes indeed. And I'm agreeably surprised."

Now he was surprised, for the play was a hit. "You didn't expect to like it?"

She smiled again. "No. My students all told me that it was a 'tender' play and that usually means that it's something that makes my hair stand on end."

"I know exactly what you mean," he said. "My oldest son persuaded me to read Kafka last summer."

He had intended to go out and smoke a cigarette between the acts, but suddenly the lights went down in the house, and the curtain went up again. It was the pleasantest intermission that he had spent in two years, and he found himself hoping that the little woman also smoked.

He turned to her as soon as the curtain fell on the second act. "Do you smoke?"

She shook her head. "No."

He was very disappointed and evidently looked it, for she said at once and as simply as if she had been saying it to him for years, "But if you want to, I'll come out to the lobby with you."

When the buzzer rang at the end of the intermission, they had exchanged a good deal of information about themselves. He knew that her husband had died many years ago. That both of her children were in the twenties and that the daughter was married. And she knew considerably more than that about him. Mr. Dilworth was a rather reserved person, but Mrs. Ferguson was such a good listener that he talked to her freely and with great enjoyment. The buzzer surprised him and he looked at her ruefully. "I haven't even had time to tell you about my daughter!"

She laughed and they turned back into the theater.

When the final curtain had fallen, Mr. Dilworth helped Mrs. Ferguson with her coat, then said, "I wonder if I could persuade you to go somewhere and have a bite with me."

Mrs. Ferguson hesitated. "It depends," she said finally, "on where the somewhere is. I don't like noisy places."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Dilworth hastily. And then he laughed. "I've been thinking about it all during the act. I think the Palm Court at the Plaza would be the quietest place in New York."

Mr. Dilworth was right. The pleasant room was only half filled and most of the tables were occupied by people who were chatting in low voices. He and Mrs. Ferguson found a table in a corner and settled themselves comfortably.

Mr. Dilworth had meant to begin with his present problem about Mary. Instead he began with himself. He told her how pleasant his trips to New York used to be when his wife was alive; how they had never failed to look forward to seeing new plays and old friends. Then he told her how he dreaded his present trips to New York with their dullness and loneliness.

"The theater," he said, "has been an absolute salvation for me. But you don't always want to go to a theater. Sometimes you want to have a quiet evening reading."

"Do you like to read?"

"Very much," said Mr. Dilworth, and then he smiled. "I know there's a legend to the effect that businessmen never read, but I do. And my wife did. Reading was an important part of our life together. And I suppose that's the trouble. I simply cannot read alone in a hotel room."

Mrs. Ferguson nodded sympathetically. "No," she said. "If you're used to reading with someone, it's very hard to get used to reading alone. It can be done, but it takes a long time. In the meanwhile, what's happened to your old friends?"

Then Mr. Dilworth told her about his unhappy experience with the young divorcée, and Mrs. Ferguson was amused.

"But I think it would be perfectly safe to call your friends now. The girl's probably married again by this time. And in any case, you owe it to your friends to call them when you come to New York."

"It occurred to me that I should," said Mr. Dilworth, "but it also occurred to me that I might find myself in the same situation with someone else."

Mrs. Ferguson thought for a moment. "If you have three good friends, mightn't you call a different one each month, and rotate them? Only a very optimistic young woman would think that she could capture a man whom she only saw every third month, and then only at a bridge table!"

"You're absolutely right," said Mr. Dilworth. He contemplated his future with some pleasure. "If I go to the theater one evening and spend another evening with friends, that will leave only one evening in which to be bored. This is an enormous improvement." He looked at her and laughed. "Or can you make a suggestion about the third evening?"

She smiled. "If you belong to a club, I can."

"I belong to the University Club, but I haven't been in it since my wife died. We often had dinner there," he said, "and I suppose it simply hasn't occurred to me to go there alone."

"My thought," said Mrs. Ferguson, "is that you could stay at the club instead of the hotel. And then, if you wanted to read, you could read in the library, where other people are doing the same thing. I hear that it has one of the best libraries in town."

Mr. Dilworth looked at her with admiration. "It has," he said. "It also has a very pleasant bridge room—in case I wanted to have a game of bridge with no attractive young females at the table. Much as I like attractive young females!"

This should have led immediately to Mary. Instead it evoked from Mrs. Ferguson the information that she certainly liked the attractive young females whom she taught at Barnard College. And the word "college" reminded Mr. Dilworth that his eldest son was doing badly in English and history, two subjects which he felt were very important to a young man who, he hoped, would be a lawyer.

The discussion that ensued was interesting both to Mr. Dilworth and to Mrs. Ferguson, but it was also very lengthy. When it was finished, Mrs. Ferguson said, "I must go home. It is almost one o'clock, and I have a nine-o'clock lecture."

"Good heaven!" said Mr. Dilworth. "Well, I'll take you home in a cab."

GIVE
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"Indeed you won't. I'll take myself home in a subway."

"A subway? At this hour? Nonsense! Of course I'll take you in a cab!"

She smiled. "I live at West 120th Street."

"Good!" said Mr. Dilworth.

That had been seven years ago when Mary was thirteen. Now she was in her junior year at Vassar and was a beautiful, charming and accomplished young woman. And much of her charm and many of her accomplishments she owed to Mrs. Ferguson, of whom she had never heard.

All Mr. Dilworth's children owed a good deal to Mrs. Ferguson, but it was Mary who owed most. This was partly because she was the youngest, but chiefly because, being a girl, she posed problems that Mr. Dilworth could not solve.

He said to Mrs. Ferguson on that first night as they rode uptown, "I don't know what it is, but she doesn't look pretty any more."

Mrs. Ferguson thought for a moment. "Is her complexion bad?" she said finally.

"No, she has lovely skin. It's something about her hair. She's doing something queer to it. And then her clothes aren't as nice as they used to be."

"Who buys her clothes?"

"One of the maids always goes with her. But I think she must have poor taste. But it's not only the way Mary looks. There's something strange going on. She used to speak so sweetly, and now there's something rough about her and she uses slang all the time. I suppose I should have got a governess for her as all my friends told me I should, but it's too late now. She'll be going to high school in another year."

Mrs. Ferguson again thought for a moment. "I think you must find a very good English governess," she said, "and then introduce her as a housekeeper."

Eventually Mrs. Ferguson found and Mr. Dilworth introduced Mrs. Purdom, who was an authentic genius. She could cook, sew, speak French, ride a bicycle without touching the handlebars, play the piano, polish silver, do needlepoint, petit point and whatever else you had in mind, arrange flowers, keep an eye on the accounts, tie white ties and black ties for young gentlemen, and listen with intelligence and understanding to the complicated problems of a little girl of thirteen.

Thinking of Mrs. Purdom's abilities and of how successfully she had transferred many of them to Mary, Mr. Dilworth smiled, sitting there in the board room.

The chairman saw the smile, and supposing that Mr. Martin must have said something witty which he had missed, decided to pay closer attention. Mr. Martin, who had already gone on far too long, also saw the smile and decided with pleasure that it was safe to continue. The board, seeing the chairman's quickened interest, decided that something important was, after all, being said. So there was a sudden tensing around the table as men began to pay full attention.

What on earth shall I do without her? Mr. Dilworth asked himself. But it was not Mrs. Purdom that he was thinking of. *And a whole year!* He thought back over the past seven years. Apart from the summer that he and Mary had spent in Europe, he couldn't remember a single month in which he hadn't seen Mrs. Ferguson. And in the last two or three years there had been very few weeks in which he hadn't talked to her. He had fallen into the habit of telephoning her to discuss various problems as they arose.

Sometimes he would call her at her apartment quite late at night when they could talk without interruption. Those conversations he particularly enjoyed, but he also enjoyed talking to her when she was in her office at Barnard. She had given him her lecture schedule so he knew when he could find her in the office and nothing amused him more than to discover that he had interrupted a conference with one of her students. On those occasions, and only on those occasions, she greeted him without cordiality, for she was a real teacher and wished to protect her students' rights to her undivided attention.

This morning she had been alone, and had greeted him very cheerfully. No, she couldn't have dinner tonight, she was still correcting the midterm papers. Yes, she could have dinner tomorrow night. They had chatted pleasantly for a few moments and then the bomb had exploded. She was sailing for England on Saturday and would be there for the best part of the year.

"But how can you be! I mean, what about Barnard?"

"It's my sabbatical. I told you I was starting it on the fourth."

She had, but it hadn't seemed very important to him because he knew that she was going to sit quietly in her apartment and write the book she had been gathering material for.

"That was my plan, but two marvelous things happened on the same day! A friend of mine who lives at Oxford invited me to come over and write my book at her house. And a new man at Columbia offered me a handsome sum for renting my apartment for the year. I'll be able to afford a few weeks on the Continent before I come home!"

Mr. Dilworth had not always been a millionaire, but he had been wealthy for so long that he had forgotten that there were people—friends of his, that is—who had to think before they spent a dollar. He had fallen into the habit of associating poise and good manners with the possession of money, and so he had been slow to realize that Mrs. Ferguson was not well off. She had never told him that this was the case, but over the years he had accumulated a good deal of evidence that it was. The first bit was the coat with which he had helped her the night they had met. It was a black cloth coat and was perfectly good looking, as all her clothes were. But as they left the theater and stepped into a bitterly cold night, it occurred to him that a fur coat would have been more appropriate. Eventually he realized that Mrs. Ferguson had no fur coat. She had, in fact, for the first four winters of their acquaintance only the black coat. He had become so used to it that the first night she appeared in a substitute he had been rather

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141



Varicose Veins? Her? Yes, but you'd never suspect it—or the relief she knows! She's wearing the one kind of support hosiery that really works. Made with thin strands of rubber wrapped in flesh-colored nylon. It doesn't merely *stretch* like so-called support hose, it has "*return pressure*" all day long . . . hugs your legs with firm, even live-rubber compression. Gives you party-going sheerness, while it conceals beautifully.

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

artled. But more impressive than the matter
the coat was the list of things that Mrs.
erguson had never done. She had never
ayed golf, been in a night club, owned a car,
elonged to a club, owned a television set,
ayed any card game, been at any of the re-
orts at which Mr. Dilworth was accustomed
spending a few weeks every year. Nor, until
e met Mr. Dilworth, had she been in any
shionable restaurant in New York.

None of this troubled Mr. Dilworth. He was
ware that the life of an intellectual, and es-
ecially the life of an intellectual who happens
be a college professor, a widow and the
other of two children, is necessarily quite
nlike the life of a very successful industrialist.
hinking of Mrs. Ferguson's life, as he often
d, he approved it. She had worked hard and
en successful. She was a full professor at
arnard, and had established such a reputa-
on in her field, which was English history
the nineteenth century, that she had been
vited to lecture at most of the great univer-
ties in the United States. But it did trouble
Ir. Dilworth that a person who had been
uccessful, and of whom he had become very
nd, lacked the creature comforts.

Mrs. Ferguson was a Bostonian by birth.
ut though she was a proper Bostonian in
any ways, she had a defect. She hated the
old! And the cold that she hated most she
ad endured in England when she had been
udying at Oxford. *And now*, thought Mr.
ilworth angrily, *she is voluntarily going to*
xpose herself to almost a year of discomfort
that she can save herself a few hundred dol-
rs. Enough to give her a few weeks' enjoy-
ent on the Continent. He pictured her sitting
a large, cold dining room, eating discourag-
g food, then walking across the hall into a
rge, cold drawing room where she would be
ven wretched coffee before a little coal fire
at gave out almost no heat. She would sit
one side of the fireplace and her hostess
ould sit at the other. And they would talk.
nd presently the Englishwoman would feel
at the room had become stuffy, and would
t up and open something. And then new
old would be added to the old cold. And her
ostess would resume her seat and they would
on talking. And no matter how long they
lked, Mrs. Ferguson would give no sign that
e was suffering, because she was a valiant
oman.

Mr. Dilworth smiled again. Mentally this
me because it occurred to him that the word
valiant," whether applied to a man or a
oman, suggested something superb. And
Irs. Ferguson was not superb. Physically,
at is, he hastened to add to himself, for in
any ways she was superb. Who, for instance,
new as much, was as modest as Mrs. Fer-
son? Whose manners were as good? Who
d as keen a wit or as large a sense of humor?
ho listened with more eager interest to every
tail that you cared to tell her? Who, in spite
her New England reserve, had more real
armth? Who, in fact, was as lovable as Mrs.
erguson?

Mr. Dilworth had reached this exact point
his thoughts when he saw the light. Mrs.
erguson was not only lovable, she was loved.
e had probably been in love with her for
ears, but in his mind love was so associated
ith the feeling that he had had for his first
ife's youth and beauty and grace that it
adn't occurred to him that love could come
any other guise.

Good heaven! he said to himself, and though
said it silently his face betrayed his aston-
hment.

The chairman, although he had been listen-
g intently, had never taken his eyes from
Ir. Dilworth's face. And as he saw Mr. Dil-
orth's look of astonishment, he said to him-
lf, *By the Lord Harry, he's not even listening!*
or in the last minute Mr. Martin had been
ading a paragraph from the financial report
a competitor company, with every line of
hich every man at the table was perfectly
miliar.

The chairman was ten years younger than
Ir. Dilworth. He had followed his career for
any years with interest and admiration. He
rved with him on two other boards, and therefore had the pleasure of listening to him very frequently. And never since he had known Mr. Dilworth had he known him to be at a loss. He suspected that Mr. Dilworth could extricate himself from any difficulty; but as Mr. Dilworth was usually listening when he was sitting at a meeting, this had never been proved. The chairman realized that he now had a unique opportunity, and he determined to take advantage of it. When Mr. Martin finally stopped and sat down, he did so.

"Mr. Dilworth, what is *your* opinion?"

The chairman to his great delight saw a look of bewilderment cross Mr. Dilworth's face, and then slowly, very slowly, Mr. Dilworth got to his feet, looked round the table and smiled. "Gentlemen," he said, looking at his watch, "it is now exactly nineteen minutes to five. We have been here talking since two o'clock. And my opinion is that we have reached a moment at which we have got to make a decision!"

Heads nodded around the table.

"But the decision that we are going to make can either make us or lose us a very great deal of money. So it is important that we bring to this decision the greatest possible mental acuity. I therefore move, Mr. Chairman, that we avail ourselves of the privilege which we all extend to our secretaries and take a fifteen-minute coffee break."

At meetings of this board, coffee was always available. At a table in the corner of the room, left of the chairman, stood an electric coffee-maker, surrounded by ten little cups, and theoretically any board member could at any time take a cup of coffee. In practice no one had ever done so during a meeting. So when Mr. Dilworth made his motion, all the members except the chairman leaped to the conclusion that Mr. Dilworth wanted to do a little electioneering before the matter under discussion came to a vote.

Mr. Dilworth's motion was greeted by a little ripple of laughter, but immediately after by a chorus of seconds. The chairman, smiling good-naturedly, said, "And so ordered."

And now, said the chairman to himself as they all pushed back their chairs, *the old fox will find out what we've been talking about.* But to his surprise, and that of the entire board, Mr. Dilworth had already slipped out.

Mrs. Ferguson always left her office promptly at five. Sometimes she went straight home, but more often she went somewhere for tea. And Mr. Dilworth was determined to get in touch with her while he still could. He hurried through the outer offices to the corridor and down the corridor to the elevators. Here he waited for what seemed to him an interminable time. But finally a down elevator stopped and took him to the first floor. Here he lost two full minutes looking for a telephone booth, but he still had thirteen minutes to spare when Mrs. Ferguson's pleasant voice said "Hello."

Mr. Dilworth wasted no time in establishing his identity. "Ellen," he said, "forgive me for disturbing you again, but there's something I've got to tell you."

"You sound agitated," said Mrs. Ferguson solicitously.

"I am. Very. And small wonder. Ellen, I've just discovered that I'm in love with you."

"Good heaven!" said Mrs. Ferguson. Then firmly, after a second, "You can't be!"

"The wonder," said Mr. Dilworth, "is that I didn't know it years ago."

"How do you know it now?"

"That's a long and amusing story which I look forward to telling you. But I haven't time now; I've got to get back to the board meeting."

"The board meeting? You mean it's still going on?"

"Not exactly. I persuaded them to have a fifteen-minute recess, but I used up almost five minutes finding a telephone. Ellen, will you marry me?"

"Howard, I ——"

"I won't bother telling you what I can offer you, because you know already. If you come to think of it, there's very little that either of us doesn't know about the other. But what gave me courage to call you and gives me hope that if I stop talking you will say 'Yes' is that you have been seeing me pretty constantly for the last seven years. And it can't always have been because you wanted to help me—or could it? Are you *that* kind? I suppose you are. Well, all right, in that case let me point out a few things to you. For instance, Mary will probably be married in the next year or so and I couldn't possibly think of all the things that ought to be thought of. And even if Mrs. Purdom could, I couldn't put her in the receiving line, could I? And I haven't the courage to tell Ruth and Jack that they're spoiling their child. You've told so many girls how to behave that you could surely tell Ruth, if you were her stepmother-in-law. And you might be able to persuade Billy not to get married until he's old enough to drive a car safely. All this sounds as if I expected you to live in St. Louis, but of course I don't. Not at once, I mean, and not for the whole year. My idea would be that when you get back from your sabbatical, which I will spend with you wherever you like, we could take an apartment in New York during the term and that you would spend the vacations and an occasional weekend in St. Louis. But these are all details that we could go into later on, and as I always say to the head of a company with which I am preparing to merge, anything that is mutually beneficial can probably be arranged through discussion. Ellen, the last time, the only other time that I asked anyone the question that I asked you a moment ago, I think I put everything more persuasively. But on that occasion I was sitting on a sofa with Margaret's hand in mine. Just now I am in a telephone booth and there's a rather large man with a cigar leaning against the door waiting for me to finish, and somehow I can't say the things I looked forward to saying."

By the way of reply Mrs. Ferguson laughed her warm, hearty laugh, and then there was a brief pause before she said in a hesitant voice, "Howard, I really don't think ——" and then there was another pause, and she said in a voice of pure astonishment, "I think I'd love to marry you."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Dilworth.

"But there are a great many details that would have to be worked out. Important ones too. For instance, have you told any of your children anything about me?"

"No," said Mr. Dilworth. "I was afraid they'd think " — he broke off as the absurdity of what he was about to say struck him, and he gave a snort of laughter—"I was afraid they'd think there was something romantic between us."

"That's exactly what I thought, but it's not going to make it easier to tell them. I suppose they'll all resent our marrying."

"I shouldn't wonder!" said Mr. Dilworth cheerfully. But then he said, "No, on second thought, they'll all be delighted! After all, we're both making a very good match."

"That's what we think, but will they?"

"I was thinking of it from their point of view. I will be bringing a scholar into the family, something we've never had before, and you will be bringing a millionaire into yours. It will give them all additional prestige."

"Ah," said Mrs. Ferguson, "up they go on the status ladder."

"Exactly," said Mr. Dilworth. "Ellen, you've got to have dinner with me."

"Yes, I think so. What time will your meeting be finished?"

"Very soon now, I think. Everyone seemed pleased when I said the time had come to make a decision."

"What are you deciding?"

"I have no idea! When I got to the meeting, Mr. Thompkins was making some brilliant suggestions about enlarging the plant at Blairsville. But when he finished his report, I stopped listening and began to think of you. And that brings me to the present!"

The chairman was in excellent spirits. In the first place, it was almost certain that the board would adopt Mr. Thompkins's proposals. Moving about from group to group, during the brief recess, he had counted the votes and found that there were six in favor and only three opposed. And even if Mr. Dilworth was opposed—hardly likely, as he was usually on the side of the angels—it was most unlikely he would be able to change enough votes to obstruct the expansion.

In the second place, as none of the other members had left the room with Mr. Dilworth it was quite certain that he would return to it as ignorant of what had gone on at the meeting as he had been when he left. And the chairman had evolved a very neat little plan for exposing Mr. Dilworth's ignorance. Not to the other board members, of course. He liked Mr. Dilworth too much for that. But he looked forward with relish to the moment when he would, in his own phrase, "smoke the old fox out of his hole."

Mr. Dilworth entered the room exactly one minute before the fifteen minutes had expired. He paused, and said something to a board member named Anderson, who looked like Calvin Coolidge, and who greatly resembled him in other ways. For a moment the chairman was fearful, but then he realized that even the laconic Mr. Anderson could hardly describe Mr. Thompkins's plan, and the board's comments on it, in sixty seconds.

"Mr. Anderson," said Mr. Dilworth, "I was daydreaming during the meeting. Did we ever discuss anything except Thompkins's ideas about the Blairsville plant?"

Mr. Anderson shook his head.

"Did anyone say anything out of character?"

Mr. Anderson shook his head again.

"Thank you," said Mr. Dilworth, and moved up to the chairman, who had beckoned to him, and was now waiting for him with a more than usually friendly expression.

"Mr. Dilworth," said the chairman, "before we put the matter to a vote, I think that we ought to have a summary of what the various members have said about the proposal. If I call upon you, will you be willing to give us such a summary?"

The chairman had expected a reaction, but he was not prepared for Mr. Dilworth's look of utter dismay, and he felt the pleasurable glow of triumph.

"Indeed, no!" said Mr. Dilworth.

"No? May I ask why not?" said the chairman pleasantly.

Mr. Dilworth looked at him benevolently. "Because it would give these assiduous men the impression that we thought they hadn't been listening."

The chairman's glow died within him but he managed to smile. "That hadn't occurred to me. Thank you." END

THE TEAR VIAL

BY SARA KING CARLETON

This is the letter that I did not
write,
Not yesterday, but yesterdays ago,
Confessing how beyond the
common height
You seemed to me with things I did
not know,
Aloof and wise; and now I pour my
years
Into a fragile bottle. Can they tell,
Who dug it from the earth, that only
tears
Could be caught in it? Maybe joy as
well.

So small, so green, and compassed
by one hand,
But all my life is here held to the
light,
Along with what I did not
understand—
This is the letter that I could not
write
Because I was so young, too young
and shy
Of what I had then. . . . It needs no
reply.

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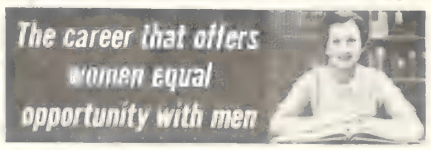
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INSIDE THE EXCITING WORLD OF FASHION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

remembered by some of my friends today. "There was the most divine Irish maid," Mainbocher said recently, "serving the best tea in the world. There was your mother's beautiful Georgian furniture and silver and glass—it was like a bit of Ireland in New York."

Mainbocher, who has had such an influence on fashion, came to us not at all as a fashion expert. He and my brother Victor were art students together in Paris. My brother Tom was in business, Desmond and Jim were at M.I.T., but Victor and Christine were both budding artists. For a while I went with my sister to Robert Henri's class at the Art Students' League until I discovered I hadn't a vestige of talent. Then I gradually drifted into my mother's shop as a "helper."

T. M. & J. M. Fox, along with houses like Tappé, Thurn, Hickson and Bendel, was definitely *haute couture*. When my mother moved the establishment to East 57th Street, she was moving onto the Rue de la Paix of New York. Her customers came from all over the country, always by appointment, and they paid prices that began at $350 and went up and up. Women like Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, Mrs. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, Mrs. Tevis of California and Mrs. E. H. Gary of New York seemed to spend most of their time ordering clothes from my mother and wearing them at various functions.

My apprenticeship in fashion was progressing, if slowly. My mother took my sister and me to the collections in Paris. At Doeuillet's she saw an elaborate dress that she wanted to copy, but knew she could get the embroidery done more cheaply somewhere else. She told me to remember the top of the dress, Christine the bottom. Christine's sketch was better, but I found that I could remember the details exactly, that I actually had a photographic eye for fashion when I focused it—another invaluable asset in my career.

But when I was back in the shop I suffered from an acute inferiority complex. I felt that my mother knew everything and that I didn't know anything at all. I used to model occasionally and I could always make a dab at a customer when there was no one else there to do it, but I was totally uninterested in following up an order; and now that my social life was beginning to spin around, my "work" was an interruption.

I *adored* dancing. Now that I was at last coming out of my shell, I took part in the prewar gaiety that swept New York when Irene and Vernon Castle introduced the maxixe and the tango and young women in ankle-length hobble skirts and lampshade silhouettes first met their beaux "under the clock" at the Biltmore for tea-dancing. I hadn't "a pick on my bones" and I wasn't athletic, but I was a good dancer, if I do say it myself, and by now there was no lack of young men to dance with me.

War was declared in August of 1914 and my sister went over with the American Fund for French Wounded long before America entered the war. I wanted above all things to go too. But there were difficulties about my passport. So the next summer I got no farther than Hyannis Port, where my mother had taken a cottage for the summer.

In France Christine met her fate in a fellow war worker, Dr. Francis Holbrook. My mother sent her money for a Paris trousseau and when she came home to be married we watched her unpack with eager curiosity to see what the French *couture* was doing. Christine's wedding dress was by Chéruit. That was approved, but one dress that Christine showed us was a terrible letdown to my mother. It was a simple chemise in wool jersey. It had a collar of dubious fur. Fur with *jersey?* Christine said that the designer, Chanel, was a coming name in Paris, but no one in New York had heard of her. My mother declared flatly that her good money might as well have been thrown away. "That Christine!"

As soon as my passport difficulties got straightened out I joined the Red Cross and crossed the torpedo-infested Atlantic, as Christine and my brothers had done. When I got to France I found that the canteens in Paris were the really hardworking, *needed* places. In the railroad stations the Red Cross served coffee and food to the doughboys passing through, day and night, in a steady stream.

Most of the girls I crossed with got themselves assigned to officers' clubs, but I was stationed at the Gare St. Lazare.

I worked until after the armistice. I brought back to America a report I'm proud of ("Indefatigable and smart as tacks"), a sense of achievement and a new confidence in myself. But back in my mother's shop, my old inferiority complex took over. When my mother proposed taking me with her on a buying trip, the only reason I wanted to go was to get back to Paris, to the Hotel Westminster on the Rue de la Paix where my mother always stopped, where I had lived during the war. Its old-fashioned rooms epitomized for me the romance and glamour of Paris, already the city of my heart.

Then, if my life is a fairy tale, as I've often been told, my fairy godmother appeared. A friend named Harrydel Hallmark ran a syndicated fashion column under the name "Ann Rittenhouse." She was too ill to go to the collections this year and asked me if I would like to send her some fashion notes. Here at last was something I felt I could do. I slaved over those notes night after night, with the result that Harrydel was delighted with my report. I remember I said to her, "I'd rather be doing the work you're doing than anything in the world." She said, "I'll give you a letter to Mrs. Chase, the editor of *Vogue*."

Mrs. Chase was sufficiently impressed to introduce me to Condé Nast, the publisher, and he in turn invited me to write for the magazine, but at this moment my mother had a serious illness and I had to keep an eye on the shop. It wasn't a very clever eye, I can tell you. But like most temporary setbacks, this one was useful. Our workroom on 34th Street employed 250 fitters and seamstresses who had to be supervised. I began to learn the architecture of clothes.

When my mother's health improved enough for her to come back to work, I was back in my old subordinate position, and miserable. I remembered how Mr. Nast had peered at me through his pince-nez like a dapper owl. I was on the point of calling him to ask him if he possibly had a place for me when, without any warning, he suddenly dashed into the shop. In an hour, he said, he was sailing for Europe, but before he left he wanted to ask me to come to *Vogue*.

Can you imagine my excitement? "Good-bye—so it's settled right now, Miss White"—my future was settled.

For my first day on *Vogue* as an assistant fashion editor, I got myself up to kill. I wore a smart but dead-black crepe-de-chine dress and jacket from Vionnet, the exciting new Paris designer whose bias cut, with its infinitely complex sewing, was so subtle I was proud of myself (I still am) for recognizing that here was an artist in fabric. With it, I wore a dead-black hat and, since my mother decreed that a lady's stockings must match her gloves, naturally my shoes and stockings were black. If I'd ordered a mourning "trousseau," as women still did when a member of the family died, I couldn't have achieved a more somber effect.

But my effect on the *Vogue* office was fortunately lively. Mr. Nast appreciated the fact that I'd assisted behind the scenes at the creation of beautiful clothes, that I was interested in everyone and able to get on with anyone.

From the moment I arrived at *Vogue* the day seldom passed without a phone call from my mother to check up on my performance. At dinner there would be dire predictions that my career couldn't possibly last: "The third time this week she's been at the hairdresser's *and look at her hair.*" My hair was "marcelled" in those days before permanents, and it had to be continually pressed with hot tongs. I must have lived in an aura of permanent scorch.

My hair had turned prematurely white which was startling with my preternaturally young, pink complexion, and my hairdresser was itching to experiment with dyes, but I would no more have countenanced anything as extreme as that than my mother would.

Condé Nast, the descendant of French and German ancestors, had an American gift for making money. By the time he was thirty-five he was making $50,000 a year, and by the time I met him he had amassed a fortune through his publishing enterprise. Since he sensed in me something that *Vogue* needed he determined to mold his new fashion editor into a figure of fashion. He began inviting me for weekends at his Newport estate and wangled invitations for me to luxurious Adirondack camps.

The fashionable were no longer confined to the old guard of society. It was Ina Claire, for instance, who really launched Chanel in America by wearing Chanel clothes in

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEXT MONTH

WHICH ARE EASIER TO RAISE, BOYS OR GIRLS?

"When they cry," says columnist Art Buchwald in this special *Journal* survey, "they all sound alike." A test pilot's comment, "Dresses cost more than blue jeans"; but "Girls are more fun to dress," says Ethel Kennedy. Dr. Ashley Montagu added that girls are hardier at all ages. Laugh and learn as you read it in the May *Journal*.

TO DELIGHT YOUR MAYTIME HEART

Three spring salads to grace a bridal shower, an afternoon of bridge, the club's day at your house. Shrimp with water chestnuts and a whisper of dill . . . tender chicken chunks in creamy dressing with frosty green grapes . . . veal-and-tongue strips julienne.

THE QUESTIONS ADOLESCENTS ASK ABOUT SEX

Dr. Spock talks to mothers about talking to teenagers—and urges honesty, common sense and a refreshing idealism.

THE GROWING YEARS

Harold Mapes's unique daylight savings plan buys him precious companionship with his five children, ages 12, 10, 8, 6 and 2. Nan and Hal spend time, love and Hal's varying salary ($13,666 gross last year) for the bicycles, dentist trips and music lessons their children need now. Challenge of the future: a whopping $32,000 college bill. "How America Spends Its Money."

Also, another installment of the Gallup survey, "The Woman's Mind"; "Tell Me, Doctor"; stories and much, much more in the May *Journal*.





THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

1936
Bought Maytag

ou can see that the last 25 years have been kind Mrs. Roy Neely of Newnan, Georgia. As kind her as her remarkable Maytag.

Over the years, she's developed a real affection r it. And no wonder. She bought this Maytag as bride and the very first time it needed repairs as long after she had become a grandmother.

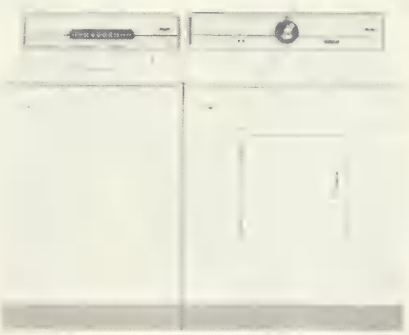
Nor was her Maytag coddled. "For six years, ree families used it besides ourselves," wrote rs. Neely.

She concluded her complimentary letter to Mr. Maytag" by noting that "in this day and age was nice to be able to get a new part for a ma- ine that old." (In our reply, we couldn't resist telling Mrs. Neely that the new part is actually better than the old.)

Two things only, remain to be said: No, we don't expect every Maytag we build to last as long as Mrs. Neely's. Yes, we do everything we can to build them so they will.

Many long years from now, parts (if needed) will be available for your new Maytag Automatic with all these features: ***Automatic Bleach Dispenser ends bleaching mistakes, Lint-Filter Agitator ends lint problems, Automatic Water Level Control saves money, Safety Lid stops action in seconds when opened, and a Zinc-coated Steel Cabinet protects against rust!***

1961
Bought new part



MAYTAG

the dependable automatics



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DIAPERS

STRETCHABILITY The unique 100% gauze fabric with the stretch-and-return weave gets stretchier with washing. Modern, streamlined size is easier to handle . . . folds conveniently for more absorbency where most needed.

BETTER FIT — adjusts smoothly to babies of all sizes.

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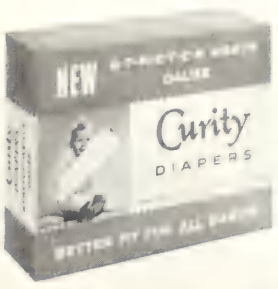
MORE ABSORBENT — provides maximum protection.

LESS BULK — no needless bunching, more comfortable for baby.

Don't forget extra absorbent Curity Night Diapers — one will do the whole night through. Save time and trouble also with Curity PREFOLD and Curity DISPOSABLE diapers — and dress up baby with colorful Curity print diapers.

Curity washes softer, smoother in quality products like Ivory Snow, Ivory Flakes or Dash Detergent. Curity diapers are available at leading stores and diaper services.

For infants wear of the finest quality look for **Curity Baby Knits**—*a complete line for most every need.*



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

delightful comedies. And what Chanel did to free fashion from elaborate stuffiness, Condé Nast did for society. He's supposed to have said that when he gave the first of his famous parties he couldn't leave out his friend Mrs. Vanderbilt and he couldn't leave out his friend George Gershwin, so he had them both—and thus café society was born.

As the old fixed ranks gradually turned into a wheel of fashion, the hub was the fabulous Park Avenue penthouse which Condé shared with his friend Frank Crowninshield, the beloved editor of *Vanity Fair*.

As "Crownie" later said, this new society hadn't yet "drifted into barrooms and night clubs and lost its chic." It met often in Condé's ballroom, which was covered with eighteenth-century Chien-Lung wallpaper and had long windows opening onto a covered terrace where a hundred guests could sit down at small tables set under flowering plants. His parties were designed for the glamour he wanted reflected in *Vogue*, just as his Chinese screens were designed as backgrounds for the models who used his mirror-paneled dressing room on sittings.

My working hours were equally glamorous when Steichen began photographing for *Vogue*. It was my job to choose the clothes to be shown, to arrange them on the model, to assist the photographer in any way he needed. It was a tremendous coup to get a great artist like Steichen to photograph fashion (one of Condé's talents was his ability to attract talent) and it was my first coup that Steichen and I immediately clicked.

We met in Condé's apartment for our first sitting. The model was wearing an elaborate evening gown I had chosen. *Vogue*'s electrician was there with a battery of klieg lights. Steichen had never made a picture by artificial light before. He studied the model, the background, the lighting, and then turned to me. "Can you get me two bed sheets?" What the photographer wants, the photographer gets. I raided a linen closet, we covered the row of lights and we obliterated the glare, allowing Steichen's marvelously luminous quality to come through.

Fashion as fashion was no more interesting to him than it was to his best model—Marion Morehouse, who is now Mrs. E. E. Cummings. She was more than a clotheshorse. She was an artist at modeling and, since she had the most beautiful legs in the world, it was our joint enterprise—Steichen's and mine—to show them off to advantage, which we could easily do when skirts reached their all-time high.

I always went to Steichen's sittings with such joy, as if I were taking the picture myself! His severity never frightened me—it was all *fun*. And what he said to me at our last meeting I will always treasure: "If you enjoyed our work together, I enjoyed it twice as much. If you learned, I learned twice as much."

My work under Mrs. Chase was less rewarding because she seemed to criticize everything I did. She could put you in smithereens and, since it was only my work with Steichen (he wouldn't work with anyone else) that wasn't under her supervision, it was almost like being back under my mother's thumb.

I wasn't without authority in my own department. One of the girls who worked on the magazine described me as looking like a Cossack under a black astrakhan hat, "with those gimlet eyes piercing you while you crouched at a desk in a corner of her icy office." My first copywriter, Lois Long, was a typical flapper in the early 'twenties whose heart was with *Vanity Fair*, if she couldn't be on the stage—she was continually running off and then coming back again—but she had a light touch that I liked.

Crownie was the custodian of Condé's taste, consulted by him on every question of art or decoration. He shared my passion for the theater and used to sit beside me at first nights happily holding my hand. Afterward he always took me to Hicks for an ice or a soda.

Crownie, of course, was always at Condé's parties. I remember the evening he pointed out a red-faced Englishman in a worn dinner jacket talking to another man twice as t The tall man, Crownie told me, was L Birkenhead. The little man was an out- office politician named Winston Churchill w was in America trying to sell some artic

Some of the famous figures of the 'twen I met on my own. When I went to see *A of Divorcement* I was entranced by the yo girl who played the part of the daughter. dark beauty of face and voice was so full promise (I have always been attracted by w I can, by some kind of Irish clairvoyan *foresee* in an artist), I wangled an introduct to Katharine Cornell. My friendship with and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, beca very close and dear to me. Their house Beekman Place (which wasn't yet "disc ered") was a dropping-in place, where heard Gershwin play his *Rhapsody in* before it was ever played in public, wh Noel Coward brought his friends Bea L and Gertrude Lawrence before they beca the toasts of New York.

When *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* burst o delighted world, I took Anita Loos under wing. She was literally under the wing of tall, thin husband, John Emerson (she reac barely to his chest), and she claims that *held* onto his coattails when I took around to parties, but our click was imm ate and it extended even to our clothes. were both dressed by Chanel, later by M bocher, most recently by Balenciaga.

When I met her, her Lorelei Lee was pearing serially in the magazine that wa become the impersonal love of my life. A wrote *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* originall a short story and sent it to H. L. Menc "Little girl," he warned Anita, "you're n ing fun of sex and that's never been o before in the U.S.A. I suggest you send story to *Harper's Bazaar*, where it'll be among the ads and won't offend anybo

Ray Long was the editor in charge Hearst's magazines and fortunately saw story. "Why do you stop?" he asked A "You've started this girl on a trip. Go So, as Lorelei appeared one month in *Har Bazaar*, Anita was frantically writing the month's installment. This was the first men had ever read the *Bazaar*—the newsst sales doubled, then tripled. James Joyce, had begun to lose his eyesight, saved reading for Lorelei Lee. And George Sa yana, when asked what was the best boo philosophy written by an American, answe "*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*."

Why does Paris have such overwhelm glamour for me? I think it's because it's place that worships quality: *the best* of ev thing. That, of course, is why Paris leads world in fashion. Because the workman and the fabrics, as well as the designers the best that can be found. America plenty of talent, but American desig haven't that fund of auxiliary talent to on. Manufacturers turning out whol dresses can't afford the time or the risk volved in experimentation. Commercial sure all but stifles the spontaneity of young. That is why we will always loo Paris for fresh inspiration.

When I went to the collections as *Vo* fashion editor I was inspired by that de tion to quality. My first allegiance wa Chanel, because the freedom of her cl was so congenial to me. I remember to day the first "little black dress" I bought her, of chenille with a tie belt, and sleeves over the shoulder (I could wear it today). wonderful in it because I wasn't even scious of wearing a new dress, which I'v ways hated.

But I was also ravished by the beaut other collections that blossomed after the Condé told me to buy myself an evening from Callot Soeurs as a present from him, my mother was delighted with *that*. Vion subtlety of design I've spoken about, and Mainbocher, then settled in Paris as a fas artist, took me to her collection I couldn sist a soft almond-green crepe dress and and-white tweed coat that went with it. I the first time anyone came back to Am with a coat whose lining matched the d and it made a sensation.

One of my missions on this first trip was to persuade Mainbocher (as he now called himself) to head the French office of *Vogue*. I wasn't successful on my first try—Main has always had a healthy respect for the value of his work and won't settle for less!—but our old friendship was renewed, and he also took me to two new houses, Louiseboulanger and Augustabernard, which he admired and hoped I would patronize.

Louise Boulanger made a remark to me that my mother adored. "The day tennis came in," she said sourly, "the *demimondaine* went out, and fashion with her." She was thinking of the cumbersome, luxurious clothes that only houses like T. M. & J. M. Fox could copy; and of course fashion has never, I suppose, been the sole purpose of a woman's life since the day of the *demimondaine*.

It was in Paris that I finally decided to cut my hair. Of course I went to Antoine, *the* hairdresser of the day. I wasn't a very important patron then. He kept looking around the room at his titled customers while he snipped and I shivered. "*Pas trop court, M. Antoine!*" I kept protesting, to absolutely no avail. I clapped my hat over my shorn head, hurried back to the Hotel Westminster, and went to bed that night without daring to look in the mirror.

There was a long mirror facing my bed. When I woke up the next morning I knew I had to face the music. Slowly I sat up and looked at my reflection. My relief when I saw it was "all right"—M. Antoine hadn't won his reputation for nothing—floods me again today when I think of that moment. I'd been afraid I'd die of shame.

Now I could get proper hats to go with my Chanel suits. The "proper hat"—a cloche—could come only from Reboux. Dressmakers have taken over the making of hats now, to go with their costumes, but the techniques had to be learned from modistes like Reboux and Agnes. Similarly, nobody used dressmaker perfume until Chanel came out with her famous "No. 5." Every dressmaking house sells perfume and costume jewelry now, but Coco Chanel was the innovator.

She was not only an innovator. She was—and is—her own best model. Her stance—hips forward, foot forward, hand in pocket—demonstrates the ease of her swinging skirts and shows the athleticism of her compact little body. She wasn't a jockey in her youth, as has been said of her, but when she urges you, as she frequently does, to squeeze her buttocks, you find they're as hard as a cement ball. She has mes of peasant stock, which makes her very mysterious—when you lure her out to a famous restaurant she always orders a good peasant soup—and when she was discovered by the Duke of Westminster she was singing the tough songs of the Bal Musette in a *café chantant* outside Paris. The duke introduced her to yachting, which was his life. One day at Cowes it blew up suddenly chill, Coco borrowed his reefer to throw around her shoulders—and another "Chanel look" was born. When the 'twenties Schiaparelli was still unknown, though Anita Loos was launching her by wearing the black-and-white sweaters that started Scap on her sensational career. The first couturier to recognize the value of publicity was Patou. He made a great stir by holding a competition for American girls to model his clothes in Paris. Most of Patou's models married titles or wealth. Before them none was famous, as later models like Bettina and Suzy Parker became famous, though Hebe, the beautiful English girl who modeled for Lucile and Molyneux (and who was dipped in iodine when the "tan" became fashionable), was known outside the profession.

I was in my thirties when I went to *Vogue*. Though my life was exciting and rewarding, it began to look as if I would never "settle down" into matrimony. I longed to have children, but my maternal instinct was partially satisfied by my brother Tom's daughters, Nancy and Carmel (named for me), for whom I adored to buy pretty dresses. And when I fell in love, it was with a divorcé.

Since, as a Catholic, I take the dictates of my Church with great seriousness, I tried to resolve my emotional turmoil by "spinning around" faster and faster. A young reporter who always called herself Jane Grant, even after she married Harold Ross, *The New Yorker*'s first editor, was a friend of mine and I often went to the after-theater parties that brought the "Vicious Circle" of the Algonquin Round Table together with many celebrities who admired, envied or feared them.

Ruby Ross, the first of the successful women decorators, was another fateful friend of mine. "Au Quatrième," the decorating shop in John Wanamaker's New York store, exhibited her exquisite taste to perfection, and so did her house on lower Fifth Avenue. The colors of the modern chintzes and wallpapers she used and the interesting people she drew around her were almost equally fascinating to me. She had a reputation for being "fast"—my mother objected to my going to her parties—but the most stabilizing influence in my life came to me through Ruby Ross. By the end of 1926 I was no longer "Miss White of *Vogue*."

Ruby had become engaged to a man named Chalmers Wood who shared a house in East Norwich that belonged to a Long Island bachelor. When she asked me to dine with them one early spring evening, all I knew was that the bachelor's name was George Palen Snow. East Norwich seemed a long "commute" for a New York businessman, and though the old white frame house we eventually arrived at had charm, it looked exactly like what it was: a bachelor establishment belonging to a man who cared only for sports.

We were welcomed by a servant who told us that Mr. Snow and Mr. Wood, with another gentleman, were out golfing but would be back "pretty soon." As our wait lengthened and lengthened, Ruby began fuming at Mr. Wood and I began fuming at Mr. Snow. When they finally turned up, apologetic but exhilarated by their first golf of the season, I deliberately fastened my attention on the "other



"I'd like to let you all in on something that has been kept a closely guarded secret around here for years. *I'm not made of money!*"



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Comb "Youth" into Gray Hair



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No skin test required. Canute Water is harmless; not a single injury in over 45 years! Costs only a few cents per application. For men too.

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It's true! Now you can escape gray hair. With pure, safe Canute Water. A few applications will completely re-color your hair similar to its original, natural shade. Do it at home! Just one simple touch-up a month keeps your hair young-looking for good! And it retains its lovely new color and texture no matter how much you curl, wave or shampoo.

gentleman," a man from Boston introduced as Mr. Curtis.

We took an immediate shine to each other. I was to learn later that he too was a divorcé (to be expected in unattached men my age!), but that evening we began a delightful flirtation. I scarcely noticed "Pa," as his friends affectionately called Mr. Snow. He was tall and good-looking, but he seemed diffident, he had a stutter, and I was still furious with him. When Ruby and I left he mumbled something about seeing me again, but the only definite engagement I went away with was to see Mr. Curtis.

Jimmy Curtis became an assiduous beau. I began spending most of my evenings with one or the other of my divorced suitors, though occasionally I allowed "Pa" (whom I called Palen then and have ever since) to take me to dinner-dances at the Pierre.

As summer came on I found the white farmhouse in East Norwich a very attractive place to visit on Sundays. Palen was still wedded to outdoor pursuits—when he wasn't golfing he was riding or gardening—but his eagerness to share his enthusiasms with me was terribly appealing. I'm not a natural athlete—the only exercise I ever cared about was dancing—but there was a boyishness about this big man in his forties that you couldn't resist.

I had told him that our pleasant evenings together would have to be interrupted because *Vogue* was sending me to Paris. When he found out when I was sailing he sent me a telegram: "May I sail on the Mauretania with you? Reply paid." My answer was prompt: "Offer accepted." Our wedding was set for Armistice Day.

Our honeymoon in Paris had to be combined with business for me, a foretaste of our life together, but Palen had consolations. The American ambassador was a friend of the Snows. Palen and Parmelee Herrick, the ambassador's son, made expeditions together by day, and we often dined at the embassy in the evening.

This visit to Paris was both more private and more formal than any visit I've made before or since, a good introduction to my new life. Palen also had his business to attend to—he was an attorney who in conjunction with his father represented a building-loan company—and though his house was to be our permanent home, we took a hotel suite for the winter months, as we were to do for many years.

Naturally our friends wanted to entertain us, and though Edna Chase maintained that the only time I got any sleep was when I fell asleep in my partner's arms on the dance floor, *I* maintain that if my eyes were closed, it was in ecstasy. I've told you how I adored dancing; I was in love; and when I became pregnant that first spring of my marriage, my cup of happiness was full.

When the second Carmel Snow was born in November I was forty, and naturally I had more difficulty than my mother had bearing me. But my convalescence in Miss Lippincott's Sanitarium, where a Snow would of course have her babies, was a fete. Miss Lippincott's was just above the Colony Restaurant, and champagne and gourmet meals flowed upward along with a stream of visitors. Mainbocher brought me baby clothes from Lanvin; little Carmel's underthings came from Fairyland (babies were *dressed* in those days); Jessica Daube, my old friend from Bendel who was now Bergdorf Goodman's "Empress of Millinery," began her custom of making me a "coming-out" hat for my emergence from pregnancy. I engaged a stylish English nanny for the baby, and while we were staying with my mother that winter, the elevator was constantly popping up and down because I felt so well after the three-week period you spent in hospital in those days; I was on the go the minute I was let out.

When we moved to Palen's little house at East Norwich in the spring I really concentrated on housekeeping, which I enjoy. But if Palen's old friends thought I was going to make his little farmhouse Voguey, they were mistaken. It looks today much as it did when I first saw it: the sofas a little too big for the parlor, the dining room still in the same shade of periwinkle blue that Palen loves. I covered his chairs with flowered French chintzes and crowded the tables set comfortably in the middle of a room with the pictures of my family and friends that I like to keep near me. We added a terrace for our lunch parties, but I had to move out of my bedroom to accommodate overnight guests.

Every weekend was crammed with engagements. Clarence Mackay's impromptu reception for Lindbergh, the space hero of the '20's







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Please keep all medicines out of the reach of children

OVER 12 USE REGULAR BAYER ASPIRIN  (5-GRAIN TABLET)

LINES FOR MY FATHER

By RUTH HULBURT HAMILTON

My father once stood outside a one-room school
In Nebraska and rang a bell to call his pupils.
In fact, they who had at first been loath to learn
Gave him the bell. Surely there is some significance in that?
Not the father I knew, but his earlier self
Lived in a covered wagon, and once in a sod house!
Under a sky pale as milk, with a windy dust blowing,
He learned kindness, practiced patience, grew up perfectly honest.
The furthest he ever strayed from absolute truth
Was when comforting a child who had night fear of barking dogs
And trains: "The dog cannot get into the house," he said,
"Nor the train. Trains never leave the track."
It would have been more like him to have added,
'Except on rare occasions. But even when trains leave the track,
They almost never enter houses."
He was a loophole leaver. "I shouldn't wonder," he would say,
Meaning I wouldn't be surprised. This had something to do
With his belief that only a fool is positive.
"Are we going to the museum tomorrow?" we would ask.
"I shouldn't wonder." This meant that barring the occurrence of
Fire, flood, famine or national disaster, we were going.
Consequently, we trusted him implicitly and were never disappointed.
Strangers noticed his limp, but we knew it didn't stop him
From riding a bicycle. Our friends thought he looked old.
We merely thought their fathers young, and furthermore,
Their fathers never read to them.
My father once rang this bell to call his pupils.
My hand shapes to his bell as it rings his grandchildren
In from play. How he would love to know them, and
How I wish it could call him back, just for an afternoon.

er his solo flight across the Atlantic, was
: most moving of all the glamorous parties
vent to. The estate itself was magnificent,
h huge fountains playing in the Versailles
rdens, and "everyone" on Long Island ar-
ed in full evening dress to pay homage to
: tall, composed, tired young man in a
mpled business suit who stood with his
ther beside Mr. Mackay. I don't think
re was a dry eye in the assembly; it was an
pouring of tribute to the kind of man who
uld invite to his "gala" only the mechanics
o had helped him on the field, and their
es. I saw tears literally rolling down the
eks of a notoriously hard-boiled banker
en he shook Mrs. Lindbergh's hand.

That, of course, was in 1927, the year "little
mel" was born. The next year, perhaps be-
se I was combining hard work on *Vogue*
h an unusually strenuous social life, I had
iscarriage. The year after that came one of
few serious griefs of my life, the death two
ks after birth of my only son. It so far over-
dowed the effect of the 1929 crash, I was
cely conscious of a depression outside my
n.

In 1929 I had been made American editor of
ue, Mrs. Chase becoming editor in chief of
the *Vogue* editions, American, English,
nch and German, and I threw myself
kfully into this increased responsibility.

Condé had found a new art director who
ted to make some changes in "the book,"
ve call our magazines. The art director,
Agha, was a Turk who was as inscrutable
cup of black coffee to me, but I instinc-
ly felt he was right. He was trained in the
European style of layouts, which was a
plete departure from the static, stilted look
ll American magazines at that time. Dr.
a wanted bigger photographs (vigorously
ported by Steichen and me), more white
e and modern typography.

In 1930 my second daughter, Mary Palen,
born, and soon after that I had a piece
ood luck. My old friend, Abram Poole,
in his young niece from Chicago, Frances
adden. She was to be my editorial main-
stay for two happy decades. Condé made her *Vogue*'s managing editor.

Her copywriter was Nancy Hale, a brilliant young New Englander whose distinguished literary heritage made her a little ashamed of writing fashion copy. To keep her spirits up she kept a memo to herself under the glass top of her desk: "Mallarmé worked on *Bon Ton*."

Clare Luce (then Clare Brokaw) was also one of the younger contingent. I remember how she loved cats—she had kittens embroidered on all her lingerie. She, too, had literary ambitions and soon got herself transferred to *Vanity Fair* across the hall. Then there was always a debutante or two attached to the *Vogue* staff. Condé had a good eye for the brightest (and prettiest) and picked them out of the herd at parties, notably Nancy Yuille, who is now the Countess of Dunraven, and Eleanor Barry, later Mrs. Allan Ryan Jr., now Mrs. Lawrence Loman.

"Barry," Lord love her, was a delight to me from the moment I first saw her tall, long-legged figure and sensed the infectious vitality radiating from her lovely warm face. It's true that when she answered with a telegraphed Yes this anguished query: "Dear Vogue, is it all right for a nice girl to let a nice boy kiss her? Please answer before Tuesday," she was invited to retire from the magazine. But she remained firmly fixed in my memory.

I want to try to present the story of my leaving *Vogue* as objectively and fairly as I can. These are the facts. When I was approached by Mr. Hearst's representative and invited to become the fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, I honestly believed that Condé would be glad to be relieved of the burden of my salary, which, for those depression days, was considerable. The salary I was offered was the same, the title less important. I knew I would be working with a staff far less distinguished than *Vogue*'s. But since Mrs. Chase had already proposed I be demoted to society editor, I felt I was no longer necessary to *Vogue*.

Once more I was about to have a baby. For Palen's sake I was desperately eager to have a son, since I knew this would be my last chance to bear a child, and I was also unhappy about my position at *Vogue*. I decided to take my mind off my troubles by going alone to a matinee. A play called *Another Language* had been well reviewed and I knew I could always lose myself in a good drama.

Halfway through the play I felt a growing discomfort that I tried to blame on the apple I'd eaten for lunch. When the discomfort continued, "Now, Carmel," I said, "you've been through this before. You know it's not that apple; you've got to leave the theater." I wanted to see how the play ended, but when I got outside I realized there was no time to lose. The day before my mother-in-law's companion had packed a bag for me and taken it to the Harbor Hospital, as Miss Lippincott's was now called. "Cookie" had said, "If it's as close as this, *you* ought to be in the hospital," and since she was always right, I wanted her with me.

I took a taxi to the Snows' apartment. Cookie was on the phone in the hall. "Whatever you're doing, Cookie," I said, "put that right down because I'm on my way to the hospital and this baby is coming as fast as it can."

Twenty minutes after we reached the hospital she heard the cry of a newborn child. "Don't tell me that's the Snow baby!"

Of course it was. They'd given me an anesthetic so I wouldn't know the baby arrived before the doctor did—they always try to save the doctor—and in half an hour I was back in my room.

When Condé came in the next day to kiss me good-bye before once more sailing for Europe, my old confidence was restored with this new joy. Over and over again Condé has told his friends that I said to him, "If you were to fire me today I'd be back tomorrow, I love my work so much," so I suppose I did say it. Neither of us realized that this was good-bye forever.

While he was on the ocean I had another visitor, an emissary from Mr. Hearst, whose *Harper's Bazaar* was a faltering rival of *Vogue*. When my brother Tom became Mr. Hearst's general manager, Condé had been uneasy about the possibility of his luring me away from *Vogue*, but the emissary wasn't Tom, who was out of the city when Brigid was born. Richard Berlin, in charge of the Hearst magazines, seized the opportunity to approach me. He made me the offer I've described.

In a way it seemed the answer to prayer. Although Mrs. Chase constantly talked about retiring, and Condé had assured me that I would succeed her, I happened to know that *she* had promised the succession to several other people; and besides, I didn't believe she had the least intention of retiring. My wings as an editor were beginning to sprout, but at *Vogue* I would never be able to use them. What Mr. Berlin offered me were opportunity and *challenge*, as irresistible to me as it was to my mother.

I still had an editor over me, but Arthur Samuels, the editor of the *Bazaar*, was frankly interested only in the fiction he bought for the magazine.

I found myself in a very different climate from that of *Vogue*. "Fifty-seventh Street," as we called the Hearst management because it was located on West 57th Street, never lavished on the *Bazaar* offices at 572 Madison Avenue the luxury Condé Nast lavished on *Vogue*. *Vogue*'s reception room was lined with leather-bound books (fakes) where the most beautiful girl in the world greeted visitors from behind a Chinese-Chippendale desk; 572 Madison Avenue looked like a small-town newspaper office. When the film version of *Lady in the Dark* was made, Ray Milland, one of the stars, paid a visit to us. "And where," he asked as he stepped out of the elevator, "where are the main offices of *Harper's Bazaar?*"

There were other vast differences. I had known that I would have to work with a staff nowhere near as distinguished as the staff Condé had lovingly assembled—but I hadn't realized that I'd have to work with *plumbers*. All the *Bazaar* covers were stylized drawings by an artist named Erté whom I proposed to



dispense with at once. I found he had a long contract because, according to Mr. Hearst, "How would you know it was *Harper's Bazaar* if you didn't have an Erté cover month after month?" Our photographers were Baron de Meyer, whose work was beginning to look dated to me, and the Baroness von Horn. They sounded more distinguished than their fashion photographs were.

I was fairly appalled, as one often is at the beginning of a love affair; but that this was a love affair I was embarking on I never once doubted. As in the Paris office of *Vogue* when I was there, things began to hum. Since the art director, too, was perfectly terrible, I persuaded a photographer known as "Ruzzie" Green to take over the layouts. I adopted the custom I used throughout my life at the *Bazaar* of "putting the book on the floor," laying out photostats of every page in the coming issue so I could see it as a whole and mull over it while I sat at my desk. I often found myself deciding to make changes in the book as my conscious or unconscious mind studied the issue.

This custom wreaked havoc, of course, with the cut-and-dried schedules that had governed the *Bazaar* before I came breezing in. If I decided that an issue had to be done over, new sittings were hastily set up and night after night Ruzzie Green, Mary Hanshon, the production manager, and I sat up till all hours remaking the book.

I had a long table set up in the middle of my office (of which the door was always open), and though I never liked solemn editorial conferences, I did invite discussions in those early days. Frances McFadden, of course, I *always* discussed everything with, and I encouraged her to think up features to enliven the book—which she promptly, and brilliantly, did. I brought in the ebullient "Barry" as an assistant fashion editor, and another enterprising young woman I had met at *Vogue* named Wilhela ("Willa") Cushman. Our hilarious discussions around that table, everyone talking at once, couldn't possibly be ignored by the solemn staff that had run things before.

My greatest joy, apart from my biannual trips to Paris for the collections, still came from photographic sittings, even though I no longer had Steichen and Hoyningen-Huene to work with. I used to kick off my shoes when I went into the studio, borrow a pair of slippers from the prop closet and set to it.

Those were the happy days before there were too many "credits" in the magazine, before "pure" pages (presenting fashion *as fashion*) were balanced by "impure" pages (fashion credited to stores or manufacturers who advertised in the magazine). We photographed styles I believed in and, even with inferior photographers, we began getting results.

My great chance came when Mr. Hearst "saw what I was doing." Arthur Samuels and I almost came to blows over the September, 1933, issue. I insisted on putting in a feature I knew women would be interested in—our first diet feature. (It was the Hay Diet that later became so popular.) Even Mr. Berlin was extremely doubtful about this: "Two pages given over to a *diet*?" And then when I sent over from Paris some sketches by a new artist whose work was a complete departure from the stylized sketches we'd been showing, Arthur Samuels, to my fury, played them down.

I decided to ask Mr. Hearst's opinion of the issue and when his memo arrived, I knew I was in: "Chief says" (that's how Hearst's memos always began) "everything a woman would want to know in this issue."

The sketches were of the woman I had persuaded to become our Paris editor. I wanted someone there who could make news for the *Bazaar*—and the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes certainly made news. She was *the* fashion leader of Paris at that time. Our August issue had featured a sketch of her by Cocteau, through whom I met her, and our announcement of her appointment stated flatly: "She has launched more fashions than any woman in the world."

Her beautiful house at Neuilly was the center of everything that went on in Paris. A coverlet made of black ostrich feathers, a dress bearing fresh orchids on its train—nothing was too extreme for Daisy Fellowes. She always wore her jewels in duplicate, exactly the same jewels on both hands and arms—her one concession to balance; she simply blurred everybody out. And the fact that she was Schiaparelli's *mannequin mondaine*, and that Scap was also revolutionizing fashion, made her entrance into journalism a sensation.

I was beginning to look for news photographs that would bring in a little action when the first of my "discoveries" entered my life. I had seen an advertisement for B. Altman that attracted my attention. When I sent for the artist, Frederic Varady, he showed me some news photographs by a fellow Hungarian, Martin Munkacsi, that had appeared in *Dimanche Dame*. I asked Varady how I could get in touch with his friend. It appeared that for exactly two days Munkacsi happened to be in New York. I remember my joy at thinking, "This man is *here*!" I decided to let him run photograph a bathing-suit feature that had been taken, as usual, in the studio against a painted backdrop.

The day I took those two Hungarians to the Piping Rock beach is a day I will never forget. The model was Lucile Brokaw, the first of the "society" models that I found. The day was cold, unpleasant and dull—not at all auspicious for a "glamorous resort" picture. Munkacsi hadn't a word of English, and his friend seemed to take forever to interpret for us.

It seemed that what Munkacsi wanted was for the model to *run toward him*. The resulting picture of a typical American girl *in action* with her cape billowing out behind her, made photographic history.

When the December issue came out (late, as usual, of course) I was summoned to Mr. Hearst's fabulous retreat, "San Simeon," and because Munkacsi was also in California, arranged for him to meet me there.

At 2:30 in the morning I arrived at the entrance to the 275,000-acre "ranch." The first thing I was met by was herds of wild animals running across the road. When I finally reached my bed, which had belonged to Mme de Pompadour, I fell into a grateful sleep that was broken early the same morning by the roaring and howling of Mr. Hearst's private zoo. What I wanted, and needed, was *coffee*. There was no bell in my room, so when I heard someone moving outside my door I asked

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"Of course I'm well enough to go to work, Doctor. I sewed buttons on all my shirts yesterday and guess what she's got me doing today."

By the spring of 1939 "tout-Paris" was unged into the frenetic gaiety that I remem-r from 1914. There was a series of elaborate stume balls that Louise Macy described in ters to us, and in June she herself gave a rty that made history.

By then Louie "owed Paris." She had been vited everywhere; the small dinners she gave her apartment hadn't "returned" half the cial obligations she owed. For one thing, w could she invite people like the Duke and chess of Windsor to a little furnished flat the Left Bank? The duchess had "made" uie's first Christmas in Paris by an imagina-e gesture that has always endeared her to . She invited eight young foreigners who re separated from their families to dine with duke and herself on Christmas Eve. Louie d barely met her at Mainbocher's (where duchess bought all her clothes), and the t that all her new friends were occupied h their own family obligations made this itation a very special treat—especially be-se it was a truly old-fashioned Christmas e, with a tree decorated like the tree in Nutcracker Suite, spiced German punch l cookies, and small presents at every place the table.

f Louie headed the list for her party with Windsors, she went on to include everyone knew, from princes and princesses to her ow workers at the office. She wanted to en-ain *all* her friends, but how to do it? She l about $500 saved up. At a pinch she could row a little more from her family, but the es quoted by the only attractive places to ertain some 200 people were completely of sight. And Louie was determined that was not going to leave anyone out.

t was "Johnny" Lucinge who made the liant suggestion. He took her to see a de-ed old hôtel in the Marais, the seventeenth-tury section of Paris. This beautiful old nsion, called the Hôtel Salé because it was t by the man who made a fortune import-salt into France, stands opposite the sée Carnavalet, but its U-shaped wings ounding a cobblestoned courtyard were tered. During all the years I had visited s it had been closed and empty.

Why don't you bring it back to life for a t?" Johnny suggested.

uie's Paris-trained imagination caught and her American enterprise took over. went to the agent who had the real-estate g for the old hôtel. "I want to open the for a party. I'll need a week to get it in r, but I'll use it only one night."

rugs. "Shall we say eight hundred dol-?"

uie's French was still pure Californian, she had Prince de Faucigny-Lucinge to ess her very definite reply. "Perfectly ulous. It will be the best advertisement could possibly get. I don't intend to pay a penny. I just want the key."

e key was handed over and Louie walked a great hall with two sweeping staircases ng up to a mezzanine which surrounded all and opened into salons overlooking courtyard. It was deep in dust and cob-, but the proportions were as magnificent e had imagined, and as she mounted the ng staircase she found herself envisioning party.

en she got down to practicalities. The rooms were dank, but when they were ed and aired there would be no problem t heating in June. Light. No electricity, of se, so they would have to be lighted with les (perfect). Water. By exploring far cor-she found one water connection, but no bing.

uie's first arrangement was for a sewer to be connected from the musée across treet. Next another "Johnny," Johnny mberger, remembered that an old candle-r had bought the chandeliers which origi-hung in the Hôtel Salé. "He was the most *nting* man," Louie remembers. "When I him if I could borrow the chandeliers for t he didn't even *suggest* a fee; he was as d at the prospect of relighting the hôtel as. 'I'll hang the chandeliers for you,' he but I'm afraid I can't afford the candles.' k my first investment was for candles—undred of them."

Louie thinks that she next had long trestle tables made for her party, even before she arranged for the food—she had an ace up her sleeve for that. A few years before she had made her "grand tour" of Europe with her sisters (Gertrude Macy, the theatrical producer, and the present Mrs. Nicholas Ludington). Armed with a powerful letter of introduction from a friend of their family, they went to the famous Tour d'Argent for dinner. André Terrail, the proprietor, was doubtless as impressed by the collective Macy charm as by the letter.

So Louie went straight to M. Terrail. "I'm up against it," she told him. "I'm going to open the Hôtel Salé for a party, but I have only about four hundred dollars for food and liquor for two hundred people. What can I do?"

M. Terrail was as much moved by the thought of bringing the old hôtel to life as the Prince de Faucigny-Lucinge was, and the candlemaker.

He said, "That's the most beautiful house in all of Paris. I'll do the food and the wine at cost because I'd love to be known as having done a party there; I'll supply you with the table linen, china, glass, silver. . . . The waiters, of course. The waiters must be in seventeenth-century livery. They must serve in the proper style, holding the platters high on the flat of their hands—nothing must be served as it is today. . . . Two footmen (as tall as I can find) at the head of the stairs ——"

By this time Louie was drunk with excitement. She knew she'd have to send home for more money (incredibly, she needed only two or three hundred dollars more), but everything was going to be just as she dreamed. Her invitations then went out: "Ladies, white ball gowns and tiaras. Gentlemen, white tie and decorations."

When the hotel was cleaned and polished, the long crystal chandeliers hung, Louie was as thrilled as if she had just bought the great mansion. Being American, she needed a bar, which she set up on the mezzanine with an ivy-green-and-white striped awning over it. She hired an American band that was playing in Paris, she ordered her flowers. The rest was in the capable hands of M. Terrail.

On a perfect evening in June, wearing a white Schiaparelli ball gown of heavy, stiff lace and a borrowed tiara from Cartier (Cartier and Van Cleef & Arpels had enough insurance out that night to pay the national debt), Louie arrived at the Hôtel Salé. As the soft light of 900 candles shone from the high windows onto the courtyard, she should have clattered up to the entrance in a coach, but she felt enough like Cinderella, she says, as she entered the hall.

On the table by the door stood trays of flowers. A footman asked the name of each guest as he entered. If the bouquet the guest was handed was of *muguets* he was seated at the table decorated with lilies of the valley; if of roses, at the rose table, and so on. It was a pretty beginning for a lovely sight of ladies floating through the candlelit rooms in white gowns and tiaras (the wives of the artists, much in evidence, wore tiaras of flowers since they couldn't afford diamonds) with gentlemen in evening dress brightened by decorations which were sometimes bought and sometimes made: Bébé Bérard appeared with a row of ladies' garters on his lapel.

French "society," for once, was amused by the unfamiliar faces intermingled with the familiar; the evening was gala from the moment it began, through the courses of delicious food (whole baby lambs served like suckling pigs on enormous salvers held high in the seventeenth-century manner), through the dancing that began as soon as the tables were miraculously cleared and whisked away by M. Terrail's perfect waiters, until dawn broke and the band played "Good night, ladies" as if this were an American college prom.

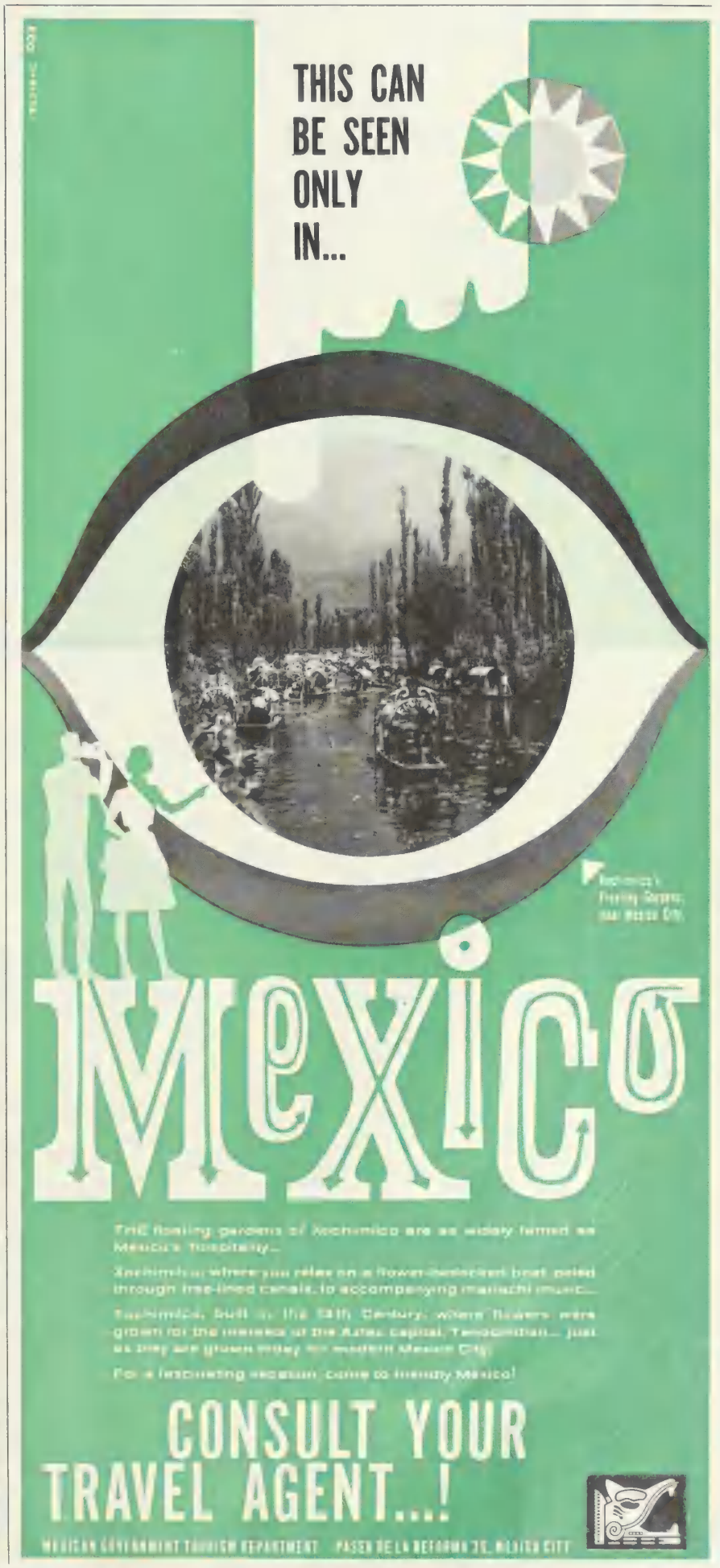
Louie went home in the pearly Paris light drunk this time with triumphant happiness. At nine o'clock (this is an anticlimax) she was awakened by the telephone and the voice of Elsa Maxwell. "My dear, I'm supposed to know how to give parties, but I want to tell you that yours topped anything I've ever seen in my life." This was June of 1939, just before the Second World War came down on us.

When the German panzer divisions started their push toward Paris I began frantically cabling Louie to come home. She reacted as I like to think I should have done. She dispatched the French staff to their families, handled all the office work herself by day, and worked every night at the railroad stations helping refugees who streamed through Paris as the doughboys streamed through in the First World War. She had bought a tiny Simca car, which a rich American named Laura Corrigan filled to the brim with food and first-aid supplies that the two women handed out as long as the supplies and their strength lasted. My cables, and her sisters', finally persuaded Louie to take passage on the *Manhattan* sailing from Genoa in early June.

I fitted her into my New York staff until she decided to take a fling in the wholesale-dress business.

Her partner was Pauline Potter, who later became Hattie Carnegie's designer, and they were backed by the Whitneys to the tune of $50,000, but their first collection lost $47,000 in two days (a record, Louie maintains) and she settled for becoming a nurse's aide.

With her abundant energy, this activity wasn't enough for Louie. She wanted a Government job. I had met somewhere a man who had become a power behind the throne in



Washington, Harry Hopkins, and I gave Louie a letter to him.

My "nose" for romance is not as keen, I'm afraid, as I like to think it is. It didn't occur to me that my perennial thirst for matchmaking was about to be satisfied. When Louie seemed to be getting nowhere in Washington, I begged her to come back to New York.

Her reply, "I think my future is settled. I'm going to marry Harry Hopkins," was more of a surprise to me than it was to Harry's boss, President Roosevelt.

With increased advertising in those prosperous boom years, *Harper's Bazaar* needed more and more paper, which could be allotted only to a new magazine. For that reason the Hearst organization decided to publish a *Junior Bazaar*.

The seventh floor of 572 Madison was given over to this enterprise. Most of the editors were young girls, one of whom often had a blond boy lurking in her office. I thought he must be the little brother of Barbara Lawrence, *Junior*'s very intellectual features editor, and when my fiction editor brought him along to a cocktail party I asked the child if I could get him a glass of milk. When Mary Louise Aswell introduced him to me as Truman Capote I quickly switched to a martini.

Junior Bazaar brought me my last great "discovery." Brodovitch kept as fatherly an eye on *Junior* as I kept a motherly eye. When a slim, dark, eager young man, wearing the uniform of the merchant marine, came into the art department, Brodovitch opened his portfolio with the slightly jaded hope with which my fiction editor opened a manuscript by a new writer.

What he saw—pictures of seamen in action—made Brodovitch ask the boy to try doing fashions for the young in the same manner And when I saw the results I knew that in Richard Avedon we had a new, contemporary Munkacsi.

In 1947 my daughter Carmel left Vassar because she had become engaged to Thornton Wilson Jr., and Mary Palen entered Bryn Mawr. For Carmel's wedding, held at the Colony Club because Thornton, like Palen, is an Episcopalian, Mainbocher gave her the most ravishing wedding gown.

I played a part in another, more publicized wedding that year. I had been asked by the Hearst management to add Doris Duke, "the richest girl in the world," to my staff and I took her to Paris with me. I was a little disturbed by her evident infatuation with that notorious playboy, Porfirio Rubirosa, and tried to keep her as busy as possible—which was always easy to do during the collections.

One Friday afternoon I told her that we would be photographing the next morning.

"Oh," Doris said, "I didn't know you'd be working on Saturday. I planned to get married."

"Well, Doris," I said, "I suppose it's Rubirosa. Have you told your mother about this plan?"

When I found that she had not only told no one but was to be married in the Dominican Legation, which would lose her her American citizenship (Rubirosa told her it was to avoid publicity), I went into action. It was nearly five o'clock on Friday afternoon and I barely had time to get hold of our French lawyer. He said, "This wedding mustn't go on unless the girl is represented by counsel." He got on the phone to America, and at noon the next day, when Doris was married to Rubirosa, a battery of legal talent was there to make the groom sign away any claim to one of the largest fortunes in the world. I suppose the bride was no more grateful than the groom at the time, but subsequent events have happily changed her feeling about my interference.

I was always interested in our models and proud to see them get on in the world, especially when I happened to spot them before anyone else did. Betty Bacall was a New York girl who had never modeled before Louise Dahl-Wolfe used her for a March cover in 1942. Even Brodovitch thought she looked too "decadent" for a cover featuring the Red Cross, but that photograph caught the eye of a Hollywood agent, and under Howard Hawks's direction our young model became the movie star Lauren Bacall. Similarly, Suzy Parker was photographed by Louise when she was only fifteen, and again a *Bazaar* cover was the start of a career.

My devotion to Paris and the cause of the French *couture* was crowned in 1949 when I was awarded the Knight's Cross of the Legion of Honor. A small group met in the French Consulate in Rockefeller Center—Palen, my children, Carmel's mother-in-law (Mrs. Sumner Welles), Frances McFadden, Dick Avedon—for the brief ceremony. And in addition to the cross and the ribbons I wear on my coats and dresses, I have a charming memento of the occasion, a large scroll showing the decoration and under it the autographs of my friends in Paris who gave me a gold powder box to mark the event: Cristóbal Balenciaga, Tian Dior, Edward Molyneux, Schiaparelli, Jeanne Toussaint, Marie-Louise Bousquet. . . . You can imagine how proud I am to have my name added to that honor roll.

My business life, and to a certain extent my personal life, centered in Europe during my last decade as the editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. The Marshall Plan had by then done its work. Europe was miraculously reviving; arts and crafts were flourishing; new fashion centers were springing up. And perhaps because my career was drawing to a close, Paris seemed to belong to me—or I to Paris—more than ever before. My sitting room was almost smothered in the masses of flowers sent me by the *haute couture* in the exchange of compliments we intersperse with inevitable rows. And my morning "levées" were now more crowded than ever.

Sally Kirkland, now the fashion editor of *Life*, asked one time if she could spend a day with me. Here's her report:

"Carmel said, 'Why of course, my dear, come tomorrow—is a quarter to eight too early for you?' So I said, 'Oh no, not a bit too early.' I practically had to stay up all night to make it, but I got there at a quarter to eight, and of course I was about two hours behind Carmel. She'd been up at six to get some outfits from Balenciaga for Avedon to photograph. She'd been stone-cold naked under the suit she'd put on, so it was easy for her to get back into her nightgown, which was the way I found her—she'd kept her pearls on, though. And that hotel suite was in full swing.

"Two telephones were going full blast, with a secretary in the sitting room to pick up one phone when Carmel picked up the other beside her bed. There seemed to be a thread running through some of the calls: 'Number *seventy-seven* and Number *seventy-three*. . . . No, no, those are the two'; so I gathered that those were *the* OK Balenciaga suits, and that the calls were the postmortems Carmel always holds after showings. If she made a call herself she'd start right in, very low, sort of like a conspirator: 'Hattie, this is Carmel. What did you think of Balmain's collection? . . . Larry, this is Carmel ——' and so on and so forth.

"In between phone calls Carmel dictated cables, giving direct answers to questions and good advice on the periphery of the collections, such as telling Du Pont not to give up hope, Givenchy had used nylon in his collection—all very clear and concise and quick.

"Some jewelry person came in with samples he spread out on the bed next to Carmel's, then a lingerie lady with same, then a man from the studio with some layouts for approval; Marie-Louise Bousquet hobbled in for the day's gossip; Avedon rushed in with his contact prints. Carmel picked up her magnifying glass, peered through it at the sheets of tiny pictures for three minutes, then began puncturing the ones she wanted with a pencil, all the time talking or dictating.

"Suddenly in came a woman who walked straight past all of us into the bathroom. Nobody paid the slightest attention to her. I sa her open a bag she carried and begin layi out some kind of instruments on a tabl When she came back into the bedroom Carm said '*Bonjour*,' stripped down the sheet to e pose her flank (gents were still standi around, of course), the woman gave her a po with a needle, and away she went.

"Well, by nine-thirty, when Carmel got to dress for the day's first collection, I w ready to go back to bed."

As I approached seventy and retirement knew that the only place I could cheerfully r tire *to* was Ireland. In Dublin I took myself Michael Scott, Ireland's best architect, a asked him to find me my house.

My sister, Christine Holbrook, was n widowed, so I wanted her to share this I adventure and the house with me. Chris spent more time at Rossyvera than I did d ing the three happy years I owned it, and s was really the chatelaine. "Life was qu there," she says, "except when you came!"

It was because Palen's throat beca gravely affected that we realized we could live in the uncertain weather of County Ma I was fortunate in finding an American w was delighted to buy Rossyvera, including furnishings I'd collected. But I was more f tunate that I had for a time my "castle in air."

I couldn't wish for anyone a happier ca than mine has been. I can honestly say th have never once been bored in my work. for a single second.

As I dictate these words I am looking f ward eagerly to a party for Marc Bohan, brilliant young successor to Christian D There will always be successors—to Dior, me, even to Balenciaga, the greatest figure fashion of my time.

If fashion isn't your field—as probably i not for some who read my story—remem this: whatever your career may be—in home, in business, in the arts—make it a l affair.

EPILOGUE

On the morning of May 8, 1961, Leo Lerm telephoned me that Carmel had died in sleep the night before. She was buried be her little lost son in the Snow plot of a q cemetery in Cold Spring Harbor.

A great editor, I think, has to be ruthl I once asked Carmel for an example. smiled her little curling, sardonic smile said, "Ask Diane to tell you about a ph graph George Hoyningen-Huene brough to show me."

This is the story Diane Vreeland told "At the time when Garbo was at her mysterious and remote, George showed mel a picture he'd taken of her just for hi He'd promised never to publish it; and a way, to him it was like the picture of a child would be to a bereaved mother. Ca calmly announced that she was going to it and she was going to publish it. We *all* tested. Carmel said, 'I don't care if G rots in *jail. I want that picture.*'"

She was not only dependent on Huene a artist. She was extremely fond of him friend. But her magazine came first. It al did—after God and her family.

There were "appreciations," lots of t Janet Flanner's included this paragraph: was first and foremost an editor. That wa profession. She was an extraordinary ed creative, concrete, facile to work with be she knew what she wanted, difficult be she wanted only the best.

"If she asked you to write a piece and inquired when she wanted it, she always 'Yesterday.' As an executive she usually aged things merely by being irresistible, she was a great persuader."

As I leaf through my notes and read hundreds of letters written to me about C or sent on by her family, I find these two repeated over and over: *instinct, intui* "Carmel's intuitive instinct gave her abs security in her judgments. She was always *sure*. That's why she exuded power."

In one way or another her entire staff, and present, say the same thing: *She made achieve more than you could.*

Printed in U.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
IN THE JOURNAL

In April, 1912, the unsinkable *Titanic* sank after scraping an iceberg on her maiden voyage to New York. John Jacob Astor was among more than 1500 who lost their lives because of insufficient lifeboats. Zane Grey wrote *Riders of the Purple Sage;* housewives painted by hand their good sets of china; and the new Easter hats were towering confections of straw heaped with white lilacs, yellow cowslips and blue forget-me-nots.

In the April, 1912, *Journal* is an account of a day's shopping: "When she enters the city department store, my wife first goes to the day nursery and leaves the two children in charge of a pleasant-faced, cheery-voiced matron; then she attacks the counters, with a half hour's rest lying down at lunch. During the day she checks by store telephone with the maid at home preparing dinner, and the children in the nursery. At the close of the day there is a free organ concert for store patrons. Although we live twenty miles from the city, the store will also pay my wife's train fare if she spends a certain number of dollars in merchandise."

"I don't plan an extravagant home," writes an engaged girl, "only such trifling luxuries as a sewing room, a sleeping porch and a maid."

"To encourage our children to save, we double all the pennies they put into the savings bank," reveals one mother.

"Most of the rugs country people can afford are very ugly, as is most of the wallpaper seen in country homes," believes A Plain Country Woman. "Whatever is gaudy or glaring or inartistic has a bad effect on the spiritual life."

Cleaning tip: "Threads and hairs on a carpet are hard to sweep up, but if the broom is brushed lightly round and round the threads will make a ball and may be easily picked up."

"Why need there be such an ugly contrast of colors between the first and second stories that spoils so many good houses?" asks the author of Good Houses Spoiled by Bad Painting. "A brown upper story looks stuck on a green lower story. Paint it all brown or all green."

"Two kinds of curtains at each window are extremely attractive—sash curtains, and thin curtains of net next to the pane."

"All the cooking utensils needed for a well-equipped kitchen, as well as knives, canisters, a chair and a broom, can be bought for $22. An iron skillet costs thirty cents."

LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

MAY 1962 35c

JOURNAL



KIM NOVAK:
"Why I'm Afraid of Marriage"

ARE GIRLS EASIER TO RAISE THAN BOYS?

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE YOUR FACE LIFTED

DR. SPOCK:
What Your Adolescents Ask About Sex

SPRING DESSERTS

Condensed mystery novel
NO HIDING PLACE

SENATOR JACKSON'S BRIDE:
There's Something About Her

SPAGHETTI MEDITERRÀNEO

All the color and vigor of the Italian Riviera are captured in this zesty dish. Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat gives you the true taste of Italy. It blends lean beef, plump tomatoes and spices, simmered to a rich taste and texture.

Make your spaghetti in a traditional way, too. Add 1 tsp. dried marjoram to water in cooking ½ pound spaghetti. Drain and toss with ⅓ cup coarsely chopped parsley. Top with heated sauce from a 15½-oz. can.

Or try this delicious herb spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms, Sauce with Meat Balls or Marinara Sauce. Use these authentic Italian sauces to pep up meat, fish and egg dishes. Only pennies a serving.



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You can lose more teeth from gum troubles than from tooth decay



How brushing with new Ipana® helps you protect your gums as you protect your teeth

…ıst do half the job! It's a proven fact dental authorities agree that, …e 14, gum troubles cause more loss of teeth than tooth decay. Gum … are often caused by tartar that forms on teeth when soft film is not …nly cleansed away. Only your dentist can remove tartar once it hard- …our teeth. But the film-removing agents in Ipana with hexachlorophene help you brush away soft film *before* it hardens into tartar that irritates and inflames gums. That's why proper brushing, according to the Ipana directions on the carton, can help prevent gum trouble due to tartar before it starts.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MAY, 1962

VOL. LXXIX NO. 5



EDWIN LANHAM



BETTY SPICER



CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO

JOURNALITIES

"No Hiding Place," EDWIN LANHAM's nineteenth novel (see page 44), is made to order for Manhattan aficionados—the plot involves two Greenwich Village children who are pursued by a murderer through the wilderness of Central Park. The author, a former newspaperman, lives on Long Island Sound (barely commuting distance away) with wife Irene and daughter Evelyn.

What is a Journal editor like? If she's BETTY COE SPICER, she's a tall, poised blonde with a novelist husband and an apartment on Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square. She grew up on a ranch north of Phoenix and still thinks Arizona is "the greatest place in the world to live." After free-lancing, she came to the Journal to write about what other people are like—see her report on the Mapes family of Glen Rock, N. J. ("The Early Growing Years"), on page 108.

Fashion Editor CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO's career began when she posed in a white ball gown for a magazine photograph of debutantes. The editor in charge promptly invited Cathy to be her assistant—she was the only deb who had hung up her dress afterward! In private life a marchesa, she tours the New York markets in a tiny red Fiat, wearing out a pair of pumps every three weeks to find just the right clothes for Journal fashion pages.

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YELLOW COTTON KNIT SHIRT BY SHIP 'N' SHORE

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JOURNAL Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Printed in U.S.A.

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Nature gave you two eyes...now Cutex gives you dozens...the ultimate in eye fashion by Oleg Cassini

"Nowadays you change your eyes as often as you change your wardrobe," says Oleg Cassini, fashion advisor to America's most glamorous women. "With these new eye-fashion shades by Cutex, I believe a woman's beauty is enhanced to the ultimate."

Blend a touch of green with Cutex blue eye shadow and the bluest eyes will echo your green dress. Edge gray eyes with violet and they'll subtly accent a pink gown. Even brown eyes look mysteriously soft and misty with a haze of Cutex silver...just the thing for white chiffon. Cutex brings you more hints on the back of each package of *Eyes by Cutex*...the new eye-fashion make-up that will focus all eyes on your eyes.





Packaged in fine jeweler's design cases, new *Eyes by Cutex* include a complete array of fine eye cosmetics. **1. Automatic Mascara** with spiral brush that curls, separates lashes. **2. Automatic Pencil** with built-in sharpener. **3. Automatic Shadow Stick** with easy-action case. Also from Cutex: ▪ Creamy Eye Shadow, Cake Mascara, Pressed Powder Shadow blending kit, new Eye Brilliance lotion to soothe and beautify tired eyes.

NORTHAM WARREN DIV., NEW YORK



The sound of a voice...the feeling of being close...the pleasure of visiting...they all last long after you've said good-bye.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there



As we said hello when we took over the editorship of the Journal back in 1935, we wish, now, to say good-bye. With this issue, Curtiss Anderson assumes the editorship of our favorite magazine.

Our editing the Journal for you has never seemed a task. We have regarded it more as a continuous, pleasant, absorbing conversation with many friends on matters of mutual concern about the home, the community and the world. Since, during our editorship, the number of our friends has tripled, we can reasonably hope you've enjoyed yourselves along with us.

Good-bye. It's been wonderful knowing you. Best wishes to you all.

Bruce and Beatrice Gould



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OUR READERS WRITE US

THE '60'S SHAPE HER

Dear Editors: "Shaping the '60's—Foreshadowing the '70's" is a pleasing picture of today's young woman—idealistic, confident, intelligent. Their responses are fairly close to those I and my contemporaries would have given ten years ago. As one who had a part in "Shaping the '50's to Foreshadow the '60's" I would like to respond to a few of these same questions now.

Q. How many children would you like to have?

A. I always thought that six children would be wonderful: four boys for him, two girls for me. We now have the four boys for him. I think I'll make do with what I have.

Q. Can you describe your dream house?

A. Yes indeed! My dream house would have wall-to-wall ceilings; also it would be nice to have six bathrooms in perfect working order at all times.

Q. Is money important to a marriage?

A. It need not be! As long as you have enough to pay for food, clothing, housing, insurance, home-repair bills, taxes, heat, electricity, telephone, car expenses, medical bills and lengthy vacations, you needn't let it bother you.

Q. Do women dress for women?

A. I dress in whatever I have. If it's a choice of my blue housedress or my red apron, I always choose the blue because my husband prefers it.

Q. Do you believe in women working after marriage?

A. No, I don't. Washing, ironing, dusting, blowing noses, cutting fingernails and hair, papering walls, painting woodwork, chauffering and cooking are too much fun.

TIMNA G. HODGES, *Concord, N.H.*

"WINNING" THE NEXT WAR

Dear Editors: This morning I went walking very early. The air was cool and crisp—a beautiful day. These days almost everyone has a new perception of the beauty and goodness of ordinary living. The things which we have so long taken for granted assume new meaning when we acknowledge that any day may bring an end to life as we now live it. Of what use are fallout shelters? Who wants to crawl out to a land devastated by radiation, perhaps for months and years to come? Who knows if children can still be born (normal ones, that is) to those fortunate (?) enough to survive?

Now is the time, *not* for fallout shelters, but for all the intelligent citizens of the entire world to petition for the total destruction of all nuclear weapons. If the powers that make war can be made to realize that humanity is doomed, regardless of who "wins" in the holocaust they are planning, then perhaps the bombs will be destroyed.

FLORENCE E. BIRO *Copiague, L.I., N.Y.*

CRUSADE AGAINST KNEES

Dear Editors: I have been refusing fo
the past year to buy any dress or ski
not long enough to be reasonably kin
to my legs. Even though I'm only 5'6"
it has been extremely difficult for me t
find anything becoming to me. I wis
enough American women would join m
in my crusade against exposed knees s
that clothing manufacturers would b
"stuck" with their too-short styles—
just as they were with their sack dresse
a few years ago.

MARY S. NEILLY, *State College, P*

THE RICH LIFE

Dear Editors: I came to British Guian
two years ago to teach my brother
children, who were preparing to retur
to the United States. When they left,
didn't want to leave. I'd been workin
among the Indians, and I had grow
rich. To me, being rich is not havin
plenty of money, but sharing love, jo
fear, hope, aspiration, and falling asle
in my hammock, thanking the Lord f
the privilege of serving.

I go inland out of the villages along th
rivers in the interior of British Guian
I live where I can. I eat as I can. I spe
in the schools, show slides where the
is electricity. I travel with the priest
school officers, forestry people, I
dians—just anybody who will take me.
almost never have to pay. I cannot eat
money, for I'm not allowed to. When th
people give a jar of jam or a coin,
gratefully accept, for they give in lov
Mrs. Hope gives me four bananas eve
time I see her. "But Mrs. Hope,"
protest, "you must let me give yo
something." She squelches me with
want nothing but your praise."

I know I'll be provided for. I know
won't go too hungry, for I haven't the
months and years. People in remo
areas are so thankful for a little bit
brightness. Somehow supplies come.
have clothing after a fashion. There
shelter and food. I'm rich, not in materi
things, but in the knowledge that I'
helping to make life richer for hundred
maybe thousands, of people.

HENDRIKA TOL, *Georgetou*
British Guia

BE YOURSELF

Dear Editors: Nowadays, all childr
are supposed to adjust to mediocri
This extends to their physical appe
ance too. Why can't we be what we ar
There's a place for every type in th
world. The aggressive are the leaders, t
shy contribute in the arts, the fighte
take a definite stand on things, and th
passive are the balance wheels. Everyo
fits someplace, so let's stop trying
make ourselves into something al
to our natures.

VIRGINIA GLIDEWELL, *Los Angeles, Cal*

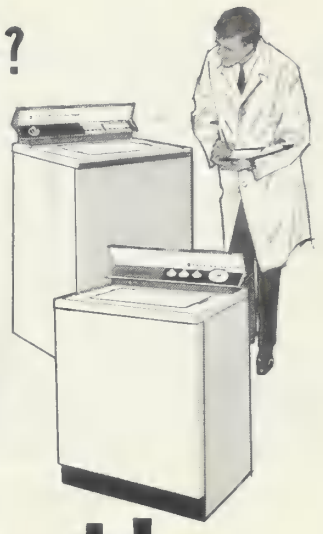
INTELLIGENT MAN

Dear Editors: Please forgive me f
reading "What Every Intelligent Wom
Should Know About Education." I
tend to read it several more times as
am the father of two daughters.

EDWARD J. PAULEY, *Hawthorne, Ca*

● *Nothing to forgive. It happens
the time.—ED*

Looking for a washer with fewer breakdowns, lower repair costs?



Before you buy a washer, check these results from the Frigidaire 15-Year Lifetime Test!

	"Test Years" Usage To Date	Repairs to Agitator Mechanism	Repairs to Spinning Mechanism	Miscellaneous Repairs
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 1	22.2	None	None	1 (Minor)*
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 2	18.8	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 3	15.2	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 4	13.6	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 5	13.5	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 6	13.3	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 7	13.2	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 8	13.2	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 9	12.9	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 10	12.7	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 11	12.6	None	None	1 (Minor)
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 12	11.7	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 13	11.7	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 14	11.4	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 15	11.3	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 16	10.2	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 17	9.7	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 18	9.7	None	None	None
1962 Frigidaire Washer No. 19	9.7	None	None	None

*A minor repair is one which could be made in your home in approximately one hour.

Just a few months ago, Frigidaire Division of General Motors Corporation announced a grueling endurance test for Frigidaire Automatic Washers—the Frigidaire 15-Year Lifetime Test!

So far, nineteen typical 1962 Frigidaire Washers selected at random and representing every price class, have been started on the test. Each has operated 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Each washer goes through the entire washing action, complete with detergents and laundry. With such day and night operation it isn't very long before each machine will wash, rinse and spin-dry as many loads of laundry as the average homemaker would wash in 15 years! The chart above gives the entire story in detail for the first 8 months of the test.

Together, these washers have operated for the equivalent of 246 years. More than half *never* have required any repair of any kind! Those which did, operated an average of nearly 9 years before a repair was necessary—far beyond the average life of most automatic washers. The best non-stop record is 18.8 years —and still turning out load after load of perfectly-laundered clothing.

Notice that not a single machine in the entire test program has required repairs to the patented 3-Ring "Pump" Agitator and its mechanism—heart of the Frigidaire Washer's Action.

Clip this chart and take it to your Frigidaire Dealer. Ask him to demonstrate a Frigidaire Automatic Washer—the Washer that gets clothes sparkling clean—bathes deep dirt out without beating! Your Dealer will be proud to show you these new marathon performers in the Frigidaire Family of Dependable Appliances, products of General Motors.

FRIGIDAIRE

THE WOMAN'S MIND...

Are American mothers really spoiling their children? Are the 60 million members of the coming generation getting spanked? This month's poll by Dr. George Gallup asked some direct, forceful questions of present-day American mothers—young women who have two or more children under 16. What do they think about discipline, allowances, the effect of material abundance on their children? What do they think of themselves as mothers?

...THE PROBLEMS OF RAISING CHILDREN

Young mothers from coast to coast accept wholesale (86 percent) the gospel that American children are spoiled—"We are raising hothouse plants," as one mother put it—but the generality refers to *other* people's children. Within their own homes, they admit they are tempering and enriching the upbringing they had themselves (for the most part during the depression years); 60 percent say they are less strict than their parents were. Yet three quarters are persuaded that their own children are less spoiled than their friends' or neighbors', almost all give problems of discipline serious thought, and the rod is far from spared. In 91 percent of our sample households, the children get spanked.

Our sample this month knocked on the doors of mothers who have two or more children, none over 16. All but a few of the mothers were in their twenties or thirties, 79 percent were high-school graduates or better, and 54 percent of their husbands were in business or the professions or had white-collar jobs. As a whole, they represented the top two thirds of our nation in education and income, and they are viewing with very real concern their own power to shower on their children the abundance associated with the "good life."

As one Florida mother put it, "The luxuries and comforts of American living today are available to the middle as well as the upper class. Items related to our comfort and well-being have become an accepted and expected part of daily living, rather than won by planning, working and the pride of knowing 'well done.'"

A Pennsylvania mother summarizes firmly, "We spoil them from the cradle up."

Yet the 14 percent of our mothers who do *not* think Americans are spoiling their children—or at least not ruinously—have their spokesmen, too, wary of making generalities. They may have done a better job of reconciling their view of America with how they are raising their own children in their own homes.

"I feel American children grow up to be a great people," says a thoughtful mother in Iowa. "Maybe we spoil them by giving them too much money and freedom, but they end up taking care of the rest of the world. We spoil them with kindness usually, but they in turn are kind to almost everyone. Spoiled and kind."

And says a very young mother in New Orleans, "I feel that younger parents tend to be more interested in a well-behaved child. A real 'spoiled brat' is not well behaved. American parents may enjoy giving their children what they can (usually, when young, not very much!), they also insist on good behavior. This I do not call spoiling."

This may be a less mixed-up view than that of the woman who angrily wrote, "Parents encourage poor citizenship, economic illiteracy, false values and snob appeal," but whose own 15-year-old son has his "personal TV set" (unplugged when he is being punished).

American parents believe thoroughly in punishment, and use it frequently. Differences in attitude toward discipline seem to be more a matter of personality than of "mother" vs. "father" roles. A small majority of our mothers (54 percent) think they are less strict than their husbands, but a substantial 41 percent think they are stricter. As to whose views about discipline usually win out, mother's or father's, the largest number (38 percent) either really couldn't say, or reported no disagreements.

In an attempt to find out exactly when and how discipline is used in these representative homes, we asked our mothers to describe in detail the last time their first child and their second child had seriously misbehaved, and what the family had done about it. The results made lively reading. Some of our mothers eliminated themselves from this question (17 percent for oldest child, 29 percent for next oldest) on grounds that the children were too young to misbehave or be punished. Another fraction (8 percent and 7 percent) reported "no real misbehavior to punish for." For the rest (75 percent), their children are behaving as children will. They are giving themselves haircuts, smoking cigars, throwing socks in the fire, turning guinea pigs loose in the living room, and pouring talcum powder all over the furniture. They are also socking their little sisters, refusing to do the dishes, putting off practicing the piano and failing to hang up their clothes. A few are "mishandling" the truth, flunking at school, staying out late, stealing and regularly defying their parents.

In the instances described, what did the mothers and fathers do? About 40 percent reasoned, explained or scolded, whether to first or second child. But 80 percent (many in addition to the scolding) took one of three preferred courses of drastic action: they took away privileges, inflicted corporal punishment or sent the child to his room or bed. (Second children have a tough age problem: 30 percent of them were spanked, 27 percent had privileges removed, while only 23 percent of their older siblings were spanked, 34 percent had privileges removed.) Another small percent made their children sit in a chair or stand in a corner, and a few thought of unique punishments on the spot. (The mother of the 15-year-old boy who smoked a cigar reports, "My husband gave him a cheap foot-long cigar, had him sit in the living room and smoke it completely. We think this cured him.")

Although so many parents use it, punishment tends to be an impulsive, individual gesture. Time and again, in detailing what happened last

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

time a child was punished, the mother confesses to sheer emotional turbulence. From New York: "My pediatrician advised me to ignore him and he will get over these tantrums faster, but I am human and it makes me feel better to swat him." From Louisiana: "My daughter refused to let me put something on her plate, and held it away from me. I asked her three times to put her plate on the table, but she refused, so I pulled her hair very hard. I know it wasn't the proper way to punish her, but I lost my patience." From New York: "She sassed me and interrupted me when I was talking to some neighbors. I slapped her across the mouth."

Because of the strong emotions involved, no rules of when and how to punish at what age emerged from our survey. Except for the fact that spankings or whippings do tend to disappear after children are 13 or so ("Father was going to turn our 15-year-old daughter over his knee. I said, 'Too old!' She was grounded for a week instead"), both age of child and degree of violence have a wide range. One mother spanks her 1-year-old when she cries at night for her bottle. Another spanked her 5-year-old and kept him in bed for the rest of the day because he sucked a button off his pajama top ("I told him only babies sucked things"). A St. Louis mother tells the following story: "Our son went next door to watch TV. He was supposed to come home at 6 o'clock, came in at 9. My husband made him stand in a corner with his hands on his head. Only he forgot the boy, who stood there in the corner for two hours." The boy's age was 5.

At the other end of the scale is the imaginative New York mother who handles her 5-year-old's tantrums by "dramatic, diverting action—even to spilling a whole box of cookies. This is really infallible!" Moderating between the two is the California mother who uses *both* love and discipline. "Our three-year-old is learning not to take toys away from his younger sister. Sometimes he is sent to his room. He has improved a lot. We always end a disciplinary move by telling him that we love him and giving him a hug. We are all smiling by this time."

How well punishment works is another large question. Some parents look no further than immediate, fast results. From Brooklyn: "He wouldn't do a thing, just annoyed and got on my nerves. My husband gave him a good licking with the cat-o'-nine-tails and boy, did he change." Time and again, mothers tell of one rare or exceptional act of misbehavior that was quickly cured by swift action. A mother whose small, good-natured son suddenly became rude first talked to him, then gave him a quick slap. To her surprise, "He spent the rest of the evening in a congenial mood."

But there is ample evidence that the more often a family punishes, the more frustrating the process becomes. "I frankly believe we both do too much spanking for the wrong things to both our children—also too much yelling. I don't notice them getting any better for it." Or from Texas, "I have to be after the kids and spank them from morning till night—all day, some days. From the time they get up, we are going round and round. Especially on weekends, it's awful."

One family reports that the bullying of their oldest boy "only got worse" when they punished. They helped him get a paper route, and now, "he has less time for nagging, more self-confidence. He doesn't look on the younger ones with such distaste." Another family found that "spankings, talkings, etc." did no good when their son repeatedly took money from his mother's wallet. "This last time I simply gave him $2 extra with his allowance." No thefts to date.

One thing is sure—most mothers take no pleasure in punishing, and many are often uncertain they are doing the right thing. A few can say positively, like the Oklahoma mother, "My children were *paddled hard* in the *place provided* for such punishment!" But a Texas woman speaks for many when she says, "I think when they do misbehave, it is because I am a very emotional person myself. When I am upset and nervous, they react accordingly." A St. Louis mother, telling of her daughter's defiance, said, "This time was too much, and she had to get a good wallop. I suppose she has quite a few of my ways, for I recognize them."

Almost half (43 percent) our mothers find it tough to stick to their own threats. "After I've taken away privileges, I find myself feeling sorry for them and usually giving in completely," says one mother. Adds another, "Statesmen can deliver an ultimatum and back down; parents can't—or shouldn't. Yet I've delivered the ultimatum in anger, and am ashamed of myself for losing control, so I do." Almost *all* the mothers who tend to spank first (28 percent) report that this is the hardest punishment for them to carry out. "I spank a lot," says an Oklahoma mother, "perhaps more than I should, but it 'tears me up' emotionally. I don't like it." And a New Jersey mother says gloomily, "I hate to admit it, but almost *all* forms of punishment are hard for me to carry out. I get tired of punishing and of the sound of my own voice. Sad but true."

NOW IN THIS GOLDEN TUMBLE OF JOY

By ALEXANDER TAYLOR

Now in this golden tumble of joy
How I wish the thimble of grief
Were not true,
How I wish I could rant and rave
it away,
Tear down mountains, paste the
sun in the sky.

Sue and Ann, our children, shall
spin the tale,
Which we, beholden, shall follow,
And pray
That all the witches along that
mottle way
Will never bring to them a single
sorrow.

These moments now so wholly
here
Imperceptively vanish into
everywhere,
But say,
How I would surrender all my
yesterday
To buy the surety of their
tomorrow.

Not only do our families practice discipline (however emotionally), they hold down allowances, take their children to church and offer them the challenge of being better educated, better people than they. On the average, boys and girls in these families are teenage before they get as much as a dollar a week allowance. Eight out of ten boys over 15 do outside work for pay, as do six out of ten girls.

Over half our families (53 percent) "hardly ever miss" church, and 80 percent attend more than once a month. Ninety percent send their children to Sunday School, and three quarters say religion is an important part of their daily lives.

Ninety-two percent of our families would like to see their oldest children go to college, and two thirds are prepared to see them there even if the children don't earn scholarship aid. An astonishing 52 percent of our relatively young parents have already started putting aside savings for education. When their children do poorly in schoolwork, half offer encouragement or concrete help with homework, or both. Only 6 percent try punishment (restricting activities) for this problem.

And the American home, according to our sample, is no matriarchy. Eighty-five percent of our wives are sure their husbands are as interested in the children as they, and another 3 percent say their husbands are *more* interested. The fathers play with both sons and daughters (slightly more with sons), and 79 percent *never* complain, "I work hard to give you and the children what you want."

When our mothers were asked what quality or qualities lacking in their husbands they would most like to see in a son, the *larges single group* (26 percent) could think of none they only hoped their sons would be as fine a their fathers. Many mothers spoke with ob vious feeling on this score. "I would want him to be a duplicate of his father. My husband i a man who is honest, hardworking, amusing sociable, kind—you name it, that's him." Or "If my son turns out as well as my husband I'll be the happiest woman in the world."

But that leaves nearly three quarters wh see room for improvement. A few had rathe special improvements in mind; one mothe would like her son to play the drums, anothe to "replace lids securely." But one fifth spok of characteristics that make for harmony i the home ("understanding, patience, toler ance, generosity") while 12 percent would lik their sons to have easier relations outside th home ("less reserve, easier to know, friend lier"). The others covered a broad spectrun of characteristics, from "burning intellectua curiosity" to "more religion," but almost al were interior qualities. Only 3 percent care most about having their sons neater, and no body at all said she wanted her son richer Said one disgruntled Illinois wife, however "Perhaps being more ready to hand out com pliments to their wives. Ha!"

The ideal number of children, most of ou families believe, is three, and this, in fact, the median number possessed by our sample When asked how raising children has affecte their love for their husbands, just about ha the mothers said they loved their husband "more," and almost all the rest felt their lov would be the same, with or without children

An unlucky 4 percent loved their husband less, but this segment seems to be mad a everybody—themselves and their childre too. As one of them put it, "Children hav made me short-tempered and fat."

Wrote one happy young wife, still in he twenties, "A lot more love, understanding compassion and humor have been brough into the house with the coming of children— but love was basically there, and the childre have just enriched it more." Said another o the same age, "Children have helped expan my husband's personality. I see him in gentl moods, playful moods, angry moods. I like t see him take our son's hand and walk in th snow, or see him nuzzle the baby."

American mothers are sure (84 percen that motherhood has "matured" them, an only a little less sure (65 percent) that it ha made them better persons; i.e., less selfish more patient, more understanding of huma frailty (everyone's frailty, as well as the children's). In all our survey, only two wome an artist and a chemist, complained of givin up their personal interests for their childre Said the chemist, "I have had to give up m career and keep house, which I detest."

This is a rarely heard complaint indeed. (all the things that might weigh on a your mother's mind as she raises her children- money, lack of time, drudgery or even ato bombs—the thing that weighs most heavily her anxious question as to whether she is pe forming her role well. "My greatest question said a young woman in Tennessee, "is: am giving them the basic principles needed to li in today's world?" Our mothers long for a impossibly serene wisdom as they handle da to-day misadventures. As one mother puts i "I get upset over minor things, especially I'm overly tired. Sometimes I worry if handle them correctly." Another sums up widespread self-doubt as: "Lack of *full* co fidence in my decisions."

But amid the doubts, mistakes, and eve the sounds of those paddlings in the pla Nature provided, it is possible to detect a ne generation on the way: "Our daughter is a re doll. Loves everyone and everything, efferve cent, excited, happy, a student, takes dancin and violin lessons, plays ball, fishes, just ever thing. She really loves life and is a joy to ha around. She's president of the 4-H club, secr tary of her class, very popular. She has no tir to act up or misbehave; cannot remember t last time she was punished." EN

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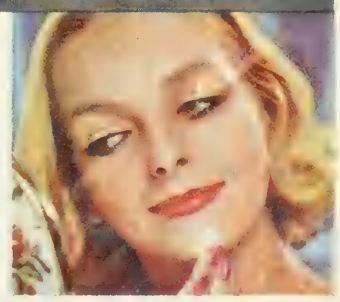
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Softens like cream, but it's never greasy. Doesn't clog pores. Helps skin stay moist, as only a moisturizer does . . . leaves your skin 'cream-soft," but so fresh and clean



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*surface blemishes

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LOS ANGELES 39

PLAY BRIDGE



By CHARLES AND PEGGY SOLOMON

WORLD'S LEADING HUSBAND-AND-WIFE TEAM

NORTH
♠ 6 3
♥ K J 10 8 6 2
♦ K Q 5
♣ Q 10

WEST
♠ A 9
♥ A 3
♦ 10 9 2
♣ K 9 8 7 3 2

EAST
♠ K J 8 7 5 2
♥ Q 4
♦ 8 7 4 3
♣ 5

SOUTH
♠ Q 10 4
♥ 9 7 5
♦ A J 6
♣ A J 6 4

BOTH VULNERABLE.
WEST DEALER.
THE BIDDING:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 Club	1 Heart	1 Spade	2 No Trump
Pass	3 Hearts	Pass	3 No Trump
Pass	Pass	Pass	

WEST OPENS THE ♠A

Once in a blue moon there is an opportunity to make a spectacular play. By calling it spectacular, we don't mean that the maneuver is of the show-off variety. The type of discard that developed in this curio is the kind that bridge authorities have been looking for ever since our favorite pastime began.

Such grandstand plays are supposed to occur only in textbooks or columns. Well, this little number came up in real life, all right. I can testify that West found the super-duper move that put us in the minus column. Luckily this deal did not occur in a tournament (if it did, we would have scored very poorly). Instead, we lost—but only some filthy lucre.

It was rubber bridge and the locale was beautiful Honolulu. We were playing "cut-in" with several of our Life Master friends. Sitting West was Don von Elsner, the famous mystery writer and one of Hawaii's top performers. In the East position was Gerald Pool, president of the island's bridge unit.

There's a possibility that this ambitious three-no-trump venture (a slight push by yours truly) might have been defeated without West's brilliant play. Had I misguessed the location of the heart honors, the contract would surely have been doomed. But Don's defense didn't give me a chance to show my prowess. Without bragging, I am quite certain I'd have guessed correctly in hearts. First of all, if East had the missing ace, the hand was hopeless because spades were already established. Thus, I'd have to play West for this key honor. Next, if West held the ace, queen and one or two small hearts, the situation would still be under control. I'd merely concede two tricks in the heart department rather than risk a finesse to let East in with his queen and those setting spade tricks.

Forgetting percentages, it was almost a certainty that West held the heart ace. Don had little enough for his initial bid. He wouldn't have opened without that card. Thus I simply could not go wrong—if left alone!

A few words on the bidding. In this wonderfully exhilarating atmosphere, I was in no mood for a part score. Even with a bit less, I'd probably have made the jump to two no trump despite the questionable spade stopper. Four hearts wouldn't have had a chance, while there was a great play for game at no trump.

Mr. Von Elsner opened the spade ace. East, seeing no prospects in the other suits, asked for a continuation by playing his eight. Mr. Pool's king won the second trick. Convinced of the futility of switching to his singleton club and hoping, somehow, his heart queen would provide the much-needed entry, Jerry exited with the spade jack. This was a great play on his part—an advanced kind of lead directive.

At that moment, however, I was delighted with the proceedings. Everything was operating according to schedule. But wait! On my queen of spades, naturally now a winner, the very astute Mr. Von Elsner discarded the ace of hearts! This one little (?) gesture stopped me dead in my tracks.

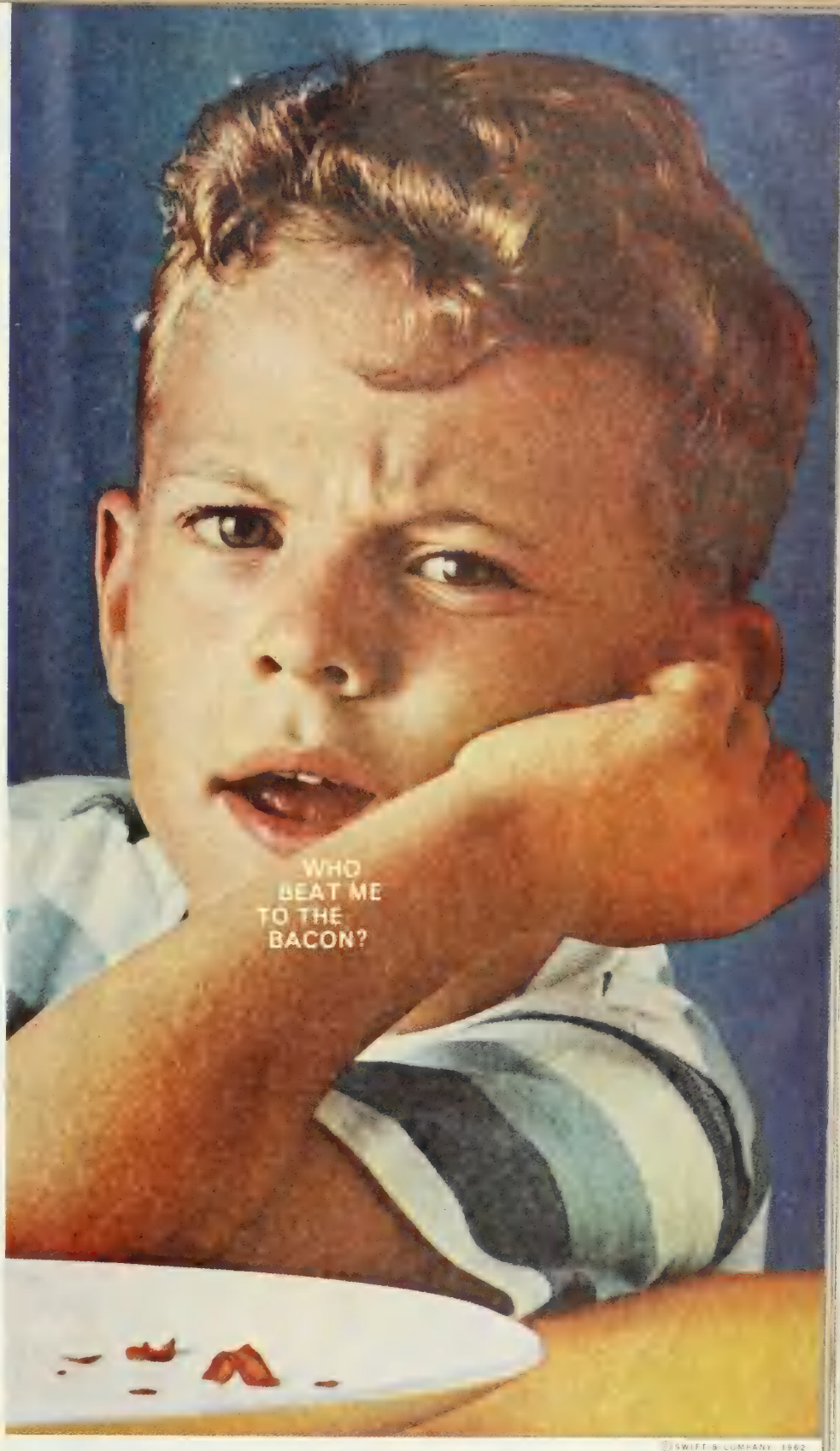
Though the play was certainly breathtaking, it was also far from a blind stab. From the auction, it was apparent that I had full control of the minor suits. West's chance of stopping the avalanche, then, seemed to lie in creating an "in" card for his partner's long spades. The only hope of finding such a hidden entry was in the heart suit. East's return of the spade jack could certainly be interpreted as an announcement that he had some values there. Otherwise, he'd have led back a low or intermediate spade at trick three.

If East held only a doubleton heart including the queen, I would undoubtedly have guessed the layout by playing the king on the first round when West held up on his ace. Then, on the next round, the ace and queen would have fallen together. West, saddled with the lead, would be able to make no damaging return.

Now if I had held the queen, Don would have presented Peggy and me with an extra 30 points. But as he said later: "Who cares about this small contribution to a worthy cause?"

Anyway, when he jettisoned the ace, he put the kibosh on my best-laid plans. There was now no way to keep East from getting the lead with his heart queen.

I hope, however, I was gentleman enough to pay full tribute to Don's swell decision. It is one great play that didn't occur on Page 87 of a certain textbook. Instead, I felt the ax descend on my own neck. I hope we can get back to the fiftieth state in the near future. We'd like to do some "cutting up" of our own.



SWIFT & COMPANY 1962

It's every man for himself when bacon snitchers get near the brown-sugar cured flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon!

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The two most trusted words in meat. Our 107th Year

● To know how to cook is knowledge which will admit a girl into most inner circles, one of them a wedding ring. I've never heard of a man leaving a woman because she was a good cook. Have you?

● What more refreshing, invigorating, rejuvenating than crisp greens in the spring? Don't forget to include the chartreuse of chopped celery tops and the deep green of chicory. Toss in a bunch of seedless grapes bobbing around like iridescent bubbles, and try the new package of salad-dressing mix that features Parmesan-cheese flavor. Delectable!

● A come-hither aroma in the kitchen more seductive than Cleopatra's perfume accompanies my favorite way of simmering veal—quick and delicious. You won't find this one in cookbooks. Dredge 1-pound slice of veal steak on both sides, using 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Brown in 2 tablespoons cooking oil. Lift out and brown 1 cup sliced onions in same pan. Push to side of pan, put back veal. Spoon onions over veal. Add ⅓ cup chili sauce and 1 cup water. Cover and simmer 45 minutes, until tender. Add 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese; heat until cheese melts.

● In the spring, before the summer crop of fresh fruits makes you forget old friends, simmer prunes, raisins, cut-up apples with a stick of cinnamon. The perfume of this trio cooking will penetrate every nook and cranny of the house. Children, home from school, will exclaim, "What is that, mother, what is it?"

● Vocal tranquilizer: woman humming in the kitchen.

● Everyone has a pet way of broiling chicken, but listen to mine; it's marinated into flavor! I mix 1 cup cooking oil, ⅓ cup wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate, a little paprika, a little hot dry mustard, a dash of liquid hot-pepper seasoning, and 1 clove garlic, crushed. Mix well, pour over the broilers as they rest in a wide shallow pan. Let 2 hours go by, then broil, basting all the while. If you live where the weather is balmy, cook on your outside grill when the coals are aglow.

● What do you suppose the members of the soda-fountain set are sprinkling on their sodas and sundaes? Nutmeg! Try it. Delicious!

● Cracker chatter: Crumble fine a few round yellow cheese crackers and stir into hot buttery string beans in that moment of transferring from the range to serving dish. Gives a nutlike flavor

● For a hasty but stylish supper from the freezer: shrimp curry, quick-cooking rice, the wide satisfying Italian green beans, and strawberries deluxe—all supermarket items. Serve the fruit in its own syrup with a choice of unexpected flavors: drizzle of honey; teaspoon of frozen orange juice, thawed; scattering of toasted almonds; spoonful of raspberry jam or currant jelly. Wonderful!

● Anyone who can walk, drive or fly is greeted warmly at our Penn's Grant Farm on a moment's notice. There's an unexpected-company shelf for these welcome visitors. Last Sunday it was this salad: 1 can luncheon meat cut into strips, plus cubes of leftover roast, 2 or 3 tomatoes, peeled and cut into quarters, ½ cup diced celery and 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced. I mixed it with French dressing and served it on a bed of crisp lettuce.

● Here's a new salad dressing to buzz up in your blender. Mix ¾ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon salt, a little pepper, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 clove garlic, crushed, ½ small onion, ¼ peeled avocado, ⅓ peeled cucumber, 1 peeled tomato.

● No blender? Chop the vegetables fine, purée the avocado. Mix in seasonings and oil and shake like anything.

FROM ME TO YOU

By MARCELENE COX



DI PIETRO

Feeding the ducks is a favorite pastime with the children at Penn's Grant Farm.

● A grandmother's kitchen is known by the number of half-eaten apples and cookies you find there

● Rhubarb Pink—the same shade of pink as the juice that oozes out of a rhubarb pie just from the oven—would make a lovely color for your fingernails. (Cherry Jubilee and Pink Melba have already been borrowed from the kitchen to enhance the appeal of polishes.) To make rhubarb taste as good as it looks, cook it in water and sugar in the double boiler—keeps pieces from breaking up. Drop a cinnamon candy in the juice if you want a deep pink

● For a different approach, try a deluxe topping on your next apple pie. And what is deluxe? Sweetened whipped cream, of course, with a spoonful of apple juice poured over as the fork waits to descend

● Did you know that you can poach rounded spoonfuls of meringue in hot milk (5 minutes), then use the milk, strained, to combine with the egg yolks for soft custard pudding? Float meringues on the custard. Why not name them "White Balloons"? Children adore them. Wonderful with chocolate pudding too.

● Knowing a good basic biscuit recipe is like owning a good basic black dress. I was years learning that the secret of making perfect baking-powder biscuits is to have the dough moist—so moist that it needs a sprinkling of flour on the board before it can be patted out. If you are having trouble, see if this pointer doesn't help.

● There are two foods that go together (like sunshine and daffodils): glazed carrots and applesauce.

● Food affinities are as fashionable as color combinations. Have you tried frozen peas with little whole onions or mushrooms, or the corn, peas and tomatoes? These are among my favorites and they come combined now in frozen packages. An all-in-one answer to what to serve with steak or a lamb roast.

● Look—no cooking! For a delightful chilled chicken-watercress bisque, thin 1 can condensed cream-of-chicken soup with half as much milk or water. Add ¼ cup each chopped water chestnuts and chopped watercress. Chill!

● Now that cold-soup season is coming in, I've discovered that the dried leek-and-potato soup, cooked according to package directions, chilled and dressed up with sour cream, chives and a sprinkle of curry powder, makes a heavenly vichyssoise I'm proud to serve company.

● Have you noticed lately that the food products in your supermarket have much more imaginative and mouth-watering names? Who could resist the sound of butterflake rolls, angel flake coconut, butter-pecan or raspberry-sundae cake mixes, smoky green-pea soup, or broiled-in-butter mushrooms, for instance?

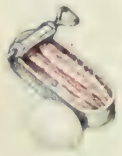
● Did you know that Liederkranz means a wreath of song? Here's a rarebit to sing about: Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine with 2 (4-oz.) packages ripened Liederkranz cheese, rind and all. Stir over low heat until cheese melts. Add a dash of salt and cayenne and 1 cup light cream. Remove from heat. Meanwhile, sauté 1½ cups thinly sliced onions in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 2 beaten eggs to the rarebit. Return to heat and cook gently until slightly thickened. Toast 6 slices bread on both sides under the broiler. Put a spoonful of the sautéed onions on each toast slice. Top with rarebit. If you own a chafing dish, it's fun to make the rarebit at the table.

Once a meal is served,
There's simply no renown
For the hostess who
Keeps jumping up and down.

NEW! PARMESAN SALAD DRESSING MIX

Parmesan Dressings no one can buy
. . . you make them with this GOOD SEASONS MIX

Good Seasons Parmesan Dressing. You'll taste real Parmesan and Romano cheese, too, in every drop of this fresh dressing. Cheeses aged ripe and piquant, as Italy's finest. Blended with a touch of garlic, a tiny spike of mustard, and subtle seasonings to underscore the bright flavor. A new delight for cheese-eaters! To make the dressing: just combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. Easy directions are on the Good Seasons envelope. Takes seconds.



Quick Caesar Salad. Toss bite-size pieces of romaine lettuce or other greens with Parmesan Dressing and anchovies (optional). Ripe olives, too, if you like. Add slightly beaten egg and croutons. Toss again. Easiest, *fresh* Caesar salad in the world. The grated Parmesan and garlic are already in your dressing!



More Salad Ideas. This most popular Italian cheese gives an appealing new flavor to all salads. Do try it with these: green salads, tomatoes, vegetables, orange-onion salad, avocados, sea food, potato, chicken or meat salads. Conversation-makers for your next dinner party.



Parmesan-Wine Dressing. Substitute any dry wine for the water when making your dressing. Gives extra sparkle.

Get the handsome Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 9 Mixes: Onion, Classic, Cheese-Garlic, Italian, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Garlic, Old Fashion French and new Parmesan.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

BY JANE GOODSELL

HIS & HERS

Never underestimate the difference between the sexes. If you think men and women are pretty much alike, ask a few simple questions:

What color is it?

Her: "It's an unusual, muted shade—deeper than coffee, but more subtle than chutney. Actually, in certain lights, it looks almost bronze. And it has a tiny gold thread running through the weave that gives it a faintly luminous cast."

Him: "It's brown."

Where are you going on your vacation this year?

Him: "Well, we don't have any definite plans yet, but I read about this lake basin at 8500 feet in the High Sierra. Snow-capped peaks on three sides and you won't see another soul for days at a time. You pack in on horseback, and take just bacon and beans and a fly rod. You don't need much because you can practically live on fish. The lakes are thick with golden rainbows and brook trout. It sounds like paradise!"

Her: "Well, we don't have any definite plans yet, but the Grays went to this divine resort near Palm Springs. The cabanas are absolutely deluxe, and the service is elegant. They even bring you breakfast in bed. The cuisine is French, and the place is crawling with movie stars. Very dressy. I suppose it's expensive, but I do feel that a vacation is one time when you ought to lap up a bit of glamour, don't you?"

What's wrong with the car?

Him: "I think the trouble is in the generator. The brushes are probably worn or the voltage regulator is set too low. The ammeter shows that it isn't charging properly."

Her: "I press on the little doohicky, and it won't start."

Were you surprised to hear about the Wainwrights' divorce?

Her: "I'm only surprised it didn't happen a long time ago. I can't imagine how Ethel put up with Joe all these years. You know how antisocial he is, and he never did a thing to help her around the house. Why, she actually had to clip the hedge herself, as if she didn't have enough to do, being president of the auxiliary and everything. That's another thing about Joe—he never gave Ethel credit for anything. Instead of being proud of her community activities, he made fun of her. Joe's trouble is that he's emotionally immature, and he felt threatened by Ethel's accomplishments. And what's more——"

Him: "Surprised? Why, no! The way that woman nagged poor old Joe——"

How did your redecorating turn out?

Her: "Oh, we're delighted with it! The walls and draperies are bone white, and the sofa is upholstered in blue-and-green-flowered linen. We built floor-to-ceiling bookcases on the south wall, and we bought a pair of wing-back chairs for either side of the fireplace, and ——"

Him: "It cost twice as much as we figured, and now there isn't a decent place to sit and read in the whole room."

Is your cold better?

Him: "It takes a lot to get me down, but that cold was a lulu! If the truth were known, I'll bet I had pneumonia. My wife was really worried and wanted to call the doctor, but I'm the type that hates to admit he's sick, and besides, they'd probably have put me in the hospital ——"

Her: "Oh, he's fine. It didn't amount to much. Just a case of the sniffles. You know what babies men can be."

Did you meet the guest of honor?

Her: "Yes, and he's charming. His accent is delightful, and he has a delicious dry wit. He's a good listener, too, interested in what *you* have to say. He's a truly civilized human being, but underneath his urbanity you can detect a feeling of loneliness and a little boy longing to be liked."

Him: "What a phony!"

What did they serve for dinner?

Her: "The most marvelous paella, made with lobster and shrimp and Italian sausage and chicken. It was seasoned with an unusual herb, and flavored with white wine. It looked gorgeous, too, served in an enormous earthenware casserole."

Him: "Rice and fish and stuff, all gucked up together."

What did you think of that triple play in the game last night?

Him: "Say, wasn't that something! You don't see a play like that more than twice in a lifetime! Top of the ninth, nobody out and the Sox are hanging onto a one-run lead. The first two Bisons get singles, and then Martinelli hits this screaming liner right into Joey Murawski's glove! He tags up, and the peg to first base is perfect! Beautiful!"

Her: "What triple play?"

Have you recovered from your dinner party?

Her: "Don't mention it! Just thinking about it gives me the heebie-jeebies. Can you imagine? Ten people coming to dinner, a seven-rib roast to cook and the oven goes on the blink! I had to cart the meat over to the neighbors', and then tear home to start calling repairmen. Have you ever tried to get an electrician at five-thirty on a Saturday? And then, to top it off, the gelatin salad didn't stiffen, and Bob forgot to buy vermouth and the baby was cutting a tooth and ——"

Him: "I can't understand why Marge always gets hysterical over a few people coming to dinner."

Was it a pretty wedding?

Her: "Exquisite! It was an all-white wedding, flawless in every detail. The flower arrangements were breathtaking, and the food was elegant. I took mental notes from beginning to end because it's the sort of wedding I'd like my own daughters to have when the time comes."

Him: "The champagne alone must have cost poor Herb a small fortune. Believe you me, I'm not going to throw a blowout like that for my kids. I'm going to buy a ladder and help them elope."

Have you seen the new baby?

Her: "Oh, he's the most precious little thing! He has enormous dark eyes, and the sweetest little rosebud mouth and adorable fat cheeks. His hair was black at first, but now it's coming in blond and I wouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be curly. His name is Charles, but they call him Chucky."

Him: "I think it's a girl."

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A DINNER THAT SPARKLES

By JOHN PRINCE. Our expert Washington party giver offers one of his favorite recipes for a conversation-making dinner that frees a hostess from all last-minute worries.

Every hostess wants "something that everyone else doesn't have," preferably something that "makes a pretty table with unusual colors and shapes"—and smells and tastes. While an established routine makes party preparations easier, there are times when every hostess would like to break away from it, and use dishes and silver that don't come out of the cupboard very often.

What this hostess wants is what our household calls "a meal with some sort of sparkle to it." When we want that, we frequently get up a curry dinner. But not just any curry. My wife and I start with visions of a dinner like the ones we have eaten at the Washington embassies of India, Pakistan or Ceylon, where guests' jewels must vie with the most glittering array of dishes.

After that we come down to earth with our own menu that keeps the Asian sparkle and glitter but suits American palates. It is a succession of stages and steps, but with no fiendish complications. And every last bit of it can be done hours before any guest arrives.

CURRIED TURKEY

3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
2 tablespoons butter
6 small carrots, scraped and finely chopped
6 stalks celery, finely chopped
1 large onion, peeled and chopped
1 medium apple, cored, peeled and chopped
1½ tablespoons curry powder
1 cup coconut milk or water
4 beef-bouillon cubes or 4 teaspoons meat paste
¼ cup flour
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1 quart water
2 tablespoons red-currant jelly
2 teaspoons salt
Dash cayenne pepper
2 pounds cooked turkey meat

Heat the oil and butter in a large heavy kettle. Add the chopped vegetables and apple and cook slowly for about 10 minutes or until they begin to take on a bit of color. Add the curry powder and heat, stirring, for 2 minutes. Here, if you are using a fresh coconut, knock out the eyes and pour in most of the milk (or use 1 cup water), but leave a little inside the nut to keep the meat moist until you grate it and serve as a "side boy." Continue cooking slowly for 15 minutes or so. Add the bouillon cubes or meat paste, flour and garlic. Stir in the water a little at a time and bring the mixture to a boil, stirring. Add the jelly and then the salt and cayenne—to taste. This will depend on the strength of your curry powder. Simmer this mixture for a good half hour. Then put through a food mill or coarse strainer, discarding the part that will not go through. Combine with the turkey meat, which has been cut into bite-size pieces. Heat through in a covered casserole in a slow oven or in a double boiler over simmering water. If not wanted until, say, the next day, cool, cover and leave in the refrigerator—or freeze it and let it await your pleasure. Makes 6 servings.

SIDE BOYS

This is the funny name for the small spicy oddments which are passed about to sprinkle over servings of a curry meal. They are pretty, they are fun—both to prepare and to eat. But choose wisely. At foreign embassies it may be amusing to be offered a shark fin, but do we want that at home, or is bacon and avocado safer? And secondly, there is the question of what we wish to spend. And thirdly, do we have time to go poking around in specialty shops to find such exotic things?

We solve all that this way: we skip the shark fins and really offbeat items, and confine ourselves to what can be found in any good grocery store. A nice collection of side boys can be had without much shopping. Except for the *chutney*, which *must* be had, you may have three or four side boys from wherever you could buy a cabbage.

1. Chutney. Be sure that you have a *mango* chutney, and that you have plenty of it.

2. Bacon and avocado. Crisp 8 slices of bacon and break into shreds. Mix with 2 ripe, medium-size, peeled and diced avocados.

3. Egg whites. Put the whites of 2 hard-cooked eggs through a fine sieve.

4. Egg yellows. Sieve the yolks of the same eggs.

5. A bowl of white seedless raisins.

6. A bowl of finely shredded green pepper, mixed with grated orange rind.

7. A bowl of grated coconut. Here, if you have used the milk of the fresh nut in the main dish, you will crack the nut and grate its meat. Otherwise, any moist packaged grated coconut will do.

8. A bowl of ground peanuts.

9. A dish of fried bananas. Slice lengthwise in thin slices, dip in flour and brown in butter.

(*Note:* The next two items you will have to find in specialty stores. But they may be omitted.)

10. Bombay ducks. These have nothing to do with duck. They are really dried fish from India, cleaned and boned. Soak them in cold water, drain and fry in a little cooking oil until they are crisp. Serve them warm. Each guest is to break them up with his fingers over his individual serving of curry.

11. Pappadums. These are thin, spiced Indian wafers. Drop them into a little hot cooking oil in a frying pan. When they have spread out and puffed up, let them brown a moment and turn over for a few seconds. They need not be served hot. They will remain crisp. The guests can break them up over their curry, or eat them intact as bread.

RICE

This is cooked according to package directions and served plain. If you plan to hold it, leave the hot, cooked, drained rice wrapped in a wet cloth in a steamer or strainer over hot water until needed.

FRESH FRUIT

This meal requires no bread or salad, but does need a dessert; something simple and cooling. We often use a large bowl of fruits: sections of oranges, white grapes and pineapple or any other fruits that strike our fancy and are available. Pass with the fruit these very plain ginger cookies and follow with coffee.

CRISP GINGER COOKIES

4 cups sifted flour
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2½–3 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 pound (2 cups) butter
1¼ cups warm molasses

Sift the flour, sugar, soda, salt, ginger and cinnamon together. Cut in the butter until the mixture is the consistency of crumbs. Then stir in the warm—not hot—molasses and mix quickly. Cover and chill thoroughly. When quite stiff, divide the dough in half and shape into rolls about 1½" in diameter. Wrap well in waxed paper or aluminum foil and hold in the refrigerator until needed, or freeze. Slice thin and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 10 minutes. These cookies are best when freshly baked and the dough holds well in the refrigerator or freezer. Makes 6 dozen very thin cookies.

MENU

Curried Turkey
Side Boys Fluffy White Rice
Fruit Bowl
Crisp Ginger Cookies
Coffee
PLANNED FOR SIX

Fast,
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Mothers Improve With Age

My mother was embarrassingly odd. She turned into a troll or barked like a seal. She made people laugh. It was mortifying!

My mother was a great handicap to me when I was little. She was different. I learned this very early, when I first left our yard and began going to other children's houses. At other children's houses, when the mother opened the door she said something sensible, like, "Wipe your feet; and where's the other glove?"; or "Wait a minute, you're not bringing that junk in here"; or "No. Play outside until I call you."

At our house, however, when you rang the bell the letter slot would open and a little high voice would pipe out, "I'm the chief troll here. Is that you, Billy Goat Gruff?" Or you would hear a syrupy falsetto sing the first few lines of *Barnacle Bill:* "Who's that knocking at my door?" Other times the door would open a slit and my mother, crouched down to our eye level, would say, "I'm the new little girl here. Wait a minute, I'll call my mother." Then the door would close for a second, reopen and there would be my mother—regular size. "Oh, hello, girls," she'd say, supposedly surprised, "I didn't know you were there."

In that awful first moment when my new friend would turn to me with a disapproving "what-kind-of-a-place-is-this" look, I knew just how it felt to open a closet and have the family skeleton sprawl all over you. "Mo-*ther*," I would bawl indignantly, but by then my mother, all propriety, would never admit she had anything to do with the peculiar goings-on. If we would accuse her of being the little girl who had opened the door, for example, my mother would look puzzled and deny there was any such person in her house. Then a cozening look would come into her eyes. "You girls are kidding me," she'd say. We would wind up protesting that a little girl *had* opened the door when what we really meant was that *no* little girl had opened the door. It was all very confusing. And different. That was the hard part. She was different from other mothers.

Like the seal in the basement. When we were playing outside while my mother was washing or ironing in the basement, we would often hear a cheerful barking coming from down there. Our dog was usually out playing with us and my mother's explanation was that it was our seal. Every Friday she made a great show of unwrapping the fish (which eventually wound up on the dinner table) for the seal. And though we made countless dashes down to the basement trying to catch the seal (who was painfully shy), he had always "just gone for a ride in the bakery truck" or "was taking his swimming lesson at the Y." This seal was also smart and friendly and would answer questions by barking once for "yes" and twice for "no." His reputation soon spread. Children came from blocks around to ask questions of the seal at our basement window. Mostly they wanted to know if such-a-one were a good boy or would the Phillies win the pennant. The seal was always good for a few barks.

I was mortified to be pointed out as the girl with the seal, but my mother was equal to the occasion. Often when a crowd of little boys would be huddled at our window waiting for a bark, my mother would open the door and call out gaily, "Hello, little girls." There was always a great explosion of indignation from the boys, and mother would usually apologize by passing out cookies.

My mother was no different with grownups. She often greeted an acquaintance by poking a finger in his back and growling, "Stick 'em up." The fact that adults' faces lighted up whenever they saw my mother was no comfort to me. I knew *they* liked her. It was easy for them. She wasn't *their* mother.

Furthermore, they didn't have to put up with the Interested Observer. For as long as I can remember, my mother carried on conversations about us with this invisible but Interested Observer.

"Mercy, would you look at the kitchen floor," my mother would say.

"Mud all over it and you just finished scrubbing and waxing it," the I.O. would sympathize. "Mother, didn't you tell them to use the basement door today?"

"Indeed I did; twice."

"Well, don't they care how hard you work or are they just forgetful or what?" the I.O. would want to know.

"I guess they're just forgetful."

"Well, if they'll get the clean rags under the sink and wipe it up, it'll help them to remember in the future," the I.O. would helpfully advise.

We would immediately get the rags and go to work.

Although my mother clearly did the talking for herself and the Interested Observer, the I.O.'s tone was so clinical and impartial nobody ever questioned his real, if invisible, presence. He was so plainly there, notebook in hand, observing family life and its problems that my friends never asked, "Who's your mother talking to?" but rather, "Who's that talking to your mother?"

I never found a suitable answer.

Luckily my mother improved with age. Not her age, but mine. I think I was about ten the first time I ever realized that having a "different" mother could be a good thing. The playground at the end of our street had a cluster of very old, formidably high trees. In our neighborhood, it was a mortal sin to climb those trees. To climb them and be caught brought every mother for blocks shrieking and keening at the foot of the trees, "Come down; you'll break your neck; do you want to be killed?; just wait till your father hears," followed by a good larruping for the guilty ones. One day when we were all dizzily swaying in the top branches, my mother passed and caught sight of us silhouetted against the sky. We froze as she hurried to the bottom of the tree, but her face as she looked up at us was dazzling. "I didn't know you could climb so high," she shouted up delightedly. "That's terrific. Don't fall." And off she went. We watched in silence until she was out of sight, then one boy spoke for us all. "Wow," he said softly, "wow."

Almost from that day on, I began to notice how my classmates stopped at our house before going home; how club meetings were always held in our kitchen; how friends, ghostly silent in their own homes, laughed and joked with my mother.

As teenagers, my friends and I came to rely on my mother's lighthearted good humor as a support against the insuperable crises that occur with dreary regularity to adolescents. And when I began dating, it was pure gravy to have a mother whom boys immediately adopted; and a home where young people's fun and craziness were not just tolerated, but enjoyed.

Everyone who knew my mother liked her. Many people loved her. All have said kind things about her. But of all these people, I think the one who best described my mother was that boy, high in the tree, long ago. "Wow," he said softly. And I echo, "Wow."

By Jeanmarie Coogan

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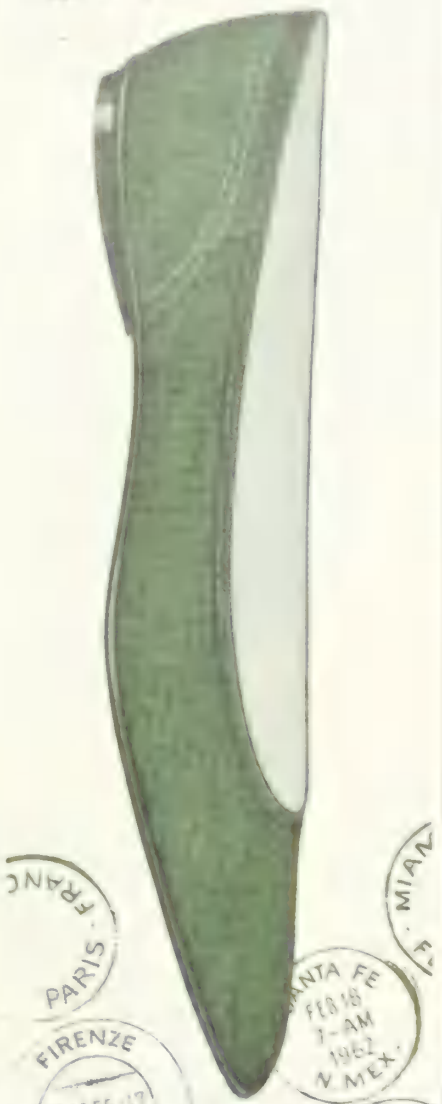
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

My Dream Girl is studying the small fry in our block to see if any of 'em is old-fashioned enough to bring us a May basket. So far some child has hung one on our doorknob every year. She beams.

I asked several of both sexes at a dinner party whether morals have changed much the last few decades. First answer: "Not so much: our elders weren't too pure." Last answer: "Are you kidding?"

"Certainly in their studies football players need at least a C-minus," admits Peter Comfort, back from his alma mater's spring scrimmage. "But it might ruin our best guards and tackles."

All the FM, hi-fi and stereo miracles in music haven't helped our family agree on which tunes we all like. We keep dialing and taking one another's records off the machine and slyly stacking our own favorites.

Our red-haired daughter set her alarm for 3:30 A.M. so her four young ones might see the astronaut blast off. "They'll remember this," she says, "the way you remember Halley's comet."

To young men trying to choose a niche in military service, our town's senior colonel issues a warning: The Marine Corps tries to make you over in its image; the Navy chooses officers who can be themselves.

My Dream Girl wants a new pair of carriage lamps at our front door, more like the ones her daddy had. "He used to turn 'em on when he wanted no intruders for a quiet evening at home!"

Suddenly overcome by nostalgia for the Teddy bear she adored in childhood, our most extravagant matron ordered one made from the mink of an old coat. "I never waste a thing!" she says proudly.

What if people you love and admire suddenly go gaga over ugly paintings? Must you forever after pretend like a madman that a Jackson Pollock is lovelier than a Seurat or a Pissarro, or a Picasso than Botticelli's Venus on the half shell?

Our town's Don Juan concedes a woman's smile needn't be ardent to ensnare a man; if it's gentle or admiring or tender it can enslave him quicker than the Dance of the Seven Veils.

This is the Age of Anxiety: If we can't worry about anything else we worry if, in the fireplace logs we bring indoors, there might be a few termites.

Since I helped pick Miss America, I've been invited to pick beauty queens of wool, cowgirls, potato chips and redheads, among others. My Dream Girl rules this is the one justifiable reason for staring at a pretty girl.

"Sex was what drew us together," admitted the newlywed husband. "Luckily, we soon found both of us liked art and books too."

Obviously, our young enchanted are more frugal: they eat enough at a cocktail party so they needn't (like the fortyish) pursue a "thick steak" afterward.

My Princess of Sheer Delight thought our older son wasn't paying any attention to her looks until the day he told her exactly which clothes to wear to a program when he was in the fourth grade.

. . . When Eric, at three, manages to collect twenty bumps and bruises in a day, like a diary of his activities,

. . . Or our youngest dabbles in campus politics all afternoon and then studies till 2 A.M.,

. . . And my three women (wife, daughter and daughter-in-law) appear in their similar costumes of suntan skirts and sweaters or gray plaid tweed,

. . . Or Junior advises me patiently to unclutter and dejunk our house,

. . . And Suzi, at five, tells me I'm not as homely as I was last year,

Then it's evident I can relax slightly; the helm is being taken over by more capable hands.



"Everything at home is fine, dear—not quite as clean maybe—but fine, just fine."

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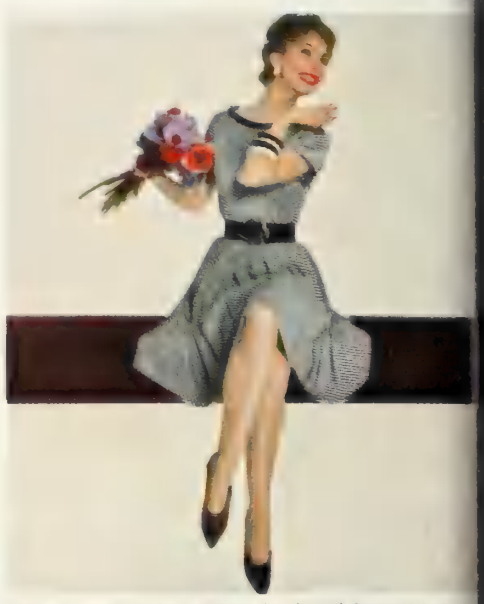


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By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

PROBLEMS OF A SECOND WIFE

"I was nearing forty, a successful schoolteacher, when I was lucky enough to find a husband. Ben is a widower, a few years older than I, with a daughter in college and sons now seventeen and fifteen. We've been married two years, and Ben is a good, kind husband. I'm domestic and maternal and I want to please my husband and to be liked and loved in this home. But we have problems, and they aren't getting easier.

"It's partly my fault, I know. I don't suppose any woman with my background would find it easy to give up her independence and become a full-time homemaker. I admit I'm a particular housekeeper. I get impatient and lose my temper when my requests or suggestions to the boys are ignored, and I set high standards of responsibility for them. I set an ample table, provide snacks, and try to keep an orderly house. Shouldn't they co-operate?

"The boys, and Ben too, say I'm too talkative. The boys say I labor a point if I say more than two sentences, and Ben buries himself in the paper the minute he gets home. Dinner is usually a pleasant interlude, with the boys taking lively part in any discussion, but afterward my husband plants himself in the living room with a book, and he doesn't like to be interrupted. I like to talk, after being alone all day. I need some solitude, and I get up an hour early to read. Evenings I like to discuss the affairs of the day and the ideas I've picked up through reading.

"Who is right? Do many husbands complain of their wives' talking too much? How can a husband and wife have intellectual companionship without talking? How can we teach the boys to be more responsible and less self-centered? Do I expect too much? I want a happy home, not one full of bickering and conflict."

The transition from the independence of a successful professional woman to the role of full-time homemaker, catering to others, is seldom easy. And when the wife is an older single woman, marrying a man who has been married before, the challenge is even greater, especially if she steps into a "ready-made" family. But she must remember that she is the newcomer. She must adjust not only her way of life, but also her attitudes and outlook, even to some extent her personality.

Though this wife is unquestionably conscientious and sincere, the fact is that she probably does expect too much, of herself as well as her family. Successful as a teacher, she expected to function equally capably as wife and mother—a role for which she had no previous training or experience. And she expects the family to conform to her habits and preferred routine and way of thinking, abandoning their established customs.

Though these comments are directed to her, perhaps other second wives will find them illuminating:

Acceptance. Family solidarity should be the immediate concern of any second wife, far outweighing questions of deportment, household mechanics, or even her own authority. And this feeling of unity can never be achieved until she accepts the family as they are *now*, despite what she considers their faults, for until she does they will not accept her. She cannot expect to reform her husband or his family. The most she should expect is that they will gradually modify their habits, behavior and attitudes in accordance with her ideas, and in this process she should take the lead by discarding her ideas of what family life should be like and adapting herself to this family's life as it is.

Standards. Quite possibly her standards for the boys are too rigid and too high.

Jealousy and possessiveness. Very often a second wife is unconsciously jealous of her husband's relationship with his children, and she seeks to maintain her position in the household by demanding their respect and obedience. But her authority will be effective only when she has earned and won the family's acceptance and affection. The woman who is beset by jealousy of the first wife's memory (a common problem, though not mentioned by this wife) had best remind herself that her husband chose her to be his wife now.

Compromise is essential to a harmonious relationship between husband and wife, parents and children. The second wife must remember that she is indeed the newcomer, and that very often she must be the one to give in. Nagging, impatience and outbursts of temper do not pave the way for effective compromise. In dealing with adolescent boys, as this wife must, the adults' emotional control is of utmost importance.

Communication must be effective if relationships are to be harmonious and problems are to be solved. The boys do not understand their stepmother, nor does she understand them. Nothing in her letter indicates any personal interest in them beyond providing food and seeing that they perform their assigned tasks. Is she as interested in their thoughts, feelings, ideas as she expects them—and her husband—to be in hers? Her husband and the boys agree that she is too talkative. Could it be that her idea of conversation is to do all the talking, and that the subjects she discusses are of interest to her, but not to them?

Companionship is essential to happiness in marriage, but it takes many forms, and is not dependent on intellectual discussion of major issues. When acceptance is established and effective communication achieved, a companionable atmosphere is sure to follow. Perhaps this husband thinks of his reading as "companionable silence." Does the wife recognize the term?

THE LONELY GIRL IN THE BIG CITY

"When I graduated from college a year ago, I couldn't wait to get to the big city, but loneliness is killing me. My job in a big insurance company is interesting but not stimulating, and I live alone in a one-room apartment. Workdays are all alike—up at seven, at work by nine, home at six. Weekends are worse. Saturdays I clean the apartment, shop, read and watch television. Sundays I sleep late, write a few letters, read and maybe go to a movie. I'm an only child, and have always been very close to my parents. I visit them once a month, but this is the only break in my dull, drab routine. I'm 23, and I want to enjoy life, to have some dates, and to have somebody to talk to. I don't want to go back to the small town where I grew up, but what can a lonely girl in a city do?"

Marilyn came in a couple of weeks later for an interview. Though personable, she was rather colorless in appearance: a serious expression seldom relieved by a smile, little makeup, and clothing so plain as to seem severe. Her manner was reserved, and though she answered questions politely, she seldom initiated a subject, or made any attempt to carry on a conversation. As an only child, she was accustomed to privacy. In college she lived alone, devoting herself to her studies and part-time library work, so she had many acquaintances but few real friends and very few dates.

Lacking in personal attraction and in social skills, it's likely that Marilyn would be lonely in almost any environment, though she originally saw her problem as "big-city loneliness."

But in a second interview, Marilyn produced some ideas for resolving her problem. Quite properly, her program began with self-improvement.

Appearance. She had already visited a beauty parlor, and emerged with a more becoming hair style, and a new skill in the use of cosmetics. She had also bought new clothes and accessories to enliven her rather prim wardrobe. Already she looked far more approachable.

Social skills. An indifferent dancer, she had signed up for dancing lessons (which would be enjoyable in themselves). She had brushed up on her bridge game by reading a couple of books, and planned to volunteer to fill in when one of the groups at the office needed a fourth for their lunch-hour game. A serious reader, she decided that she would make a deliberate effort to read sports news, current light fiction, and other material which would give her something to talk about to people her own age.

The next step was for Marilyn to broaden her opportunities to meet people and make friends. As a beginning, she decided to ask some of the girls at the office to dinner at her apartment, "one at a time, so we can really get acquainted." In addition, she decided on these steps:

She will join the YWCA. Though "not much of an athlete," she does enjoy swimming.

She will join a church. Marilyn had grown up in a religious home, but had lacked the initiative to join a strange church in a strange city.

She will enroll in a night course in a field that interests her, in one of the two colleges in her city. (Some form of adult education is available in almost every city.)

In addition, she or any lonely person might find new zest in living by finding and cultivating a hobby—whether it be bowling, bird watching, antique collecting or photography.

Note that each of the new activities Marilyn is undertaking is worthwhile in itself. They will surely make her life less "dull and drab" whether or not she makes new friends. But since all these activities involve other people, she is almost certain to attract new friends as well, especially since she began her program by improving herself.

ASK YOURSELF:

Can I Be More Attractive?

Every woman, single or married, wants to be attractive. But her personal charm depends even more on the attributes of her personality than on physical beauty. It is their sum total that constitutes her attractiveness. If you feel that you want to be more attractive, careful consideration of the suggestions below may give you some ideas of where to begin.

Would it Help if I:

1. *Lost (or gained) a few pounds?*
2. *Improved my posture, walked more gracefully?*
3. *Saw a dermatologist about my skin?*
4. *Planned for more rest and sleep?*
5. *Cultivated a more pleasing voice?*
6. *Took better care of my health?*
7. *Paid more attention to personal grooming?*
8. *Dyed my hair or changed its styling?*
9. *Advised with a specialist on cosmetics?*
10. *Learned to dance or play bridge?*
11. *Became more tolerant and less aggressive?*
12. *Showed greater appreciation of my friends?*
13. *Read more and could talk more freely?*
14. *Praised more, and criticized less?*

Minimizing any physical defects and improving your general appearance should be your first concern, since anything that increases your self-confidence is constructive. But your ability to accept and understand your associates, to adapt to them and win their approval and liking, is the best measure of your attractiveness.

QUESTION Do You Agree?

"Aren't men more fickle than women?"

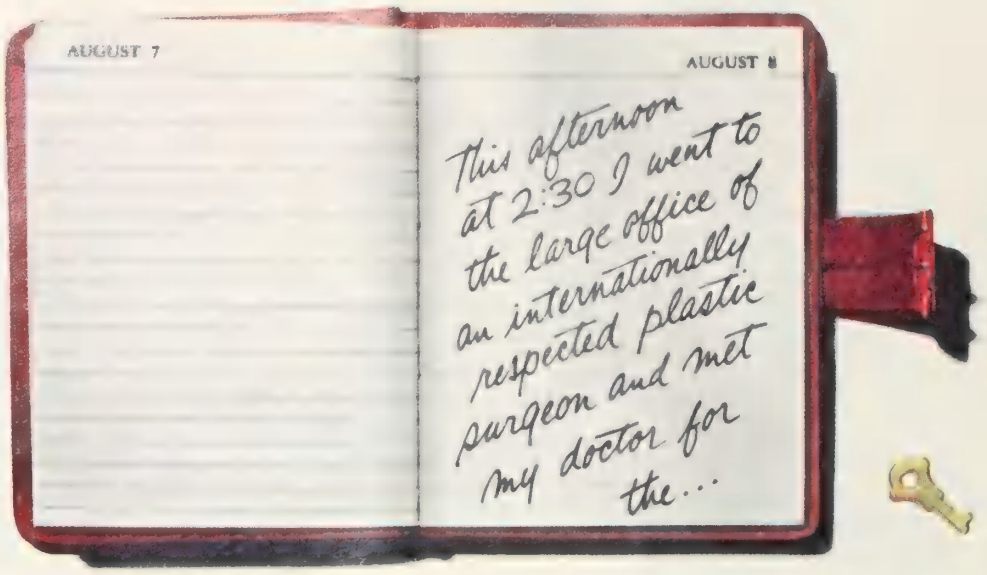
No. Twice as many women as men break up a courtship because of a new romantic interest.



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the diary of a face lift

"Going to the moon, or just getting back?" The friendly man in the hospital elevator smiled at my dressings, the shape of a space helmet and much bigger than a breadbox.

"Face lift," I purred contentedly, and peeked at him through swollen black eyes, lipstick contrasting weirdly against a background of puffy, glorious Technicolor.

"Wow!" He was obviously shaken. Like others who passed me in the hospital corridors, he had assumed some horrible accident. It's too bad he bolted off at the next floor. If he'd stuck with me, I would cheerfully have told him the details, for I was already keeping a diary of the whole affair. Now the diary is done. It covers six weeks, from the beginning to the end of my venture into the unknown, and it leaves out none of the hard parts. But it has something not every diary is lucky enough to have: a deliriously happy ending.

But I'd better begin by saying that it took three years of planning before the diary could even start.

First, I was not the plastic surgeons' preferred patient—a celebrity who needed their help for real economic reasons. I was a small-town, Midwestern housewife who was terribly concerned over her appearance. Three years ago my face had deteriorated rapidly after several years of one serious illness after another. I was back on my feet, I had the figure, walk and vitality of a woman in her twenties. But only a skilled plastic surgeon could give me back my face. Why, I asked myself, should a firm face and smooth neck be the exclusive prerogatives of "past 45" celebrities? If they could rebuild their morale with restorative surgery, so could I!

For three years I gathered information—with my husband's good-humored approval—writing letters, asking for interviews, dragging information from reluctant doctors, noncommittal medical societies and people I knew living near medical centers. The fact that I was such an *ordinary* person startled bits of information out of most contacts—all meant to be discouraging. But they added to my knowledge of the subject, its procedures, risks and benefits.

For three years I had earned and saved money from the oddest assortment of jobs a housewife ever tackled while keeping the home front picked up and held together. I boarded pets, played the organ for funerals, raised puppies, became a vacation-time receptionist, pounded a typewriter, altered clothes, sold household accumulations I used to give away, and stashed into the bank every gift of money I received—along with the dimes and quarters I won on the golf course and at the bridge table.

At the end of the three years I had saved $1500 (my actual medical expenses turned out to be $1275). A lot of money, but not out of reach for anyone who can budget a trip to Europe or a good fur coat. Any really determined woman can do it.

I also knew I had the best surgeon I could have found. He lived in a city several hundred miles from home, and our preliminary arrangements were made by letter. Believe me, I tried to make all my letters as explicit and intelligent as possible. I had heard that seven out of ten requests for cosmetic surgery are turned down. Conscientious plastic surgeons try to avoid any possible accusation of operating unnecessarily. They also are eager to avoid neurotics who hope a rejuvenated face will solve far deeper problems.

I had told him I used to earn my living modeling and in sales-work, where a nice appearance is essential. But I also had been honest about my real reasons. I knew all the risks I was facing. They are the risks of any major surgery—hemorrhage, prolonged anesthesia, shock, infection, healing complications, and sensitivities that had plagued me when I was ill in the past. I didn't care. I was convinced, irrevocably, that the work was worth having done. I was so heartsick at the sight of my sagging jawline, drooping mouth and flabby throat that I'd take the odds and go for broke.

DAY BEFORE SURGERY. Arrived bag and baggage in the city this afternoon, and by 2:30 was in my doctor's large, impressive office for the first time.

I was ushered quickly into the doctor's presence, my heart skipping beats along the way. His first remark was, "You look pretty sharp to want this done." An opening gambit, possibly, to see if I'd chicken out at the last minute. I stopped smiling and lowered my chin, saying, "Look at this." He could see the pouches on my jaw, the folds of skin beneath my chin, the assorted sags and deep lines that no makeup could cover.

"Oh, oh." He reached out and felt the slackness of the skin. "Have you lost weight lately?" No, I hadn't. In fact, I had never weighed so much in my life by ten pounds, having always been on the skinny side of normal.

He nodded. "You do need help—and we can help you." I was *so* afraid he would turn me down at the last minute—but this meant I had won.

Next, photographs were taken of my face, front and side, for the doctor's files. They should look magnificently haggard, for I was tired from the excitement of saying good-bye at home and making the trip, and harsh studio lighting was used. However, the doctor says I won't be able to have copies. These pictures aren't for fun!

Every top-flight plastic surgeon has an artist on his staff, for the end result must be not only surgically fine but artistically balanced. The artist was now called in. I sat facing a mirror as she lifted here and there, well inside the hairline, and he sat making notes. They decided most of the repair work (surgically and brutally referred to as "reduction of deformity of face") needed to be done from low behind the jaw and up, pulling out perhaps two inches of excess neck skin and flattening pouches on each side of the chin to restore the original facial contours. Some pull at the temple would partially tighten skin under eyes. No work would be done on slightly folded eyelids, which calls for a separate operation. Frown lines would be only slightly relieved (a separate operation in eyebrows to smooth out those completely). I won't be having any "separate operations," but will wind up with a smooth neck and jawline and no more droopy mouth with deep lines above and below. The plans suited me perfectly. I didn't want too youthful a mask at my age. What lines of character and intelligence I have around my eyes and forehead might better be left there to give me an aura of maturity to fit my responsibilities. And from now on I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



Beautiful Hair

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

would try to smile more, look happy, and wear gummed-paper patches on the frown at night.

By 5 P.M. I was established here, in my inexpensive private room in the hospital, small, but adequately equipped with bath. The nursing staff welcomed me, the evening meal was excellent. A young surgeon, Doctor K., assistant to the operating surgeon, called and announced he would be seeing me twice a day throughout my stay. He listened attentively to my rundown of allergies, high drug tolerances and previous surgical history. And, thank heavens, he said I was to have a general anesthetic instead of a local, which I understood was often used.

He has gone now. The floor supervisor just brought me a bar of medicated soap with which to shampoo my hair. Also a small glass of red liquid soap with which to scrub my face for five minutes. It stings! My face feels on fire now. I am to repeat the burning facial in the morning.

Later. It's past midnight. The sedative they gave me isn't working. Too excited about tomorrow, I suppose. For a large hospital, this is one of the quietest. Have now had three grains of a sedative, and fluids have been withdrawn until after surgery. A dehydrating drug will be added to my morning hypo to cut down body fluids. I'll sure be dry when I get back to my room tomorrow. . . .

It's now 5 A.M., plus two more capsules. Tolerance of sedatives is a wonderful thing at a cocktail party, but would prefer going to surgery half asleep like everyone else. Am terribly thirsty already and not even tired. Can hardly wait till 8 o'clock when this show gets on the road. . . .

7 A.M. Am now in a green gown, have scrubbed (and burned) my face again, have no breakfast to look forward to, and a big hypo due any minute. My, it was a long night!

EVENING OF SURGERY

So it's over! Rolled off to surgery wild with excitement. Naturally the preoperative hypo didn't work either (except for the drying atropine). Felt cotton-mouthed, but wide awake. Dr. K. appeared and chatted a bit, then walked beside the cart into the glittering, brilliantly lighted surgical amphitheater. Someone said, "Start the anesthetic," and although I protested, wanting to greet the surgeon and wish him luck, that was all. I have no recollection of receiving any anesthetic.

The operation lasted three and a half hours till 11:30. I roused in the recovery room about 2:30. At first I was conscious only of an extreme pain in my right shoulder, and then I gradually discovered they were transfusing me with whole blood in my arm. It seems I had left the operating room with rapidly falling blood pressure, suggestive of shock, so the transfusion had been ordered along with oxygen.

Left the recovery room about 5 P.M. Was perishing of thirst, although occasionally a small piece of ice had been dropped into my mouth during the afternoon. Drank a whole pitcherful of water as soon as I got back to my room.

My face is very swollen and there is a dull pain in my cheekbones and the cords at the back of my neck. In fact, my whole head aches but just on the outside. Nothing as bad as the usual pounding tension headaches of our dizzy civilization. My dressings look as if I'd been chosen to be the first astronaut. There is a scarlet tuft of hair sticking out of the top of the helmet. Would guess I faintly resemble one of those weird animals in a Doctor Seuss book. Apparently it is a bloody operation, as Doctor K. says the first pint of blood they gave me undoubtedly just replaced what I'd lost. The dressings are so heavy over my ears I can barely hear. Find that by lying on my little transistor radio I can catch the news.

Dinner arrived in the form of a liquid-diet tray. I was starved, felt fine, and with no dressings over my face figured I could eat solid food. Asked for a general diet, "ate" the liquid while waiting, and pretty soon here came a lovely big dinner. It wasn't the least bit painful to chew or swallow.

SECOND DAY, 2 A.M.

Can't sleep. In abdominal surgery you can lie on your back, but when your head is involved there's no place to put it but up—so who can sleep? Besides, I had a five-hour session with intravenous solution till midnight, and my arms still ache. Just checked what little face shows. My eyes are turning black and my face is so swollen it looks as if I've gained 80 pounds. Doctor K. tells me my scalp was opened up from back neck cords to temple, inside of hairline except for around the ears. Ears (top and bottom) were sewn back over incision so no facial scars will show. The muscle layer was pulled back and tightened, then skin tightened over muscle base and excess tissue removed. How about that!

SECOND DAY, NOON

Dressings were changed this morning. They are very bulky and over whole head, under chin and around neck. On the incisions strips of medication-soaked gauze were first gently laid. Large heaps of cotton waste were next piled over each ear as pressure protection, then yards and yards of gauze and tape wrapped over all. Doctor K. kept saying, "Perfect . . . perfect," all the time he fussed with me. Both eyes are now black and blue. Head is sore but not throbbing. Am too keyed up yet to relax or sleep. Hate to miss any of the excitement as the skin changes color. Also, can't help admiring the pretty straight corners of my formerly drooping mouth. Right back up where they used to be! Can't tell anything more as yet. Feel fine and strong from the shoulders down.

Wrote letters and went to nurses' station to ask directions to the mailbox. They looked aghast, and one said, "You can't go down there. You were just in the recovery room yesterday!" One of them finally came with me—presumably to pick up the pieces when I gave out. But I made it easily both ways.

Have had two long-distance calls that I couldn't accept because I couldn't hear through the dressings. But I'm able to read, thanks to my oculist at home who rigged up old glasses with a very short pair of bows ending in hooks. By slipping elastic over the hooks, I can string the whole works across the back of the dressings. Doctor K. thinks it quite an ingenious arrangement. Good thing I checked on the size of this helmet or I'd be half blind for a month, with all this bulk now, and tender incisions later.

Am drinking gallons of water and still feel dehydrated. Discovered that by twisting two pieces of cleansing tissue on the bias and stuffing the ends in the top of my helmet I look like Bugs Bunny.

THIRD DAY

I can hardly see now, what with a big mouse over and under each eye. My face begins to be made of rainbows of color—magenta, chartreuse, dark green, violet, lavender. My neck is now purple to the shoulders. Have a headache, but just on the outside and purely superficial. Feel calmer and more relaxed, although pulse is still rapid. (I am a sneaky patient—I check my own pulse and temperature when the thermometers are passed out.)

Doctor K. says one of their patients, done six weeks ago, came in to be photographed today looking very glamorous. She is eighty-five years old! Has this done routinely. Imagine, being able to look nice all these years. That's for me! Better start looking for more odd jobs when I get home so I can afford the next one.

FOURTH DAY

Just took another look at this "beautiful job," as Doctor K. calls it. Eyes are even worse than yesterday. Looks as though I'd been thrown through a windshield. I have no depth perception and no peripheral vision. Headache isn't so bad, and I need aspirin only occasionally. Neck deeper purple but sore only to touch. Cheeks are now pale green, but swelling is starting to decrease.

I suppose this adventure needs strong motivation—like learning to wear contact lenses. It probably would be most unpleasant if you were doing it purely because you *had* to. But when it is one of the most important things in your life, it is tremendously exciting—and downright hilarious when you look in the mirror. Better-looking varmints crawl out from under boards any day.

My eyes are now just slits, and my face every color in the paint box. Feel good, but tire easily. Think I'm doing fine, but the patient is always the last to know. Can hardly wait for the final result, and that will be several weeks.

Of course everyone is most curious as to what happened as I bounce around the corridors attired in my friends' prettiest gowns and robes (on loan), looking chic from the shoulders down.

No point in renting a TV set yet. I can't see well enough, and with eight-inch-thick dressings over ears, can't hear well either. The night nurses are very sweet about inviting me to coffee (decaffeinated) in their little kitchen when I roam past looking for diversion. In our present relationship, the nurses are such good friends. Would they recognize me if I came back with my new face?

I am getting a partial memory block from the sedatives and tranquilizers that don't work otherwise: have already forgotten half the questions I asked the doctor today. He says my pulse is rapid because I'm so excited. According to the laboratory, my blood picture is back to normal, thanks to the transfusion. The bruises will last two to three weeks only. They are caused by capillary seepage after the skin was shifted on the muscle base. He doesn't approve of using the preparation that fades bruises quickly. Only a one-inch strip of hair was shaved off inside the hairline, so restyling should easily take care of my hair till it grows in again.



"She must have had quite a time!"

Think the period I am in now is the hardes part of a face lift. The operation doesn't hur but a lukewarm patient might flip about no upon looking in a mirror. As for me, I ca stand looking weird for three weeks rathe than spend years painting facial draperies ir stead of putting on make-up. I'd rather have new face than a mink stole which would co more and wear out quicker.

FIFTH DAY

Tired and limp. Lack of sleep is beginning t tell. Maybe I stay awake all night so I won miss the doctor's morning call. He's the onl visitor I have, and he is certainly somethin nice to look forward to. He's so good abou answering my questions. I now make out a lis during the day and read them off to him so won't forget all the things I want to know.

Believe I'm not as swollen or as black-eye as yesterday. Pulse is still rapid, but tempera ture is normal, so effects of shock are wearin off. I can read better today and am able to ro my eyes. Aspirin is easily controlling what li tle discomfort I have from sore head. With couple of naps under my cap today I feel be ter. My dressings are so thick I must look d rectly at the person talking to catch everythin said. Stitches ache sometimes—head itche sometimes.

Little nun came up from the kitchen t thank me for the note I put on my tray com plimenting the cooks. From her profoun gratitude, I gather she's had more complaint than cheers in her dietetic career.

SIXTH DAY

Had another boring, sleepless night and a not even tired. I'd give anything for eig hours of real sleep.

It took over an hour to change the dressing today. Doctor K. took out 90 stitches (blac silk) and said it was only a starter on stitc removal. It hurt—especially around my ear All doctors insist that stitch removal doesn hurt—just stings. Well, it hurts, though not a much as abdominal or chest stitches.

He says my ears have been shortened ove a centimeter. It seems they sort of eased th lower third into place, like putting in a sleev when you make a dress. My ear lobes ar numb and they *don't* seem as big as befor Wonder if I can still wear my big gobby ea rings. He says my ears were nine centimeter long—much too long. I didn't know that. did know they stuck out a little. "No more, he says. What a bonus!

My neck is now very sore, can't turn m head. Still don't look human, and the dres ings are as thick as ever. Wonder when I ca have a shampoo.

Have been trying to read, but nothing is er grossing enough. I showed the nurses th five-year-old portraits I brought for the su geon to see. They are having great fun tryin to decide what I'll look like next. Impossib to guess yet.

SEVENTH DAY

Great purple patches have appeared at t corners of my mouth and are spreading acro my cheeks. Eyes are better, the swelling dow a little. Feel listless and tired. Napped agai so must be unwinding. Doctor K. reassurin on final results. He wants to know most of a why I can't sleep. Well, when you wait thr years to go to Disneyland, you don't do through any of the rides, is all I could t him.

EIGHTH DAY

Slept over three hours last night! Am i lounge clothes today. Eyes continue to in prove, but cheeks and neck still getting pu pler. Can't get over how painless this h been. It's a good thing too. This being electi surgery, you ask for no sympathy and g none. Glad there's so little to complain abou

NINTH DAY

Almost changed my mind about the who thing being so easy this morning. Dressin change was an ordeal. Fluid under incisio had to be pressed out on back of neck. Didn sleep again last night. Pressure was makin dressings too tight on throat unless I sat u straight. Got TV set today, and can see ad quately. Stayed quietly on the bed most of t day, being amused and calm. Am achy an tired, and my scalp itches.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



Who picked the daisies?

Lady Buxton did. For a very special girl. She's as sweet as the daisies, with a wild-flower wildness. Gay as the daisies. And at home anywhere. The leather on which the daisies bloom: a new fashion excitement, two-thirds textured and one-third smooth. In country colors, The Petite Fleur Set by **LADY BUXTON**

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

TENTH DAY

Slept some last night and feel marvelous today. Have gained two pounds on this excellent food. Rainbow colors are nearly faded from eyes and all swelling is gone from eyelids. Could have gone home today if I lived nearby. Lower half of face still has that five-o'clock shadow. Head itches badly now under these hot, heavy dressings. Hope they decrease in size soon.

ELEVENTH DAY

Am starting on an antibiotic preparatory to leaving the hospital. Will continue it for a week. Was to leave at noon, but upon removing dressings this morning there were two large pockets of fluid on my neck. Must now go down to the doctor's office for the surgeon to see and, perhaps, aspirate. Don't think I'll release my room. If they open these bulges I'll want to come back here with lots of help standing by. Also, can't have a shampoo for several days yet. How will I stand it? Must stay in town ten days after leaving the hospital for dressings and care.

Afternoon. It was even worse than I anticipated. They opened the pockets of fluid on my neck. I almost cried right there, took a cab back to the hospital, dragged up to my room and burst into tears. Imagine, the worst day of all is the eleventh. And the only time I've really been hurt. But with a pain pill and all kinds of sympathy and fussing over from the staff I dropped off to sleep and now feel recuperated. One motherly nurse even kissed my purple, tear-stained face, and someone's special from down the hall came in and held my hand. What sweet people!

Evening. Head hurting badly again. Got another pain pill. Still shaken from the "unfortunate" afternoon. But the surgeon did say that though it was too bad, and the swelling would take a lot longer to go down, this has thickened the muscles and the repair work will hold up a lot longer, so it may be worth it.

TWELFTH DAY

Incisions hurt all night, so stayed up and visited with the night aides and nurses. It felt like marbles bandaged tight against tender spots. But Doctor K. wasn't too worried. so pains must have been in acceptable places. Maybe over deep sutures.

Feel good again, and am being dismissed at noon. The first phase is over!

THIRTEENTH DAY

Itching scalp nearly intolerable. Tear holes in the dressings and pour rubbing alcohol on the worst spots. Am taking lots of aspirin to try to numb scalp areas. Tomorrow stitches come out, and shampoo maybe.

FOURTEENTH DAY

No shampoo! How could they! Have to wait three more days because about 100 stitches came out this morning. Doctor K. says nearly two hours of the operation was sewing time. At least my dressings have been reduced to light weight over ears, and there is a bare patch in back where I can scratch. He rubbed alcohol all over my scalp with a gauze sponge. Felt wonderful! The secretary made an appointment with a medical beauty operator for a shampoo and restyling three days hence.

FIFTEENTH DAY

How can I ever wait two more days to wash my hair? Called the doctor's office to see if I could remove dressings and wash it myself. Secretary sounded shocked and said "No." So I will live on tranquilizers and aspirin for forty-eight hours more. Sleeping fine at last with this lightweight bandage. Bruises are paler and smaller, swollen look slight. Tried to go shopping, but walking four blocks had me pretty shaky. Besides, my bandages scare too many people on the street.

SIXTEENTH DAY

Oooh—*ee!* This was the great day! Went to the doctor's office to have the dressings taken off, and could feel the whole office staff quivering with excitement. Just like me. Off they came! The suspense was terrific, but I was whisked away to be shampooed, restyled and carefully made up with a paste foundation on the bruises.

Then I got my first heart-stopping look. There was my heart-shaped face again, a smooth, youthful throat and happy-looking mouth. All the sag and droop is gone. And individuality of expression is intact, because of untouched eyes and forehead. Just what I wanted! This is a day for walking on air; I can hardly look away from the mirror. Everybody galloped in to cheer the result, and I must say the surgeon looked as pleased as anybody. Except me.

Was thoroughly photographed for the doctor's files, and was asked to send more pictures when all swelling had disappeared. Am still a bit mumpy-looking between ear and cheek. Neck is also thick and discolored, but sleek jawline is certainly visible. They say that in another month I'll be even happier with the results.

At the hospital the nurses had said they could hardly wait till the dressings came off. *They* could hardly wait! It seems they rarely get to see the finished product, and don't recognize the bruised and bandaged celebrities they have with them. Most people use an assumed name for this operation, and I was often asked who I *really* was.

So out to the hospital I went, and they *didn't* recognize me till I howled, "Don't you know me anymore?" They simply couldn't believe it. One little aide from the night staff said "Why, you're one of my best friends, and I wouldn't have known you!" The coffeepot was put on, word was sent to the other wing and with one or two at a time coming in for a quick break, we had an impromptu farewell party. My letter of appreciation to the supervisor had been posted by someone on the kitchen wall—and now they, too, want an "after" picture. Finally pulled myself away from a wonderful hospital and staff and paddled off into the sunset.

EIGHTEENTH DAY

Find that ears and large areas in front of ears are completely numb. The doctor says the nerves will regenerate in time. Wonderful to sleep without dressings and with a clean scalp. Now only one bruise, pale but glimmering, below right eye mars the new landscape.

TWENTIETH DAY

Flew South today to wait out deflation at the home of generous friends. No one stared much as stared on the plane, although I did wear dark glasses. Will rest and get acquainted with myself down here for a few weeks till spring arrives up North.

New hair is starting to come in and prickles. Am a bit stiff-necked as yet, otherwise look and feel nearly well. This is like having a baby. Who minds *any* deal in a hospital when you

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MEXICO

(San Miguel de Allende)

By JAMES HEARST

Fresh from the slow hills of Iowa
milky with corn, I stand aghast
where sharp-toothed mountains
tear at the sky.
The feathers of Montezuma
shadow
the cactus, the thin trails, the
lonely cross,
a pink stone church praises God
from a fold in the hills, but the
dry light
prods my eye with burro and
vulture
lest I blind myself with the flowers'
radiance.

Blue grace pours from heaven
on proud heads and kind shoulders
turned away from stone altars
as a smile shines in the doorway
and love welcomes you in.



How To Make Love.

To make shoes that love your feet, start with the choicest, softest leathers. Sort and grade them and use only the best. Use lasts (the shoe forms on which footwear is made) that are carefully designed to make the shoe cling to every delicate contour of the foot. These lasts must be painstakingly created in a multitude of shapes, sizes and widths to assure perfect fit and absolute comfort. Be certain throats are softened and toplines fall in precisely the right places to avoid cutting, binding and gapping. Pre-flex the soles, many times over. Then skive sole edges and laps for extra softness, lightness and good looks. Build in exclusive Cush Un Soft innersoles: they shock absorb every step. Add hidden tapes which hold the shoes' shape through weeks and months of wear. Keep doing everything that will lighten the shoes, soften them, beautify them; and the result will be

Enna Jetticks... the shoes that love your feet ...and your pocketbook. Shoes shown: left, Sahara, $10.99; center, Tricolor, $11.99; right, Mesh Laurie, $11.99. Enna Jettick Shoes, Inc., Auburn, New York **$9.99** to **$12.99**

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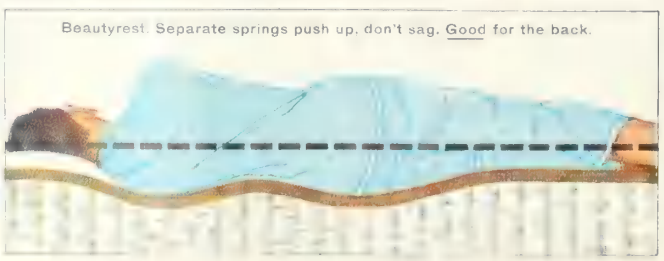
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Consider a Kingsize Beautyrest. Almost two feet wider an ½ foot longer than regular size . . . yet it costs less, takes les room, than 2 twin beds. *Lavishly* big—and every inch *Beautyres* That's the difference millions of people appreciate. Regula or extra-firm. King Sizes, standard sizes—even crib sizes.





BEAUTYREST
by SIMMONS

BY GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M. D.



TELL ME DOCTOR

"You saved my mother's life, Doctor, when she got a pelvic infection just after I was born. But she never had another baby. I hope I won't become sterile too!"

The doctor glanced a second time at Mrs. Whitaker's home address, a small community about a hundred miles away. Mrs. Whitaker, in her middle twenties, pleasant and capable-looking, said, as if reading his thoughts, "You are quite famous at home, Doctor. You saved my mother's life twenty-five years ago."

"Indeed? I remember some connection with your town, though exactly what —— After all, twenty-five years is a long time!"

"Mother—her name is Mrs. Elmer Johnson—got desperately sick not long after I was born," Mrs. Whitaker explained. "Everybody thought she was going to die; then you were called in and pulled her through. I have heard the story many times. How you operated on her right on our kitchen table, just like the old horse-and-buggy days."

"That brings it all back!" the doctor exclaimed. "You were born in a crude, unsanitary place called a maternity home, but without benefit of medical staff. The local doctor didn't even get there. Your mother had a rather deep obstetrical tear. It would not have been too serious in itself, but around the third or fourth day her temperature shot way up; soon she was desperately ill. She had incurred about the worst infection that can follow childbirth, what we call 'pelvic peritonitis,' caused by one of the most virulent types of bacteria, the hemolytic or 'blood-destroying' streptococcus. It begins in the uterus and spreads rapidly to the tubes, then to all the pelvic organs. In the old days, in many cases it would spread to other parts of the body through the bloodstream. It was a principal cause of the high maternal-death rate we used to have before the need for strict asepsis in childbirth was recognized.

"By the time I was called in, your mother was much too sick to be moved to a city hospital. I wouldn't have returned her to the maternity home for anything. That was the reason for the rather melodramatic kitchen-table operation. Fortunately, she was healthy and strong—plucky too. Her body had walled off the infection, localizing it in the pelvis in a massive abscess. I drained the abscess by making a small vaginal incision called a colpotomy. After that, she got better as if by magic."

"And she's still going strong! She sent you her regards. That maternity home was pretty dreadful, Doctor. It was finally closed after several mothers had died of infections they got there. We have a nice new hospital now. I guess there won't be any more danger of pelvic infections."

"I am glad to hear of the new hospital, Mrs. Whitaker. But I'm afraid we haven't done away entirely with pelvic infections, even in our big city hospitals. We have much better ways of dealing with them when they occur, and in this country, today, they are seldom a cause of death following childbirth. Just the same, we have to be on our toes constantly. And in spite of all our precautions—the meticulous scrubbing and other antiseptic routines, the isolation of every case of actual or suspected infection—we still have them with us.

"True, oftentimes they follow spontaneous abortion or miscarriage, suffered by a woman in her own home. And after illegal abortions, performed under dangerous conditions, they are far too frequent. But pelvic infections can occur even under the best circumstances."

"You said, though, that you have better ways of dealing with them now."

"We certainly do. But it's an interesting sidelight that the modern tendency to use chemotherapy at the first suspicion of trouble sometimes camouflages these particular infections. It improves the condition sufficiently to give the impression of cure, when actually the infection is only dormant and may flare up again, or remain as a chronic condition. Hence pelvic infections are a frequent cause of later sterility, because of tubes that have been sealed off. Or they cause what we call morbidity—painful, sensitive pelvic organs, troublesome menstrual periods, difficult and painful marital relations. A good many women go on for years with ills of that kind, the result of an infection following normal childbirth, miscarriage or abortion, which didn't seem to amount to very much at the time.

"Worst of all are the infections which follow illegal abortions, induced by instruments. They may seem trivial, too, but they can damage the tubes so severely these become permanently useless. I wish that women who contemplate illegal abortions could know what they may be letting themselves in for. But I must apologize, Mrs. Whitaker. Recalling your mother's experience has taken us rather far afield. I see by your card that you have been having some trouble yourself."

"Yes. It's odd that you should have mentioned spontaneous abortion, because my doctor at home thought I had one, about three months ago. It was my first pregnancy. A few days afterward I began to have nagging little pains in my lower abdomen. Ever since, there has been a rather slow, continuous ache in that area, and tenderness, really serious discomfort, on and off. I think I may have a little fever occasionally. I have been able to do my housework, but I am in pain a good deal of the time."

"Had you noticed any of these symptoms prior to the pregnancy?"

"No. My periods have always been regular. I haven't really known what it was to be sick."

"Did you consult your own doctor about this recent discomfort?"

"Yes. I went to him again last week. He examined me, but said there were so many possibilities he couldn't make up his mind what treatment to use. Let me see if I can remember them all. He thought I had a small cyst on the right ovary. But he said there was a slight possibility that a pregnancy had started in the tube. He also mentioned endometriosis. Oh, yes, he said something about appendicitis. I have never had my appendix removed."

"Do the pain and tenderness you mention seem to be on one side? I noticed you put your hand to your right side when you spoke of the pain in the lower part of your abdomen."

"That's right, Doctor. It definitely seems worse now on the right side."

"I see. It's quite true that a small ovarian cyst, especially one that is on a stem, or pedicle, can make trouble. Hard straining, a quick jolt, or occasionally intercourse, can give it a twist which will impede or even shut off circulation. Or it may get infected.

"It isn't always easy to distinguish between the pain and tenderness of appendicitis and that caused by an abnormal condition in the right ovary or tube. However, appendicitis is usually accompanied by symptoms you haven't reported—nausea, constipation or diarrhea, and the like. A test called the sedimentation rate will tell us more about that. The idea of a tubal pregnancy seems pretty unlikely, but a frog test would help us decide."

"Dr. Gross mentioned those things. But he also said the situation was so cloudy that he would rather I went to a specialist for diagnosis."

The doctor buzzed the intercom. "Mrs. Whitaker is ready for examination, Mary Ann. Please get the routine laboratory tests going

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NESBITT-RE

THE QUESTIONS ADOLESCENTS ASK ABOUT SEX...

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.



"I would tell a daughter flatly never to let a boy go a step beyond what seems right to her. There are all kinds of boys. Her need is not to please a lot of them, but to find the few whom she can really be fond of."

The commonest protest of a girl to her mother is that she is compelled to let boys take liberties beyond what she would like because otherwise she will be hopelessly unpopular and isolated. Part of this objection comes from the fact that her own instincts, curiosity, doubts about her attractiveness are naturally urging her to experiment and she would feel more comfortable if her mother would agree that she has to give in. At the same time, the self-respecting and idealistic part of her personality really wants the backing of her mother's wisdom, even if she argues indignantly against her advice. I would tell a daughter flatly never to let a boy go a step beyond what seems right to her. There are all kinds of boys. Her need is not to please a lot of them, but to find the few whom she can really be fond of. A boy who feels drawn to her as a person and who is likely to appeal to her in the long run will surely not be put off by her wish not to pet. Though his physical desire and his need to prove himself a man are urging him to try, the idealistic side of him that admires her will actually be glad to find that she is not cheap to get. Her privacy about her physical self when combined with her responsiveness to him as a person is just what enhances her appealingness. It challenges him to win her totally. If a girl can understand this two-sidedness of the male, she's well on the way to becoming a woman of the world.

What is most difficult for the young girl (though it comes easily to the older one) is how to keep her physical reserve without seeming to reject the boy as a person. A boy is apt to think that on a date with a new girl he should make some kind of advances so that the girl, if she is expecting this, won't think he is a timid mouse. (This is an aspect of his worry about whether he is masculine enough.) He assumes she will stop him if she doesn't want this. On the other hand, he dreads being rebuffed. A young boy's hesitancy may have kept him debating with himself for hours or even for days. In desperation he may suddenly make an awkward pass or a lunge. A girl taken by surprise is apt to recoil in alarm or act outraged. Even in her later teen years a girl may find that a boy who had never tried anything before is suddenly wrestling with her, especially if he has been drinking to get his courage up. The girl's job is to make it clear that she does not want the advances but that she still feels friendly toward him, appreciates his interest in her. If he is a sensitive person it may be sufficient for her to take his hand off her shoulder gently. Or she can say in effect, "No, please don't," or "I'm sorry, I don't feel that way now," without reproaching him or getting angry. She acts as if it were due to a misunderstanding, perhaps partly her fault, rather than to his crudeness. A boy who really likes a girl and wants to know her better will be relieved to learn clearly what she wants and doesn't want.

But a young girl also needs to know that a boy may keep persisting for a while, or argue and act indignant, to cover up his hurt pride. He may try to convince her that she's a prude, or that she was leading him on. She shouldn't feel obliged to defend her reasons or to make long speeches. That only prolongs the uncomfortable argument. If he has no sense, she may have to become really angry. To get away from the arguments, she can try to start the conversation up again where it left off, or to let him know how much she enjoys his company in other situations. If she feels like it, she can show that she still is friendly in a physical sense to the degree of wanting to hold his hand. This helps to ease his guilty fear that he has completely alienated her. The next step will probably be to suggest that it's time to rejoin the gang or to be getting home.

More basically, a girl protects herself from unpleasant experiences by her general reputation, by not going on dates with a boy alone until she has got to know him in groups (and given him a chance to know her), by not agreeing to drive with him to secluded places, by immediately insisting that she must be getting home if he starts to park somewhere. It's important for a young girl to know that most boys brought up like herself, though they would like to think of themselves as irresistible cavemen, are actually quite cautious most of the time about not getting into situations in which they will be rebuffed and embarrassed. So they are always watching for signs and signals. The girl's job is to be careful that she is sending out the kind she means.

Romance is often painful in adolescence because young people are so frequently disappointed by those they have become fond of. A boy and girl are drawn together by mutual appeal and are delighted to find how many interests and aspirations they share. They begin to fall in love and promise devotion to each other. Then one of them loses his enthusiasm and backs away, for no good reason that the other can see, or—worse still—becomes more interested in somebody else. These disappointments can be terribly painful. They may make the hurt young person fearful of becoming involved with anyone else for a long time. Older people who have grown too far away from their own youth smile at these early love affairs, forgetting that the emotions are just as intense as any that come later. It isn't that the teenager is insincere or fickle in his love. There are other explanations. One is that the teenager's desire to find someone to love intensely and his own idealism make him liable to see wonderful qualities in the other person which are not there, or make him temporarily ignore unattractive qualities which really are there. Time forces him to be more realistic. Another problem is that the adolescent is still developing rapidly—in his character, in his tastes, in his aspirations. In a few months he may completely outgrow a person who was right for him yesterday. A parent could advise a teenager to protect himself from being hurt by his beloved—or to keep from hurting his beloved—by being cautious about admitting love, or at least about declaring it. This is unrealistic, though. The last thing a person in love wants to be is cautious about telling the other. Perhaps the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

This is the third and final article by Dr. Spock on adolescents and sex problems.

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Suds-proof body dirt sticks in practically everything from shirt collars to bed sheets. It's too stubborn for suds and weak bleaches. This dirt demands the dirt-dissolving power you get when you add Clorox to your suds. Why not see for yourself...

For a cleaner family wash, add Clorox bleach every time!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

best that parents can do is persuade young people in love to promise to tell each other courageously if their feelings cool. This is painful, too, but in the long run it is kinder to the one who must be disappointed than to have to spend weeks in anguished doubt.

Aside from the normal drives that draw boys and girls together, it is good for young people to realize that there are mixed-up desires too. I am thinking first of the individuals who use all their wiles to make conquests of members of the opposite sex. When that is accomplished, they lose interest in them and drop them heartlessly. This is a selfish, hostile use of sex. Usually these are people who have felt neglected by their parents and are unconsciously taking revenge on others instead. There is a trace of the enjoyment of conquest in most of us. It is apt to be stronger in early adolescence, before tender feelings for special members of the opposite sex have had a chance to develop. When girls compete for boyfriends by being easy to make, it accentuates the conquest-seeking attitudes in these girls and in the boys they make a play for.

There are dozens of other mixed-up (neurotic) patterns of relationships between the sexes which show up clearly in marriages but which cause difficulties in dating too: the excessively jealous person or the one who is compelled unconsciously to make his beloved jealous; the one who must always be quarreling; the individual who is constantly hurting feelings or teasing, or who is asking to be hurt or teased; the dominator; the submitter; the person who can fall in love only with someone who already belongs to another (and loses interest as soon as the beloved becomes available), or the one who can fall in love only with someone who is indifferent to him (and instinctively pulls back as soon as he finds any responsiveness); the individual who can feel sexual attraction only toward those whom he does not respect morally or socially. If an adolescent has been disappointed and hurt by finding an attitude such as one of these in the person with whom he has fallen in love, it may help him to free himself if he can realize clearly that the unhappy experience may not have been due to some misunderstanding between them but to an ingrained trait. If an individual finds that he is falling in love with one person after another, each of whom disappoints him in the same way, then there is something in himself which is leading him into these repeated frustrations. He can get help from a psychiatrist.

An aspect of sex which is apt to be troublesome to adolescents is masturbation. Studies have shown that most adolescents succumb to the urge at least occasionally, but also that it is *much* less frequent in those who become involved in sexual relations. So it is really a substitute outlet for young people in our kind of civilization who must postpone the more direct expression of their instincts. It continues to be a problem much longer for the individuals who are unusually slow in getting around to dating and marriage. It's of some comfort to an adolescent to have his parent explain that few people his age can resist the temptation altogether and that it is not physically or psychologically harmful. The very frank teenager may insist on asking, "But is it wrong?" Each parent has to answer on the basis of his religious and personal beliefs. But even when the parent answers, "No, it's not wrong," this will not make a young person with high ideals feel entirely comfortable about the habit. Incidentally I think it is a mistake for a parent to say that masturbation is not harmful "if not practiced too often." There is no medical basis for this distinction, and it only shifts the worry of the person to the question of what is "too often."

All teenagers have concerns at times about whether they are normal or abnormal—physically, medically, psychologically, socially. The slightest difference from others, real or imaginary, may cause anxiety or despondency. The fantasies (daydreams) about sexual intimacies which their instincts create in their imaginations, and which are often more strange and "indecent" than anything they have ever heard about, are apt to be particularly disconcerting. They can be reassured that most such fantasies are normal. (The principal exception is fantasies that involve harming or taking advantage of an unwilling person. These should be discussed with a psychiatrist.)

There are temptations which come particularly strongly to boys who are more slow than average in regard to the direct approach to girls, such as peeping in windows, making passes at strange girls in movie houses, involving young children in sex play. It's sensible for parents to seek psychiatric advice when a child has special problems like these. But it's important for all adolescent boys to realize clearly that these temptations are common and that, since the law and other parents are severe about such activities, they must firmly resist these temptations in order to avoid getting into real trouble.

Boys need to know that "nocturnal emissions" (discharge of seminal fluid during sexual dreams) are normal, and occur in all boys not regularly having intercourse. Their frequency or infrequency has no significance.

There are a few realistic points that need to be made about venereal diseases. Their occurrence in young people has shot upward in recent years because of the general relaxation of sexual behavior. These diseases do not come from doing what's forbidden. They are caught by having intercourse with individuals who are infected. The people who are most likely to be infected are those who are having intercourse promiscuously—not being particular with whom or how many. Gonorrhea shows itself primarily by an irritating white discharge from the penis or vagina which begins about five to seven days after the contact. The first stage of syphilis, which takes several weeks to develop, is a sore, which is usually on the end of the penis in the boy but which may be invisible in the vagina in the girl. It takes weeks more before the rash of syphilis appears, which looks something like measles, numerous pink spots all over the body including the front of the chest and abdomen. It's not at all similar to acne, which consists of a relatively few raised pimples on the face and shoulders alone. The most important point of all is that gonorrhea and syphilis can both be treated successfully, but they should be treated promptly and thoroughly. Adolescents should realize that if they are in trouble their parents will want to know and help. But if they can't bear to tell their parents, they should go to their family doctor whom they can trust, not to an unknown doctor who may be a quack.

In view of the tensions and pitfalls of sex in adolescence, what general advice can parents give to their children?

I think myself that we've had enough experience with the recent social customs of early dating and going steady to say that their disadvantages outweigh any advantages. They make young adolescents compete for partners before they have a genuine need of each other, which belittles the idea of love. They often encourage physical intimacy long before teenagers are capable of knowing what partners are right for them or what lasting love means. Sometimes they lead to premature marriages or illegitimate pregnancies which interfere with healthy personality growth and shatter educational plans—in a country where the importance of continuing education is greater every year.

I think it's the duty of parents who disapprove of these customs to present their views convincingly to their children. That's what parental experience and wisdom are meant to be for. Parents will need to get what cooperation they can from the neighbors who agree with them, and the school people. This is an ideal topic for PTA discussions in junior high school. In some communities a majority of the parents may be very much in favor of a co-operative effort. Even if only a minority of parents agree, each of their children will know that there are some other young people in the same situation as himself. It will be much easier to start with children just on the threshold of adolescence than to try to change the rules for those in the middle.

A parent can explain to a child—especially a mother to her daughter—that she considers it unwise to agree to go steady until one has known a person for a long time and is ready to think about engagement and marriage. This does not mean that a boy and girl can't see a lot of each other and, as they grow older and fonder, have repeated dates. The disadvantages of really going steady lie in the agreement not to date others, not to dance with others, the obligation to have regular dates and to attend all possible social functions together. Youth is meant to be the time to get to know a lot of people and oneself, not to retire from circulation and spend all free time together, like a married couple.

A parent can also explain to an early adolescent—particularly a mother to her daughter—that she doesn't consider it wise for a girl to go on single dates until she is several years older. There will be plenty of opportunities to get to know boys at parties in homes and school and church, and later, perhaps, in movie parties made up of several couples (with parents driving the cars). Parents can show by their friendly manner that they are not old fogies or killjoys. They want their children to have the full benefit and fun of adolescence. They want to keep them from getting into situations where they might look foolish or be miserable. Parents can also show that they will always be ready to discuss the rules—and changes in them—as the child grows in experience and wisdom.

Even in the later teen years I think a mother should encourage her daughter to have most of her fun at parties or on double dates to keep to public places when she is on singl dates, and to avoid prolonged parking an petting until she is old enough and sure enoug to be thinking of an engagement.

What happens to sexual energy which is de nied direct expression? What outlets are avail able to carefully reared children? Ordinar social contact between boys and girls in schoo at parties, at dances probably relieves tensio to a degree, even though there is no direct ex pression of sexuality. It's a common observa tion in boarding schools for boys or girls tha the complete absence of the opposite sex ofte leads to a constant and intense preoccupatio with the other sex. Soldiers stationed in un inhabited areas of the Pacific often talked abou nothing but women. I also remember vividly when I was still in pediatric practice during th war, that some girls whose fathers were ov seas when they themselves were four and fi the age at which they are most intensely at tached to their fathers, would hurl themselve on me during a house visit as if they wer desperate for male company and affection.

Boys in boarding schools and colleges hav always been exhorted to engage vigorously i athletics and other extracurricular activities t keep their minds off sex. A lot of fun has bee poked at this simple-sounding solution, bu there is probably considerable truth in i Most married couples can testify that preoc cupation with family and business problem distracts attention from sex to a degree, an that a leisurely, secluded vacation increas desire.

Certainly we know today that the emotion energy which makes an adolescent drea idealistically about his future, the emotion energy which spurs him forward in the stud of science or technology or the humanities the arts, comes in large part from a transfo mation of his sexual drives. Statistics show tha it is the adolescents who postpone the direc expression of their sexuality who, on the aver age, go further in their schooling and careers and that when adolescents marry young c have sexual relations, their interest in studie and ideas is apt to decline greatly.

Though we've been discussing the particula problems of early adolescents, it might be we to end up with a word on the relation betwee studying and sex at the college level. The con flict between education and a full sexual lif is not so sharp when real maturity is reache The ex-soldiers who were already marrie and who returned to college after Worl War II with a determination to gain all th benefits of education were generally a delig to their instructors. But nowadays the pictur is a mixed one in regard to married colleg students. When a marriage has been a wel considered one between two unusually ma ture people, it may give greater purpose t their studies. But a less stable marriage ca play hob with education. It is not simply th distraction of sex. The problems of mutual ad justment, which are inevitable in all marriage may reach stormy levels so much of the tim that concentration is impossible. Econom need sometimes compels the wife to go work. The unplanned arrival of children com pounds the problems of finances, concentr tion and marital adjustment.

In today's atmosphere of greater sexu freedom, unmarried college students who a not ready to fall seriously in love or to have a affair are sometimes made to feel, by the less inhibited girl and boy friends, that the are therefore abnormal. It would be a gre mistake for such individuals to be persuade by this bogus reasoning. College counselo are impressed with how disturbing sexual a fairs may be. They seriously detract intere and time from studies, extracurricular activ ties, the forming of friendships, the broade ing of perspectives, which only the colle years can provide so richly. The fear of pre nancy and of detection, the sense of gu create a constant strain in all but the mo blasé. I think that the college student wh wants to be very sure that he or she is read for marriage, and has found the right perso before becoming involved, is to be admire and congratulated.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answ letters personally. However, he is delighted to rece suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

That Old Girl of Mine was the hit tune of May, 1912, when 10,000 suffragettes marched in New York City, to the titters of onlookers. The U.S. Children's Bureau was brand-new; the man in the flying machine, Wilbur Wright, died in his bed of typhoid fever; and Ruth Chatterton appeared on Broadway in *The Rainbow*.

"About 93 out of every 100 American families have no servants," observes editor Bok in the May, 1912, *Journal*. "Can you blame a young girl for seeking factory work when a skilled household cook works 85 to 90 hours a week for a weekly salary of from $5 to $8?"

"I have been invited for a week's trip in an automobile," writes a reader. "I feel that a motoring bonnet which ties under the chin is unbecoming. What would you suggest?" *Journal* reply: "A blue taffeta tam-o'-shanter."

"A pretty breakfast cap is made of fine organdy trimmed with white lace and tiny pink ribbon rosebuds."

Advises Dr. Coolidge, "Warm the little baby's feet in your hands before putting on his long wool stockings. Never put stockings over cold little feet."

General Electric…the washer that gets big 12-lb. loads truly clean…now 2 washers in 1



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Gets every piece of every load truly clean. For General Electric has stepped up more than capacity. They've *stepped up cleaning power* with a new washing system specially designed to get big 12-pound loads truly clean.

And this new washer has water-saving settings for medium and small loads, too. The General Electric Filter-Flo® washing system leaves no lint-fuzz on your clothes—works for every load you wash.

2. It's a midget washer with a MINI-BASKET for "washbowl" loads

The MINI-BASKET is an *extra* washbasket for those few-piece loads so small you haven't wanted to turn on the machine—little "washbowl" loads.

Fits over the Activator® post, inside the big washbasket. Washes gloves, slips, stockings or heavy wool socks as gently as your own hands would.

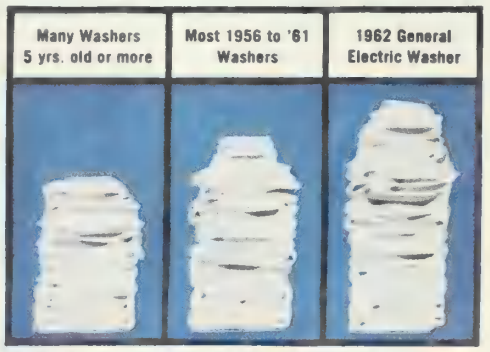
The MINI-WASH* system *uses ¼ the water* of the smallest load in the big washbasket. The MINI-BASKET lifts off and stores away while you use the big basket for the regular wash load.

See the washer that's 2 washers in 1, now at your General Electric dealer's. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.

*General Electric Trademark

By any measure…

There is nothing "just as good as" General Electric



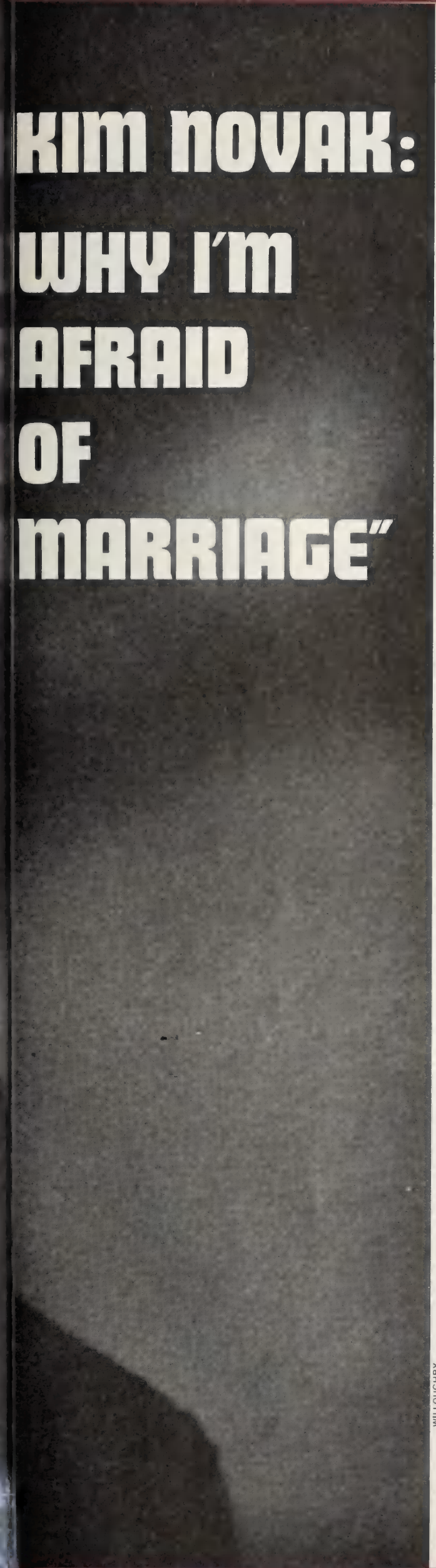


Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



KIM NOVAK: WHY I'M AFRAID OF MARRIAGE"



WILLOUGHBY

Kim Novak lay stretched out on the carpet of her Bel Air living room, her head against a circular couch cozily upholstered in what appeared to be gray pussywillow.

"Love, yes," she said earnestly. "I need it and want it. But marriage is something else. It frightens me. It frightens me more and more as I grow older. I'm terrified of being trapped."

Kim, at twenty-nine, is one of the few Hollywood goddesses who have sidestepped matrimony (and the divorce courts), although her romances with some of the world's richest and handsomest men are legendary—among them Frank Sinatra, Cary Grant, the late Prince Aly Khan, Lieutenant Colonel Rafael Trujillo Jr., and Roman aristocrat Count Mario Bandini.

"Maybe I'm a lone voice out of millions, but I hate this pressure to get married early. If you don't marry by the time you're twenty-one, you're considered ready for the old maid's rocking chair. I've talked to so many girls who think marriage is something they must win, like a tennis match, rather than something they want from the depths of their hearts. They end up miserable and wondering where all the heavenly bliss is.

"For one thing, I'm a Catholic, and I've been raised to believe that marriage is forever. This doesn't mean I'd consider marrying only a Catholic. One of the men I nearly married is Jewish, and our religious differences never bothered me. If love is right, it's as strong as religion, and God helps you work out the details.

"Right now, I'm breaking up with the most important man in my life, Dick Quine. He directed my first screen test and some of my movies, including The Notorious Landlady, which will be out soon. I've come closer to marriage with Dick than with anyone. The fact that it didn't work out isn't his fault only—I'm to blame, too. When you get down to it, I'm probably afraid of being unable to change.

"I don't want to be changed. It's taken me long enough to understand who I am. All my friends say the longer you wait, the harder marriage is, because you won't compromise as easily. I've heard all that talk—that marriage depends on compromises—and I've seen the mistakes my parents made in their marriage. But I don't want compromises in my marriage. I want it to be as perfect as I can make it."

Rising from the floor, she ruffled her hair and stretched. Her living room, done in her favorite lavenders and purples, blues and grays, glowed in firelight from the stone fireplace. Her great Dane, Warlock, lay beside the fire, and her Siamese cat, Pyewacket, crouched in front of the huge picture window overlooking Los Angeles. Kim's secretary, Barbara Mellon, a friend from Chicago high-school days, shares the house with her, although, Kim is quick to point out, "she has her own personal life, and it never interferes with mine. The older I get, the fussier I am about privacy. When I study a script or paint, I have to be alone. I can't express my deep feelings in front of a lot of people. I can't let go."

Pointing to the extraordinary oil paintings on the cypress-paneled walls, she said, "I painted these in total silence. I spent months on them because I wanted them to be as perfect as I could make them. And that's what I demand—perfection—from marriage."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

by George Christy



DALMAS-PIX

"Cary has more energy than any other man I know." (At Cannes.)



GLOBE

Sinatra sent violets, love. "But I couldn't live the way he wanted to."



GLOBE

Aly Khan, "a man every woman would adore." But poor marriage risk.



HAMMOND

Dick Quine almost passed Kim's marriage test. He's a movie director.



JACK ALBIN

Mac Krim didn't understand her moods; Trujillo wrote poetry for her.





"Look," he asked, "would you get your feelings hurt if I began to act as if I couldn't stand you?"



By KATE McNAIR

The Stuck Pot

Boys are all girls talk about in free time. But what do boys do when they come to parties? They come as if someone pushed them from behind.

I am thirteen—almost fourteen—and I am not normal. Do you know what you have to do to be normal at my age? You have to giggle in groups, call up boys on the telephone, and fight for the right to wear lipstick and eye shadow. You have to make big, exciting plans for the two or three stupid dances we are allowed each year, think your parents are too square to be human, and make a love affair out of every "Hi" the delivery boy gives you as he hands you a package at the door. Do you blame me for being maladjusted?

I have known that I am for a long time, and all my tests at Worthington Women's Academy bear it out. I do fine on intelligence tests and aptitude tests, but my behavior patterns drive the counselor crazy. Why don't I adjust to the group? Were my parents too strict? Does my father love my mother? And why are my reactions so peculiar?

It is hard for the school to cope with my kind of problem. They think I probably have frustrations, but they are not sure what they are. If I took my insecurities out in forbidden trips to town, or overeating, or smoking after lights were out, they would know exactly what to do. All those things are such standard practices that they have Plan A—"How to Approach the Gluttony Problem"; Plan B—"Tobacco and Frustrations," and so on, all on file and ready to use.

But I am different in a different sort of way and they don't know quite what to do about it. I'm sure they will start a file on my type "pattern" for anyone else who comes along to need it. As for me, I am happy as long as I have something interesting to study or a stack of books and some peace and quiet.

Take this last weekend. I had a chemistry experiment going that was absolutely something. It needed a lot of time and I wanted to spend my weekend on it. I couldn't help it if there was this old dance coming up. Miss Jameson, the chemistry prof, was all for me until the dean got wind of it. Taggart called me in and told me I'd much rather go to the dance.

"But this is the only way I can get twenty-four hours to check regularly," I tried to tell her. "If I can't, I'll have to give up the whole experiment."

"I'm sure there will be other interesting experiments," she said. How do people CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



By EDWIN LANHAM

In the heart of the city lies a place that is bright by day,

For more than thirty years Mr. Hyman had sold newspapers in his stationery and candy store on the corner of Sixth Avenue. The clamor and the violence of a soaring city had passed daily through his hands in exchange for the price of a newspaper, but until this weekend in June when tragedy struck around the corner at No. 62, no news story had ever before hit him where he lived—among the kids of the neighborhood.

Mr. Hyman knew kids and loved them. These two who had just come into the store were new to the neighborhood. It was maybe five months since they had moved in, Mr. Hyman reflected, a gentle little girl about ten years old and a brother, maybe six, who never said much. The boy's name was Benjy, the little girl was Sheilah—shortened by her brother to "Shee." She took care of him like a little mother.

"What can I do for you today?" Mr. Hyman asked.

"Some change to telephone, please," Sheilah said, and put a two-dollar bill on the counter. Seeing how his hand hesitated, she added, "That's good luck, you know."

"So it's good luck? A two-dollar bill *good* luck?"

"It is for me." She smiled, and her face came alive and her nose wrinkled where there was a little band of freckles across it. "When I was going on eight I found a two-dollar bill on the street and I wouldn't spend it, and when my daddy asked me what I wanted for my birthday I said a two-dollar bill so

NO HIDING PLACE

GEORGE ELLIOT

ı jungle by night. Two small children are lost there, stalked by a killer.

ıe gave me eight—one for each year. The next year I got nine nd last birthday it was ten, so I've got twenty-eight two-dollar ills, counting the one I found. Now isn't that good luck?"

"I wouldn't want to break your luck," Mr. Hyman said. Keep the bill, and a dime I'll lend you for the telephone."

"It's for out of town, though," Sheilah said doubtfully. "It ill take a quarter."

"OK," said Mr. Hyman. "I trust you."

These were good kids, he thought as she took the little boy y the hand and led him into the telephone booth at the back of he store, but there was something sad about them, and he saw in their mother too. She came into the store fairly often to pick up a newspaper or a pack of cigarettes, a good-looking blonde who was some kind of artist. She was divorced from her husband, the doorman at No. 62 had told Mr. Hyman, and spent some time in Belardo's down the street, but she was always a lady. Just bored, probably, and lonely. Very nice people went to Belardo's; it wasn't one of those Village joints.

"Daddy, is that you?" Sheilah called eagerly into the telephone. Because it was Saturday she had put the call through, not to his office just off Madison Avenue but to the white house in the woods where they had all used to live, up across the Hudson River in Rockland County. "I'm in a telephone booth with Benjy and he wants to say hello." CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

HE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL. © 1962 BY EDWIN LANHAM. "NO HIDING PLACE" IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.



The parlor is all Moravian: Mrs. V.'s sewing table, the characteristically Salem ear-wing chair, Daniel Welfare's portrait of the tavernkeeper's wife and son.



Two little Voglers, Lisette and Louisa, shared this bedroom; fitted out, furnished with typical Moravian things and curtained in typical Moravian fashion.



From the old town pump a mere taste of the restoration takes in the John Vogler house, center, on Main Street, leading left to the old Moravian tavern.

Dawn Service at Old Salem

Of all the places of this country's past, Old Salem is one whose strains of its European heritage are most movingly intermingled with our own, in the cultural overtones of its worship, its architecture and its music. Attractive at all times, it is especially so in the spring, a season ushered in at Easter by a custom that is typical of the town. Long before daylight groups of horn players begin winding and playing through the streets. The bell-like tones blow beautifully closer, and die away in the distance, while other bands in turn take up the traditional tunes. Sleepers awake! is the cue they give. And you join the other awakened sleepers along the lamplit streets that lead to the church where the sunrise service starts. The bricks of the houses are molded and baked from the soil of the town, and in many cases the walls and doorways are enriched with early Moravian ironwork. All ceremonies center around the noble old church, just as they do every Easter dawn. Next to the church, the Moravians' God's Acre is a scene at all times of park-like tranquillity. An avenue of ancient trees cuts across the greensward where the gravestones lie flat and serene upon the grass. Every morning the stones pick up the first pink level streaks of dawn, as they do at Easter when the horns play from separated points in the brightening burial ground; first one, then another, then another. . . . And then, as the sun itself appears, the congregation sings.

Here in this eighteenth-century Moravian part of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, is being carried out one of the most notable restorations of our time.



A brass choir approaches the burial ground.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER SETTINGS BY DOROTHY PRATT

BY RICHARD PRATT



The tavern kitchen contains not one but a pair of fireplaces, which is probably unique. Left for baking, washing; right for cooking with weight-driven spit-jack.

In the tavernkeeper's parlor the wing chair and ten-plate stove are from Pennsylvania Moravian settlements; the tables and pottery are old Salem pieces.

The tavernkeeper's bed could be closed at night to keep out drafts. At free moments during daylight the keeper's wife worked at her crewel frame by the window.



BERNIE FUCHS

She made the call from the station. She had meant to call later, if at all—*What was the use? Why bother?*—but the crowds waiting for the incoming passengers, the mob surging against the lines, eagerly scanning every face, brought it all back to her: the sense of not belonging, of not existing, the empty feeling she had fought for so long and—so she thought—finally licked. Kay Hartley, who was in her Contemporary Lit class and had ridden in with her, gave a shout, a wave, tossed a "'Bye now, have fun!" over her shoulder, and sprinted to meet her folks. She saw a row of phone booths, started past, thought, *Might as well call Jane.* But when she deposited the coin, it was another number she dialed.

"Watson and Moorehead," said a voice.

"Mr. Moorehead, please," she told its owner. To her annoyance, her throat was dry; already she was going on the defensive.

"Who's calling, please?" *You'd better be pretty important,* sa the voice, *or your business had better be pretty important, or y haven't got a chance.*

"His daughter." She tried to let it go at that, but long habit the fear of being a nuisance, an inconvenience—drove her on. ' he's busy, or something, I can ——"

"One moment, please."

She waited, opening her purse for more change, if neede pinching the clasp tightly against her index finger. *Steady no silly; what in the world are you getting shaky about?* Through t booth window, she saw Kay Hartley swinging along between h parents, laughing, and trying to talk to both of them at once.

Her father came on. "Claire, honey, how are you?"

"Fine, dad." She tried to make her voice gay. "And you?"



arles kept looking at her grimly. "Don't you think it's time you stopped being a problem?" he said.

"All right, Claire," he told her. "In for the Easter holidays?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. They had covered the amenities, the gamut c their usual conversation. She heard her father call to someone med Jim to come in and sit down, he'd be right with him. Then:

"Why didn't you write me you'd be in?"

"I *did* wri——" She dug hard on the clasp, squashing her ger, driving the sudden flash of anger back into the dark recess m which it sprang. *What was the use?* "I'm just passing through c my way to Jane Furman's, and thought I'd say hello."

"—— want you to look at this, Jim," her father was saying. ame in the mail this morning. If those fellows think for a nute they can —— Claire, look. I want to see you. It's been a g time, hasn't it? Three months."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

JUST *BRING* YOU

Sometimes the person who accepts a gift is more generous than the giver.

BY WILLIAM COLE



Wearing her "honeymoon hat," Mrs. Jackson walks the beach in her printed beach dress, tied at the waistline.



Mrs. Jackson, trying out a "snorkel," wears the bathing suit that matches the beach dress. Both by Elizabeth Stewart.

JOHN STEWART

There's something about her

enator Jackson and his bride on a holiday...

By Wilhela Cushman

"For our first dancing date, I wore a short black sheath dress," s. Jackson remembers. "'Scoop' likes me in black."

Helen Jackson is happily offhand about her clothes. "I have the nniest wardrobe you ever saw. I never seem to wear anything t. When a special occasion comes along, I rush out and buy some-ng at the last minute." (With her 22" waistline, she has the ky figure for the summer's new small-waisted fashions and she's erfect Size 8.)

"'Black tie' is the most mysterious thing in Washington," Mrs. kson reflects. "It depends on the hostess and the locale, whether u go short or long." She needs variety, wears short dresses when-er possible because the senator prefers short.

Asked if he goes shopping with her, he reverses the answer: "I ist that she go with me, so I don't get my ties mixed up, or get fouled up on the wrong combinations."

For a week at Caneel Bay in the Virgin Islands (where we took photographs) or a summer vacation anywhere in the U.S.A., s. Jackson, like millions of other Americans, sticks to clothes t are simple, easy to pack and care for, made for the outdoors. e love to walk, swim, fish, bicycle," she says. "I wear shorts and cks whenever I can." The senator approves and she has the n, long-legged figure for them. As a practical matter, an eight-ce wardrobe fulfills all occasions. This consists of: a lightweight tted jacket dress, a bright-color linen jacket dress, a checked ual, a black crepe any-occasion dress, printed chiffon dance ss, a printed cotton beach or play dress, matching printed cotton hing suit, and a seven-eighths-length coat to go with everything. ese are all clothes she will wear into the summer.

Her lemon-yellow coat is a new length, four inches above the n. She is almost never without a scarf in her hand to keep her r from blowing whether boarding a plane or taking the shuttle the Senate Building—"it makes such a breeze." She likes a dbag that's big enough "to carry just about everything from elry to a sandwich."

Henry Martin Jackson, senator from the state of Washington, chairman of the Territories Committee and a member of the nt Committee on Atomic Energy. Mrs. Jackson, who attended sar, Scripps College and Columbia University (she learned to e in high school and picked up speed writing after college), intends go on studying—languages and public speaking. "You never w when you're going to be called on to say a few words." She ks forward to entertaining in their own home, likes to work out orating schemes herself, prefers "contemporary, because it is ple, tranquil and easy to live with."

midsummer dancing: tiny-waisted, short and full—a printed chiffon, draped ne shoulder, by Anne Klein, that pleases both the senator and Mrs. Jackson.



Mrs. Jackson wears a checkerboard knit, a dress that looks like summertime U.S.A., Washington, D.C. to the state of Washington. By Anne Fogarty.



For going places or for summer in the Capital, Mrs. Jackson likes a linen jacket dress by Anne Fogarty and a beret.



Mrs. Jackson likes traveling clothes that weigh next to nothing. This knitted jacket dress is by Robert Goldworm.



Her holiday coat is lemon-peel fleece by Henry Friederichs; her two-pocket black crepe dress for "just about everything" by Ben Barrack.

RAINCOAT RAGE

Raincoats are the splashiest, gayest, most color-mad fashion of the spring: pure silk, cotton denim, flower prints, abstract prints, plastic patent leather, wide-wale corduroy, pastel poplin—all processed, naturally, for protection against the rain, but so attractive and so versatile that they often become all-purpose coats. Girls with the know-how wear them with plastic and patent-leather boots, gay umbrellas. Let it rain, let it rain, let it rain.









The yellow-rose raincoat, a cotton print treated for wet weather, with velvet collar, by Sherbrooke. The patent-leather boots by Golo match the roses. Plastic umbrella by Rain Products.

Dressed in silk for the rain in pink-peony and red-peony colors, rain hats to match, by Adele Lawrence. Paper-white plastic boots by U. S. Rubber, striped silk umbrella.

Flame-color wide-wale corduroy—a between-seasons cape, a travel cape, a summer-night cape as well as a rain cape. By Modelia, worn with Capezio's high patent-leather boots.

Fashion of the rain cape in shiny plastic that looks like patent leather; one in slicker yellow, the other in lipstick red by Beatrice Green for Manufax. Red patent-leather boots by Golo, white ribbed-plastic boots by U. S. Rubber.

Denim and red cotton, reversible—young coat for rain or shine. From March and Mendl, worn with high red patent-leather boots, short white cotton gloves, plastic umbrella.

Pastel poplin, weather-resistant, makes any girl pretty in the rain, by Aquascutum. Most becoming with flower-printed silk scarves by Vera. White plastic boots by U. S. Rubber.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



NEW SYNTHETICS

Look cool, crisp and beautiful

The nicest things can be said about the new synthetics. They are wonderfully light in weight; they wash with a minimum of effort and dry with amazing speed; and best of all, they are lovely to look at. Gay flower prints, crisp seersucker stripes, bright polka dots; and for travel, the lightweight knits are a great boon. Not only are they comfortable to wear and practically wrinkle-free . . . but they pack into a minimum amount of space. Consider these virtues when you are shopping for summer materials in your local fabric department.

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR



BRIGHT AS A BUTTON...

Red Arnel surah covered with large white polka dots makes this ruffled stole a perfect topping for a two-piece white rayon-and-acetate dress with an easy pleated skirt. Vogue Design No. 5544.



FRESH AS A DAISY...

An all-over daisy print on sheer Dacron and cotton is fresh and pretty. It has a feminine ruffle down the front and a sash of three shades of ribbon picking up the print colors. Vogue Design No. 5545.



CRISP AS LETTUCE...

The crispest, brightest seersucker is a blend of Arnel and cotton. The design takes advantage of the stripe for detail and has white buttons down the back. The dress is Vogue Design No. 5555.

TRAVELS BY JET...



A charming marbleized design in cherry-red and white on nylon jersey is as streamlined as a jet plane. The hood is attached (to shield you from drafts). It buttons in front. Vogue Design No. 5483.

Some of the prettiest summer dresses this summer will have ruffles. This gay yellow Fortrel-and-cotton voile has a double picoted ruffle on the skirt and at the neckline. Vogue Design No. 5554.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE...



LIGHT AS A FEATHER...



COOL AS A CUCUMBER...



This is a most amusing and colorful print, and the dress weighs a mere 4 ounces. Make a matching nylon knit 5″ X 7″ drawstring bag to pack the dress into. It will fit. Vogue Design No. 5556.

This geometric print on textralized nylon knit is one of the best travelers in the fabric market. Not only is it cool and comfortable, but it is wonderfully light, packable. Vogue Design No. 5556.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 125.



Which Are Easier To Raise, Boys

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

"Both boys and girls are easy to raise," says the irrepressible short-story writer, Will Stanton, "provided they aren't your own. To anyone still uncommitted, I would recommend tropical fish. They are noiseless, don't imitate the Three Stooges and have never been known to lose a lunch box."

Most of us *are* committed (including, incidentally, Mr. Stanton), so we pushed on for more helpful answers. They came in on both sides of the fence. Anthropologist and parent Dr. Ashley Montagu, author of *The Natural Superiority of Women* told us, "I would say that girls are easier to raise because they are hardier at all ages than boys. They are braver over the long haul and stand up better to pressure."

Art Buchwald, of the *New York Herald Tribune*, wrote from Paris, "Personally, I prefer boys, because you can belt them harder. Girls bruise too easily. On the other hand, it's easier to get a girl to give you a kiss in the morning." Then he settled on the fence. "Actually, we make no distinction between our boy, aged eight, and our two girls, aged six and five. We often don't know who is what, since when they cry they all sound alike."

The number of fence-sitters surprised us. Said Joan Crawford, "I remember the answer of a woman who had eight children, when asked which caused the most worry: 'The one who's sick until he's well; the one who's away from home until he returns.'"

"Temperamental differences are more important than sex differences," believes Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, whose twelve children inspired the book and the movie, *Cheaper by the Dozen*, "for some children seem to be especially emotionally charged."

"A parent may feel that one child is easier to raise than another," says actress Dina Merrill, "but that depends solely on the rapport between the two rather than the sex of the child."

Shirley Jackson, who wrote a hilarious book about child raising, replied from her Vermont farmhouse, "Why not ask something simple like, 'Day after screaming day, which is more downright irritating, a thirteen-year-old girl or an untrained puppy?' or 'Would you rather entertain fourteen ten-year-old boys at a birthday

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"Boys are more mischievous and girls are more fun to dress" . . . ETHEL KENNEDY

"Would you rather entertain fourteen ten-year-old boys at a birthday party or go to Macy's on Christmas Eve?" . . . SHIRLEY JACKSON

"Boys ask the most embarrassing questions, but girls ask them in a more carrying voice" . . . WILL STANTON

"When we have a discipline problem in grade school, nine times out of ten it's a boy" . . . A PRINCIPAL

Or Girls?

party or go shopping at Macy's on Christmas Eve?' I really don't know whether boys or girls are harder to raise. I'm not even sure we *are* raising ours."

Obviously it was going to be hard to pin this question down, so we decided to consider it in stages, comparing some of the problems of boys vs. girls at various ages (always keeping in mind, of course, that there are boyish girls and girlish boys and a million exceptions to every rule).

First we put five pages of questions to a group of 700 suburban mothers and fathers who had children ranging in age from just-born to just-married (an interval which is getting shorter all the time). We consulted, too, all kinds of charts and statistics.

More boy babies are born than girls, but during the first year of life they die at a rate 30 percent higher than girl babies. The first four months of life are the most crucial. Between the ages of one and four, 25 percent more boys than girls are killed in accidents. Only in fires and explosions are more little girls killed—reflecting, so statisticians say, their greater tendency to stay around the house.

As preschoolers, little girls are supposedly more docile and little boys more aggressive, but Dr. Spurgeon English, child psychiatrist, says you cannot generalize. According to our *Journal* poll of parents, little girls are as active and demanding as little boys, and have as many eating problems. Boys are a little more destructive and a little harder to toilet-train and definitely resist getting dressed up.

Nora Johnson, daughter of Nunnally Johnson and herself a talented writer, has called the job of getting boys and girls through infancy, "the nerve-racking, mindless, battering-ram process of trying to teach a savage to use a fork." Many a mother of preschool children, weary of wiping little red noses and removing tar from the rug and hairbrushes from the toilet bowl, has comforted herself with the thought that when they start school things will be different. This is true. The problems won't be fewer, but they'll be different.

Teachers now know why boys have more trouble learning to read and write CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

"Girls are more likely to find admiration for their beauty stimulating" . . . PROFESSOR EDGAR FRIEDENBERG

"Girls are vulnerable. Vulnerable to what? Well, to boys" . . . ROBERT YOUNG

"It takes me twice as long to outfit our daughter for school as it does to outfit both our boys" . . . DINA MERRILL

"Girls are easier to raise because they are hardier at all ages than boys" . . . DR. ASHLEY MONTAGU



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE MILLER

Five Looks On a Saturday Night

There's something about Saturday night that brings out the sparkle in a girl. It's traditionally "dress up" night—the time when you take a little more care than usual to look your very best. Here . . . five special "looks" on five different girls of five different ages. They all have one thought in mind: to have a simply marvelous time!



1 Attractive JOAN KINDRED has two people to please: herself and her husband, who wants her to look "extra special" when they go out. Eye makeup, including shadow and liner, is fine for evening, but Joe vetoes false eyelashes, which Joan tried once. For tonight Joan had her hair done (usually does it herself), added pink nail polish to flatter her pretty hands. Bright colors highlight dark hair and a fair complexion; her blue-and-white cocktail dress "makes me feel extra special, as if I'm out with my best beau." Although she's the mother of a three-year-old, Joan's aura of radiant simplicity makes her sparkle like the bride she became six years ago. Dress by Jonny Herbert.



2 "Mother doesn't like me to wear makeup," says fourteen-year-old subdeb MADELINE BURNS, but for Saturday night a light lipstick is allowed. Madeline's fresh, glowing good looks didn't just happen—she helps along her naturally bright complexion by using a medicated cream each night ("just in case"), keeps her dark hair shiny-clean, swept to the side with the ends turned up. Madeline has a wardrobe of headbands which she changes to match her outfits. Here a yellow hair bow sets off her daisy-sprinkled dress. Result: a look as vibrant and gay as the time she is having. Photographed at the Trianon Room.

3 Executive's wife, MRS. RICHARD WHEATLAND enjoys entertaining at home. Her look is one of glamour and sophistication, never overdone. She experiments with makeup and hair color ("I've gone from 'natural mouse' to black to blond with streaks"), craves excitement in fashion. Her elegant figure is perfect for a pink silk blouse and floor-length chiffon skirt. Nail polish is a must—so are cake-type makeup, powder, and eye makeup expertly applied. Each week she has her hair done, prefers a free-flowing style which softly frames her face. With her flair for the dramatic, Mrs. Wheatland has the courage to follow her own style convictions—and she dresses up an evening by her very appearance.





4 "I'm a quick-change artist," sighs career-gi HOPE RYDEN, a researcher for documentar films. Because dates often begin right after work she must always look well groomed. Hope wears minimum amount of makeup—lipstick, matte-finis foundation that needs no powder. "Blondes have suc light brows and lashes that eye makeup is essential. She defines brows with a light sweep of her mascar brush, applies mascara to pale lashes. Her hair is lon ("Saves trips to the beauty parlor") but looks short. ' trim the front and sides, wind the back into a twist. Because her work demands flexibility, Hope prefe separates—which also extend into evening. She keep a dressy pair of shoes and accessories at the offic Here she arrives at the theater in a black ottoman dres (minus white daytime jacket). Her "look" is one easy elegance . . . which doesn't take hours to achiev

Tall, 5'8" LYNDA CLAYTOR, a college junior, loves beautiful fabrics and simple lines that she plays up with her flair for dazzling accessories. (One example: she'll often wear a striking pin on her belt.) F tonight's dinner date she loves the contrast of a flare black skirt with a white back-buttoned bolero, pea necklace and large turquoise pin. Lynda prefers casual hairstyle, brushed back from her forehead in soft wave. During classes, lipstick is her only cosmeti for an evening out, she applies makeup with a profe sional hand. Her eyes are a lovely blue-gray "whi change with whatever I wear. I use blue, green or gr eye shadow, depending on the color of my dress." H over-all effect rates summa cum laude for a colle girl: a delightful blend of youth and sophisticatio Pin by Hattie Carnegie. Photographed at Café Nicholsc

HAIR DESIGNS BY ROBERT VERDI PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES MC LAUGHLIN-





DESIGNED BY HANNAH GOODMAN



NORMAN KARLSON

A TREASURY OF TERRACES

There never was a better time for terraces than summer, spring, fall and winter. They have all the virtues of patios, gardens and porches combined. They're the heavenly room you step out into from the house: sky for ceiling, earth for floor. Wonderful ways of all kinds are at hand to get shade, shelter, privacy, and a smooth, dry surface underfoot. In fact, most of them are set forth in this portfolio, complete with ideas for comfort, convenience and plain delight. And a universal feature of a terrace is that any house can have one. What's more, it will be a better house for having one: better to look at, better to live in.

Terrace planning isn't handicapped or hedged in by hard-and-fast rules, but here are a few things to keep in mind. Keep it easy to step back and forth between terrace and indoors; you'll use it a lot more. The closer



FRANK LOTZ MILLER

Here the terrace is an inviting break between the living room and the garden.

The accent is Pennsylvania Dutch and the treatment Bucks County baroque with its elegant gaudiness on windows, door and paneled screen. Cement floor is spatter.

A TREASURY OF TERRACES

MARIS-STOLLER ASSOCIATES



Here the flavor is decidedly peppermint: the pinks, the stripes of the stools, the shadows.

together the floor levels of house and terrace, the better: the terrace slightly lower. This should be the case even if you have to treat the terrace like a porch, and build it up off the ground.

The two best exposures are southern and eastern. In the South, northern exposure can be cooler. The low-slanting afternoon-sun glare makes a western exposure somewhat trying in summer without elaborate precautions. But small trees will often do the trick, and can give a street-front terrace all the privacy you wish.

What do they cost? This is up to you, and your house. But to give you an idea, the range here was roughly from $500 to $1500. The pleasure value of each terrace, of course, is out of sight.



MARIS-STOLLER ASSOCIATES



PRATT

Outdoor dining here is the big idea: a billow of bright annuals, and plastic translucence.

An old house comes to life with a terrace of scintillating shade and fuchsia trees abloom.

On this brilliant cozy-corner terrace, beds, baskets and benches burgeon with petunias.



PRATT



we love "spring pink" desserts

By NANCY CRAWFORD WOO

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN SOMORO



May is the month for the sweetest-flavored strawberries, for juicy tender rhubarb and sun-ripened raspberries. Start with our Dresden-pink strawberry torte, three layers of featherlight cake, each with a baked-on crisp meringue. Top with rosy strawberries and swirl heavenly pink whipped cream on the sides. (Low-in-calorie dessert topping mix would substitute beautifully for the diet-conscious.)

Make a coral-pink fruit compote with luscious chunks of rhubarb, fans of fresh pineapple pinked with grenadine—add a few whole strawberries for a crown. Try icy pink rhubarb sherbet shimmering with raspberry sauce and sections of ripe pears; try raspberry-cream ring crested with fresh berries and raspberry-currant sauce.

STRAWBERRY TORTE

1 package white-cake mix
2 egg yolks
1½ teaspoons almond flavoring
4 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups heavy cream, whipped, (or dessert topping mix)
Few drops red food coloring
1 quart strawberries, washed and hulled

Mix the cake according to package directions, *but* use 2 egg yolks in place of the egg whites and add 1 teaspoon almond flavoring. Divide the batter evenly among three 9″ layer-cake pans which have been lined with waxed paper. Refrigerate until the meringue is ready. Beat the egg whites with the cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add the sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until all sugar is dissolved and a very stiff meringue is formed. Fold in the nutmeg and spread the meringue evenly over the tops of the three pans of batter. Bake in a slow oven,

Recipes continued on page 106.







3 SALAD LUNCHEONS

BY LOUELLA G. SHOUER

May is the merriest month and a lovely time, we think, to charm your friends with salad luncheons—before a few rubbers of bridge, perhaps, or a shower for a bride-to-be. We've three luncheons from which to choose. The first (shown opposite), and one that dieters will relish: shrimp salad, luscious and low-calorie, mixed with water chestnuts and a whisper of dill, served with eggs under rosemary aspic. Fresh mushrooms and tomatoes are arranged on the plate in thinnest slices.

A second party salad: tender chicken chunks tossed in creamy dressing with frosty green grapes, crescents of celery and mandarin oranges. Garnish this one with ham and chicken-liver-pâté rolls. The perfect beginning for this menu is mushroom consommé—minced mushrooms simmered in consommé, then dashed with lemon juice, or white wine if you like.

To show off your prettiest salad bowl, luncheon number three: tongue and veal strips julienne, crisp greens, sweet-onion rings and cherry tomatoes joined in a dressing seasoned with capers and green chili peppers. Golden corn sticks complete this menu. Which of the three shall it be? We think we'll do them all—just because it's spring!

MENU I (Low Calorie)→

Clam Broth with Yogurt and Basil
Poppy-Seed Wafers
*Rosemary Eggs
*Low-Calorie Shrimp-and-Water-Chestnut Salad with Dill Dressing
Sliced Tomatoes, Sliced Raw Mushrooms
*Pumpernickel Melba Toast
Honeydew Melon with Chopped Mint

ROSEMARY EGGS IN ASPIC

DEVILED EGGS:

4 eggs
¼ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon powdered rosemary
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

ASPIC:

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¼ cup water
3 cups chicken broth
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons white vinegar
1 teaspoon onion juice
½ teaspoon salt
3 drops yellow food coloring
¼ cup chopped parsley

Hard-cook eggs. Cool. Shell and slice in half the long way. Scoop out yolks, mash and mix well with mayonnaise, salt, onion juice, rosemary and mustard. Fill the eggs, smoothing off tops. Chill. Soften gelatin in water. Heat broth with lemon juice, vinegar, onion juice, salt and food coloring. Add softened gelatin; stir and heat until it is dissolved. Chill aspic mixture until syrupy. Spoon about ¼" in bottom of 8 custard dishes or small molds. Chill until just set. Arrange eggs, filled side down, on top of aspic. Fold parsley into remaining aspic, mix well, and spoon over the eggs, filling dishes completely. Chill several hours until set. Turn out onto greens, and serve with shrimp-and-water-chestnut salad. Makes 6 to 8 servings (95 calories per serving).

LOW-CALORIE SHRIMP-AND-WATER-CHESTNUT SALAD

3 pounds cleaned and deveined shrimp
1 tablespoon shrimp spice
½ onion, peeled and sliced
1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, sliced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup plus 1 tablespoon bottled low-calorie Italian-style dressing
2 teaspoons chopped fresh dill, or 1 teaspoon powdered
1 small head romaine lettuce, washed and chilled
Parsley
3 ripe tomatoes
6 mushrooms

Place shrimp in large pan or Dutch oven. Add shrimp spice, which has been tied in a small piece CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

Above, left: Meaty chicken chunks and fruit dressed up in sour cream, plus popovers, piping hot, make a meal well worth remembering.

Below, left: Bright as a spring garden, our Chef's Tongue-and-Veal Salad! Its party dressing is a magical blend of herbs and nutmeg.

...A LOVELY WAY TO ENTERTAIN



This luscious, fluffy Omelet Royale comes to the table stuffed with crisp-tender vegetables—topped with a generous ladling of basil-flavored tomato-and-mushroom sauce. DONALD STUART

THE EGGS THAT CAME TO DINNER...

By ELAINE HANNA

There are a thousand and one ways to serve and enjoy eggs come dinnertime. Eggs blend happily with garden-fresh vegetables, sharp or mild cheese, crisp bacon, fragrant herbs and spices. Make a featherlight dinner omelet (above) stuffed with tender zucchini, tiny peas, slivered green pepper and chopped pimiento. Serve it with a savory tomato sauce.

Delight your family some evening soon with a spectacular Florentine Egg Soufflé, high and fluffy, fragrant with nutmeg and Parmesan. Or a creamy casserole of eggs, onions and mushrooms baked under a velvet-smooth Gruyère-cheese-and-mustard sauce.

For perfect simplicity and goodness, nothing equals freshly laid eggs scrambled the way the Basque people do—a golden "Piperade" with a piquant seasoning of onions, tomatoes and sweet red pepper, thyme and marjoram.

Equally appetizing and easy to make: Eggs Casino with lemony hollandaise sauce. Serve any of these delicious egg dishes with a crisp salad and hot bread. Serve them with pride.

RECIPES ON PAGE 107



TAKE A CUT-UP CHICKEN*
TAKE A CAN OF SOUP
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO



*Or 2 lb. chicken parts; thaw, if frozen.

MUSHROOM CHICKEN

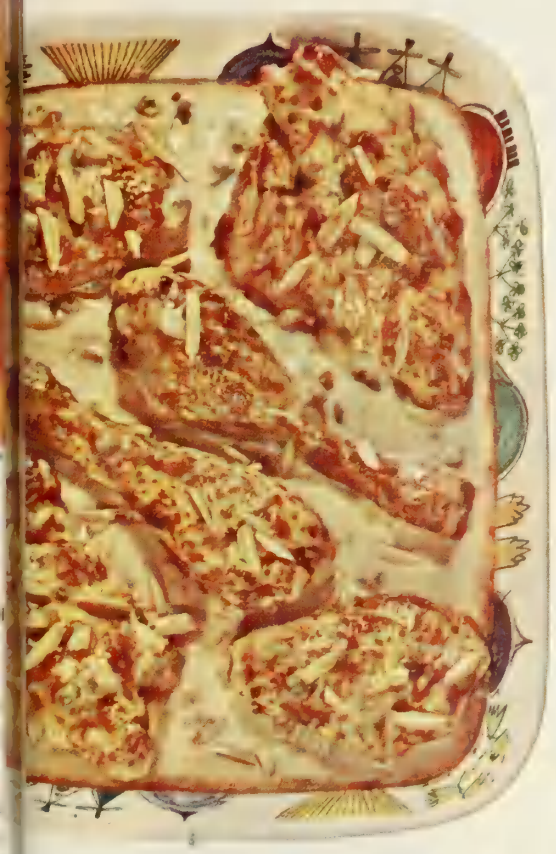
Put chicken (skin-side down) in baking dish (12 x 8 x 2″); pour 2 tbsp. melted butter over. Bake at 400°F. 20 min.; turn; bake 20 min. more. Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup till smooth. Top chicken with soup, ¼ cup toasted slivered almonds. Bake 20 min. 4 to 6 servings.

TOMATO CHICKEN

Put chicken (skin-side down) in baking dish (12 x 8 x 2″); pour 2 tbsp. melted butter over. Bake at 400°F. for 20 min.; turn; bake 20 min. more. Pour 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup over chicken; sprinkle with ¼ tsp. leaf oregano, dash garlic powder. Bake 20 min. more. 4 to 6 delicious servings.

CELERY CHICKEN

Put chicken (skin-side down) in baking dish (12 x 8 x 2″); pour 2 tbsp. melted butter over. Bake at 400°F. for 20 min.; turn; bake 20 min. more. Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup till smooth; pour over chicken; sprinkle with 2 tbsp. chopped parsley. Bake 20 min. more. 4 to 6 souper servings.







M'm! M'm! Good! When the soup is *Campbell's*

NO HIDING PLACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

The little boy stood on tiptoe. "Hello, daddy."

"Hi there, Benjy. How is everything?"

"Everything is fine," Benjy said. "Except I don't have a puppy dog yet."

Sheilah took the receiver away. In the gloom of the booth her face had a pale, new-moon shine and her voice was excited as she said, "Vera is going away for the weekend, daddy."

"Vera? What's this Vera business?"

"She wants me to call her that, except at home," Sheilah said with a soft laugh. "She doesn't want a big ten-year-old girl yelling 'mommy' at her on the street, she says."

Her father said gently, "Don't you ever stop calling me 'daddy.'"

"Oh, I *wouldn't*, daddy," she said, and drew a resolute breath. "I was just thinking, since mom is going away for the weekend, why can't Benjy and I come stay with you?"

There was a long pause before he asked, "Did you speak to your mother about it?"

"She'd say no. We saw you just last Sunday, she'd say."

"Honey, there's nothing I can do. The judge says you're to stay with your mother and mind what she says. But look, my vacation will be coming up in August and I've persuaded your mother to let you two spend a week of it with me. I've been making plans. Did you know that they have dude ranches even here in the East, with horses to ride? I thought we might go to one of those places for a week, the way you're happy about horses."

"Oh, that would be suave!" Sheilah cried. "I'd love that, daddy. Is it a promise?"

"It's a promise," he said.

"Couldn't we see you this weekend and talk about it?"

"I have to fly out to Chicago," he said. "I have reservations late this afternoon, but I could put the flight off until tomorrow. Suppose I call your mother and see if you and Benjy can have dinner with me tonight."

"Yes, please do," Sheilah said.

She stepped out of the telephone booth with Benjy, and as they emerged into the sunlight outside the store she was smiling. One thing that always gave her a happy feeling was horses. She loved them the way Benjy yearned for a puppy dog. On her bureau she had a little group of china horses her father had given her for Christmas, and her best tenth birthday present from him had been —— Oh, she had meant to ask him about that scarf. She had left it in the house at Grandkill last Sunday, in the room that used to be hers. She had meant to ask her father to send it to her.

She wore the scarf only on special occasions, not every day here around the neighborhood. It showed horses being ridden ickety-split by men in red coats and there were some hound dogs, and away down at the lower right-hand corner was a merry little laughing fox, having the time of his life.

Benjy was still holding her hand as she turned in under the canopy at No. 62. Benjy could barely reach the button for the twelfth floor, but Sheilah always let him be the one to push it. But just as Benjy was about to push, Sheilah saw Miss Brush from 9-E coming.

"Well, kids," Miss Brush said, "isn't this a lovely Saturday?"

"Just fine," Sheilah said, and Benjy announced, as he proudly pushed the 9 button, "Mommy's going away for the weekend."

"Then you be sure and come to see me," Miss Brush said.

"Oh, I guess we'll be going away too."

Miss Brush's first name was Lucille and she worked on a newspaper. She was a pretty, dark-haired girl who lived alone in 9-E and she had a way of talking to kids as if she were really interested.

Lucille Brush got off at nine and Benjy pushed the 12 button. Sheilah had a key to the apartment—it had been a proud moment when her mother had first entrusted it to her. She unlocked the door and at once she felt the pinch of disappointment as she heard Vera saying in a crisp voice on the telephone, "Oh, I'll talk it over with you any time, but what's the point? I'll continue to handle it in my own way, if you don't mind, and if you don't like it you can always go tell it to the judge."

It was all off, Sheilah knew from the tone of Vera's voice. You never knew what to expect from mom. One day she might say sure, why not, and another day get mad about the very same request. She hung up the telephone and said, "Sheilah, I'm disappointed in you, slipping out and telephoning your father behind my back. If you were so anxious to talk to him, why didn't you call him from here?"

"I didn't think you'd mind, Vera."

"What I mind is your doing things behind my back," Vera said, and as Benjy slipped away to the bedroom he shared with Sheilah, she went on crossly, "It's not as if I went away *every* weekend and left you here moping. A girl who works as hard as I do is entitled to some relaxation, don't you think? And I don't think I'm being unfair. You saw your father just last Sunday, didn't you?"

"I'm sorry, mom," Sheilah said miserably. "I thought since you were going to be away, anyhow, and ——"

"He doesn't have any of the bother, any of the responsibility," Vera broke in. "He's just the big hero who steps in and gives you two a gay time when life gets dull."

"We just wanted to talk about vacation," Sheilah said. "He promised to take us to a dude ranch."

"Oh—horses," Vera said slurringly. "You and your silly horses. You can just forget about your horses. Maybe you won't be going to any dude ranch. Maybe I'll put my foot down. And you're not going out to dinner tonight with *anybody*. You're having dinner right here. It's all arranged for Susan to come in and take care of you and stay through tomorrow, and you tell her there's an envelope for her on the table in the kitchen. I'll be home by dinnertime tomorrow."

"Yes, mommy," Sheilah said.

Vera sighed, and said in a gentler tone, "Honey, you've just got to understand how things are. Aren't there lots of kids at y school whose parents are divorced?"

Sheilah murmured, "Yes, some."

"And who do they live with?" Vera manded, and added at once, "With t mothers, of course. And I'll bet some of th have got new fathers, haven't they?"

"You mean stepfathers?" Sheilah asked.

"And say," Vera went on, "why don't ever bring any of those kids home with yo

"School is out now," Sheilah said. "Mo they've gone away for the summer."

"After five months didn't you make friends in that school? You never talk ab them," Vera said. "Oh, well, never mind. F along to your room if you want."

It was a bitter agony to have no cl friends. When they had lived with daddy-th had been Peggy and Edith and Joanie here in this new school she had never foun place for herself. She hesitated, studying mother's face anxiously. "Are we going have a stepfather, mommy?"

"Wouldn't you expect I'd get married ag one of these days?" Vera got suddenly to feet with a little spreading of her hands t invited appraisal of her full figure, her smo face with its sulky red lips and expectant b eyes, her shining blond hair. "It's the norm natural thing. It happens every day of week. It's time you opened your eyes and q living your private dream life."

"Yes, mommy," Sheilah said.

Vera shrugged. "I put three dollars there the table for the movies tonight, if Su wants to take you. She'll be in about o'clock and until then you take charge. T Benjy out to the park."

"Yes, mommy," Sheilah said.

Vera sighed. Her eyes looked tired. "N you run along. It's time I packed my bag."

Sheilah moved obediently along the hall the room she shared with Benjy. She fou him on the lower of the two bunk beds, w his face buried in the pillow. "What's the m ter, Benjy?"

"I don't want a new daddy," Benjy said i tearful voice. "Do you?"

afraid of dyes?
fed up with rinses?

he took his hand and squeezed it, and she like crying too. The fear of having a step-her had been growing on her, but she had no n who the man might be. Vera went out two hree nights a week, but nobody ever came to the apartment; Vera never talked about om she went out with.

bout a month ago there had been a sur-se—a man had come to the door and mom said, "Kids, meet your Uncle Claude. s just in off a ship." Benjy had been very ited about having a surprise uncle who was ilor with a mermaid tattooed on his wrist, the man had been extra friendly. After Un-Claude had left, mommy had said she n't seen him in ever so long and she had hed and said when they were kids she had ed him out of trouble in school by draw-pictures to please the teacher. Maybe she uld thank Uncle Claude, she had said, for ting her on the road to being a commercial st and coming to New York City.

a came swiftly into the room, calling erfully, "Kiddies, I have to run." She was ring her brown raw-silk summer suit and lozenge-shaped amber beads and she ked flushed and bright-eyed, as she gen-ly did when she was going out; she always e Sheilah the feeling that she was escaping some gay and different world.

Who are you going out with, mommy?" jy asked.

First I'm going to have a little talk with r father," Vera said. "Any message to to him, honey?"

Just remind him about the puppy dog."

Now, Benjy," Vera began, then smiled and ed his cheek. "Sure, I'll remind him."

s she turned to Sheilah the girl impulsively w her arms around her mother's neck. a patted Sheilah's head and said, "Some-es I think you're a better little mother than n. You watch out for Benjy, and hear his ers tonight, remember."

e was gone in a rush, picking up her over-ht bag on the way, and there was a long of silence. At last Sheilah said, "Well, get up and we'll go over to Washington Square Park and skate."

"OK," Benjy said.

Paul Starr had canceled his plane reservation before he drove into New York to meet Vera. Now he kept watch for her from a telephone booth off the lobby of a small midtown hotel as he put through a call to Arthur Landis in Grandkill. Arthur was his boss and Paul wanted to report his change of plans before Arthur took off for a weekend in Washington.

Paul had intended to take his briefcase to the seclusion of a hotel room in Chicago for a Sunday of intensive preparation for his appointment Monday morning with a client. He had decided to postpone the flight and talk to Vera. Some way had to be found to ease the strain on Sheilah. The divorce had been accepted by Benjy as something in the nature of things, one of the mysteries of the adult world, but in Sheilah it had exposed raw nerves of the emotions.

A low, angry voice said in his ear, "Is it you again?"

"Hello," he said. "Cora?"

Cora Landis said with relief in her voice, "Paul? I thought it was him again."

"Who?"

"I don't know," she said. "But he keeps calling me. Just a little while ago I picked up the telephone and there was nobody there. When it rang this time I thought it was him again."

Cora was a nervous, excitable woman. He said soothingly, "It was probably just a wrong number, Cora. Is Arthur there? Has he started for Washington yet?"

"Yes, he put his golf clubs in his sports car and started off ten minutes ago. I'm all alone here with this telephone."

He had sympathy for Cora, but just now he had problems of his own. He said, "If you should hear from Arthur will you please tell him, in case he should try to call me in Chicago, that I put off my flight until tomorrow."

He left the telephone booth and made his way slowly across the lobby. Vera at least had agreed to talk with him, but a great deal depended on her mood of the moment. There had been a time when he had considered her changeable moods beguiling, but later he had looked for the stability that is the foundation of family life. He had failed to find it in Vera. The wonder was how they had kept a jerry-built marriage patched together for so long.

He moved into the lounge. They had often come here in the old days when he had been fresh out of Dartmouth and writing copy for Fuller & Smythe and she had been making her way as a free-lance commercial artist. She had a small talent, and the wits to make the most of it, but what she really wanted in life he did not know even now. Her father had been a small-town hardware dealer near Biloxi, Mississippi, who had treated his two children as part of his inventory and given them few advantages and less love. Vera's brother, Claude, had found his outlet in rebellion that had been noted on more than one police blotter. Vera had run away from home to make her way in the world, and Paul had admired her for it. He now knew that for Vera he had been an experiment in life, but he had been an adult and supposedly able to take care of himself. With Sheilah and Benjy it was different. He felt a sense of aching and frustrated responsibility for the kids. But he could do nothing without Vera's help.

He saw her coming at last, carrying a small blue overnight case. At thirty-two she had not lost her looks. As he rose to meet her she said "Hi" and dropped into a chair. "I've only got a minute, Paul."

"Can't we just relax and talk this over? I'm concerned about Sheilah. She doesn't seem to be making a good adjustment."

"Don't worry about Sheilah. She's smart."

"She needs help, Vera. I thought if we talked it over, we might figure out something to ease the situation."

"Such as Sheilah coming back to you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No, I think Sheilah should be with Benjy. He needs her. But I think it should be arranged for me to see them more frequently and on an established and permanent basis. The children need it."

"Now, look, Paul," Vera said firmly, "those children are in my custody and I'm their mother. I have a point to make myself. You're too indulgent with those kids. I don't think spending a week with you on a dude ranch is going to help. We really ought to call that off."

"Oh, no," he protested. "Sheilah's heart is set on it, Vera, and I promised."

"Whenever they see you they are unhappy all the next day," Vera said. "I want them to see their father. I want to be fair. But after this dude-ranch excursion I think once a month would be enough, since you want an established basis." She added, "The decree becomes final next week, you know."

"Yes, I know that," he said.

She glanced at her wristwatch, made a move to rise. "Is that all you had to say?"

He shook his head. "They need their father, Vera, and I need them. We must work out something better than once-a-month visits. We can find a better solution than that, Vera."

She gave him an alert glance as the thought struck her. "You mean between us—you and me?"

He had not meant that at all, but he felt a thump of his heart that took him by surprise. He smiled and said, "I'd be willing to give it another try."

"Oh, Paul, it's all washed up." She gave a low, harsh laugh. "We spent eleven long years together. All that is over. I've got what I want now—almost. I'm free, I'm reasonably happy. As for the kids, don't worry. I don't think I'm too bad a mother."

"I never meant to imply you were," he said.

"So that's that," she said.

He nodded. "I gather you've found another guy."

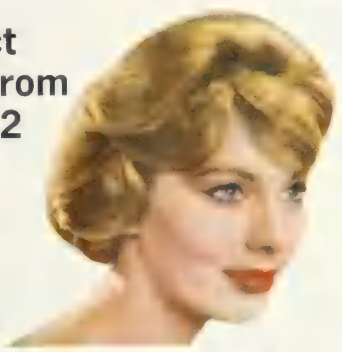
"Maybe," she said. "Haven't you found another girl?"

"No, not yet."

"But you will." She studied him, her eyes narrowed a little. He was a tall, spare man; at thirty-three he had put on no extra flesh and he still had the alert and friendly eyes, the

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Spun Gold (Golden Blonde)


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Bamboo (Medium Ash Blonde)


Desert Sand (Dark Ash Blonde)


Caramel (Golden Brown)


Toast (Light Brown)


Brown Spice (Medium Brown)


Brunette (Dark Brown)


Bright Penny (Reddish Blonde)


Autumn Rust (Light Auburn)


Red Sable (Auburn)


Black Raven (Black)

This is your Personal Color Chart. (Just tear along dotted line.)

open smile that had first attracted her. She smiled and said, "You're a handsome, successful man, Paul. I'll give you about six months before somebody lands you."

She had been right that it would be a waste of breath, he thought. There was no solution short of legal action, and a bitter litigation over custody would do the kids no good. She would marry again and undoubtedly so would he in time, and Sheilah and Benjy would have to make their own adjustments. He had wanted to find some way to help, to smooth the way, but it seemed hopeless.

"How are Arthur and Cora?" Vera asked in a conversational tone that closed the subject. "Do you see much of them?"

"Arthur is my boss," he said. "I see him nearly every day."

"I meant Cora and the rest of the crowd out at Grandkill, actually."

If he could put his finger on any one specific turning point in their marriage, he thought, it would be buying the house in Rockland County. Arthur and Cora Landis had found them a bargain in Grandkill, a few miles from the Landis's estate on the Hudson. But after the first enthusiasm of owning a house, Vera had lost interest. Her restless nature demanded excitement, she had felt stifled in the country. She had resumed her artwork and made it her excuse for frequent trips to New York, often staying in town overnight. In the end divorce had been inevitable.

"Cora called me up for lunch last week," Vera said. "I don't know why. We were never really close. In fact, you can have any of that crowd up there, except maybe Arthur. He knows what he wants, and I like a man who goes after what he wants. Remember when it was his big ambition to get his key to the executives' washroom at Fuller and Smythe? Well, he got it and now he's a partner. It's Fuller, Smythe and *Landis*."

She knew very well that it was Cora's money that had enabled Arthur to buy into the firm, Paul thought. It jarred him to think that Arthur's marriage to Cora, based on opportunism and uncomplicated by children, had succeeded, while his marriage to Vera had failed. As always, it was the innocent who suffered; it was Sheilah and Benjy who had been uprooted.

"I'd better grab a taxi and run," Vera said.

"I can drop you off," he suggested. "My car is just across the street."

"Curious where I'm going, Paul?" she said. "I think you'd really be surprised. Suppose you just let me off in the neighborhood of Grand Central, if you're headed that way."

He picked up her overnight bag and followed her out to the street. There she turned with a quick smile and said, "Want some good advice, Paul? Get married again, but pick out somebody you can handle, somebody who won't walk all over you."

It was the sort of candor he had once found refreshing in Vera. A moment ago he had felt a surprising thump of his heart, but what he felt now was a positive and bitter dislike that was close to hatred.

Susan didn't want to go to the movies that night. She was tired. After dinner she snored in a big armchair in front of the television set. When Benjy's bedtime came Sheilah heard his prayers, and Susan was still snoring when the telephone rang.

It was Vera, saying in a husky voice, "Hi there, kid. I'm sorry I was cross today."

"That's all right, mommy," Sheilah said. "Everything OK? Susan showed up all right?"

"Yes, she's here. Where are you?"

Vera laughed gaily. "Honey, I'm in a big hotel. I look out the window and see the Atlantic Ocean. Someday I'll bring you down to Atlantic City. You'll love it. We'll get the same room, and do you know why? Because it's your lucky numbers. Room Two Twenty-two."

"Two, two, two," Sheilah said. "That does sound lucky."

As Sheilah hung up she saw that Susan had awakened. The latter insisted Sheilah go straight to bed.

The next day was Sunday and it rained. Sheilah amused herself, as she often did, by going through what Vera called her "swipes"—photographs cut from magazines, drawings, etchings, prints, all sorts of pictures that provided ideas when Vera needed a background for a drawing. It was fun for Sheilah. Last time she had looked at them there had been a package down at the bottom of the carved-oak chest, but it was gone now. She had hoped it was a present for her or for Benjy, but she guessed not.

After lunch Benjy went with his little red dump truck to visit Lucille Brush in 9-E. She was always pleased when the little boy dropped in. Benjy brought an illusion of family life to her small apartment.

Every Sunday she set up her portable typewriter on a card table and wrote a letter to her mother in Pennsylvania, and now, as Benjy pushed his little red truck on the floor nearby, she typed: "I had two by-lines this week. Nothing big, of course, but very satisfying nonetheless to a girl only four years out of journalism school."

"That's a big *N*," Benjy said, at her shoulder.

"Oh, you know the letters?"

"I know the big ones," he said. "That's a *Y*."

"That's right," she said. "What are you playing?"

"Snow removal."

"It's a nice, warm time of year for it," she said, and laughed softly. "Well, see to it you scoop up every speck of snow."

"I'm done now," he said. "Type some more. My daddy types too. He smokes a pipe and whistles through his teeth, all at the same time."

"He must be quite a fellow," Lucille said.

"But I guess I'm going to have a new daddy," he said.

"Really, Benjy? Who?"

"Nobody told me who."

"Then what makes you think you will?"

"I heard Shee and mommy talking."

She put her arm around his shoulders, hugged him, and said gently, "Then you'll have *two* daddies, Benjy."

He considered this very seriously, but did not speak and Lucille pushed the table aside and said, "Suppose I get a deck of cards and we'll play fish. Want to?"

At half past three Susan telephoned, and Lucille sent Benjy up to 12-B. Vera was due home at four and Susan waited until five minutes past the hour. As she let herself out the door she said, "You can tell your mother I said you both behaved real nice." Five o'clock came, and six, and still no Vera. It was well past seven when Sheilah cooked hamburgers for them both. Benjy gave Sheilah a very tight hug when she tucked him in and went to sleep with his fuzzy toy monkey cuddled close.

Sheilah was awakened by sunlight in her eyes. She sat upright with sudden alarm and saw Benjy at the door in his pajamas, with his hair tousled and his underlip stuck out the way it did when he was disturbed. "Mommy didn't come home yet."

"You hungry?" Sheilah said. "I'll fix breakfast."

Cereal was all Benjy wanted. After a few mouthfuls he put his spoon down and said plaintively, "She said just one night, but it's been two and she's not home even *yet*."

"We'll hear from her pretty soon."

But no word came. Sheilah did not want Benjy to know that she was worried, too, and she waited until he had gone to the bedroom to dress before she telephoned her father's office. She had forgotten—he was in Chicago.

"No, no message," Sheilah said.

She kept herself busy washing the dishes and putting them away. Benjy was restless and wanted to go out to the park, but Sheilah said they had better wait until mom came home.

"But we stayed home all day yesterday," Benjy complained. "And I don't even have a comic book, Shee."

"I tell you what. I'll run down to Mr. Hyman's store and get you a surprise. I owe him a quarter, I remember. You stay here in case the telephone rings."

It was after ten o'clock when Sheilah went out to Mr. Hyman's store—time the first editions of the afternoon newspapers were coming up—and Mr. Hyman was arranging a stack on the stand in front of his store. Sheilah was not there long—only long enough to pick out a little toy dog that walked for Benjy and pay back the quarter loan and pause at the newsstand where a headline caught her eye. It was while she was gone that two men came to the door of 12-B and rang the bell. Benjy opened the door.

"Is your father home, sonny?" one of them asked.

Benjy shook his head. The man had a nice smile, and he let his hand rest for an instant on Benjy's shoulder. He took it away again and asked, "What's your name, son?"

"Benjy."

"Well, you can call me Frank and this is my partner, Nick. Can you tell us how to get in touch with your daddy?"

Benjy pointed to the telephone. The man named Frank asked, "Do you know his number?"

"Shee knows it," Benjy said.

"Who's she?"

"My sister Sheilah," Benjy said. "She went out to Mr. Hyman's store to get me a surprise, but she's coming right back."

"OK, we'll wait for her," the man said. "It's important for us to talk to your father. When did you see him last?"

"Oh, a while ago," Benjy said. "We took a ride in his car."

Nick had been looking through mommy's address book that she kept on the telephone stand and now he asked, "What does your mother do, sonny? Does she work?"

"She draws pictures," Benjy said.

"An artist?" It was Frank talking now. "What sort of pictures does she draw?"

"People and things," Benjy said.

The two men kept moving around. They looked at everything, and one of them had opened the chest where mommy kept her swipes and was looking inside when a wild voice cried, "Don't you touch that!" It was Shee, who had come bursting into the room with her eyes big and shiny and her face white. She ran to Benjy and put one arm protectively around him and then she looked up and asked fiercely, "What are you doing here?"

"Sorry, kid," the man named Frank sai
"Benjy let us in and we were waiting for yo
We want to find your father."

"Who are you?"

"We're policemen, Sheilah—detectives. I'
Detective Luther and this is Nick Arbelli."

"My daddy hasn't done anything," Sheil
said in a low, frightened voice.

"Of course not, honey," Frank Luther sa
gently. "We just want to talk to him. Whe
is he?"

"He's out in Chicago," Sheilah said "H
won't be back until tomorrow."

"Have you any relatives in town? A
aunts or uncles, for instance?"

"We have an Uncle Claude," Sheilah sai
"but I guess he's on his ship somewhere. He
a sailor."

"What would his full name be?"

"Claude Boggs."

"Isn't there anybody else?"

Sheilah shook her head.

"Do you know how we can get in tou
with your father in Chicago?"

"You can call his office and ask them
Sheilah said. "It's Fuller, Smythe and Land
He's an advertising man."

"Better ring the squad, Frank," Arbe
said. "Tell 'em to send a policewoman over

"Yeah, I guess," Frank said.

"If he's in Chicago, the children's shelt
is the best place until he shows."

Frank nodded, but looked again at Sheila
"I tell you what," he said. "I'm going to t
and get in touch with your daddy, but m. a
while I want you to pack a bag for you and t
boy. We know a nice place for you to st
They'll treat you fine."

Sheilah took Benjy's hand without a wo
and led him along the hall to their bedroo
She shut the door and then she threw hers
down on the unmade lower bunk and buri
her face in the pillow. Sobs shook her. Ben
was scared. "What's the matter, Shee?"

She jumped to her feet and caught his wr
so hard it hurt. "Run look in the hall clos
and bring me the skate bag," she whispere
"You know where it is. Hurry!"

Benjy didn't say he wasn't interested
skating; he looked into her eyes and nodd
and turned away. By the time he returned wi
the duffel bag containing both pairs of skat
Sheilah had laid out a clean shirt and sho
for him and had brought their toothbrush
and toothpaste, wrapped in a hand tow
from the bathroom. She stuffed them into t
bag on top of the skates and found she cou
also squeeze in sweaters for both of them. T
last thing she put in was a plump little pur
containing twenty-eight two-dollar bills, th
she closed the bag and pulled the zipper.

"Shee, where are we going?" Benjy aske
"We're going to scoot out of here," she sai
"But *why*, Shee?"

"You don't want to go to jail, do you
Benjy stared at her with his mouth ope
really terrified, and she said, "That's what t
children's shelter is—it's jail. Didn't you he
them say they were getting a policewoma
She'll take us there and they'll lock us in
room and ask us questions. That's why we
going to scoot."

"To find mommy?"

"Just scoot, that's all," Sheilah said.

"To daddy, then?"

"Now just listen, please," Sheilah said, wi
an expression of fierce concentration. "Where
your toy dump truck? Didn't you leave
down at Miss Brush's yesterday?"

"I guess I did."

"I'm going to take this bag and put it in t
hall and then I'm coming straight back in
Sheilah said. "The minute you see me cor
back you say you left your toy truck down
Nine-E and you've got to have it. They'll
you go. You pick up the bag and go down o
flight and push the button to bring the elevat
up. You got it? Then I'll say I'd better go ke
an eye on you and we'll jump in the elevat
and go down to the basement and out throu
the service entrance so nobody will see us

Benjy could not begin to understand, a
he had a feeling of panicky insecurity, ma
more frightening because he depended
Shee and he had never seen her like t

CONTINUED ON PAGE

FOXGLOVES

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

"You've been waiting a long time
For me to patch that shingling,
But I was busy. Still am, in fact.
I came today
Because I saw your flowers
Through the gate."

"The foxgloves?"

"Yes. My grandmother
Used to grow that kind,
And when I went to see her,
As a little fellow, I would pinch
The foxglove tips together tight,
With a bee inside, to hear him buzz.
'Look out, Dan'l,' she told me,
'one day
You'll get stung!' And she was
right."

"And those are pleasant
memories?"

"Yes, in spite of the bee sting.
Perhaps because of it."

"Haven't you
Ever grown foxgloves?"

"Yes. I did have quite a garden.
But Jennie's mother
Put in her plants along with mine,
So I gave up. A man
Likes to hoe his own flowers
When he feels like it,
Or when he can."

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

before, with her eyes shining so oddly. She picked up the skate bag, said, "Remember what I told you," and walked into the living room. Detective Luther was talking on the telephone and the other man was looking through Vera's swipes.

"Hey, where are you going?" Frank Luther called as Sheilah crossed to the door.

"I'm just putting this bag in the hall, where I won't forget it," Sheilah explained.

The detective's eyes followed her to the door. She put the bag down and returned at once. Benjy had come into the living room.

He said, "My little truck. I left it down in Nine-E."

"You'd better run get it, then," she said, and explained to the detective, "He wants his toy truck. He'll be right back." She sat down on the sofa with her hands in her lap, folded primly, but gripping tightly.

"I just talked to your father's office," Frank Luther said. "He didn't show up for an appointment with his client out in Chicago and he isn't registered at the hotel where his secretary thought he'd be staying, but we'll get in touch. I guess your little brother can find his way all right?"

"Maybe I'd better run along after him."

"You do that," Detective Luther said, and started dialing another number.

Sheilah walked casually to the door. Once she was out of sight she bolted down the stairs. Benjy was waiting on the floor below and the elevator stood ready, with its doors open. She caught his hand and pulled him in, taking the skate bag. No one saw them emerge from the service entrance. They walked quickly to the corner. The last one to see them was Mr. Hyman, who stood at the door of his shop, where the afternoon newspapers were on display.

Mr. Hyman had not yet read the early editions, but even if he had he would have found no significance in the story of brutal, senseless tragedy that was reported on Page 1 under the headline: WOMAN MUGGED IN RIVERSIDE PARK. He had noticed that Sheilah had stood looking at the newspapers. He had seen her drop the paper bag that contained the toy dog for Benjy and then she had picked it up again, and turned away with a strange, frozen expression on her face. She had moved toward the corner with a stumbling, swaying walk, and then she had started running.

Mr. Hyman had not read the story that told of an unidentified woman found at dawn strangled with her own scarf, a silk scarf that had a gay design of fox hunters and hounds chasing a little laughing fox. Even if he had read the story it would have had no personal meaning. Only Sheilah knew that the scarf was hers. And only Sheilah knew that she had left it in her father's house up across the Hudson River in Grandkill.

Detective Luther realized that the children had been gone for some time. He walked down three flights and rang the bell at the door of 9-E. Lucille had just finished dressing when the buzzer sounded. To Detective Luther she seemed a very pretty girl.

"I'm looking for a couple of kids," he said. "Benjy and Sheilah Starr."

"I haven't seen them this morning."

"Maybe I have the wrong apartment number. I guess he left his little toy truck somewhere else."

"No, I think his truck is here," she said. "He was playing with it yesterday afternoon. Why? Who are you and what do you want with Sheilah and Benjy? You're not Mr. Starr, are you?"

"No," he said. "I'm a police detective, miss." He showed his blue-and-gold shield. "Detective Frank Luther of the Homicide Squad."

"The *Homicide* Squad? Are the children all right?"

"They're all right."

"It's that Riverside Drive case," she said positively, with the finality of shock. "When I heard it on the radio I had a premonition. Was that woman Mrs. Starr?"

"You sure jump to conclusions, miss."

"I heard the description of the scarf she was strangled with and it fits exactly a scarf I've seen little Sheilah wearing." She made a soft, troubled sound. "Is it positive?"

"They found her pocketbook, with her identification in it. My partner and I came over here to check."

"You said you were looking for Sheilah and Benjy—weren't they home?"

"That's just the point, miss. They disappeared."

"You mean they were left alone overnight?" she said in distress. "But they had a sitter who was supposed to stay until Mrs. Starr came home."

"I've always done things the hard way . . ."



Bette Davis—Hollywood star at 30, four times married, looks back on her life ("A woman has to fly high and fight mercilessly to reach the top"), her career ("I do not regret one enemy I made in Hollywood"), her husbands ("The Yankee in me is still appalled by my failures in marriage—one after another").

Her autobiography is an unretouched photograph—with apologies to no one. "I do not regret the dust I kicked up. I always fought people my own size, and more often than not they were bigger."

THE LONELY LIFE BY BETTE DAVIS

To be serialized beginning in the June Journal

"Lady, they're all right," he said patiently. "I was talking to them fifteen minutes ago. We couldn't locate Mr. Starr—he's out in Chicago—and we were going to send them over to the children's shelter, but they sneaked out on us."

"I hope you didn't just walk in there and tell them their mother had been killed," Lucille said, with a glance that made the detective feel abashed.

"They don't know. To tell you the truth, I figured I'd leave it to the policewoman when she gets here."

"They shouldn't hear it from the *police*," Lucille said.

"The police are human, too, miss," he said. "Believe me, I feel pretty bad about this."

"I think you'd better let me tell the children. Let me take care of them until their father comes." She could not keep her voice steady. "The little boy and I are good friends."

"The question is, where are they?" he said. "Do they have any other friends in the building?"

She shook her head. "They're solitary children. Their mother kept to herself too."

"But she was pretty popular with the fellows, wasn't she?"

Lucille shook her head. "I don't know."

"The doorman said she went out pretty often and he mentioned a tallish blond guy. Do you know who he is?"

"What does her personal life have to do with it? She was mugged, wasn't she? That can happen to anybody."

"She wasn't mugged in the ordinary sense of the word, miss," he said. "That's the reason for the questions. You'll be hearing it on the radio next newscast, probably. She was killed somewhere else, as early as last Saturday night, and transported to where we found her, probably in the back of a car. She was dumped over the wall into Riverside Park and then her handbag was tossed into the bushes so we'd find it and think it *was* a mugging. But we know now it was murder."

Her gray eyes met his. "How do you know that?"

"I take the medical examiner's word for it," he said. Postmortem lividity had been the giveaway. The woman had been lying on her side after she was killed, and after the heart stopped beating gravity had pulled the blood down and discolored the skin. The woman had been found lying on her side in the park, but the lividity had been on the wrong side—the up side. But Detective Luther did not tell the girl this. He only said, "Want to come up to Twelve-B with me? Maybe the kids have turned up. Except one thing does make me wonder. The little girl packed a bag and that's gone too. They may have ducked out."

"They must be frightened half to death," Lucille said. "Poor darlings, they ran away to their father. That's where they've gone."

"They know he's out in Chicago," the detective said.

The children were not in 12-B.

Nick Arbelli said. "The lieutenant called. We got to run down the names of every guy in this address book. The woman left here Saturday afternoon carrying an overnight bag, the doorman said. Where was she all that time, and what happened to that bag? Where did she go? Who was with her?"

"I suppose Sheilah knows," Frank Luther said. "I was working up to asking her when she cut out." He turned to Lucille. "You mentioned there was a sitter."

"She's a cleaning woman who works for me, too," Lucille explained. "She reports in at half past twelve—I'll send her up to see you."

She turned away and walked slowly to the elevator. She must find Sheilah and Benjy and keep them until word came from their father. But where to look? The first stop she made was at the corner stationery store.

"Yes, I saw Sheilah and Benjy a little while ago," Mr. Hyman said. "They were walking toward the square with that bag they carry their skates in. Why, Miss Brush? Anything wrong?"

"Look on page one, Mr. Hyman," she said. "That woman mugged in Riverside Park this morning was Mrs. Starr."

"Oh, no," he said, and his face looked stricken. "The poor little girl—I saw her there by the stand looking at a newspaper. She dropped her package and then after a minute she started running."

"That means she knows," Lucille said. "But she kept it to herself."

"How would she know?" asked Mr. Hyman. "I saw the story. It didn't give Mrs. Starr's name. She was unidentified."

Lucille walked on. She could not bring herself to explain about the scarf. Since they had taken their skate bag with them it was possible that the children had gone to Washington Square Park to skate, she thought, but she doubted it. She walked around the park and looked along the neighboring streets, but saw neither child. She walked quickly back to No. 62 and took the elevator to the twelfth floor. The door to 12-B stood open and she saw the two detectives inside, one of them still reading Vera's mail. Policemen were callous to tragedy, she thought, and she understood it. Newspaper work was often much the sa you had to make it a rule not to get per ally involved. But she was involved now way that wrung her heart. *Those poor, lo frightened babies*, she thought.

The two detectives were not alone. V them was a third man, a thickset, eleg looking man with black hair, intense dark and a small black mustache. As she ent the apartment he was saying, "I got Mr. S on the telephone in Chicago, at the offic our client there, not ten minutes ago. He di take a plane out until this morning and it held up at Idlewild by engine trouble, s didn't show up on time for his appointm The client called us here in New York to why not. But he finally got there, quite a late, and he's catching the next jet back."

Frank Luther turned his head. "Any lu Miss Brush?"

"No."

"Well, maybe they did go looking for t father," he said. "Miss Brush, this is M Arthur Landis, of Fuller, Smythe and Lan Mr. Starr's employer."

Lucille said, "How do you do." Artl Landis looked her over with an eye that v apparently conditioned to appraising you women, even when his mind was on somethi else, for he went on talking to the detecti "What has happened to the kids? I came do here to get them and take care of them u Mr. Starr gets home. He asked me to."

"We'll find them," Frank Luther sa "Miss Brush has the idea they may h started up to their father's place."

"Of course," Arthur Landis said. "I'll c my wife and have her run over to Mr. Star house and stand by."

"You live near there?" Frank asked.

"Just a few miles away."

"Then you knew Vera Starr, I take it?"

"Yes, for many years—since they we married."

"Then maybe you can tell me, Mr. Land did she have any special boy friends?"

Arthur Landis pursed his lips in though "Well, we haven't seen much of her since t divorce. Naturally I don't know whom s may have picked up with."

"Do you happen to know anything abo a tallish blond guy she went out with?"

Arthur Landis shook his head.

"She went off for the weekend, carrying a overnight bag," Frank said. "We don't kno where, or who with."

"Couldn't the children help? Didn't the mother tell them where she was going?"

"We never got around to asking them be fore they ran out. Maybe Sheilah knows."

Arthur Landis nodded, his dark eyes in specting Lucille again. Frank said, "But I'm curious about Mr. Paul Starr. Tell me abou that divorce. Was there any bitterness—any thing like that?"

Arthur Landis seemed to hesitate before h said, "No, I'd say not."

"Was it a friendly divorce?"

"Paul didn't contest, on the understandin that they would share the kids on an equitabl basis, but her lawyer wrote him out of i legally and I guess there was a little friction over that. I guess there's no such thing as a truly friendly divorce."

"So Mr. Starr was bitter about it?"

"He's not the bitter kind. But I suppose that divorce did knock him for a loop."

"You wouldn't call him a violent man, then?" Frank Luther asked.

"Violent? Oh, see here, if you're thinking Paul had anything to do with Vera's —— Oh, no, that's out of the question."

But there seemed to be a false note in his voice, Lucille thought, and his eyes shifted away. Deeply troubled, she walked down the three flights to her apartment. In the living room of 9-E the shaft of sunlight had penetrated farther and sought out in a corner a glint of bright red—the little dump truck that belonged to Benjy. He had put a load of powdered sugar in it—poured from a canister at home, probably. It brought tears to her eyes as she remembered how the boy had been playing snow removal yesterday; that was why he had put the sugar in his truck. Two heavy

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

CORN CON CARNE

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It's easy to cook up a fiesta when you start with the happy golden color and kernel-rich creaminess of DEL MONTE Cream Style Corn: ❋ Prepare your own meat ball recipe based on 1 lb. ground beef, adding about ½ tsp. chili powder with the seasonings. Brown meat balls in shortening till done. ❋ Meanwhile, gently fry 2 Tbsp. chopped onion and ¼ tsp. crumbled oregano in 1 Tbsp. butter. Then stir in 1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Golden Cream Style Corn. ❋ No problems. You needn't even look. You know DEL MONTE will be the same great cream style as always. America's favorite brand, by far. ❋ Stir in ½ cup sliced or whole ripe olives and ¼ cup (2 oz.) pimiento or green pepper strips, and heat. Serve with the meat balls. Makes 4 servings. ❋ ❋ Have fun with DEL MONTE Cream Style in a recipe like this, or enjoy it just plain—this is the brand that gives you your every last penny's worth in quality and flavor. That's DEL MONTE® Cream Style Corn.





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

storms during the past winter had made an impression on his six-year-old mind, and he had loved to watch the Department of Sanitation trucks loading snow and carting it away to the river. The sugar in his truck must have been dumped and redumped many times, for it was now the sooty color of snow in New York the second day after a snowfall.

The buzzer sounded and she went quickly to the door and opened it. Arthur Landis smiled agreeably. "The detectives told me you know those children pretty well, Miss Brush."

"Yes, particularly Benjy."

"If you see them or hear from them I'd appreciate it if you'd bring them to my office or to Grandkill—to Paul's place. I'll foot the taxi bills, of course. The point is, those detectives must have scared the kids pretty badly and I don't want them in the hands of the police again."

"I agree," Lucille said. "If I find them I'll call you."

She closed the door and went at once to the telephone, dialed the number of the *Record-Star*, and asked for the city desk. To Bob Stout, the day city editor, she said, "Bob, you have the story of the woman who was murdered up on Riverside Drive, of course. She lived here in my building and I knew her slightly, so please assign me to that story."

He said, "You're down for a women's-club meeting this afternoon."

"Listen, Bob," she said earnestly, "she had two adorable kids, Sheilah and Benjy, and they've disappeared." Hearing a noise at the door, she turned quickly, but it was Susan, letting herself in with her key. Lucille waved and went on, "Those Homicide detectives frightened them and they ran away."

The genuine distress in her voice came through, and he said quickly, "Sure, you follow through on the kids, Lucille, and write us a side feature, but George Tompkins will handle the main story."

As Lucille flew to a closet for a dress Susan asked, "What was it you were saying on the telephone, Miss Brush? What happened?"

"Susan, you should have stayed and waited for Mrs. Starr yesterday," Lucille said severely.

"She paid me just to four o'clock and told me to go home then," Susan said.

"Do you know where she went for the weekend?"

"No'm, she didn't say."

"Didn't you hear from her at all? Didn't she call to see how the children were?"

"Oh, yes, there was a call late Saturday night. Sheilah answered it. I didn't talk to Mrs. Starr. Miss Brush, what happened?"

"Then Sheilah must know where her mother went," Lucille said. "Didn't she tell you?"

"I heard her asking her mom where she was, but Sheilah didn't tell me. It was past her bedtime, so I sent her straight off to bed."

"But you heard her talking on the telephone?"

"I did hear her say that something was just too, too," Susan said. "You know how she talks. It was just too, too, too lucky—something like that. Miss Brush, please tell me. Is Mrs. Starr the dead lady in the paper?"

Lucille slipped the dress over her head, smoothed it and said quietly, "Yes, she's the dead lady, Susan."

Susan's eyes opened wide.

"There are some detectives up in her apartment who want to talk to you."

"I don't know a thing," Susan said, and pursed her lips sadly. "Them poor babies. Where are they, Miss Brush?"

"I have an idea they ran away to their father," Lucille said.

Susan nodded, and delivered the first critical opinion Lucille had ever heard from her. "That's where they belong," she said, "with their daddy."

Paul Starr thanked God for jet travel. He had moved in a daze of disbelief after the call from Arthur Landis came through to Chicago, and he had raced to the airport just in time to board the next jet flight to New York. Arthur had promised he would take charge of the children, and by now they would be with Cora, but Paul wanted to reach them as fast as he possibly could and take them in his arms and assure them that he would take care of them from now on. But the tragedy of Vera was their tragedy too.

The plane taxied to the terminal and he was first out. He went to a telephone booth and gave the operator the number of the Landis home. A maid answered.

"Mrs. Landis isn't home, sir. There's nobody here."

He gave the operator his own number in Grandkill, but there was no answer. Then he tried Vera's number, thinking that the children must still be in the apartment. A man's voice answered, "Detective Luther."

"This is Paul Starr. I'm calling about Sheilah and Benjy."

"No word yet, Mr. Starr," the man said in an apologetic tone.

"No word? What do you mean, no word?"

"Well, we haven't found them yet."

"Haven't *found* them?" Paul cried. "What does that mean? What happened?"

QUEBEC MAY

By EARLE BIRNEY

Now the snow is vanished clean,
Bo' jour, Pierre, 'ça va?
Skyward point the cedar billows,
Birches pinken, poplars green,
Magenta runs the sumac tine
Pouring down the hills like wine.
Yellow catkins on the willows,
Yellow calico on line.
'Allo, Marie, 'ça va?

Even Telesphore is frisky,
Vieux Telesphore, holà!
Feels the blood in shank and hand,
Sees the creek brim brown as whiskey.
Last old snowbank dies by stack,
Last sick isle of ice on lac.
Racing on the springing land,
Petite Jeanne in wake of Jacques,
Hi ya, Jeanne, hi ya!

The detective explained about Sheilah and Benjy disappearing. "There's a lady here in the building who thinks they may have started out for your house."

Paul said, "I'll go straight home."

"The state police up there are checking," Detective Luther said. "Say, Mr. Starr, Mr. Arthur Landis was here and he said you didn't fly out to Chicago until this morning, kind of late for your appointment. I'm wondering if you saw Mrs. Starr over the weekend or if you know where she went."

"I have no idea where she went," Paul said. "Why?"

"She had an overnight bag, the doorman says, so she must have gone out of town, or to a hotel here. If we just knew where—I'm hoping Sheilah can tell us. The sitter said she talked to her mother on the telephone Saturday night."

"Why is it important?"

"She wasn't mugged as first reports made it," Detective Luther said. "She was murdered, Mr. Starr." Hearing no response at the other end of the line, he went on, "So we want to know who she was with over the weekend—who the guy was."

"We were divorced. I never pried into her private life." Paul hung up, stumbled out of the booth and hurried to the parking area for his car. Surely the children had gone to Grandkill. But when he came at last to the gravel drive that led to his one-story white house in the woods, his heart sank. It was obviously shut up tight; the children were not here. But standing in the turnaround area was a New York City taxicab, and a young woman was on the porch, peering in a window. She turned and he saw an alert, oval face and serious gray eyes.

As he got out of the car she called, "Are you Mr. Starr?"

"Yes."

"Your telephone has been ringing. It just stopped."

"It must have been the kids," he said.

"The state police passed by a few minutes ago and told me there was no news yet," she said. "I'm Lucille Brush—the New York *Record-Star*."

"Sorry, I have nothing to say." He started to move past her.

"I've been looking for Sheilah and Benjy," she said. "I live in the same building and I know them. Benjy and I are pretty good pals."

"Oh," he said, stopping short, "you must be the girl I've heard them talk about—Miss Brush?"

She nodded. "I've been looking for them as their friend, but I'm a newspaper reporter, too, Mr. Starr," she told him. "I'm going to write a story."

"Understood," he said, and put his key in the lock. "Want to come in?"

"What worries me is that Sheilah knows what happened," Lucille said. "She saw a newspaper story, you see, that described how an unidentified woman had been found mugged in Riverside Park. It also described pretty exactly a scarf of hers. I recall seeing Sheilah wear it—a scarf with hounds and hunters and a little laughing fox."

"A laughing fox?" he said, feeling his muscles tense, knowing his jaw was rigid, his eyes staring. He recovered himself and said, "Yes, she had a scarf like that. I gave it to her for her tenth birthday."

"Then I suppose Mrs. Starr borrowed it?"

He pushed the door open and motioned her in without replying. At that moment the telephone rang. He snatched up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Paul?" It was Arthur Landis's voice, low and worried. "Detective Luther said you called and I figured you'd be home by now. Any news?"

"No, they're not here."

"I took a cab and scoured this whole neighborhood," Arthur said. "No sign of them anywhere. I finally located Cora and she's on her way over to help any way she can."

"Thanks, Arty," Paul said gratefully.

"I guess you know they're calling it murder," Arthur said. "Who would murder Vera?"

"Arty, let's not go into that. Not now."

"Sorry," Arthur said. "But *why*, Paul? What did she ever do to anybody to get herself killed? . . . Well, I'll talk to you later."

After hanging up, Paul fumbled in his pocket for his pipe, spilling tobacco as he filled the bowl with an unsteady hand. The girl said, "Want me to call Detective Luther? See if there's anything new?"

He gave her a grateful glance. "I'd appreciate it. I'll make some coffee."

Lucille put the call through, and Frank Luther said in a thoughtful voice, "So they're not up there? Well, I'm wondering, maybe they did go up there and he sent them off someplace."

"But I was here when he arrived."

"You don't think he knows where they are, maybe?"

"No, of course not," she said. "Why?"

"Sheilah had a telephone call from her mother Saturday night," he said. "She knows where Vera went, and if she knew Vera was with her daddy, for instance, it would explain a lot."

"Oh, I don't think it could be that," she said, but uncertainly.

"He didn't fly out to Chicago the way he was supposed to, that's the point," Frank said. "He put it off until this morning. I'm not trying to pin anything on the guy, but I don't like the alternative much either."

"What alternative?"

"Off the record—OK?"

"All right," she said.

"This is what worries me," he said. "Sheilah is the only one who *does* know where her mother went for the weekend, you see. The guy with Vera must have known that she talked to Sheilah on the telephone and he may have been watching the apartment. He may have picked those two up, you see."

"Oh, no!" Lucille gasped. "You scared them and they ran away, that's all." She replaced the receiver and turned away, deeply disturbed. She found Paul in the kitchen, gazing darkly at the percolator. She said encouragingly, "Detective Luther said not to worry. And Sheilah is a very level-headed little girl. She hasn't called here because she thinks you're still in Chicago."

He nodded. "That could be it. As you say, she's pretty mature for her age. In fact, she's quite a kid." He slammed his fist hard on the edge of the sink. "If I could only see her, talk to her. She has courage, Miss Brush, that little girl, and I wonder ——" He turned away abruptly. It was the scarf, he knew now—the scarf with the little laughing fox that he had found on the bureau in Sheilah's room after she had left here Sunday a week ago. What was going through that kid's mind? She knew she had left the scarf here in this house. That she had seen the story in the paper. And he must know he had arranged to see Vera Saturday; probably Vera had told her. Sheilah must think that he —— He could not bear to go on with the thought.

A cream-colored convertible was entering the drive and he murmured, "That must be Cora Landis—the wife of a partner in my firm." He went out to meet Cora as she came up the steps to the porch. She was a tall, angular woman with hair the color of a panther's hide and deep-set, dark eyes. She caught both his hands, studying his face. Then she said firmly:

"You need a good stiff drink, Paul."

A drink was often Cora's answer to an urgent problem. He had seen her yesterday, was it only yesterday?—at the Herrings' cocktail party. He had not planned to go, since he had expected to be in Chicago, but he had dropped in rather late. Arthur had been in Washington over Sunday, clinching an account on a golf course.

Cora had gone through a nervous breakdown a year ago. In a time of worry and distress she could be rather trying, but now she was sympathetic and concerned. "I'm glad I insisted that I wasn't home all day, Paul, but that I had to go into town this morning." She broke off as she saw Lucille.

"This is Miss Brush," he said. "She lives in the same building and she knows Sheilah and Benjy."

Cora glanced at Lucille. "Did you know Vera too?"

"Only slightly," Lucille said.

"I wonder where she went for the weekend?" Cora pondered. "I don't suppose she ever talked about where she went, Miss Brush? Or who she went out with?"

Lucille shook her head. "She kept to herself, except she did spend some time at a restaurant called Belardo's."

"I know Belardo's," Cora said. "To Belardo was a friend of Vera's, wasn't he?"

"I wouldn't know," Lucille said.

"I don't like to mention it now that she's dead," Cora said, "but Vera was just a little bit undiscriminating in her acquaintanceships, you know, and that sort of thing can lead to complications. Oh, I know I shouldn't say it, Paul, but *you* must know. After all, even before the divorce, wasn't she forever finding some excuse to stay over in New York for the night?"

"Cora," Paul said, "please stop."

She turned her big, sad eyes on him. "Is it true?"

"Just sit down, honey," he said. "Let's be quiet for a while. I want to think."

"About Sheilah and Benjy? Of course. Where could they be? Why should they hide?" Cora asked. "Sheilah has a father. She has a home."

"She knew I was in Chicago."

"Surely you'll hear from them soon," Lucille said gently.

He sat down heavily, shook his head. "No. I think they must be hiding somewhere."

"But why?" Lucille asked. "Running away from the police is understandable, but hiding not calling you—how do you explain that?"

He did not know where, but he did know why, and he felt a fierce pride in Sheilah. She

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

was protecting him. He knew how that precise, tough little mind worked. She knew about the scarf and only she could tell what dark terror had clamped its vise on her loyal heart, but he knew why she had run away. It was for him.

Cora said, "I see a car coming, Paul. It looks like the state police."

He hurried to the door and reached the patrol car as it came to a stop in the drive. There were two troopers in it, one a sergeant.

Paul asked, "Any news of my children?"

"No, nothing yet," the sergeant said. "The reason we stopped by was to ask you to come around to the barracks with us. You might be of some help."

It was a place all children of Manhattan came to know, where the grass was green under the June sun and paths led beneath the gently swaying branches of tall trees to the landmarks of a child's world—to a carousel, to swings and monkey bars, to a lake where toy boats sailed, to a zoo where sea lions sunned under the open sky. It was Central Park, and the children had been there through the long afternoon.

Sheilah laid down the rules with precision, making a game of it. "Now this is what we do. We move around. We don't want to be seen in the same place twice. It's something like hare and hounds, Benjy, except we don't go together. We decide where we're going and we meet there. If anybody stops you, just say you're with your mother's maid, Susan, and you live over on Park Avenue and your name is . . . let's see ——"

"Benjy," he said.

"No, it has to be a new name."

He thought a moment. "Butch?"

"All right, Butch will do," she said, and took a last name from one in daddy's business firm. "Butch Fuller. Can you remember that?"

"Butch Fuller," he said with satisfaction.

"And I'm Eulalia. Just call me Lolly for short."

"Short for lollipop?"

"Just remember Lolly, that's enough."

The first instinct had been flight—to get away, to run. She had known the park since babyhood, when they had lived in the West Seventies, and she knew one very important thing: in this city there were two kinds of kids—those who were sheltered and shepherded and those who went where they wanted as they pleased. But in either case nobody paid any attention so long as you seemed to be going about your business. It was only if you loitered, or cried, or looked lost and helpless or very naughty that anybody would give you a second glance, even a policeman.

"First we'll just skate over to the zoo," she said. "When we get hungry we can eat in the cafeteria there. You go first, I'll be following and I'll keep an eye on you. When we get to the zoo you go to the monkey house and I'll wait for you by the sea lions while you look at the monkeys, then you meet me there."

She watched him skate away. There was always a crowd at the zoo, and the place to be was among other kids. The skates were good to have, too, because nobody would think anything of seeing a child alone on skates, knowing that a nana or a parent was probably close by, sitting on some bench.

The sun was well past overhead when Benjy met her at the sea lions' pool. As they stood together by the railing she whispered, "Now I'll go in the cafeteria and get a sandwich and some milk and carry it to a table out on the terrace. You watch where I put it down and then you go to that table and sit down and eat. I'll be real close by."

She joined the line inside the cafeteria, bought two sandwiches and two individual bottles of milk, and paid for them out of her two-dollar bills. She carried the tray out onto the terrace in the sunlight, put one sandwich and a bottle of milk down for Benjy, and moved on to another table. She watched until he was safely seated and eating his sandwich before she touched her own.

Someone had left a newspaper and her eye was caught by the headline: MURDER ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE. She glanced cautiously about her, then took the newspaper into her lap. There it was again, the description of her scarf with its little laughing fox, and she saw a subhead that said: *Ex-Husband Sought*.

As she read the paragraph that followed she was holding her breath: Police were seeking Paul Starr, the divorced husband of the dead woman, for questioning. He was to have made a trip to Chicago over the weekend, but police said he had not appeared for an appointment in that city and up until late morning his whereabouts still were unknown. Meanwhile police were investigating ——

She fought back the tears. At her elbow Benjy's voice asked, "Shee, what's the matter?"

She had almost shut it out, but now the fear and the panic had come back. Daddy would be home tomorrow, his secretary had said on the telephone, but Sheilah had been sure he would hurry back as soon as he heard what had happened. But he had not been to Chicago, the newspaper said, and nobody knew where he was. There was no use telephoning an empty house in Grandkill. Daddy wasn't there; he had gone away. She didn't know what he would want her to do. She wasn't going to let them take her and Benjy to any children's shelter and make her tell about how she had left her scarf in the house at Grandkill, she knew that. She wished daddy was home. She wished she could call and hear his voice, and she *would* call just in case, but she knew the telephone would just ring and ring in the empty house. Sheilah shut her eyes tight.

ARMED FORCES DAY
ACTIVE AND RESERVE FORCES
THIRD WEEK IN MAY

"Shee, is that mommy's name in the paper?" Benjy asked.

"No," she said, "of course not."

But he still studied the printing. He knew how to pick out the capital letters and the arrangement of the smaller letters was familiar. He said in a low, dogged voice, "But I see a big *V*, and a big *S*, and look—I've seen it just like that on the envelopes when mommy gets mail. Vera Starr. And that's number sixty-two, just like our house. Isn't it, Shee?"

"Don't call me that. Say Lolly."

She got abruptly to her feet and took his hand. She had just thought of something—it had flashed through her mind. She remembered back to a time, just after Benjy was born, when she had been lost in the Rambles. She said in a determined voice, "Come on. We've got to go."

"Go where, Sh—Lolly?"

"We're going to play that game some more," she said. "We're going up past the Mall to a place I know. You go up there past the polar bears and wait for me at the top of the steps."

"All right," Benjy said. "But where is it we're going, Shee?"

"I know a secret place," she said. "A long time ago when we lived on West Seventieth Street I found a secret place, like a little house, Benjy, and we're going to find it again."

From the zoo it was a long way, and when you skated very far your legs began to ache. At the end of the Mall, where the automobile road crossed over, they took off their skates to descend a flight of steps, where Sheilah took note of comfort stations facing each other across a landing. Beyond was the lake where people were rowing boats, and on the far side of the lake was the place she sought. They came to the boathouse, where she could buy popcorn and cheese crackers and candy.

She told Benjy to wait outside while she stocked the duffel bag with provisions, breaking into another two-dollar bill and spending almost every cent of it. With her skates slung over her shoulder Sheilah led the way up a steep incline and turned off on a path beyond the lake.

She had been lost here a long time ago. It was called the Ramble, although the kids all said Rambles, and the paths went every which way up and down among steep little hills and through miniature gorges, circling massive outcroppings of gray and mossy rock. She had wandered off on a narrow footpath and got lost and found the secret place.

But it had been a long time ago. When at last she found it, she was not at all sure it was the same place. It was smaller than she remembered. But it was a good-enough secret place, and big enough for the two of them to stretch out side by side. You could call it a cave, but really it was a ledge in an outcropping of rock that overhung a snug, dry place. Other slabs of rock closed it off at the sides, and in front of it was the rhododendron. There was even a crevice in under the ledge big enough to hold their skates and the duffel bag.

Benjy whispered, "Where are we, Shee?"

"This is it," she said. "Our secret place."

"Just in under there?" He looked disappointed.

"It's our little house, Benjy, just for you and me. We have everything we need close by—a place to wash and all that down by the boathouse and a place to buy things."

Benjy smiled tentatively, because he did love to play house, but this was a dark, remote place. He followed Sheilah in under the ledge of rock, both on their hands and knees. The opening was barely two feet high, because of the downward plunge of the ledge, but inside the ceiling sloped higher and at the back there was room for Sheilah to kneel erect.

"There's just one thing to remember, Benjy. This is our secret house. If you hear anybody coming you keep very, very quiet. Don't make any sound."

"OK, I'll be quiet," he said. "But how long are we going to stay here, Shee?"

"Just as long as we want," she said.

He looked around at the gray stone that shut them in. "I don't think I'd like it after it got real dark in here."

"It's better than the children's shelter, though," Sheilah said. "We've got stuff to eat and a place to sleep and nobody to tell us what we have to do or ask us any questions. It's our very own place, Benjy. Don't you like it? Aren't you having fun?"

"Oh, sure," he said doubtfully. "But we're not going to do this *always*, are we?"

"Nothing is for always," Sheilah said.

"That's good," Benjy said. "Because I want my own bed and my little monk to sleep with."

"Hush!" Sheilah whispered tensely.

He hushed, with his mouth gaping and his eyes showing a frightened gleam in the gloom of the enclosure.

Sheilah whispered, "I heard something." It was a rustling noise outside, the shaking of a branch, a questioning sniff and then a little whine, close to the entrance. Sheilah saw big brown eyes and a small, crouching body and said, "Benjy, look!"

"It's a puppy dog," Benjy said.

Sheilah whistled softly, said, "Come here, pup. Come on in, puppy."

Benjy backed away on his knees as the little dog came out of the light and stood with one foreleg poised and bent, his head on one side. Benjy had wanted a puppy dog, but now he felt timid and stayed close to his sister as she whistled again and said, "Here, pup." The dog approached, put his cold nose in her hand. As Sheilah patted him he snuggled against her and whined.

"Benjy, give him a pat," Sheilah said. "He's a *lovely* little dog and he wants to be friends."

Benjy put out his hand uncertainly and the little dog licked his fingers.

"He's a little lost dog," Sheilah said. "See, he has a collar and a license. He got lost in the Rambles, poor little puppy, and he found our secret place."

"Is he ours now, Shee?"

"I don't know about finders, keepers," she said. "There's a name on the collar—he lives over on Park Avenue, and he belongs to a Mr. Robert Hadley. And his name is Fritz."

"Hello, Fritz," Benjy said, and stroked the little dog's head. At once Fritz crawled onto Benjy's lap and the boy showed Sheilah a happy grin. "Can we keep him, Shee?"

"I guess we have to take him back to Mr. Hadley," Sheilah said.

"Now? Right away?"

"I guess not right away," she said. "I guess Mr. Hadley won't mind if we borrow him for a while, so long as we take good care of him. Open the duffel bag and get out some of the cheese crackers, Benjy. I bet he's hungry."

"So am I hungry," Benjy said. "I'll bet he's one too."

"Mr. Hadley was very bad," Sheilah said thoughtfully. "You're supposed to keep your dog on a leash, but Mr. Hadley took the leash off and little Fritzie just ran away."

"How about us? Is it us who's bad? We ran away, too, like Fritzie."

"Nobody's bad."

"But what are mommy and daddy going to say?"

"Daddy's gone away," Sheilah said. "He's in Chicago. Mommy's gone away, too."

"Where?"

"First it was Atlantic City. She went to Atlantic City and saw the ocean."

"Well, I saw the ocean, too," Benjy said.

"Benjy, you know what we've got to do," Sheilah said. "We've got to get a leash so little Fritzie won't run away from us."

"I don't think he'll run away from us," Benjy said. "I think he likes us."

"But if a policeman finds him he'll say," Sheilah made a deep, important voice. "'Where's that little dog's leash? That little dog is supposed to have a leash.'"

"I know what I'd say," Benjy said eagerly. "I'd say my nana's got the leash. My name is Butch Fuller and this is my little dog Frit. and my nana has his leash."

Sheilah shook her head. "It says Hadley on the collar, though. You'd have to say your name was Butch Hadley."

"OK, Butch Hadley," he said.

"And that makes me Lolly Hadley," Sheilah said. "Oh, yes, I've positively got to get our little Fritzie a leash. If you were all alone with Fritzie you wouldn't be scared, would you?"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't be scared," he said.

"Because I've got to go get a leash for Fritz and then I'm going to telephone daddy."

"And ask him if we can keep the pup dog?"

"Yes, I'll ask him," Sheilah said. "If he's home."

"Mommy would say no," Benjy said unhappily.

"Well—I guess so," Sheilah said.

"But call her just the same," Benjy said eagerly. "Maybe she's home by now."

Sheilah shook her head. "I don't think mommy is coming home for a long time, Benjy, so we can keep Fritzie, at least for a while. But first I have to get a leash. Now you hold Fritzie's collar good and tight so he won't run off and follow me."

"He won't run off," Benjy said. "He likes me. See how he's licking my hand."

"Well, give him another cracker."

Back by the lake, in the boathouse, Sheilah had noticed a telephone booth, and she went there, making note of every turn she took. But once she was in the booth she found that she had used up all her change except a ten cent piece. She lifted the receiver, dropped the dime in the slot, and dialed the operator. When the voice answered, "May I help you?" Sheilah said, "I want to make a collect call to Mr. Paul Starr in Grandkill, New York."

"All right, dear," the operator said. "Who is calling?"

Sheilah hesitated. "Do I have to say that?"

"If you want them to accept the call, you do."

Sheilah thought a moment, said, "My name is Joanie Perkins." She was sure Joanie wouldn't mind if she used her name. And daddy knew Joanie; he would accept the call.

"Give me your number, Joanie," the operator said. "The one there on the dial—see it?"

"Yes," Sheilah said, and gave the number. She heard the distant ringing—one ring, two—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



1951–1957 1957–1960 1960–

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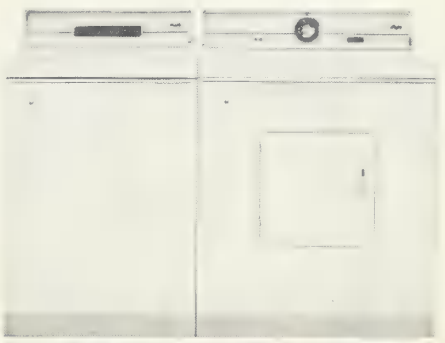
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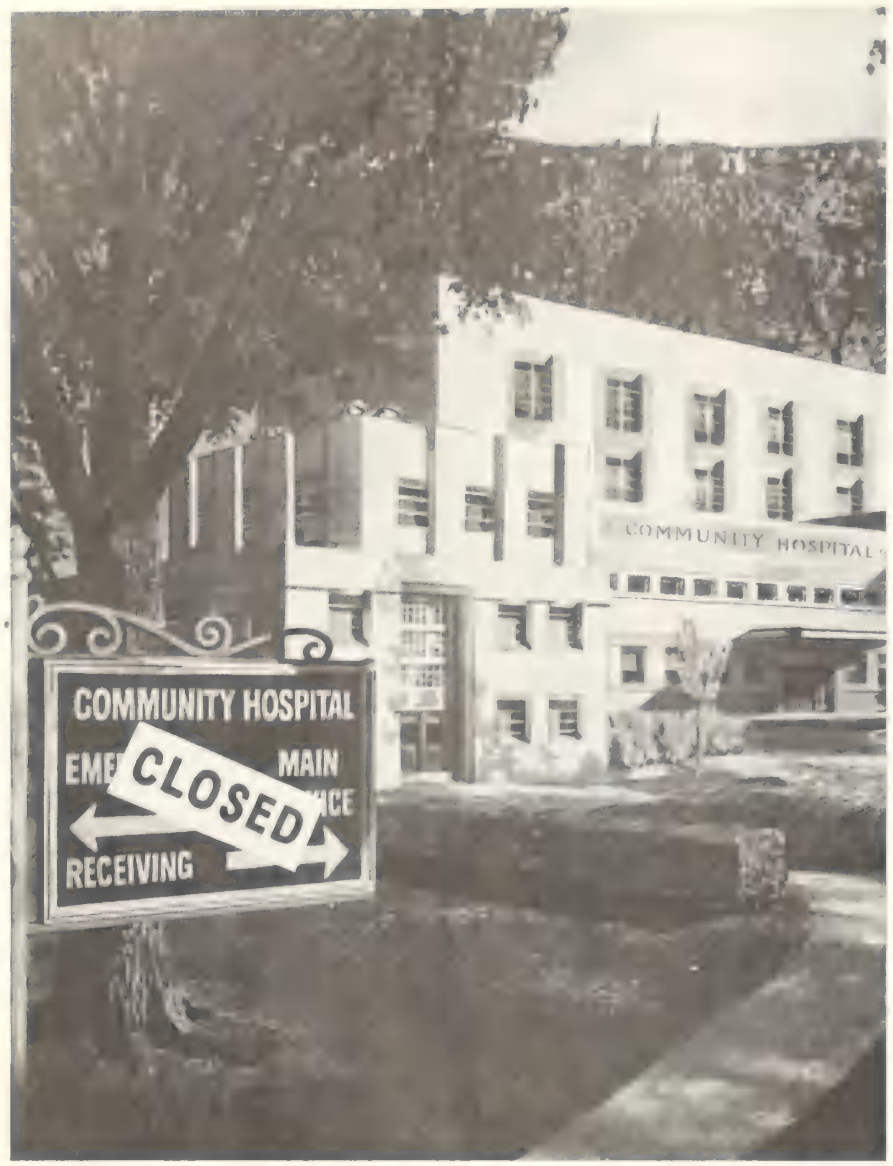
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• a driver is seriously hurt in a traffic accident;

• a man is suddenly stricken with a heart attack on his way to work.

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Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

then the sound broke off in the middle of a ring and a woman's voice said. "Hello."

"I have a collect call for Mr. Paul Starr," the operator said.

"He's not here right now." Sheilah was pretty sure it was Aunt Cora's voice. "Who's calling?"

"Do you know when he'll be in or where he can be reached?" the operator asked.

"Well, he's at the state-police headquarters right now," Aunt Cora said. "But I'm authorized to accept all calls. Who's calling?"

The operator said, "Joanie, do you want to ——"

Sheilah hung up.

It was late in the day when Detective Frank Luther called at Belardo's Restaurant. There was so little to go on in this case, he thought as he questioned Tony Belardo. He hadn't been able to get a line on the tallish blond guy who had sometimes taken Vera out. He had run down the names listed in Vera's address book, but the men had all turned out to be strictly legitimate—her agent and various people for whom she had done artwork. The number of Belardo's Restaurant had been in the book, however.

"Now look," Tony Belardo was saying, "sure she came in here now and then, but I don't know much about her. How would I know if she had a steady boyfriend?"

Belardo was a plumpish, well-dressed man with very black eyebrows and candid brown eyes. Detective Luther had checked with the local precinct before he came over and had learned that Belardo had a record. Some time ago he had been picked up on a narcotics charge, but it had been a headwaiter who had been pushing the stuff in Belardo's and Tony's hands had been clean; otherwise he would never have kept his liquor license.

"But Mrs. Starr did come in here fairly often, didn't she?" Frank asked.

"Now and then, sure. This is a quiet place. We've got a nice, refined clientele. Call the local precinct. Ask them if they ever had any complaints about Belardo's."

"I can think of one complaint," Frank said.

"Oh?" Belardo hesitated an instant, shrugged. "Do you blame the barrel for one bad apple?"

"Anyhow, I'm not asking about Belardo's," Frank said. "I'm asking about a customer of yours who got herself murdered."

"Vera Starr liked to drop in for a glass of sherry and say hello to me or the wife or Bert, the barman. We try to keep Belardo's a friendly, respectable place where an unescorted lady won't be bothered."

It was always the same story, Frank thought; nobody knew a thing. Susan, the maid, had been no help. Sure, Mrs. Starr had gone out a lot, but no man had ever come up to the apartment, a fact confirmed by Joe the doorman. There was this tallish blond guy who had waited for her in the lobby a couple of times, and more than once Joe had noticed a car double-parked and had seen Mrs. Starr come down and hop into it and drive off, but he hadn't had a good look at the man or made a note of the license number—why should he? It appeared that Vera had wanted to keep her private life as secret as possible. Maybe it was because the divorce wasn't final yet, because of the custody of the two youngsters. Maybe she hadn't wanted her husband keeping tabs on her.

"Now look, Mr. Belardo," he said patiently. "Didn't she ever come in here with anybody?"

"Not with guys, no. Once she brought a lady in for lunch."

"Know who she was?"

"Except that she's the kind who drinks her lunch and dyes her hair the color of a palomino horse—no."

"And Mrs. Starr never came in here with any guy? For instance, a tallish blond guy?"

Belardo said "No" but his eyes shifted away.

Frank said coldly, "This is a murder investigation, mister. You'd better come clean."

Belardo shrugged. "Well, it could be you mean Wilkes Conway. He comes in here and he used to chat with Mrs. Starr."

"Did he take her out?"

"I wouldn't know. He keeps his busines himself, like Vera did."

"What is his business?"

Belardo smiled. "Care for art?"

"Art?" Frank said. "He's an artist? Wh does he live?"

"Over on Bleecker Street. I guess it's in telephone book."

"You think I'd find him home this time day?"

Belardo grinned. "I think you'll find h sitting in the bar, Mr. Luther."

Frank set his jaw, said, "Get him."

He was a tallish blond guy, all right, Fra saw as Wilkes Conway came from the with Belardo. He had a pale, intent face.

"They tell me you were friendly with M Starr," Frank said.

"I don't know much about her. We sha an interest in art. We made the rounds of galleries occasionally."

"Which galleries are open at night?"

"I didn't say we went at night," Conw said. "We both liked Dixieland, too and went to hear music together a few times."

"When did you see her last, Mr. Conway

"Thursday or Friday. In here it was, cocktail time before she rushed home to dinner for her kids."

"You know those kids, I guess."

"I've seen them, sure."

"If you happened to see them on the str you'd recognize them, I suppose?"

"Yes, naturally."

There was something about Conway's mote blue eyes that made the hairs at the na of Frank's neck respond. They were talki about a girl he knew who had been murder

There is no wholly satisfactory substitu for brains, but silence does pretty well.
EDWIN STUA

and he showed no emotion. The poor woma was dead and had left two little runaway kid

"Where were you this weekend, Mr. Co way?" he asked.

"Home, mostly."

"Do you own a car?"

"Me?" Conway said. "What for?"

"About this weekend, did you spend alone?"

Conway smiled tightly. "You got the idea killed Vera?"

"I'm just checking," Frank said.

"OK, check. Saturday night I was here u til closing. Right, Tony?"

"Right," Belardo said.

"Then I went home," Conway said. "Ne day I never left the house, and let's see yo prove any different."

"OK," Frank said. "But maybe you ca tell me who else took her out?"

"Some uptown guy," Conway said. "I don know who he was. She never told me h name. She never told me anything. She w kind of standoffish. Right, Tony?"

"Right," Belardo said.

"Oh"—Frank eyed him sharply—"yo tried your luck too?"

"Cut it out, Mr. Luther," Belardo said "I'm a married man."

"That's all for now," Frank said. "Than you."

He walked out into the sunlight. He'd mak a thorough check of Mr. Wilkes Conway, h thought. For good measure he'd find out wha Belardo had been up to over the weekend. Bu the point was, there was another guy—a gu with a car. An uptown guy, Wilkes Conway had said. It had to be one of two things: eithe the husband, or she had been off for the week end with another guy. For reasons that could be only speculation now, she had been mur dered—strangled to death with a scarf tha had bit deep into her neck.

It had happened late Saturday night and th killer had had a body on his hands. He hadn' wanted to dump it wherever he had been. He wanted the investigation here in New York. He wanted it to go down on the books as jus another unsolved mugging. So he had brough her in the night—Sunday night that would

-and turned up onto Riverside Drive and first place he had found deserted he had ed her over the wall.

could mean she had been mixed up with a ried man, maybe, and making trouble, and ad got rid of her. That would explain why hadn't been seen with the guy. Or it could Paul Starr. He had wanted those kids k. And the kids were crazy about him, parlarly Sheilah. Susan had told him so. It ned Susan had a pretty low opinion of , forever finding some small fault to tease temper, like a speck of dust or a little ed sugar. With kids in the house, and one nem a six-year-old, something was bound e spilled.

e stood in frowning thought. He was wor- about those kids. They had been in his ody and he had let them slip away. Sheilah really put it over on him; probably heard e pretty wild accounts about policemen jails and she had run out, thinking they e going to give her the third degree or ething, like on television. Either that, he ight, or she knew something about her er. Vera may have told her on the tele- ne that they were together Saturday night. state boys up in Rockland County had ed Paul Starr up and Frank was anxious ave a go at him. But first he hoped there ld be some news about the kids.

s he turned away something made him tate; there was some fragment of informa- that eluded him. A thought had crossed mind and slipped away, leaving an impres- that instinct had noted—that police- 's instinct—but he couldn't remember t it was. Something Tony Belardo had ? No. Miss Brush? No. Susan? He shook head uncertainly.

le turned into the corner stationery store went toward the telephone booth at the k. Mr. Hyman was behind the counter and ain man in a sports shirt and tight-fitting ts was buying a package of cigarettes. nk heard him say in a soft, Southern voice, at was a bad thing that happened there und the corner."

Mr. Hyman only nodded as he rang up the sale. The man went on in the sort of voice a guy used when he wanted to pick up information, "I saw it in the late paper. Murdered, they say. It's awful hard on those poor little kids, ain't it?"

Frank had reached the telephone booth, but he turned back and asked, "Do you know those children?"

The man gave Frank a steady, unblinking look as he opened his cigarettes with thin, strong fingers. The movement of his hands called Frank's attention to a tattoo on his left wrist—a mermaid, it appeared to be. "What's it to you, mister?"

"I'm a police detective," Frank said. "Do you know those kids?"

The man backed away a step and smiled. Even when he smiled his mouth had a mean look, Frank thought. "I happened to see it in the paper, that's all. Two little kids, and their mother killed—that kind of hits you, don't it?"

"Yeah," Frank said.

Mr. Hyman said, "Mr. Detective—please. I know those two little ones and I'm worried. Isn't there any news at all?"

Frank shook his head. "No, not yet."

"I see in the paper their daddy went out to Chicago," Mr. Hyman said. "It says you fellows are looking for him."

The man with the mermaid tattoo had eased to the door and now was gone. Frank considered calling him back, checking him out, but there was no good reason for it. The guy hadn't done anything. To Mr. Hyman he said, "We located the father."

"Good," said Mr. Hyman. "Those are two of my best kids. They always behave themselves. Never make a racket or muss up the magazines. Nice, tidy kids they are."

Frank was gazing out at Sixth Avenue and suddenly it came to him—the thing that had crossed his mind before. Tidy kids, Mr. Hyman said. Spilling things, Susan had said. Complaints about dust and spilled sugar. That, and Tony Belardo's record. He swung around, went quickly to the telephone booth and dialed the number of Vera Starr's apartment. When Arbelli answered he said, "Nick, this is Frank."

"Yeah, what did you find out?"

"I located that tallish blond guy," Frank said. "His name is Wilkes Conway. Better have the local precinct check where he lives over on Bleecker Street."

"OK," Nick said. "I'm still waiting to hear from Rockland County. The state boys up there have the father down at headquarters and they're dusting off his house and car. The prints ought to be on the way downtown by now."

"Nick, I've been thinking," Frank said. "Something kind of sticks in my mind. I wonder if you noticed: on the rug over by the box where she kept what the little girl called her swipes—you know."

"Yes?"

"Well, this is a wild one, but let's check it out. There by the corner of the box somebody spilled something—sugar, maybe, or talcum. Just a little bit of it. Take a little taste. See if it's sweet."

"OK, hold on," Nick Arbelli told him.

Frank waited in the dark booth, propping his shoulder wearily against the wall. When a man started playing long shots it meant he didn't have much to go on.

Nick came back on the wire. "You're right, Frank. It's bitter."

"Send it to the lab," Frank said. "And call Lieutenant Digby at Narcotics."

He walked briskly out of the stationery store and turned the corner. Across Sixth Avenue the man with the mermaid tattoo stood in a doorway and watched him until he turned in under the canopy at No. 62.

Did they know or didn't they? That was the big question. Claude Boggs sucked in smoke from the cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth. He had had to leave the stuff with Vera last trip. He had brought it in and found out that the police had picked up his connection, the heat was on. Vera hadn't known what was in the package, but she had always been a smart cookie. A guy couldn't leave a package with a dame and ask her to hold it for him and not expect her to take a peek inside.

That dick in the stationery store—would he ever learn to keep his yap shut?—that dick in the store hadn't let on, but there had been a certain look in his eye. Maybe they had found the package. Maybe they were playing cat and mouse. But if Vera had tumbled to what was in that package she was smart enough to make a contact somehow and sell the stuff; it was worth all of ten grand. She was smart, he thought, but not smart enough. They'd left her dumped over the wall on Riverside Drive, a little dead pigeon who had double-crossed her own brother.

He spat out the cigarette and ground it under his heel. What if the stuff was still there and they hadn't found it? That was what kept him on the hook. There was no good reason why Uncle Claude couldn't call to ask about his little niece and nephew. He was their uncle, wasn't he? The thing was—give it a little time, a day, two days, until their business was finished and they cleared out. If the stuff was still there, he'd find it. A half kilo of heroin was worth an easy ten grand.

It was not an easy story for Lucille Brush to write, knowing the children as she did and feeling this deep and bewildering anxiety. The question Detective Luther had raised remained a menacing shadow in her thoughts—the possibility that the man who had murdered Vera had taken the children. If they knew him, they might have gone with him unquestioningly. She prayed it was not so.

It would soon be night. Children alone in public after dark would be conspicuous, she thought. The police would be on the lookout. In the eighty-one precincts of this great city, in all its five boroughs, the four-to-twelve shifts had marched out of the station houses alerted to the description of these two small runaways.

Then why was there no news? Why hadn't Sheilah telephoned, if she was safe and free? Paul Starr was holding something back. Every



instinct of a reporter told Lucille so. She was still troubled by the manner in which he had drawn her aside, just before the state-police car had taken him away, and asked, "Will the story you write have your name on it? If Sheilah saw your name on it she'd read it. So maybe you could put a message in your story that her father wanted especially to see her because he had something he wanted to explain. . . . No, just say he wanted to tell her that everything was all right and to please call home, there's nothing to worry about."

"Explain what, Mr. Starr?" she had asked. "Do you know some reason why she ran away—something you haven't told me?"

Avoiding her eyes, he had said, "I talked to her on the telephone Saturday afternoon. She wanted to bring Benjy up to see me and I'm afraid I frightened her. I told her we'd get in bad trouble with the judge if she came up here without permission."

"Oh," Lucille had said, though she was not at all convinced.

Now she sat staring at the last page of the story in her typewriter. She had tried to put a little of the personalities of Sheilah and Benjy into it; she had tried to move the casual reader by the tragedy of these two children, as she was herself moved, but the case might be more tragic than she knew.



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"Say, haven't you finished that story yet?" Bob Stout was standing at her desk, smiling. "If you haven't eaten yet, I thought we might have dinner."

"I'm watching this story, Bob."

"Let's have some coffee, at least," he said.

She glanced at the clock on the far wall and said, "I suppose I'd better hand the story in. All right, let's have a cup of coffee."

She was on her way to the city desk when she heard a sudden, urgent shout. "New lead coming on the Riverside story. They've picked up the husband."

Bob Stout called the question, "Why?"

"The state police up in Rockland County gave his car a going over and they found Mrs. Starr's fingerprints all over it," George said. "Starr admits he saw her Saturday night."

Lucille had expected it because of the oddness of Paul Starr's behavior. She had known that he was holding something back. She had thought his manner strange, his eyes evasive. But a murderer? Her emotions would not accept it. *Don't be naïve, Lucille,* she thought. *Murders are committed by the nicest people.*

"I don't think he did it," she said flatly.

"No?" Bob said. "Why not?"

"He's not that kind, that's all."

Bob grinned. "People always spoke well of Dr. Crippen too."

"It's nothing to joke about," she said. "You're talking about a man with two little children, a man with decent instincts, I'd say, a man who would never use violence."

"He seems to have made an impression."

"I hate the newspaper business," she said suddenly. "It turns people into Madame Defarges. Their reason for living is to see the heads roll."

"Oh, come," he said. "That guy *did* make an impression."

It was humiliating to have tears in her eyes. "I'm going to pass up the coffee, Bob," she said. "But thank you." She walked quickly toward the elevators.

Night came swiftly to the Ramble. The trees spread dark wings overhead and there was hardly any twilight—in a moment it was dark in the cave and through the low opening the children saw only a fading gleam on the black leaves of the rhododendron. Benjy sat very close to Sheilah, with the little dog in his lap. Fritzie had a leash now, snapped securely on his collar, and Benjy had put his wrist through the loop of it.

The night came, and with it the hesitant sound of far-off thunder. It had been a bright, hot day, but a thunderhead had drifted downriver and cut short the twilight.

"Shee," Benjy said in a low voice, "tell me a story."

"All right." She made her tone cheerful. "What kind of story?"

He thought a moment. "Out of the Bible, I guess."

"Daniel in the lions' den?"

He said quickly, "No, not that one."

"How about Moses in the bulrushes," Sheilah asked, because it was one of her favorites.

"No, not about *babies*," Benjy said.

"All right, about a bigger boy," she said. "About Samuel and how the Lord called to him in the night."

Again there was a sound of thunder, louder now, and Benjy said, "No," in a quick, scared voice.

"I know the one you want," Sheilah said, with an understanding smile in the darkness.

"Yes?" he said eagerly. "Which one?"

"Why, Benjamin and the silver cup, of course."

Benjy sighed and snuggled close to her. "Yes, tell me that one, Shee."

The little dog whined and pressed his cold nose into Benjy's palm and the boy said reassuringly, "Now don't be scared, Fritzie. That's only thunder. You don't have to be scared of thunder. Does he, Shee?"

"Not when he's got a nice, snug place like this, especially," Sheilah said.

"Yes, it's all *right* here," Benjy said. "But I wish just one thing, Shee. I wish I had my little old monk."

"But you've got Fritzie," Sheilah said, and put her arm around him. "And you've got me, Benjy."

She wadded up a sweater for his pillow, by the time Joseph's men found the silver in Benjamin's sack the little boy was so asleep. Sheilah lay back and rested her h on her own rolled-up sweater, but her remained open in the darkness. The fat l purse containing her two-dollar bills wa the pocket of the sweater for safekeeping she felt it against her head. She had alre spent—*let's see*—one two-dollar bill at the and another at the candy stand, and then had broken into another at the drugstore Madison Avenue where she had bought leash for Fritzie and still another at the cery store where she had bought bread milk and peanut butter—all she could c into the duffel bag. That made four t dollar bills in just one day, she thought, an meant that there were only twenty-four l Everything was so expensive and every t she spent a two-dollar bill it was like spend a year of her life. No, not a year, she amend because she had got ten of them on her birthday and ten into twelve was—well, e bill meant more than a month of her life she had spent more than four months in one day. Once you broke into your luck, thought, it just dribbled away, all of it.

Off toward Columbus Avenue there was sound of a fire siren. Closer by she hear footfall on asphalt and then the sound of r ning feet, a shout in the night. Sheilah lay v still, listening. She could not sleep, could keep her mind from working. All through day, since she had seen the newspaper on Hyman's stand, she had been on the run. had met each situation as it came along, now she had time to think. Vera was dead daddy was in bad trouble and she was al

Choose in marriage a woman whom y would choose as a friend if she were a m

JOSEPH JOUBE

with Benjy and they had forty-eight doll and they couldn't stay here in the park f ever. She just had to face up to it, as mom u to say, and figure out what to do next.

Benjy awakened with a startled, choki sound and began to sob in the darkness. Sh lah put her hand on his shoulder and wh pered, "What's the matter? Did you have nightmare?"

"Yes," he said.

Again came the sound of a fire siren a this time even the cave seemed to listen unti faded away, far off. The little dog Fritzie ma a growling noise in his sleep and Benjy aske very low, "Tomorrow do we go home, Shee

"You never know about tomorrow," s said.

"Won't mommy be home by then?"

"No."

He thought a moment. "But how do y know, Shee?"

He kept coming back to that question where was mommy?—and Sheilah thoug with a sense of resolution that Benjy had face up too. She couldn't hide it always.

"Mommy's gone away on a long trip

"Gone where?"

"Very far away. She'll be gone a long, lo time."

"For a week?"

"For longer than a week, Benjy. Long than you can ever count, because ——"

"Don't tell me, Shee," his frightened voi cried. "Don't say it!"

She could see the faintest reflection of lig on his eyes, saw his profile dark in silhouett with the underlip stuck out, and she sa firmly, "She told me to take care of you ar see that you were happy and had lots of fun, don't you worry about it, Benjy. Everythi will be just fine."

"You're just making it up," Benjy said, h voice rising shrilly. "You're just an old lia You're an old stinker and you're telling n lies." He was crying uncontrollably, his fa screwed up, the tears running down h cheeks, and he said in a phlegm-choked, gas ing voice, "I hate you, Shee. I hate you."

"You asked me," Sheilah said. She put o her hand, but he jerked away from her ar

yled on the floor of the cave with his buried deep in his rolled-up sweater and ying muffled by the wool. Gently she said, ll go live with daddy now, back home in dkill, and you'll go to school there next nd be a first-grader and you'll have so friends, old friends and new friends, and know daddy will get you a bike to ride." kicked at her with one foot and the heel t her on the chin just below the mouth. was sobbing, too, but the hurt and the of blood made her cry out angrily, "You d me. You kicked me in the mouth." quieted him. He was still sobbing, but the hysterical spasm had passed. Benjy y ever had a tantrum, the way other kids ge did and the way Sheilah had, too, when was six. But he did call her bad names times and other people, too, including my. When he was real mad he had some- said, "I hate you, mommy," just the way d said, "I hate you, Shee," and Sheilah mbered that mom had usually just ed and said, "OK, have your little hate." e would let him have his little hate, too, hought, and let him have his big cry. She eside him, not moving. The little dachs- was awake and nosed Benjy's ear in athy. Sheilah sat a long time without ng until the sobbing stopped altogether, Benjy's hand touched her knee, groping er hand. She took it and squeezed it and stretched out close beside him, with weater under her head.

e rumble of thunder had come through arred windows while Paul sat in a small rogation room and answered the ques- of the two detectives, Luther and Arbelli. tective Luther was saying in a low, prod- tone, "When I was talking to you on the hone didn't it occur to you that it might been helpful to us to know that you saw Starr Saturday night?"

couldn't think of anything then but my ren," Paul said. "That's all I can think of Where were they in all that rain and der? There ought to be some news."

"We'll find your kids, Mr. Starr," Frank Luther said. "But let's get back to you and Vera. You say you dropped her off near Grand Central?"

"Yes, about five o'clock."

"But first you sat in that hotel lobby and had a little chat, you say. Would you call it a discussion or an argument you had?"

"A discussion, and entirely friendly."

"But it was about the kids, wasn't it? You wanted something done about those kids?"

"I wanted to help my daughter make a better adjustment, yes."

"How were you going to do that—by taking the kids yourself? Had you threatened to get a lawyer and sue for custody?"

"No, there was nothing like that."

"But you were keeping tabs on her, weren't you?"

"Keeping tabs?" he said. "No. Why?"

"Well, if you could come up with something to prove she was an unfit mother you could take the kids, couldn't you?"

"She wasn't an unfit mother. I'd like to know what you are trying to prove. Mrs. Starr and I were married for eleven years. We had a friendly divorce. She was a woman of good character—impulsive, temperamental, yes, but a good and decent woman."

"That's just what puzzles us, Mr. Starr," Frank Luther said.

"Yes, what?"

"Why a good and decent woman would have a little pure heroin sprinkled on the rug in her apartment."

"That's impossible," Paul said flatly.

"Nonetheless, it's true. Maybe there were things about your wife you didn't know."

"I don't believe it," Paul said.

"You say you dropped Vera off at Grand Central Saturday. Didn't she tell you where she was going? Didn't you ask her?"

"As a matter of fact, she volunteered that if I knew I'd be surprised." Paul said.

"What did she mean by that?"

"I don't know."

"She had a rendezvous somewhere? Was catching a train out, maybe?"

"She asked me to drop her in the neighborhood of Grand Central, not at Grand Central."

"What would have surprised you—who the guy was, or where she was going?"

"I don't know."

"Well, how did she happen to volunteer it?"

Paul sighed. He was very tired. He had taken a great deal today and always there was the overwhelming uncertainty and fear—where were Sheilah and Benjy? He said wearily, "It grew out of a conversation we had. I told her I wanted to work out something for the kids and she thought I was suggesting that we take up where we left off."

"Get back together, you mean?"

"That's what she thought I meant," he said. "As a matter of fact, for the sake of the kids, I offered to give it another try. It wasn't very realistic, I admit."

Frank asked softly, "Were you still carrying a torch for her, Mr. Starr?"

Paul hesitated, then said, "I still had some feeling for her, but not what you'd call a torch. Eleven years is a long time, Mr. Luther. A man can't just wipe it out."

"Well, Mr. Starr," Frank said, "as it stands now, you were the last person known to have seen Vera alive. You had a plane to catch Saturday night but you canceled out. You didn't take a plane all next day. You didn't fly out until Monday morning. Sometime between the time you met your wife Saturday and the time you boarded the plane she was killed, hidden in the back of a car for quite a while—probably all through Sunday—and dumped into Riverside Park Sunday night. We found her fingerprints in your car and you account for it by saying you had a talk with her and gave her a lift."

"For only a few blocks " Paul said.

"Long enough to leave her fingerprints on the door handle, the door to the glove compartment and the cigarette lighter," Frank said. "Now, Mr. Starr, we want to believe your story. You dropped her off about five, you say, and then nobody saw you until a cocktail party at some people called the Herrings about six o'clock Sunday night. Where were you all that time?"

"I was at home with a briefcase full of work," Paul said, "preparing for my appointment in Chicago Monday."

"Did you call anybody, or did anybody call you?"

"No; my friends all thought I was in Chicago."

"Were you alone in the house, Mr. Starr? Vera wasn't with you?"

Paul was startled. "Of course not."

"What was the lucky thing that happened?"

"Lucky?"

"In Vera's life?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Something that was just too, too, too lucky," Frank said. "Could it be the lady thought she was being reconciled with her husband?"

"I'm afraid I've lost the thread Mr. Luther."

"Sheilah had a telephone call late Saturday night from her mother," Frank said. "Susan, the maid, heard her saying that something was just too, too lucky. Do you know what she meant?"

"I have no idea."

"That call wasn't made from your house, was it?"

Paul said sharply, "You can check all calls from my house."

"Believe me, we will," Arbelli said.

Detective Luther smiled. "We're not accusing you, Mr. Starr. We need your help. Your ex-wife was murdered and I should think you'd want to help us clear it up and find the man who did it."

"I do."

"I won't say you're not a prime suspect, but we're looking at all sides of the picture," Frank said. "The thing that confuses it—to your benefit, I might add—is that heroin we found sprinkled on the rug." His voice sharpened. "You know a fellow named Tony Belardo?"



"I've heard his name. He runs a restaurant, doesn't he?"

"But you don't know him?"

"No."

"OK," Frank Luther said. "We're going to let you go home for now. And for your information, there's a state trooper out at your place in case your kids should call there."

"I left a friend there to take calls," Paul said.

"Well, the state boys wanted to kind of look your house over, anyhow," Nick Arbelli said. "We asked them to do that."

"And your car should be back in your garage by now," Frank Luther said.

Paul got suddenly to his feet, feeling a quick and irrational anger. "I've come down here and answered all your questions," he said. "Now let me ask a few. What about my kids? What are you people doing? Can't the whole New York City police force find two runaway children?"

Detective Luther looked at the floor in silence for a moment, then he met Paul's eyes. "I'm going to level with you, Mr. Starr. When heroin comes into the picture it means you're dealing with guys who play rough. I don't know what Vera was up to, but she did have some of the stuff. She made a little trip and she turned up dead. You get the picture."

"No," Paul said. "She wasn't that kind at all."

"That's why we've been running down every guy she knew," Frank said. "Wilkes Conway, Tony Belardo—we sweated him good. He beat a narcotics charge once."

"But small-time," Arbelli said. "Pushing. That stuff on Vera's rug was pure, like it had just come in from France."

"France?" Paul said, with a musing frown.

"That's where they bring it from, mostly."

"Something on your mind, Mr. Starr?" Frank asked alertly.

Paul shook his head. "It was just a passing thought."

"Such as?"

"Well, you spoke of France, and I w thinking of a sailor off a ship. Vera had brother who's been in trouble with the l and I understand from the kids he was town not long ago."

"What's his name?" Frank asked.

"Claude Boggs," Paul said. "Benjy w talking about an uncle with a mermaid t tooed on his wrist who was a sailor off a ship

"Oh, that's the guy I saw today, hangi around the neighborhood," Frank said. skinny guy with a mean-looking mouth? sailor. That's it. He brought the stuff in. Th has to be it. Mr. Starr, you've been a big he This looks like our break."

"I hope so. But we were talking about t kids. You had something to tell me."

"Oh," Frank said, and hesitated a mom "Well, Vera went on a little trip. She did c home Saturday night and talked to Sheila We don't know how much she told abo where she was and who she was with, but looks like maybe those kids were snatched."

"Snatched!" Paul cried.

"Kidnaped. I'm sorry. I hate to have to t you this. But how else can you figure it?"

"But they ran away. Weren't they seen Mr. Hyman and weren't they alone—just t two of them?"

"I'm hoping they just ran away," Fra said, "but it's been a long time now, M Starr and what I'm afraid of is somebo was watching the apartment."

"Their uncle? Claude Boggs?"

"Maybe," Frank said. "They knew h But maybe someone else. Vera went on a tr probably with the guy who set up the deal. must have known Vera telephoned home a

The philosophy of one century is the co mon sense of the next.

HENRY WARD BEECH

talked to Sheilah, and if Vera told the k where she was and maybe who she w with ——" His voice trailed off.

Paul had been sure that Sheilah and Be were hiding, that it was only a question of ti before they were found, but now it struck h with shocking impact that some vicious, fa less stranger had followed them, had snatch them, had taken them God knew where.

Detective Luther's hand was on his sho der and he heard the detective's voice sayi "Do me a favor, Mr. Starr. You can go no but on the way out you're going to run into t newspaper boys. Don't let out anything abo the heroin, huh?"

Paul nodded, and moved in a daze towa the door. As he went down the worn sto steps into the night he was blinded by fla bulbs. He groped his way, shaking his head questions, pushing through a barrier of porters. Then he saw a friendly face; he s troubled gray eyes and heard a quick vo say, "I have a cab here, Mr. Starr."

He reached for her hand and caught it, h it as if he would never let it go. Lucille Br led him to the waiting taxicab.

Lucille had waited with the other report outside the police station. This was not her assignment, but she had come because she co not stay away. In the glare of the flashbu Paul Starr looked startled and shaken, b there was a quality of bewilderment and tegrity in his face that gave him the appeal a lost and despairing man in a world of str gers. His voice was low and grateful as he sa "Miss Brush, you're a lifesaver."

"I thought you might drop me off at place and keep the cab," she said. "I kn you'd want to get away fast."

He gave the address to the driver, then s tled back beside her, still holding her hand. came out of there like a man in a fog. Tha you, Miss Brush. I needed a friendly face."

"Is there any news of the children?"

He hesitated an instant, then said, "I ca tell you the reason, but the police have the i the children may have been kidnaped."

"I know," she said. "Detective Luther t me on the telephone. He asked me not to t you, not to worry you."

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can't believe they've been kidnaped," id. "It was broad daylight, a crowded t. No, they ran away to hide. But what tens me is that somebody might be huntghem. God knows who. By now he must that Sheilah didn't give the police any mation. Maybe she doesn't even *know* ning, but he'll have to find out. He'll have sure." He brought out his pipe, unlit, and he stem between his teeth. His face was nd rigid in the semidarkness of the cab. se Homicide men had the idea Vera was me before she died. I guess you know the by now. I did see her Saturday afternoon l didn't have the good sense to admit it ght off."

ou saw her where?" she asked. "And "

arranged a meeting to see if we could out something to make the kids hap-' he said. "Those detectives had the idea ered a reconciliation and took her up to dkill and killed her."

e asked, "Did you?"

was the first time she had heard him n. The sound had the quality of release is voice was amused as he asked, "Young do you put that question to all the murs you meet?"

e flushed and said, "I meant did you offer oncile?"

es, I did, but it was just an impulsive, unatic offer—on the spur of the moment. rally she laughed in my face."

e hesitated an instant before she asked, *did* make the offer, though?"

ut of desperation, not emotion," he said. emotion was gone a long time ago, and lain fact is that Vera didn't want to make rriage in the first place. She didn't know Sheilah and Benjy kept us going for a ."

ou love them, don't you?"

o did Vera," he said. "Don't mistake

Ir. Starr ——" she began.

all me Paul," he said. "Please. I feel I you pretty well, hearing about you the kids. You've been wonderful to . And believe me, I need you for a friend need help."

ll try to help, of course. But tell me—you you didn't think the children had been ped. Then where are they? What hap-l?"

hey ran away," he said. "There was a reyou see. I'm going to tell you all of it. I'll to trust you, Lucille."

ou can forget I'm a newspaper reporter," aid quietly.

ou know the scarf—the laughing fox? I it to Sheilah for her tenth birthday."

es, you told me."

ast Sunday I had a day with the kids and ve them out to Grandkill," he said. hilah took off her scarf and left it in her oom there and she thinks it was still . That's why she ran away. She knew she eft it in my house and then she read in ewspaper that it had been used to strane era. So she ran away to protect me."

understand that," Lucille said. "But the ? I mean how ——"

gave it to Vera Saturday afternoon to home to Sheilah," he said. "I called Vera d made the date to talk matters over and the scarf in the glove compartment of my When I was driving her over toward d Central I remembered it and told her k in the glove compartment. She put it r handbag."

hen that explains it all," Lucille said with relief. "The fingerprints—everything."

ut would the police believe me?" he said. told them the scarf had been in my house d be convinced I *had* driven Vera up and—and used it."

o that's why you wanted me to put some of message to Sheilah in my story?" she kl.

was hoping to reach her somehow. She's g it all alone, fighting the whole world." ingers tightened on hers. "She's brave ndependent, and that worries me. She'll h hiding, and as long as she does those are in danger. Somebody may be looking em."

"Then we've got to do something."

"Yes, but what?" he said. "I've been cudgeling my brains, but it's a dead end. If the police can't find her, what can one man do, except wait for her to call? And she *will* call. The first step was to run away. That showed her love. The next step will be to call, and that will show her belief. I *know* she'll call."

"Is there someone at your house to take calls?"

"The state police have a man there. Cora Landis is there."

"You can check with Mrs. Landis from my apartment. But suppose Sheilah doesn't call? The news is on the street now that the police picked you up. If she's protecting you, she'll go on protecting you, won't she? No, we have to do something. We have to find her."

"I like to hear that 'we,'" he said.

She said, "Don't you know I love those kids too?"

She had committed herself, completely trustful, and something in her voice made him turn his head and look at her. He smiled and said gently, "I can't tell you how much that means to me. You're a pretty wonderful girl, Lucille."

Strangely disconcerted, she said hastily, "Being a newspaperwoman, I've learned a lot about this city. A child sees things we would never notice, and if I know Sheilah she'd figure it out very carefully. She'd go where no one would take notice. I think the first place to look would be among other children, in some playground or park."

"At night?"

"She must have found a hiding place when night came." The cab turned the corner by Mr. Hyman's stationery store. "But not around this neighborhood. Somebody would recognize them. My idea is to get a map of the city and check every park and playground." The cab stopped at No. 62 and she said, "Come up to my apartment. You call Cora Landis and then we can make plans."

This was the building where Vera had lived, he thought. He had never been farther inside than the lobby, where he had met the children for their excursions. As they went up to the ninth floor in the elevator he said, "We used to live near Central Park, but that was a long time ago. Of course Sheilah has been there often since, to the zoo and the Mall and the carousel, but I don't think they'd be hiding out among the trees in all that thunder and lightning."

She unlocked the door of 9-E, flicked on a light and motioned to the telephone. He put through a call to his house in Grandkill and when a man's voice answered he asked, "Is Mrs. Landis still there?"

"I'll put her on."

Cora Landis's quick voice said, "Yes?"

"It's Paul. They released me," he said. "Any news of the children?"

"Not a thing," she said anxiously, "and I've been waiting for *hours*."

"I appreciate it," he said gently. "You might as well go on home, old girl."

"Arthur's been in touch," she said. "He's just as worried as anybody. You know how fond he is of those kids, as he was of Vera too. Where are you now, Paul?"

"I'm at Miss Brush's apartment," he said.

"Oh, that reporter?"

"That very lovely girl," he said.

Cora laughed softly, said, "I'd better get home to Arthur," and hung up.

As Paul turned from the telephone Lucille pointed to a small red object. "That little truck belongs to Benjy. He was playing down here yesterday."

Paul looked at the toy truck. Then, quickly, he turned his head away.

Lucille sensed his despair, his fear for Sheilah and Benjy. "The children have to eat," she said hurriedly. "They have to buy food."

"Sheilah's got money."

"You told me," she said. "Two-dollar bills."

"Yes, her birthday money."

"She'll have to spend them, don't you see?"

He nodded. "Yes, it's an idea."

"We can go around asking if a little girl spent a two-dollar bill," she said eagerly. "If we found just one two-dollar bill we'd know we were on the trail."

"Yes," he said, "but this is a huge city."

"You said Sheilah knew Central Park, for instance."

"That's huge, too," he said.

"But we wouldn't have to comb the whole park. We can find out where every concession is, and then start checking."

"But where could they hide in a park?" he asked. "And in a thunderstorm?"

"I don't know," she said. "But I'll bet Sheilah has found a place." She was excited, and her eyes shone. He met her gaze and there was a sense of closeness, of sharing. She felt as if she had known this man a long time and now, she knew, she trusted him. She said, "I'm going to call a man I know in the park department. He can get the home numbers of the people who have park concessions and we can call them, one by one, if it takes all night. Somebody, somewhere, must have cashed a two-dollar bill for Sheilah—and we'll find that somebody."

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Paul should have found another girl before this. Cora thought as she drove away from his house. Lucille Brush looked as if she had a head on her shoulders, and she had eyes that sized you up in a probing sort of way.

She swung the wheel hard on a turn, barely making it. Her reflexes weren't what they used to be, and it wasn't that she had drunk much tonight. But she knew it wasn't alcohol that gave her this feeling; she was convinced of that. She knew what it was.

She nearly missed the turn into her own driveway, a steep and winding descent to the stone house which stood on a landscaped plateau high above the river.

Arthur would be worried, she thought as she nosed her car into the garage between his car and the sports car he so rarely took out of the garage—except this last weekend. There was a slight, expectant smile on her lips as she pushed the door open. Arthur was moving about upstairs; she heard the noise of something falling. She went quickly up and met him as he came down the steps from the attic. His face looked pink and flustered.

"Looking for something, darling?" she asked.

He stood for a moment eyeing her, and she met his eyes steadily, still faintly smiling. Then he moved past her down the stairs, and she followed him to the living room. There was a decanter on a tray and as she moved toward it he said in a weary tone, "Haven't you had enough of that, Cora?"

She poured a shot glass full and lifted it to her lips, sipped it delicately.

He stood scowling at her. Even in impatience Arthur was a handsome man, she thought. It was no wonder other women were forever chasing him. "I wonder what you're up to, Cora," he said.

"Don't begin that, darling," she said.

"Begin what?"

"That 'what will Cora do next?' routine. Cora knows what she's doing all the time, no matter what somebody might happen to slip into her drinks."

"Oh, can't you get rid of those depressive fears?" he said. "Why would anybody put anything in your drinks?"

"I noticed that prescription in your medicine chest," she said. "I watched the bottle empty, day by day, and I called up the druggist to find out what it was."

"It was something my dentist prescribed when I had that root-canal job done and had so much pain," he said.

"Every day there were fewer capsules—then there were none," she said almost dreamily.

His eyes narrowed a little. "Honey, you've been taking them yourself."

"Like the telephone," she went on. "It rings and I answer and there's nobody there. Then it rings again and it's the same story."

"Honey, I was here in the house," he said. "I never heard it ring those times."

"There's a code, I found out," she said. "The telephone repairmen use it. You can dial some numbers and it will make your own phone ring."

"Cora, if you'd let that alcohol alone ——" he began.

"And you've been having long conferences with Dr. Bogardus," she broke in. "Hallucinations. I've been having. I lock myself in my room and talk to myself. You told him that."

"I've been worried," he said gently. "Whatever I do is for your own good. But there's no use talking about it now, in this mood."

"What were you looking for just now, dear?" she asked. "I wonder—could it possibly be a little blue overnight bag with the initials VS on it?"

She saw that it had hit him. He sucked in his breath and his face had a red, choked look.

"You looked in the wrong place," she went on. "It's not in the attic."

"What did you do with it, Cora?"

"I disposed of it," she said. "Don't worry." She could hear his heavy breathing and she smiled. "I mean I disposed of it so that if anybody starts putting things in my drinks again, or telling Dr. Bogardus lies about me, or thinking that Cora would be better off in a nice rest home—well, I disposed of it in such a way that if anything like that ever happens it can be found, you see."

"Cora," he said fiercely, "you're out of your head."

"Again," she said. "Cora is out of her head again."

"Honey, I didn't mean it that way," he said soothingly. "I'm sorry. I meant those were pretty wild accusations, that's all."

"Did I make any accusations?" she asked. "Of course I am really very curious how it was a certain lady happened to turn up dead on Riverside Drive."

He sucked in his breath again, then burst out, "I didn't kill her!"

"I know you never went to Washington this weekend," she said. "I know you came home carrying an overnight bag with the initials VS on it and full of black lingerie and silver hairbrushes also marked VS. I don't know where you were, but I do know who was with you. Arthur, and I know they found her dead on Riverside Drive."

He wiped the back of his hand across his mustache, where perspiration glistened.

"Darling," she said, "don't you realize that I've known about you and Vera for months? Where you were the nights you told me business kept you over in New York? Who that perpetual out-of-town client was?"

"Cora ——" he began, and broke off.

"I'm listening," she said.

He spread his hands. "What can I say? Ye I was involved with Vera. But I was trying break it off, believe me."

"And you did," she said. "Indeed you did

"Please listen," he said, and she saw th beads of sweat on his forehead. "I know th sounds odd, but she just disappeared Saturda night. I told her we had to break it off. Ther was a scene and I left her and took a walk o the boardwalk and when I came back she wa gone. She just walked out. I waited all nig and most of the day Sunday and then I drov back here. I expected to see her again, natu rally. Don't you see? That's why I still had he bag. I was going to return it to her. I thoug that she had taken a train back to New York

With a little surprise, Cora noticed that sh still held the glass untouched in her hand an she finished it off. "Darling, I'm your wife for better or worse," she said. "It can't ge much worse, can it?"

"Tell me, honey," he said softly, "what di you do with that bag?"

"I'd stick with you through anything, Cora said.

"But I didn't lay a hand on her, I swear. W had an argument, yes, and while I was gon she disappeared. I waited awhile and then called the operator and she said Vera had ha a call. Somebody called her and she wen down to the lobby, apparently."

"Where was this?" she asked.

He shrugged heavily. "Atlantic City."

She said, "Arthur, who did Vera know Atlantic City?"

He frowned. "How would I know?"

"Doesn't it seem a little odd she'd get a ca there when she was off on a clandestine week end, darling?" She smiled and added gentl

A practical man is a man who practices th errors of his forefathers.

BENJAMIN DISRAE

"I think you'd better have a good story, a ver convincing story."

"I told you the truth," he said.

"Do you care to tell it to the police?" sh asked. She shook her head. "No, this is you story. This is what you'll say and I'll back yo up on every word of it. You never went any where. You were here all weekend long, dow with a touch of grippe, and I'll swear to tha You canceled your Washington trip. The mai had the whole weekend off and I stayed hom and nursed you. I never left the house excep for half an hour at the Herrings' cockta party."

"But what did you tell people there?"

"Nobody even asked about you, darlin Everybody knew you were supposed to go t Washington. Paul and the others ——"

"All right," he said brusquely. "All *right* Cora."

"So that will be your story," she said, "an I'll back you up on it."

"No, it wouldn't work. Vera called hom said she was in Atlantic City. She talked Sheilah on the telephone and she even gave th room number," he said. "I heard her. Roo Two Twenty-two. It seems two is the kid lucky number."

"So she knows the room number," Cor said. "But she didn't tell that to the police, di she?"

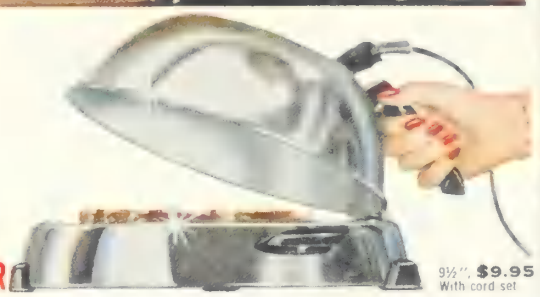
He shook his head. "I rushed down there soon as I heard what had happened to Ver and the kids had run away. They hadn't tol those detectives anything at all. I tried to fin them, so that I could bring them up here."

"But even if she had told the room numbe what could they prove?" Cora asked. "Di she give the name of the hotel too?"

"Knowing the room number would pin down," he said. "They could check ever Room Two Twenty-two in Atlantic City an find out which one was occupied by a woma answering Vera's description. I registere under a phony name, but it's my handwritin and the clerk could describe me too. wouldn't take them long to come knockin at my door."

"I doubt that Sheilah will even remember Cora said. "She's only ten years old."





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I had been that smart at ten years old ave graduated from Harvard in short ," he said. "She'll remember."

ra frowned thoughtfully. "You really so?"

Then the police find her, the first thing l get out of her will be the number of oom," he said.

en we just have to find her first."

ot much chance of that."

don't know," Cora said. "Maybe there's tty fair chance. When I was telephone t for Paul this afternoon, a telephone ame through from a little friend of h's named Joanie Perkins. She lives o Paul's place so I thought it was odd be calling collect from New York. I oned the operator and got the number ll had come from—it was a coin booth, we have to do is check and find out the booth is. Sheilah must be some- nearby."

ou remember the number?"

made a note of it."

moistened his lips and said thickly, , you're a jewel."

hat's a belated discovery, darling."

took her in his arms and kissed her, lured in her ear. "Everything will be ght now."

h, I know it will," she said firmly.

stepped back, holding both her hands, miled tenderly. "You say you disposed t overnight bag, honey? Where it can't nd?"

's in a good, safe place. Nobody will ever . But it exists, darling. Please remember t still exists."

ora, don't go getting wild ideas again." d. "It's just that I've got to keep my out of this. I couldn't stand the nuto- It would ruin me."

understand, Arthur," she said. "Per- "

started to speak, then turned away, watched him go, hearing the heavy fury steps. She smiled as she moved out to race overlooking the river. Far to the a rosy cloud still hung over the great was a late, dark hour of the night, a hen children slept.

d find Sheilah. Cora thought with ence, first thing in the morning.

le jumped up from the telephone and t. "Paul, listen to this!"

a long time she had been calling num- arrying on crisp, efficient conversations, he paced the floor. Now she moved him with shining eyes. "A little girl a two-dollar bill at the cafeteria in the s afternoon, about two o'clock."

asked quickly, "No little boy?"

t a little girl, Paul, but she bought two ches and *two* individual bottles of milk. shier remembers that. So it has to be and Benjy and it means they're all

midnight now," he said. "That was urs ago."

'll find them, Paul. We know where to hat gives us a head start."

you have any idea how big Central ? The chance of finding them there is one in a thousand."

l, have faith. We're finally getting here."

took both her hands. "I'm trying to he said gently. "Lead the way."

e police at the Twenty-second Precinct tral Park will know every possible here two kids could hide." She pulled ds. "Come on, let's go."

e way uptown in a taxicab Paul sat in Even for adults the park by night held ils of a jungle. There had been mug- assaults and murders on its winding t night. Two little children, all alone—— his jaw.

cab let them off at the curb and they to the precinct station. A sergeant was on the telephone and a lieutenant was through some reports. Lucille showed ss card, but these men knew the name tarr. The lieutenant showed them a map on which the many patrol areas arked off by varied colors. While he claiming to them where it was possible for two children to hide at night, the desk sergeant was saying into a microphone, "KEG seven-three-oh calling all mobile units. Be on the alert for the Starr children, whose descriptions you already have. They may be hiding in the park. They were seen in the area of the zoo at two o'clock this afternoon."

"Some of the men carry radios," the lieutenant explained. "They're alerted now to step up the search. If the kids are still in the park there's a good chance we'll find them."

Paul said, "We used to live on West Seventieth Street some years back. Sheilah knew the playgrounds in that area, and the lake where you rent rowboats."

The lieutenant tapped again with his pencil. "Right around that neighborhood is the Rambles. That's a possibility. There are all kinds of rocky places for kids to hide. I'll have Schneider, the man on that patrol, look around pretty carefully. But at night there wouldn't be much chance of finding anybody in the Rambles. If a kid wanted to stay out of sight it would be easy for him. It would be a scary place at night, though."

"We're dealing with a courageous little girl. I'd like to take a look myself."

"You do that," the lieutenant said. "I'll notify Patrolman Schneider to meet you there."

Patrolman Horace Schneider was waiting for them. He carried clamped to his belt in a black leather case the transistor radio on which he had received instructions to meet them. A man of fifty with graying hair, he had been tramping the park for ten years, he told them as they started off, but still there was always something new to learn about Central Park.

It was one place on Manhattan that had stood almost untouched for a hundred years, he said. The city's skyline went up and down and up again, but the old park didn't change much. These here Rambles were as close as you could get to pure nature in the heart of

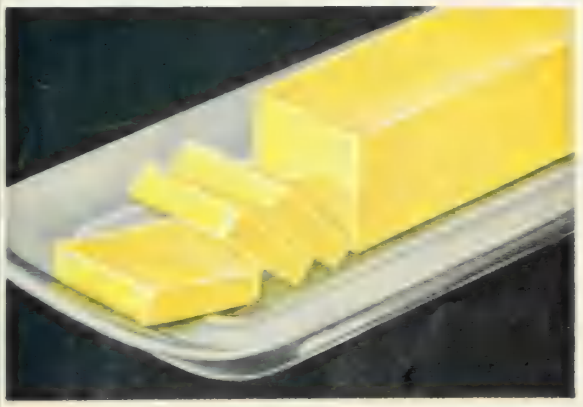
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New York City, and maybe too close, because it could be a risky place for the innocent at night. There were better than twenty-five acres of it, uphill and downhill, with thickets of forsythia and dogwood and rhododendron and all kinds of trees. All around the leaves rustled and cast shadows.

As he led them along a path above the lake, the radio hooked on his belt made a sound of clearing its throat, then a voice said: "KEG seven-three-oh calling mobile unit thirty-two. Inform Mr. Starr that the search in the zoo area is negative. Same for the area around the pond and the Heckscher Playground. Search is being continued in all sections of the park."

"I'll have a look in the grotto," Schneider said. "You stay here with the young lady, Mr. Starr."

Paul watched the flashlight play over rocks, search out dark recesses, as Schneider covered the area thoroughly. When he returned he said, "They couldn't be in there, Mr. Starr."

Paul raised his head, called suddenly, "Sheilah—Benjy!"

The sound was startlingly loud in the still night and echoed over the lake. Patrolman Schneider broke the uneasy silence that followed. "No harm in trying."

They walked on again. In the dark areas Schneider flashed his light and occasionally left the path to examine a rock outcrop, returning each time with a shake of his head. "You can see how it is," he said. "It's like two little needles in the hay." He let his hand rest on Paul's shoulder. "Why don't you and the young lady just sit down on that bench and take a rest? I'll go on checking the likely places."

Lucille saw Paul's face and squeezed his hand. "Just because they're not here doesn't mean somebody else found them, darling," she said. "This is a tremendous park, you know."

They walked on in silence. The radio voice spoke again: "KEG seven-three-oh calling mobile unit thirty-two. Southern area of the park negative. Search being continued in the area around the Loch."

"That's way uptown," Schneider said. "I don't know, Mr. Starr. When dark came down don't you suppose those kids got out of the park?"

"Maybe I should call my park-department man back," Lucille said. "He's still working on it, and maybe Sheilah cashed a two-dollar bill somewhere else. That would help."

"The nearest public telephone booth is over at the lake," Schneider said.

They followed the path to the lighted telephone booth. Lucille made her call. "As the word goes here in Central Park, negative," she said. "But they have rolling concessionaires, men who push their carts in certain areas, and they haven't run all of them down yet."

Paul said dejectedly, "It doesn't look good, Lucille."

"Now don't despair," she said, and touched his shoulder sympathetically. "Sheilah is just too smart for everybody. She's a regular fox."

It made them both think of the laughing fox, of the scarf that had choked the life from Vera, and they moved in silence to a bench overlooking the still lake. Paul sat bent forward in a way that Lucille had come to identify as a symptom of despondency. She said softly, "It's late. They're sleeping somewhere. In the morning she'll call."

"We know they reached the park safely," he said. "But they could have been followed, then, when they were alone and out of anyone's view ——"

"Don't think about it," she broke in. "It's only Detective Luther's wild idea."

"Coming in on the plane I was thinking about having them back home in Grandkill," Paul said. "But then I landed and found they were missing—gone." He sighed wearily. "I wonder if Sheilah told Benjy about Vera."

"He's only six," Lucille said. "He'll adjust. Just give him lots of love. You know Sheilah will help. And I'm glad you'll be taking them out of New York. I always feel sorry for kids in New York."

"You don't like New York?"

"Like it?" she said. "I love it! I enjoy newspaper work. It's exciting, but I've had enough of it to know I'd give it up in a second."

"For what?" he asked. "For a guy?"

"For a guy," she said.

"Any special one?"

"Well, that's hard to say."

"Take the advice of an old hand," he said. "If it's hard to say, say no."

"Oh, I'm naturally cautious," she said. "I'm the sort of girl who will have her nugget properly assayed when she finds it. Nothing is pure gold, is it?"

He smiled. "Someday try prospecting out in Rockland County. I can give you a pack mule and a grubstake any weekend." He added seriously, "You will come out and see us in the country, won't you?"



HERE COMES COLLEGE— WHO WILL PAY THE BILLS?

How much will it cost to put Mike, age 3, through college in 1976? With three college-bound teenagers in the family already Major and Mrs. Randolph Stevens face six years of having two in college at the same time. Read about their problem.

By Glenn White

IN THE JUNE JOURNAL

"Ask me," she said.

He turned and looked into her eyes. Then he bent and kissed her lips, gently. It was the moment of experiment and question, the first kiss—a tender moment, and climactic in this long night of strain and fear and worry. For a short moment they were a man and a girl on a park bench, like lovers in any park. Then, behind them, the law cleared its throat. As Lucille drew quickly away from Paul, Patrolman Schneider said, "Excuse me. I just came down to give you the latest. It's all negative, I'm sorry to say. But I'm not through looking in the Rambles yet. When daylight comes we'll find those two, if they're here, but at night it's pretty hopeless. Mr. Starr, you look shot. Why don't you go home and get some sleep?"

"He's right, Paul," Lucille said.

He shook his head. "No. I know there's not much I can do, except walk the park until dawn and call their names in dark places, but I want to do that. I couldn't sleep."

"All right," she said. "I'll walk with you."

"You got to be careful in this park at night, lady," Schneider warned.

"Lucille, the officer is right," Paul said. "I'm sending you home." He took her arm and steered her toward the Seventy-second Street entrance. "If there's any news I'll call you."

"Immediately?" she asked. "No matter what the hour?"

"Immediately," he said.

He signaled a cruising cab on Fifth Avenue. She said, "Take care, darling, and call me first thing in the morning."

He watched the cab move away, then walked slowly back to where the policeman was waiting. "I'll walk back up toward the Ramble with you. It will be dawn before too long."

They walked on together. Suddenly Schneider's radio rasped again and spoke in a crisp and ominous tone: "All units please listen. If Mr. Starr is with you, hold him. He's wanted by the Homicide Squad. Hold him and call in."

Patrolman Schneider's eyes were policeman's eyes again as he said, "You heard it, Mr. Starr."

"Yes, I heard it," Paul said wearily. "I had it out with the Homicide Squad earlier tonight."

They approached the public booth from which Lucille had made her call earlier and Paul asked, "Do you mind if I make a telephone call? I want to find out what this is all about."

Schneider hesitated, then nodded.

Paul dialed the number Detective Luther had given him.

Frank Luther came on. "Mr. Starr? Where are you?"

"I'm in Central Park and I've just been collared by a policeman," Paul said with resignation. "What is it this time?"

"Haven't you seen a newspaper?" the detective asked.

"No, not lately."

"Let me read you a headline," Frank said. "'Husband Had Murder Scarf.' How about that?"

Paul's heart sank. "What newspaper is it?"

"The *Record-Star*. An exclusive story," Frank said. "They say that scarf with the laughing fox belonged to Sheilah and they say it was in your house in the country as late as last Friday. They say Sheilah left it there when she was visiting you Sunday a week ago."

"Yes, that's so," Paul said. "But ——"

"You admit it?"

"Of course I admit it," he said. "When I saw Vera Saturday I gave it to her to return to Sheilah."

"You didn't mention that before, Mr. Starr," Frank said coldly. "Let me speak to the officer with you."

Paul held out the receiver to Patrolman Schneider, feeling chilled and shaken. Lucille alone had known, he thought. He had told no one else. She had led him on with pretended sympathy and he had talked his head off. He should have known better. She *was* a reporter and news was her job, but he had considered this a personal thing and he felt betrayed.

Sheilah awakened in the still air of dawn, in the breathless quiet before the birds began to chirp.

Benjy's voice said, thick with sleep, "Shee?"

"I'm here," she said. "Go back to sleep."

But he crawled up beside her. "Gee, that bed was hard. I've got a crick in my neck."

"I'll rub it out," Sheilah said. "Turn around."

His eyes were solemn, and his underlip stuck out a little as she massaged the back of his neck. "You hungry?" she asked, and opened the duffel bag. "Here, take a cheese cracker."

He only nibbled at it, and when Fritzie moved up beside him and nuzzled his hand he gave the little dog most of the cracker.

"Sleep some more, Benjy," Sheilah said. "I'll call you later."

He lay down and soon he slept again. Sheilah hoped he would sleep a long time because there was no hurry this morning. She wanted to wait until people began to fill up the park—babies in perambulators with their mothers or their nurses, kids on roller skates, people walking their dogs. On a sunny day in June there were bound to be a zillion other kids.

After a time she heard voices and she awakened Benjy. He sat up with a jerk, but he smiled when Fritzie climbed into his lap. Sheilah said, "We'll go out and get washed up and then come back for breakfast. Hand me the comb out of that duffel bag and I'll fix your hair. We want to look tidy."

Outside the cave she brushed him off and smoothed her dress, then she took the leash and with the little dog pulling hard she followed a path that led them to the comfort stations, and showed Benjy which was his. She made an effort to smooth her hair, but decided it would be better to put on her scarf; it covered up her hair and made her look lots neater. Nobody would ever guess, she thought, that she had been sleeping in a cave right here in Central Park.

Benjy was waiting outside, and they had started up the slope when they came face to face with a policeman.

Patrolman Horace Schneider's tour of duty was nearly over and he was tired. He was convinced those kids had scooted out of the park before it got dark last night. But he saw two children coming, with a dachshund on a leash; a little girl about ten, yes, and a boy around six years old. The girl was wearing a scarf over her head and he could not see the color of her hair.

"Benjy, hold onto my hand," Sheilah said. "Hold tight and don't say a word."

"Yes, Shee," he said.

"And call me Lolly. Remember that."

She walked straight up to the policeman and asked with her brightest smile, "Would it be all right if we let our little dog off his leash?"

"It's against the regulations," Patrolman Schneider said.

"But he's been cooped up all night in an apartment," Sheilah said. "Gee, it seems mean not to let Fritzie run a little."

"You kids are out pretty early, aren't you?" Schneider asked.

"Our father dropped us off at the Mall on his way downtown to work," Sheilah said.

"What's your name, little girl?"

"Eulalia," Sheilah said. "Eulalia Hadley. Why?"

"That's a nice little dog you've got," he said, stooping to pat the dachshund's head, while his fingers groped for the license. "How old are you—what was that name again?"

Sheilah laughed freshly. "Oh, just call me Lolly. Everybody calls me Lolly."

"And they call me Butch," Benjy said helpfully, but Sheilah squeezed his hand hard, meaning keep his mouth shut.

"Where do you live, Lolly?" Schneider asked, although Sheilah knew perfectly well he was looking at the brass plaque on the dog's collar that gave the name and address of Mr. Robert Hadley.

"Oh, over on Park Avenue," Sheilah said grandly.

Patrolman Schneider nodded, stood erect. "How old are you, Lolly?"

"I'm twelve," Sheilah said. "Butch is seven. Why?"

"That's a nice little dog you've got," Schneider said. "But you keep him on his leash or you'll lose him. He'll run away."

"Oh, Fritzie wouldn't run away," Sheilah said. "But I'll keep him on his leash, I promise."

Patrolman Schneider watched them as they moved on, his forehead furrowed in a frown.

They turned off toward the Ramble. In under the weeping-willow tree they went, and past the long, reaching arms of the forsythia to the thick barrier of rhododendron, and there they stooped by its waxy leaves to enter the cave. Benjy was first, already on his hands and knees, but he drew back and said in alarm, "Somebody's in there, Shee."

Sheilah stooped, saw a young boy who was stuffing his mouth with cheese crackers. He had the duffel bag open and was helping himself.

"Hey, you come out of there," Sheilah said.

"I will not," the boy said. "This is my cave."

"It is not your cave," Sheilah said. "It's our cave. I found it a long time ago."

"It's mine," the boy said. "You go away."

Sheilah said warningly, "My little dog bites." There was no response from the cave

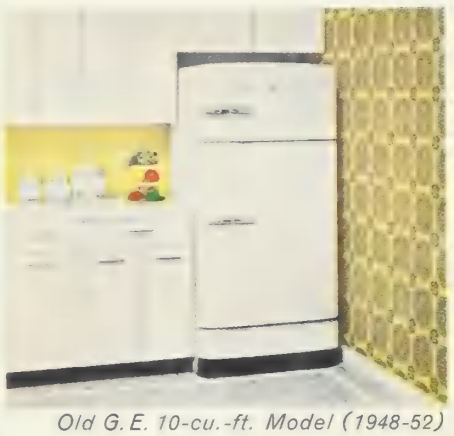
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

and she said. "If you don't come out of there I'm going to take my dog off his leash."

There was a moment's silence, then the boy said, "All right, I'm coming out."

"Careful," Sheilah said. "He might just bite. Now whoa, Fritzie. Don't pull like that. Don't bite that boy unless I tell you."

The boy came out on his hands and knees, giving the little dog a wide berth. Surprisingly, and delightfully to Sheilah, Fritzie growled and looked very fierce. "All right," the boy said. "All *right*, keep your old cave. I know a better one, anyhow." He edged around the rhododendron and was gone.

Sheilah said, "Get inside, Benjy, quick."

Once they were inside the cave Sheilah picked up the duffel bag and said, "Well, there's still plenty here for breakfast, but we've got to hurry."

"Hurry where, Shee?"

"You saw that kid," Sheilah said. "He's a tattletale kid. You can tell. He'll run straight to his mother or to that policeman we saw and he'll tattle for sure, so I think we'd better get out of here."

"Where will we go?"

"We'll go and walk our dog on the Mall, like everybody else, and then we'll go to the zoo and the monkey bars and the carousel."

"OK," Benjy said.

When they had eaten she packed the duffel bag and tucked it in the crevice. It wouldn't do to carry the bag along, and they had better leave their skates behind, too, she thought. If they were going to be walking a dog they had better be doing just that and nothing else. Fritzie behaved as if he had been their dog all his life.

People were streaming into the park now. The children went past the band shell and followed a path to the carousel. Up on a little hill called the Kinderberg was the chess house where they had gone several times with daddy to watch people playing chess and checkers.

Benjy said with disappointment, "The carousel's all closed up, Shee."

"It will open pretty soon," Sheilah said. "You go sit on one of those benches. I'm going to let you have one of my two-dollar bills, and when they open up the carousel you can be the very first rider and pick the best horse."

"How about you, Shee?"

"I couldn't take Fritzie on the carousel," she said. "I think maybe I'll walk back up there to the chess house. I can see the carousel from up there and I'll be watching. If anybody asks who you're with, say your nana is around somewhere."

"OK, and I'm Butch Hadley," Benjy said. "The champeen rodeo rider, Butch Hadley. You heard of *him*, Shee?"

"You bet," she said.

Occasionally from the chess house, Sheilah glanced back toward the carousel, and it was one of these watchful, protective glances that ended in a frozen stare. She saw a man holding Benjy by the arm, talking to the boy. He wasn't a policeman, though. At least he didn't have a uniform, but neither had those two men in the apartment—those detectives.

"Why sure you remember me, Benjy," the man was saying. "I'm your Uncle Claude."

Benjy considered a moment. "Let me see your tattoo."

The man turned up the sleeve of the yellow shirt he was wearing and there it was on his wrist, the mermaid with the green tail. Benjy looked up and smiled and said. "Hello, Uncle Claude."

"I've been looking for you, kiddo," Uncle Claude said. "How are you? And how's your sister? Where is she?"

"I don't know." Benjy said. "Around."

"You mean you were all alone here?"

"I was waiting for the carousel to open," Benjy said.

"I remember you were telling me how much you liked the merry-go-round," Uncle Claude said. "And the monkey house. I was over there first, to see if you were looking at the monkeys."

"We saw them yesterday," Benjy said.

"Say, you know something?" Uncle Claude said. "Maybe you can help me. I lost something."

Benjy was concerned. "What did you lose, Uncle Claude?"

"Maybe it's not lost," he said. "It was a package and I think maybe I left it in your apartment and your mother put it away somewhere. A package about this size." He made an oblong with his hands. "Wrapped up in plain brown paper with red string tied around it. I wonder if you happened to notice it."

"You mean the snow?" Benjy asked.

"Huh?" said Uncle Claude. "Yeah, the snow. I guess I mean the snow, all right. What do you know about it?"

"The snow men took it away," Benjy said.

"The snow men? Who were they? Friends of your mother's?"

"Oh, no," Benjy said. "The men in white caps—you know, the men who take the snow away. But they were just pretend."

"*Pretend?*" Uncle Claude said.

"I was playing snow removal," Benjy said.

"With what was in that package?"

"Yes, it was down at the bottom of mommy's swipes and I borrowed it to play snow removal."

Uncle Claude grinned, patted Benjy's shoulder. "Where is it?"

"It's in my dump truck," Benjy said.

"In the apartment?"

"No. I was playing in Nine-E and I forgot and left it there."

"Where is this Nine-E?"

"Down below us," Benjy said. "Where Lucille—I mean Miss Brush—lives."

Uncle Claude laughed very softly. "Well, I guess we'd better just take a run down there, Benjy. We'll get your little dump truck and we'll have some fun. OK? We'll come back for Sheilah later."

Benjy was concerned about Shee, but Uncle Claude was a grownup; he knew he had to do what his uncle said. They walked away.

Sheilah watched them go from the shadows. At first it had given her a terrible fright, not knowing who the man was, but she saw that there was something familiar in the way he walked and the way he smiled and she knew who he was. Uncle Claude had found Benjy and now it would mean they would come looking for her. She had better get away fast with little Fritzie. But she mustn't hurry. She must act like a little girl walking her dog, especially if she saw a policeman. She must get her duffel bag and hide again.

Back at the apartment Joe, the doorman, came running. "Benjy, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me," Benjy said.

"Say, this is good news," Joe said. "Where's Sheilah?"

"Don't bother the kid now," Uncle Claude said. "He's pretty upset, but everything is under control. Anybody up in the apartment?"

Joe shook his head. "No, they locked it up."

"How about the lady in Nine-E. Is she home, do you know?"

"Miss Brush? I haven't seen her go out. She'll be real happy. She looked all over for those kids."

"Come on, Benjy," Uncle Claude said.

The sound of the buzzer awakened Lucille. She slipped out of bed, pulling on a robe as she went, opened the door and saw a thin man in the corridor. With him, grinning at her, was Benjy.

She dropped to her knees and pulled him into her arms. "Benjy, darling, I'm so happy to see you! Where is Sheilah? Are you all right? Where's your father?"

"I don't know," Benjy said.

"I found him at the merry-go-round, miss," the man said. "I brought him straight down here and the doorman told me you were home."

"Oh, thank you," she said, "thank you so much."

"He's my Uncle Claude," Benjy volunteered. "He's got a mermaid tattooed on his wrist and he's a sailor."

"I'm Vera's brother, miss," the man explained.

"But where's Sheilah?"

"She's in the park somewhere, Benjy says. I figure we can go back and find her."

"We were in a cave," Benjy said. "We slept there all night, me and Shee and Fritzie, and we had cheese crackers to eat and peanut butter and lollipops and ——"

"Oh, heavens," Lucille broke in. "I'm going to fix you a proper breakfast and then we'll go find Sheilah and locate your father."

"I can tell you where to look, miss," the man said. "That's one reason I brought Benjy down here to your place." He took a newspaper from under his arm and she saw the headline: HUSBAND HAD MURDER SCARF.

"What?" she cried. "Let me see that." The newspaper was the *Record-Star*. The story was under George Tompkins's by-line and her eyes skimmed over the lead: "scarf in his home in Grandkill . . . belonged to his daughter . . . left there the previous Sunday. . . ."

The man said, "I expect they've picked him up by now."

Lucille flew to the telephone and dialed the number of the *Record-Star*, asked for Bob Stout. She said, almost in tears, "Bob, I just saw the late edition. Where did that story come from? That story about the scarf? I have to know."

"Seems a woman called in after midnight and said her conscience had been bothering her all day long. She cleans for Mr. Starr out there in the country and she saw that scarf in the house. She felt she had to let the news out, but she didn't want to go to the police and she didn't want her name used. The rewrite man called our string correspondent out in Rockland County and had him go around to the woman's house and check, then he wrote the new lead and we ran the story. Why? Anything wrong with it?"

"How about Mr. Starr?"

"How about any guy who murders his wife? Homicide has got him. They picked him up in Central Park early this morning."

She hung up, hating the cynicism. Uncle Claude had Benjy's little red dump truck in his hands and the boy was saying, "That's where I left it, Uncle Claude."

"Left what?" Lucille asked.

"He was asking what happened to his snow," Claude Boggs said. "It seems he had this little truck full of snow."

Lucille smiled. "It was pretty dirty snow, Benjy. I guess Susan just flushed it down the drain and washed your little truck out nice and clean."

Claude Boggs stared at her, wet his lips. "Flushed it down the drain?"

"Or dumped it in the garbage, maybe."

"And the garbage?" he said in a hollow voice. "That was thrown out?"

"Oh, of course," Lucille said. "That was yesterday. I'm sorry, Benjy, but I've got a whole sugar bowl full of fresh snow and you can have all you want."

"That's OK," Benjy said. "I'm not playing that game any more. Uncle Claude wanted to know."

"Darling, where will we find Sheilah?"

"I guess she went back to the cave."

"Where is this cave, Benjy?"

"It's in the Rambles."

"But we were in the Rambles last night looking for you," Lucille cried. "Where is this cave? Can you find it?"

"Oh, sure I can find it—I think."

"Then I'd better call the Homicide Squad," Lucille said, and went quickly back to the telephone.

She dialed the number, and when she asked for Detective Luther the man at the other end said, "Sorry, you can't talk to Detective Luther just now."

"But this is urgent," she said. "Tell him Miss Brush is calling, please. I have very important news about the Starr case."

"The Starr case? OK, hang on."

Lucille turned her head, hearing the closing of the front door, and Benjy said, "Uncle Claude went."

"Went where?"

"I don't know," Benjy said. "I think he was mad at me."

The boy was on his knees, pushing the little red truck. He looked very solemn, very sad, with his underlip outthrust, and Lucille said softly, "Darling, I'm sorry about your snow. I should have told Susan not to touch it."

"Oh, I don't care," he said. "It was Uncle Claude who wanted it."

"Uncle Claude did? Why?"

"Well, it was his," Benjy said.

"I don't understand, Benjy."

"He left a package with mommy and I opened it," Benjy said. "It made pretty good snow and I was just using it in my dump truck. I was going to put it back."

Lucille was puzzled. "Where was this package, Benjy?"

"In the box with mommy's swipes. Mommy put it away for him," Benjy said.

A voice came on the telephone, low-pitched and weary, "Detective Luther."

She said, "Listen, I've got exciting news. I have Benjy here, safe and sound."

For the first time she heard emotion in the detective's voice. "That's great," he said. "Where did you find him?"

"His uncle found him at the carousel in Central Park, and we're going after Sheilah," Lucille said. "But tell me—what about Mr. Starr?"

"Who is this uncle? Where's the little girl? Why didn't he bring her in too?"

"He never saw her," Lucille said. "But Benjy knows where to find her."

"Tell me about this uncle," Frank said.

"He's Benjy's Uncle Claude, he's a sailor. He was looking for Benjy to ask him about a package that he left with Mrs. Starr and ——"

"What's that?"



"And here she is on her twenty-seventh birthday."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



"Make-Ahead"
Fruit Salad:

Combine ingredients, mix with dressing and chill a few hours.

- 1 (1 lb. 13 oz.) can cling peach slices, drained
- 1 cup Kraft miniature marshmallows
- ½ cup halved maraschino cherries
- 1 large banana (sliced)
- ¼ cup chopped nuts

Dressing:

- ½ cup whipping cream (whipped)
- ⅓ cup Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Makes 6 servings

Look what you can do with cling peaches and Miracle Whip!

With such perfect partners in the pantry, you can make any number of tempting salad combinations. Perhaps you prefer a sweet-tooth salad, such as the popular make-ahead version you see above. Or... how about the colorful "Spur-of-the-Moment" Fruit Plate opposite, assembled from your fruit bowl or refrigerator. Canned cling peaches are just sweet enough ...plump and golden... a bright and beautiful beginning for any salad!

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T BRING YOU

INUED FROM PAGE 51

had been over six. But she was listening to the tone of that voice, to its deep rich nth, unmistakably sincere. Despite her- despite her knowledge that it was caused r father's relief at not being saddled with ver Easter, she found herself reacting to s she had always reacted to it. One kind from him, even one pleasant word,

—

want to see you, too, dad," she said. low about coming out to the house to- ? Irene will be delighted to see you."

e was forced to smile, remembering how nted her father's beautiful, beautifully ned wife—his present wife—had been on ast (and it was going to be her *last*) visit. at a mess that child is!" she'd overheard ay to a friend. "And I don't mean just her es and her hair."

hanks, dad, but Jane's family is expecting

— what do you think of that, Jim? I l Bowers and he said to toss it right back em. . . . Claire, listen! Meet me at the den bar at five-thirty, will you? We can st have a drink together."

re. They could at least have a drink to- r. She said she'd be there and hung up. was feeling a good deal better as she ked her bag in a locker, and rode the ng stairway up to the street. She was go- o have a drink with her dad—their first together. The invitation was proof that ather recognized the fact that she had n up.

ybe, she thought with a surge of hope, e, with that recognition, things would be ent now. All around. Up to now, her fa- had regarded her as a child. Her father her mother both. Maybe the trouble had been—that they just weren't much with children. Or much interested in

a way, you couldn't blame them, she ght, as she wandered along, looking into , killing time. They had been married they were very young, her parents—the some irresponsible Charles and the rav- irrepressible Laura. They were products age, a decade, the much publicized and nentalized 'twenties. Everybody was very g then. Everybody was very young and nd lost and determined to remain lost oing on a big sustained bender, because thing was cracking up anyway, wasn't it? hy not have a little fun while you could? at did Charles, what did Laura know raising a child? What did they *care?* By ne she made her decidedly belated and, no l, unplanned appearance upon the scene twelve years of careful, successful avoid- what bad luck!), the 'twenties were long but Charles and Laura were still living departed decade. Laura was engrossed naining young and gay and beautiful, es in scraping together the remnants of mily business the depression had all but ed. For the role of parent—even if she been a disappointment to them; even if d turned out beautiful and brilliant and ning, as they were, and as was only to be ted in a child of theirs—they had neither clination nor the time.

remembered, with the clarity and the that always accompanied the memory, as a child, she had been left alone so so many nights, at home, in strange ho- oms. "Darling, daddy and I are going Ve couldn't get a sitter, but you'll be all won't you?" Waiting impatiently for her it was all right, while she wouldn't an- only turn her face to the wall. "Of you will. Mrs. Karasec, that nice lady the hall, has the key and will look in."

many nights. So many nights when, un- o find a Mrs. Karasec, having no al- ive but to stay in—a prospect they n't face—they dragged her along with To restaurants, to bars, to parties that on till dawn.

op *fidgeting*, Claire!" . . . "Have another eam?" . . . "Stop leaning on me!" . . . *can't* you sleep there? The music *isn't* . . . Never *mind* all those coats."

They were never deliberately cruel or mean. It would be wrong to say that. They just simply weren't cut out for this particular job. When Charles's business came to life, and they were on velvet again, she was shipped off to a succession of private schools and summer camps, where they occasionally wrote her, inquiring into her activities and health. A few times they said they'd be up to see her. Invariably, at the last moment, an expensive present would arrive, with their regrets.

It was the best thing, though, that could have happened to her, getting away from home. Sure, it was rough, at first; she was shy, unsure, afraid—terrified at the prospect of offering her friendship and having it turned down. But gradually, with the help of a perceptive instructor, and with her acceptance by the other girls as a well-meaning, if somewhat peculiar, kid, she began to relax, to stop pressing so hard, and from there on things steadily improved. She went out for the hockey team and the drama group, and though she didn't make them, she made some good friends in the process, Jane Furman and Ginny Henderson and others, and they sometimes took her home with them over holidays, and their parents—especially when she apologized for not being able to reciprocate—insisted that she come again.

"We're not just being polite," Mrs. Furman once told her. "We want you here." That was the summer she had spent with the Furmans, when her father was in Europe and her mother was in Nevada getting the divorce.

"There's plenty of room," Mr. Furman said.

"Gosh, thanks. It's awfully nice of you. But I've already stayed much too ——"

"Why don't you knock it off? You're staying, and that's that." This from Neil Furman, Jane's older brother. Neil was tall and thin and intense, a refreshingly un-Yalish Yale man, of the opinion that he was hard and cynical, which, of course, he wasn't—just the reverse. With all the girls at his disposal he had, for some unaccountable reason—pure charity, she first had thought—apportioned a little time to her.

"You know something?" Neil told her one night at a dance, grabbing her as she was about to duck into the ladies' room for the third time, to hide her isolation. "You haven't got the remotest sense of rhythm, and that dress is absolutely wrong for you, but I wouldn't go so far as to say you're a total loss. In fact, if pressed"—he stared down at her, a decidedly uncharitable stare—"I'd say you were . . . rather nice."

She smiled to herself now, suddenly feeling good, feeling fine. *Oh, why don't you forget it?* she said to the compartment in her mind that still brooded, still crouched in its cell, reviewing the past. *That's all ancient history. You're a big girl now, a college student, no less; you're meeting dad for a cocktail. Everything's different now; you're practically supporting yourself, standing on your own two feet; he doesn't hold all the cards any more. You want this, you know you want it, otherwise you wouldn't have called him. So give it a chance.*

She arrived at the Croyden at precisely five-thirty. The plush, sedate lounge was fairly crowded. She took a table at the far end, where she could watch the door, and ordered a Pink Lady. At the next table a very pretty girl, about her own age, was having an animated discussion with an older woman.

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What subject, she wondered, should she discuss with Charles? She didn't have a boy friend, unless—wishful thought of the century—you could count Neil. Which you couldn't. *Better stick to your studies. Or the world situation. Let's see* ——

The first sip of the drink quickly warmed her, sent a glow to her fingertips. *Take it easy, kid; you aren't used to this.* When she saw her father come in, she raised her arm. Charles smiled and started over. Claire noted, with pride and—why not admit it?—a touch of envy—she'd always envied him—the number of heads that turned and followed his progress across the floor. Back in the Class of '27, Charles had been known as a "smooth-looking apple"—an expression that was, if anything, even more applicable today. The sprinkle of gray in his hair, the deepening lines around his mouth only enhanced his appearance; without them, he would have looked too youthful, too unseasoned for his years. He came up, his topcoat over one arm.

"Sorry to be late, dear." He bent and kissed the mouth she tentatively raised. "Just as I was leaving—never fails—Washington called. Seems as if we ran afoul of one of their regulations."

"Plenty of them to run afoul of these days, I guess."

"Yes, but *this one!* . . . Eddie, will you check these, please?" Charles gave his hat and coat to the waiter. "*This one* takes the well-known cake." Charles spread his freed hands, with the vigor, the enthusiasm that emanated from him whenever he discussed business, particularly his own. "The superbrain that dreamed up *this* ——"

"You're looking very well, dad," she said. Mentally, remembering how he hated to be interrupted (even though he constantly interrupted others), she kicked herself. She had meant to change the subject—gosh, they hadn't even had a chance to say hello!—but not to bring Charles up so short. His hands paused in midair.

"You're looking well yourself," he said, and sat down. "Your hair's different."

"Yes. A little."

"And you're not so—you're slimmer."

"Just minus the baby fat. Dad ——"

"Yes?" Charles signaled the waiter. "Tell me what you've been doing."

"Oh, nothing much." Self-consciously, she looked down. As usual, she had fumbled. Given the impression that she wanted the conversation turned on herself.

"What courses are you taking?"

She looked into the glass. She had written Charles at least three letters, in detail, about the courses she was taking.

"Just general stuff now. Later on—dad, this is something I'd like to ask you about. Later on, I may major in ——"

"Scotch on the rocks," Charles said to the waiter. "You ready for another one, Claire?"

"No, thanks. One is about my limit."

"Good idea. When I was your age —— Oh, when I think of the stuff we drank. Straight from the bathtub."

"Didn't seem to hurt you. Dad, what I wanted your opinion on ——"

"Yes? . . . Oh, Eddie!" to the departing waiter. "I left my cigarettes in my coat pocket." He looked around. "Claire, a friend of mine may join us. Do you mind?"

"Of course not."

"When I think of the bilge we stowed away!" Charles said, with a little mock shudder. "Anything with a kick in it. I remember once we made a batch of gin in chem lab. This fellow and I got together ——"

It was a pretty amusing story. Charles told it well. Claire listened attentively—as attentively as she could. She hadn't really wanted so much Charles's opinion of the career she was contemplating. What she wanted was for Charles to *have* an opinion, to —— *Oh, what was the use?* She molded her features into an attentive, appreciative mask, steeling herself against the old sickness, the old loneliness, the numbing, pervading emptiness that was back in her now again, engulfing her. *And she'd been so sure she had it licked!*

"Have you been out to see your mother?" Charles asked. The story was over, and she had managed to laugh in just the right places.

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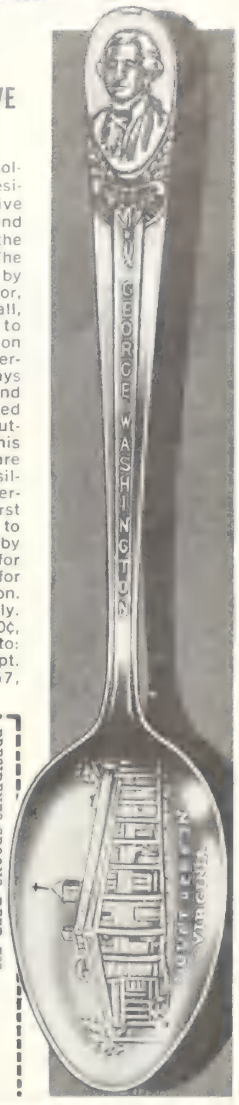
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"Just that time in September. On my way back east."

"How was she?"

"Fine."

"You stay long?"

She pretended to think. It had been only a few hours she had spent at Laura's place on the North Shore. Poor Laura. Even that had been too much. What an embarrassment it must have been for her to have a fully grown daughter—horrors, now a competitor!—appear on the scene. What a bore! When the oldest and most obnoxious of the men who hung about followed Claire out to the kitchen, mother nearly flipped her henna lid.

"Not very long. . . . Look, dad," she said, as Charles kept turning and glancing around, "your friend . . . you probably have business to discuss. And I have to ——"

"No, no. He's just coming out to the house for dinner. You absolutely sure you can't come too?"

She explained again about the Furmans. The excuse sounded feeble, even to herself, but Charles nodded and smiled.

"Ah," he said, "Furman. That the college boy you wrote me about? I understand."

There was nothing, unfortunately, to understand. Neil wouldn't even be home; he was off skiing somewhere.

"Well," he said, as she let it pass, "we'll get together again soon, won't we?"

"Sure."

"Irene will be terribly disappointed."

"Give her my best." She tilted back and drained the already empty glass. "Well ——"

"Claire, look." Charles reached for his wallet. "I didn't get you anything for the occasion because . . . well, how do I know what an eighteen-year-old girl can use? So here."

He extracted two bills of large denomination and, leaning forward, tried to tuck them into Claire's hand. But the hand, as though of its own volition, went flat, palm down, on the table.

"Thanks—no, dad." She could feel the drink now. Or was it the drink? "Thanks, really, but ——"

"An Easter present— Here!" Charles's eyes were fixed on the unmoving, unyielding hand. "Get yourself a dress or something."

Two hundred dollars! That would be quite a dress!

"Thanks, dad, really, but . . . I'd rather not."

She hadn't meant to be so direct. It was important to her, though, very important, not to take that money, and she wasn't going to take it, and that was that.

"You'd rather *not?* Say, what *is* this?" Charles looked up, his face contracting. Little lines appeared in bunches; the gullies around his mouth deepened. It was surprising, quite a shock, to see how much older he looked when he frowned. "What's the idea, anyway, refusing to take anything from me?" His tone, though quiet, was charged with baffled fury, with resentful annoyance. "Sending all those checks back?"

"I told you, dad. I wrote you. Several times. If only you'd take the trouble to ——" She checked herself. "I just want to see if I can get along on my own."

"On your *own?*" His scorn almost gagged him. "*You?*"

"Yes." Slowly she raised her eyes. "*Me.*"

"What about your tuition? Your expenses?"

"I have the scholarship. And the little money grandfather left me. And with my summer job, and the one I have now, at the dorm, waiting on tables ——"

"*Waiting on tables?* Are you batty?"

"I *like* it!" She stared back at the withering glance that had always crushed her so easily in the past. "I happen to get a sense of satisfaction, of accomplishment out of it." *Don't push me,* she was thinking, *or I'll tell you. The main reason. You wouldn't want to hear that, would you? You suspect it, but so long as it's not out in the open ——*

"Claire, are you going to take this?"

"No, thanks."

Charles kept looking at her grimly. "Don't you think it's time you stopped being a problem?" he said.

Yes . . . a problem. That summed up her status, past and present, from her father's, from her mother's viewpoint, precisely. Completely. Her eyes wavered, dropped, the wind went out of her, driven out by that one question, that simple statement of fact.

"I agree," she said. "I think it is time." She pushed herself up.

"Sit down. Here comes my friend," Charles said. "Have you met my daughter?" he asked the man who had joined him.

"I've a call to make. Be right back." She gave herself a little shove, to gain momentum, and walked across the lounge. *So? Things were going to be different? You spineless wonder, why didn't you tell him? Straight out. I don't want anything from you, period. Support, presents, anything. You and I are strangers, we always have been and we always will be strangers, and I see no reason why you should go on picking up my tabs.*

"Hello, Jane." The phone booth was stuffy, close.

"Well, Her Highness. About time. Where are you?"

"In town. At the Croyden. Listen, Jane ——"

"Cluck! Get on out here. We ——"

"Claire, *hello.*" Someone, a male, had grabbed the phone. "Hurry, will you?" The voice, recognized, went right through her, dislodging, breaking up the cold dead core. "We're eating here, then going places. And you, you lucky creature, are stuck with me."

"Neil." She took a deep sweet breath of the close stale air. "I thought . . . you were on a skiing trip."

"Postponed. Janie just happened to mention in her last letter that you —— I'll explain later. Mother wishes a word."

"Claire," Mrs. Furman said anxiously, "do you eat sweetbreads?"

"Please"—she swallowed hard—"please, Mrs. Furman, don't you folks wait for me. It'll take an hour, at ——"

"Why don't you get started, then? There's a train every twenty minutes."

"But ——"

"Neil says he'll be at the station."

"Is there something—anything at all—I can bring?"

"Just bring you."

She went quickly back to the table. Almost on the run. *How foolish,* she thought, *to be feeling so good. So deep down, unbelievably, overwhelmingly good. Over what? You're just going to meet some friends. . . .* Charles, glancing up a bit uneasily, relaxed when he saw her. *Thank God, you snapped out of it,* his expression clearly said. He put an arm around Claire and drew her close, smiling at her paternally. She resisted the impulse to pull away.

She was sorry, she said, but she had to rush. Sure, sure, Charles's friend said, winking, he had two grown daughters, he understood. He watched, with pleasure, the affectionate c play between father and daughter, enginee by Charles.

"So long, dad." She picked up her things

"So long, dear." He squeezed her ar "We'll get together real soon, now?"

"Real soon."

"You'll call me?"

"You bet." Who was kidding whom? S tried to step away, but Charles held her ar This was good-bye, not so long, and he kn it. His face, turned away from his friend Claire, was clouded, decidedly older, aga The little lines stood out in bunches.

"Claire, are you sure you won't need a tle . . . extra? Funds for Easter shopping?"

"No, thanks, dad." She would never ne or want, or, least of all, expect, anything fr Charles, from either of her parents again. S had reached the age, the point where all th was behind her.

"What? Turn down an offer like that Charles's friend said. "Wow! You ought to s my kids!"

"Claire ——" Was there an element pleading in Charles's voice? Looking into t drawn, still handsome but aging face, s knew, with a triumph that was, in effect, sinking sensation, that there would come time when her father—or her mother, both—would probably—inevitably—need want something from *her.*

Wasn't she the one who could afford to generous now? To hand out presents? To he Charles, in his inimitable fashion, live w himself?

"Well ——" She forced a grin. It was easy, demolishing, in a stroke, your pric your rebellion, the coat of armor you h built, with so much labor, so much pa around yourself. But who, now, needed a mor? "Well, since you mention it"—s grinned broadly, sheepishly—"I guess I cou use a . . . little extra. That is, if you can spa it."

"If you can spare it!" Charles's friend shoo with laughter. "My kids, exactly." Charl stared an instant before joining in. Hastily got out the bills, folding them so the amou wouldn't be seen. Claire, grinning, made h hand take the money. Putting it into h purse, she watched the relief sweep away t lines of strain, of worry and bother, of co science and guilt, from her father's face S looked away then, to hide the only emotio she felt—that of pity. And into her voice s injected the gratitude, the exuberance th made her acceptance by far the best gift, o her own part, that she could give.

"Thanks, dad," she said. "*Gee!* Thanks lot!" EN

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

GENERALLY SPEAKING

Behind the front
Of each successful man
Has stood someone
Who said, "I know you can."

According to the principal of our local high school, some parents would as soon insult the flag or take opium as they would use the word "no" to their children.

Middle age: when you spend half your time looking for your glasses, and the other half hiding them so you'll know exactly where they are.

Even when there's disagreement, children are strengthened by having two parents . . . much as books are held upright by opposin bookends.

"When my son-in-law told me my daug ter's chicken casserole excelled mine," co fided a certain mother, "I considered it th best compliment I could receive."

For those who have queried which cam first, the egg or the chicken, there's another ponder: the station wagon or the large family

It takes an unusually active and vivid im agination to visualize the things a man ma do when he starts out to prove he's as youn as he ever was.

Recently a mother was surprised to discove that her youngest, now grown, had completel missed out in becoming acquainted with cer tain family happenings and statistics. Her con clusion, "Parents are prone to tell the firs child—even the second—everything, and th youngest practically nothing."

It seems that today the way for a father t get to first base with his son is to let him do th pitching.

The difference between a boy and a girl this: although both do the same things, a bo does everything out loud.



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(All advertising and sales promotion material is on a removable see-through overwrap that you throw away.)

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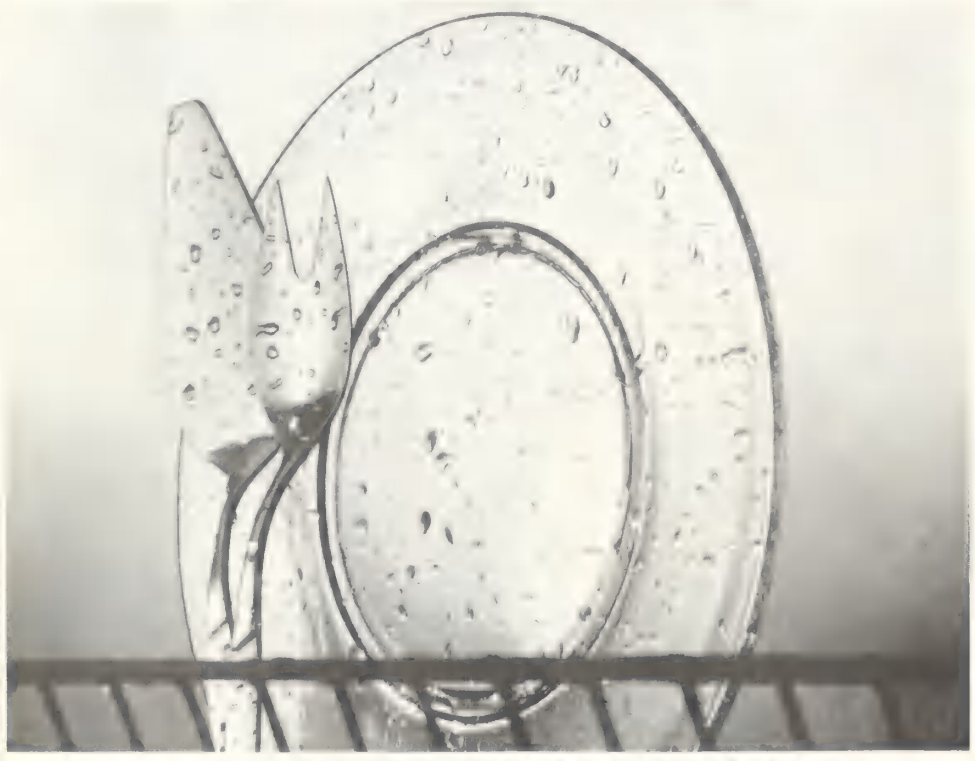
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R1

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BOX-OFFICE

"Lights, camera, action!" The scene: a kitchen. The stars Charlton Heston, Joanne Woodward, Risë Stevens, Phylli McGinley, Joan Fontaine and Mrs. Bill Lennon, mother of th Lennon Sisters, who are all as familiar with the culinary arts a they are with the creative. The script (and it's bound to be a hit): thei own recipes which have become box-office with family and friend



At home
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stars at the grill where he broils his own Chuckburgers.

CHUCKBURGERS

2 pounds ground lean beef chuck
¼ teaspoon oregano
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1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cracked pepper
2 tablespoons dry sherry, if you lik

Mix together all ingredients and shape into 6 hamburger patties. Broil about 3″ from th heat for 3–5 minutes per side for rare beef, 5–7 minutes for medium, and about 9– minutes per side for well done. Makes 6 servings. Attention, calorie counters: they' about 150 calories per serving.



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3 (3-oz.) packages lemon-flavored gelatin
Juice of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon garlic salt
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
3 dashes liquid hot pepper seasoning
6 carrots, scraped and grated fin
8 scallions, minced
4 stalks celery, chopped fine
1 ripe avocado, peeled, pitted and cut in ¼″ cubes
Garnish: parsley ruffs, watercre or other greens

Heat tomato juice and gelatin, stirring occasionally, until gelatin is dissolved. Remove fro heat and add lemon juice, garlic salt, Worcestershire sauce, salt and liquid pepper seaso ing. If you like a tarter aspic, add an additional tablespoon lemon juice. Chill until mixtu is thick and syrupy. Fold in all chopped vegetables, pour aspic mixture into a 3-qua fluted ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold and serve on greens. Makes 12–15 servin



Best bets for busy days, thinks
RISË STEVENS,
are recipes that can be done "on the run." Two that have earned high ratings with her family are Quick Bouillabaisse and Parsley Potato Patties.

PARSLEY POTATO PATTIES

1 envelope instant mashed potatoes
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon powdered savo
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
2 eggs

Prepare the potatoes according to package directions, but use ½ cup less water than called for. Cool mixture slightly. Beat in onion, parsley and seasonings. Finally, mix eggs in well. Lightly grease and heat a skillet until a drop of water will sizzle. Then d potato mixture by tablespoonfuls and brown on both sides. Makes 4 servings.

QUICK BOUILLABAISSE

1 onion, peeled and finely chopped
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can (10-oz.) frozen shrimp soup
1 can (10-oz.) frozen clam soup
1 can (10-oz.) frozen oyster soup
1 can (10-oz.) frozen lobster soup
1 pkg. (12-oz.) frozen fish fillets (sole, flounder or haddock)
1 teaspoon butter
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon rosemary
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
2 dashes liquid hot pepper season
½ cup milk

Sauté the onion and green pepper in the 2 tablespoons butter or margarine—you c do this in the bottom of a large saucepan. Add the frozen soups. Break up the fro fish fillets into large pieces and add along with all remaining ingredients. Simmer, stirr occasionally, for about 10–15 minutes or until flavors mingle and frozen fish is hea through. Makes 6 hearty servings.

FAVORITES



PHYLLIS McGINLEY
admits to talking a good meal
before she could cook one.
Now she can do both, and we offer, as proof,
her elegant Spinach Party Ring.

ACH PARTY RING

-oz.) packages frozen chopped spinach
lespoons butter or margarine
on, peeled and chopped fine
lespoons flour
aspoon nutmeg
spoon salt
aspoon pepper
1½ cups chicken broth
¾ cup light cream
1½ teaspoons curry powder
1½ teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon lemon juice
5 hard-cooked eggs

spinach according to package directions and then, using a strainer and a spoon, as much water from spinach as possible. Sauté the onion in the butter or margarine tender. Blend in flour, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Add ¾ cup chicken broth and the cream and heat, stirring, until thickened and smooth. Combine ¾ cup sauce with ed spinach, adding salt to taste. Pack into a well-buttered 6-cup ring mold and bake noderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 55 minutes or until set and ring pulls from of pan. Thin remaining sauce with ¾ cup chicken broth. Add curry powder, mustard emon juice. Peel and chop 4 of the eggs and add to sauce. To serve, unmold ring on nd platter. (If ring does not unmold perfectly, you can easily patch it up.) Fill center egg mixture and garnish with hard-cooked-egg slices. Makes 8–10 servings.

JOANNE WOODWARD,
who likes to experiment
with whatever food she has on hand,
says she's come up with a few concoctions
are quite mad. One that makes especially good sense—
and eating—is Shrimp and Rice Au Gratin.



MP AND RICE AU GRATIN

lespoons butter or margarine
on, peeled and minced
ove garlic, peeled and crushed
lespoons flour
spoon salt
easpoons curry powder
aspoon nutmeg
aspoon powdered tarragon
spoon prepared mustard
Pinch cayenne pepper
Juice of ½ lemon
1½ cups milk
½ pound mild Cheddar cheese, grated
1 pound shelled, deveined, cooked shrimp
2 cups cooked rice
1 cup bread crumbs lightly browned in 2 tablespoons butter

butter or margarine and sauté onion and garlic until tender. Blend in flour, all nings and lemon juice. Slowly add milk and heat, stirring, until mixture is thick- and smooth. Now add half of the grated cheese and heat, stirring, until cheese is ed. Combine shrimp, rice and cheese sauce. Place in a buttered 2-quart casserole, top crumbs and remaining cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 15–20 tes or until bubbly and lightly browned. Makes 6 servings.

JOAN FONTAINE
served her first full meal at the age of ten.
Because she was a frail child, she spent many hours in the kitchen,
fascinated with the feathery breads she saw baking.
ay she performs in the kitchen with the proficiency of a professional
chef, but one of her favorite recipes remains one she learned
as a little girl, Swedish Almond Tarts.



SWEDISH ALMOND TARTS

1⅛ cups butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 cups sifted flour
2½ cups finely minced almonds
Candied fruit, nuts to garnish

m butter and sugar until very soft and fluffy. Beat in egg and flavorings. Work the and almonds in. Chill dough until firm. Pinch off a little bit at a time (about 1 table- n) and press into tiny fluted tart tins measuring about 1¾″ across the top and ¾″ . Place tins on a baking sheet and bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 25–30 minutes. The s should be faintly golden and firm on the outside but chewy and moist inside. Cool tly, then, using a toothpick, slip the tarts from the tins. Before baking, these may be rated with bits of candied fruit and nuts. Makes about 5½ dozen tarts.

new
spaghetti sauce mix
complete with tomato



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DIARY OF A FACE LIFT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

come out with something good for a change? The doctor gave me no final facial instructions except to use soap and water and look happy. He reminded me again that this repair work was temporary. The aging process would continue, but I'd always be six to eight years behind myself for having had it done. Am now on a sleeping jag—can't stay awake for very long at a time.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY

My host and hostess are wonderful, let me sleep all day and are completely understanding. My host says, surprisingly, "I guess there isn't anyone who hasn't thought about having his face lifted at one time or another."

END OF FOURTH WEEK

Neck still discolored below each ear. Face looks a little too full yet to be normal, numb areas are still buzzing. But face is clear and passable. Met a former acquaintance who simply said, "How well you look." That's a milestone passed.

END OF FIFTH WEEK

All discoloration is gone. Face still is a bit full and eyes shadowy, but not noticeable under make-up. Physically I feel equal to anything—for the first time in years. Psychologically you are as you look, perhaps.

SIXTH WEEK

Today I returned home. A big sign on the front door said, "Here she comes, Mrs. America," and I was greeted by howls of delight from husband and friends. Oh, one woman said she intended "to accept the face the Lord gave her," but one of my dearest friends moaned, "Ooh, I hate you," with a gentle smile. Probably the best compliment the doctor's work could have had.

I've loved every minute of the whole adventure. Even the discomfort was a means of retrieving the face I'd lived with for so many years and wanted back so much. Not once did I walk the floor haunted by thoughts of self-mutilation, as one patient said she did. Nor did I hesitate to tell my close friends where I was going or where I'd been—any more than I would make a secret of having my teeth straightened.

Surprising enthusiasm has been expressed by most of the men I know—understanding souls that they are. A few of the most devoted exclaim I've turned back the clock ten years. Golly, I asked for only five. Was it worth it? It certainly was. It is glorious to have my own face back, and in six to eight years I'll probably do it again.

Sometimes people want to know who did this work so well. I can't take the responsibility of recommending a surgeon—I can only say, "Look for the very finest plastic surgeon you can find." You want to wind up with a balanced face as well as technically fine, safe surgery. Properly done, you should look only like yourself again. It's the same old skull, but with muscles and skin as tight as before the operation.

Your family doctor (who is pretty apt to consider the whole idea silly) can refer you to a reputable plastic surgeon. Clinics and plastic specialists might also help you or your doctor locate the right man. And the right man is apt to agree with the great English surgeon who contended that there is nothing more worth preserving than the face of a woman.

NO HIDING PLACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"A package," Lucille said. "Benjy found it and was using it to play snow removal."

"*Snow* removal?" Frank said. "Where is it?"

"I'm afraid my maid threw it out. Why? Is that important?"

"It's important enough to dispose of the one other lead in this case," Frank said. "It narrows it down to Paul Starr and nobody else."

"You must be mistaken," she said. "You're entirely wrong about Mr. Starr. He ——"

"Where is this uncle?" Frank broke in.

"He walked out just a minute ago."

"Does he have a mermaid tattooed on his wrist?"

"Yes—how did you know?"

"We've been looking for him," Frank said. "We want to talk to him, so does Narcotics."

"Narcotics?" she said.

"What did you think was in that package?" he demanded. "Benjy was smarter than you are, Miss Brush. *He* knew it was snow."

"Oh," she said blankly.

"Heroin to you," he said. "We found a little of it on the floor where Benjy spilled it."

Lucille said, "But the important thing is we've found Benjy and we've got to go after Sheilah right away. Where is Mr. Starr?"

"We've got him," Frank said with satisfaction.

"May I speak to him, please?"

"He's not available right now."

"Have you booked him?"

"No, not yet. We're about to."

"Don't," she said. "Hold off, Mr. Luther. Give him a chance."

Frank sighed wearily. "Look, young lady, I want to book him and go home and get some sleep. I've put in twenty-six hours straight on this case."

"But you want to solve it, don't you?"

"I figure we've got it solved, miss."

"Wait until we've found Sheilah," Lucille said. "Her mother called Saturday night, remember, and she must have told Sheilah where she was and maybe even who she was with. I know where Sheilah is now. I'm going to get her and I should think at least you'd be interested in what she may have to say."

"What she has to say will probably just convict the guy," he said. "Why else did she run away and hide?"

"This is what I want you to do," she said briskly, ignoring the question. "Put Mr. Starr in your car and drive him up to the boathouse in Central Park. I'll meet you there with Benjy. Please—just as soon as you can."

"Lady, be reasonable," he said.

"Be reasonable? You be human! Don't you know the poor man is worried sick about his children? Haven't you any heart? Don't you ——"

"OK, OK," he said. "I'll bring him."

She hung up and flew to the kitchenette, poured a glass of milk and said to Benjy, "Here, drink this," and ran back to the bedroom to dress with frantic haste. She caught up her handbag and ran to the living room again.

Benjy was sitting on the floor with the glass of milk untouched at his side and she said, "Honey, we have to hurry."

He looked up at her and said, "Lucille?"

"Yes, darling."

"Shee said last night that mommy had gone away."

Lucille came to rest, clasping her handbag tightly. "Yes, she has. Benjy."

"On a long, long trip," Benjy said. "It means mommy died, doesn't it?"

She knelt beside him, put her arms around him, and said in a low, unsteady voice, "Yes, darling, I'm afraid it does." She kissed his cheek and he pressed against her, murmured, "Shee said we were going to live with daddy now. You'll come to see me, won't you?"

"You bet I will," she said strongly.

"Would you come and stay with us?"

She kissed his forehead. "Darling, I'm very flattered, and I promise you this—we'll see lots and lots of each other."

"I guess I could just call you Aunt Lucille," he said.

"That would make me very happy. But, Benjy, we'd better get started. We have to hurry uptown and find Sheilah."

"OK," he said, and scrambled to his feet.

Paul and Detective Luther reached the boathouse first and were waiting there when the cab pulled to the curb. Paul lifted Benjy out and held him in a close hug and Detective Luther grinned and said, "Hi there, Benjy. You OK?"

Lucille's eyes met Paul's pleadingly and she said, "Paul—look at me. About the story in the paper ——"

His eyes were dark and their expression veiled, but he smiled faintly and said, "It's OK, Lucille. All in a day's work, I know. The main thing is we've found the kids and I can never thank you enough for your help."

"But I didn't write the story," she said. "Listen, please. The woman who cleans for you out in Grandkill called the *Record-Star* last night and the man on late rewrite put it in. I had nothing to do with it."

He smiled, and her hand, which had made a little gesture of appeal, ended firmly gripped in his.

Frank said, "Let's get on with this. Where do we find Sheilah?"

"Up that way," Benjy said. "I'll show you."

He trotted ahead up an incline and, where a path turned into the Ramble, he remembered the turn. At the cave the adults had to stoop low, pushing branches aside. Benjy dropped to his knees and said, "In under here."

"No wonder we never found it last night," Paul said, and called, "Sheilah? Are you there?"

"*He's* in there," Benjy said.

"Who's in there?"

"That bad boy who ate up our cheese crackers," Benjy said. "He's back in there, eating our lollipops."

Frank grunted, got down on his knees and bent his head low. "The girl's not in there, though," he said. "Hey, you—sonny, come out here."

"No," the boy in the cave said.

"You better," Benjy said warningly. "He's a policeman."

"We're looking for a little girl," Luther said. "Sheilah Starr. Have you seen her?"

"No," the boy said.

"A little girl with kind of red hair," Frank said.

"He knows her," Benjy said. "She was going to let Fritzie bite him."

"Fritzie?" Paul said. "Who's Fritzie?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Benjy looked up with a happy grin. "We've got a puppy dog now."

Lucille dropped to her knees and peered into the cave. "Look," she said. "You know that little girl. You saw her this morning. Now I want the truth, or do you want to get in trouble?"

The boy did not answer; his eyes looked big and resentful.

"You took other people's things," Lucille said in an ominous tone. "You're eating other kids' candy. If you don't want to get into trouble you'd better tell us the truth. Detective Luther, show him your shield."

Frank solemnly produced his blue-and-gold shield.

"All right, maybe I saw her," the boy said. "She got in a car with that nasty little dog and went away."

"Where did she get in this car?" Frank asked.

"Down in the parking lot."

"All alone?"

"No, somebody was driving, of course."

"Who?"

"I didn't see."

"What did the car look like?"

"It was a big creamy car with a black top," the boy said. "I saw her and that nasty little dog getting in and then they drove away."

Frank said, "I bet you even looked at the license plates. You happen to notice the numbers? You remember them?"

"Nope."

"Wait a minute," Paul said, and he, too, knelt until he could see the boy's face in the gloom of the cave. "Listen, son, did you notice the numbers in front of the letters on that license plate? I mean New York licenses all begin with capital letters, you know. Was it RO, maybe, or RK?"

"That's right," the boy said. "It was RK."

"That's Rockland County," Paul said, standing up again. "I had a hunch. The Landises have a cream-colored convertible like the one he described, with black-and-white upholstery. Cora found Sheilah, bless her. She must have taken her on out to Grandkill. Let's get on the telephone."

Paul had telephoned Cora Landis and had no answer. Now he had Arthur Landis's office on the line and Arthur was saying, "No, I



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haven't heard from Cora this morning. What makes you think she found Sheilah?"

"We did find Benjy, but they had separated," Paul said. "A kid saw her get in a car with Rockland County plates, a cream-colored convertible like Cora's."

"Let's hope the kid is right," Arthur said fervently.

"Maybe they haven't had time to reach home yet. I guess we'll go on out that way, if I can talk Detective Luther into it."

"Oh—he's with you?"

"With manacles in his pocket," Paul said.

Arthur said quickly, "I'll meet you out there, then."

It required some persuasion. Detective Luther was in a sour mood. But there were the two kids. A guy didn't want to send their father to the chair on top of what had happened to their mother. "I've put in twenty-seven hours on this case already. I might as well make it thirty. Let's go."

At the Landis house in Grandkill, the car descended a steep incline and came out on a flagged terrace. There was a three-car garage fifty yards away, with all its doors closed. As he got out of the car, Frank said, "Seems pretty quiet around here."

Paul went on to the door and rang the bell and at last the door opened on Cora's questioning face. He asked anxiously, "Is Sheilah here?"

"Sheilah?" Cora said blankly.

"Didn't you find her?"

"I don't understand, Paul," she said.

"Weren't you in Central Park this morning?"

"No," she said. "I've been home all morning." She glanced up. "Don't tell me that's Benjy! Oh, that's wonderful, Paul—you found him. Darling, come say hello to Aunt Cora."

But Benjy hung back, clinging to Lucille's hand.

"You say you were home all morning?" Frank Luther asked. "We tried to get you on the telephone."

Cora inspected him coldly. "Who are you she asked.

"This is Detective Luther of Homicid Paul said. "We did call you, Cora, and no answer."

"The maid doesn't come in until noo she said, "and I was having a nap. I alw turn off the extension telephone upst when I take a nap. Sorry, Paul. Was important?"

Paul made a groaning noise, and Luc said, "We were so hopeful it was you in park, Mrs. Landis. A little boy said he s Sheilah get in a car like yours, a cre convertible."

"My dear, there are thousands of cre convertibles," Cora said.

"But this one had Rockland County pla ers," Paul said.

"Convertible Heights, they call it arou here," Cora said. "The woods of Rockla County are full of them, darling." She stepp back, opening the door wide. "Won't y come in?"

"We'd better be starting back to the cit Frank said. "But I'd like to use your telepho first, if I may."

"Of course," Cora said.

"Can I go look at the swimming poo Benjy asked.

"Of course," Cora said.

The others followed Cora into the hou Lucille took Paul's hand as he stood by huge window gazing disconsolately at broad river below. Detective Luther was ting through his call. There was the sound a car outside. Arthur came quickly into house and Cora called out, "Darling, w are you doing home?"

"Is Sheilah here?" he asked.

"No," Paul said.

"Didn't ——" He looked at Cora.

"Mrs. Landis has been home all morni she says," Frank Luther said as he ca away from the telephone. "Where were y by the way, Mr. Landis?"

"Oh—Detective Luther," Arthur said. was at my office."

"You weren't driving a cream-colored co vertible?"

"No; that's my car outside. It's gray."

Frank glanced at the gray car. He tur to Paul and said in a firm but regretful to "We'd better hit the road, Mr. Starr."

"But somebody found Sheilah in the par Paul said helplessly. "Somebody took away in a cream convertible."

"I doubt it," Frank said. "You put words in that kid's mouth, Mr. Starr. Y gave him a choice, remember? RO or R and he picked RK. He never saw her dr away with anybody, I'm afraid." He ad with great weariness, "Let's get going." opened the door and led the way outsi Benjy was in the garden, stooping by privet hedge, and when Paul called his na he came slowly across the terrace. "I thou I saw Fritzie over there. Fritzie, our li puppy dog."

"Get in," Frank said impatiently.

Lucille got in the detective's car and s as she moved over to make room for P and Benjy, "That little boy did say he Sheilah get in a car with a dog."

"So what?" Frank said. "If Sheilah here they'd tell us, wouldn't they?"

"He's our little adopted dog," Benjy sa as Paul hoisted the boy into his lap. "He away too, from Mr. Robert Hadley over Park Avenue, and me and Shee adopted hi

Frank started the engine. He let the move forward and Benjy pointed sudde and said with excitement, "See, daddy. Th he is."

Frank stopped the car. Paul looked, sa small brown dachshund. Benjy jumped and called confidently, "Come here, Fritzi

The little dog barked, then came trott through the garden.

Paul dropped to his knees, found the br plate on the dog's collar, and turned a wh shocked face up to Lucille. "Mr. Rob Hadley," he said. "And the dog's name here. It's Fritz."

"Then Sheilah's here," Lucille said. "Sh here somewhere." She turned alertly. "Wh is that woman?"

JOHN BRENNEMAN



House includes equipment, terraces, fences and carport, all planned as one unit.

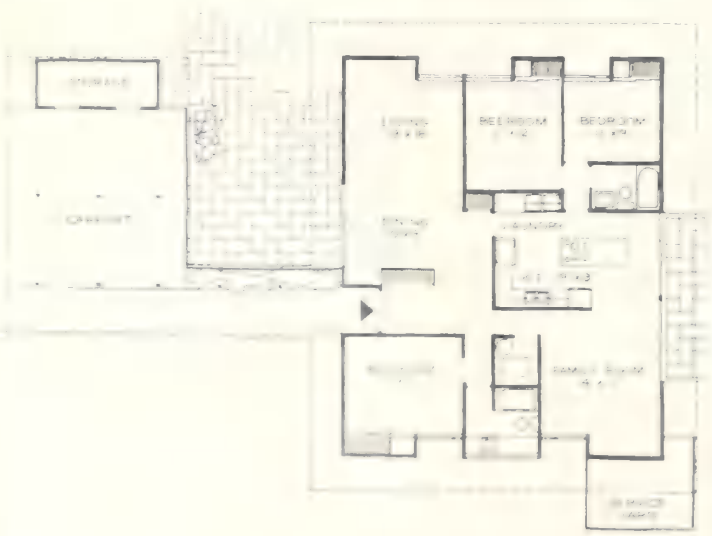
HOT-WEATHER HOUSE

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

Fine proportions give this house a simple elegance. It is a study in reserve and good taste.

Hot-weather problems have been relieved by recessing the east and west windows in alcoves for shade. This is an all-electric house, a favorite where electric rates are low, and it is both cooled and heated by a heat pump, a device most practical in warm sections of the country, but usable almost anywhere if windows are carefully placed and kept small.

The interior is particularly well planned for an active family. The living/dining room is entirely out of traffic from front and rear entrances as well as from other rooms. A master bedroom close to the spacious entry hall invites guests to deposit wraps there. This bedroom is also close to the family room, giving the parents a convenient suite far enough from the children's rooms so nighttime noises will not wake the youngsters. The family room is ideally situated for daytime use, near the kitchen for informal meals, children's parties or play.



Architect: George Matsumoto
Floor area: 1604 sq. ft.
Cost to reproduce: $24,000 to $31,000
Plans are available. Write for details.

Frank was out of the car and striding to-rd the house. He threw the door open and rst inside. In the living room Arthur was lding Cora's wrist. His face was gray-oking and she was trying to pull away, owing huge and frightened eyes.

"Lady, where is that kid?" Frank demanded.

"I don't know," Cora said. "Ask Arthur."

"How should I know?" Arthur said, avoid-g looking at Paul as he came in with Lucille.

"That dog was with her," Frank said. What's going on here? What do you know out that little girl?"

Cora jerked her wrist free and faced the tective. "Maybe Arthur took my car this rning."

"I took my own car," Arthur said. "Cora, you know where Sheilah is, say so."

"...was napping," Cora said. Her face was shed high under her large and burning es. "I didn't see what car you took. I can't otect you any more, Arthur. The time has me to tell the truth—the whole story." She ng out one hand toward the detective. "He nt to Atlantic City with Vera Starr Satur-y night and he was trying to break off with r, but she threatened to make trouble." e made a gesture of appeal and said in a w voice, "Oh, darling, I'm so sorry."

Arthur met Paul's eyes, then glanced away. e said in a low, abject voice, "I didn't kill r, Paul. I swear it."

"Hey, now," Frank said. "You mean you re in Atlantic City with that dame?"

"Sheilah knew the room number," Cora d. "That's why he had to find her. She ew they were together in Room Two Twenty-o because those are her lucky numbers and ra told her on the telephone. I know be-use Arthur told me. He confessed it."

"I didn't confess anything," Arthur said. ora ——"

"Now don't go telling them Cora is out of r head again," she broke in. "He and Vera d it all planned. They were going to have put away, take all my money, and be free."

"If that were so, why would I kill her?" thur demanded.

"I don't know what went wrong," Cora d. "But you brought her overnight bag ick here and hid it, remember? I'm sorry, t I'll have to turn that bag over to the lice."

"She walked out on me," Arthur said. he had a telephone call and walked out and ver came back. If I had known she was ad I'd have got rid of that bag, Mr. Luther."

"A telephone call from where?" Frank ked.

"I don't know. The operator told me some-dy called the room while I was out."

"Man or woman?" Frank asked alertly.

"I never asked that," Arthur said, and oked at Cora with an air of startled com-ehension. "I never thought to ask, but that's A woman. Of course it was a woman. ou, Cora! You followed us to Atlantic City, dn't you? You called her and got her down-airs." He faced Detective Luther. "Listen, e's got a crazy idea that I was conspiring th Vera to have her put away. That's it. at's the reason."

"I wonder if it's such a crazy idea. I wonder you weren't doing just that."

"Now see here ——" Arthur began.

"One of you killed Vera Starr, it looks to e, and one of you found Sheilah this morn-g. Where is she? That dog is here. You n't explain away that little dog."

"Cora, what have you done with her?" ul asked pleadingly. "She's just a little rl. For God's sake, tell us."

Cora said, "Why don't you ask him? Ask rthur."

"It wasn't Arthur," Paul said. "You your-lf told me that he had gone off for the week-d in his sports car. There's no room in the ck of that car to transport Vera to River-de Drive."

"That's right," Arthur said.

Cora stared at Paul, then backed away to-ard the doors that opened on the terrace d the swimming pool. Suddenly she turned d ran out of the house and Arthur, after instant's hesitation, followed her.

Frank Luther shouted, "Grab her. Don't t her go." He swung around. "Let's search this house. Mr. Starr, you and Miss Brush take the upstairs. I'll start in the basement."

"And there's a guesthouse," Paul said.

"OK, let's get busy."

Paul ran up the stairs, following Lucille. He heard the little brown dachshund barking outside, off in the distance, heard Benjy calling, "Fritzie—here, Fritzie." The boy was impatient because the little dog did not obey. Instead Fritzie ran to the garage and sniffed at the crack between the concrete and the sill of the closed door.

Sheilah heard the little dog bark, but she did not dare call out. What could Fritzie do? The main thing was to just keep breathing and lie very still and close off her mind to the darkness and not be scared. It was stiflingly hot in the trunk of the car, sealed up in the closed garage, and so very dark. A long time had passed since she had looked up in Central Park and seen Aunt Cora's smiling face and heard her say, "Well, hello. You're a hard little girl to find, Sheilah. I've been at the boathouse for a long time, watching for you."

The boathouse? Why the boathouse?

"You called from the telephone booth in the boathouse, didn't you? You said you were Joanie Perkins, but I checked. Joanie was home all day. Where is Benjy?"

Sheilah had felt no fear at first. Aunt Cora had acted very friendly. "I guess you know you two have been very naughty, running away like that and upsetting your father. He's been looking everywhere for you."

"He has?" Sheilah had said, feeling a pleased anxiety.

"So I'm taking you straight home," Aunt Cora had said. "Come on, that's my car down there in the parking lot."

Her feeling had been relief that it was all over and there would be no more running away. "Where is daddy?"

"Your father is all right," Aunt Cora had said. "We'll go to my house and your daddy will meet us there."

It had felt good to be in Cora's big car, good to relax at last, and of course there had been no reason to be afraid; it was Aunt Cora. She had unsnapped the leash from Fritzie's collar and Fritzie had loved riding in the car. Aunt Cora was saying, "Honey, so many bad things have happened. But you'll be with your father now and you'll be happy, I know." Aunt Cora had kept on with a sympathy that only made it all worse, saying, "Everybody is so sorry about your poor mother. Nobody even knows where she went last weekend. Do you?"

"No," Sheilah had said.

"But didn't she telephone?"

Sheilah had almost forgotten. "Yes, she called home to see how everything was."

"Where was she?"

"Atlantic City."

"Is that all she told you?"

"Just her room number is all," Sheilah had said. Her lucky number in a row—three twos, she thought, but maybe it wasn't such a lucky number and what people said about two-dollar bills' being bad luck was all true. She had said, "I don't want to talk about it, Aunt Cora," and had started to cry, and Aunt Cora had been ever so nice and her voice so very gentle and she had said, "Sweetie, forgive me."

It was after they had turned off the parkway and were going north that Sheilah had turned on the radio and the voice had come on saying, "Paul Starr, estranged husband of the dead woman, was arrested last night by detectives of the Homicide Squad after it was disclosed that the murder weapon, a scarf with a design of hunters and a running fox, had been in his possession before the crime ——"

Aunt Cora's swooping fingers had turned the knob, but Sheilah had heard enough and had cried out, "You didn't tell me they arrested daddy!"

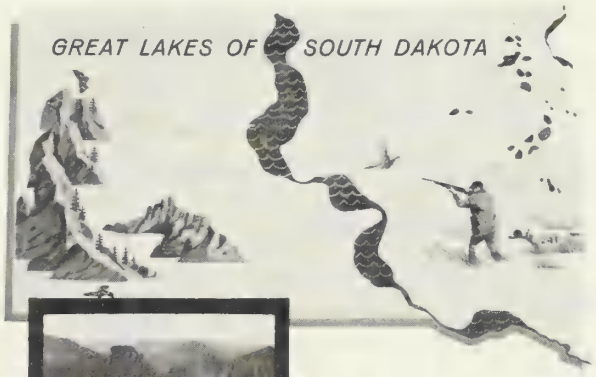
"I didn't want to worry you, sweetie," Aunt Cora had said. She had made the turn in between the stone gateposts and the car had rushed down the steep driveway and charged into the garage and there Aunt Cora had jammed on the power brakes hard. It was stopping so short that had made the amber bead roll out where Sheilah could see it.

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"Here we are," Aunt Cora had said with a cheerful laugh. "Hop out."

As Sheilah pushed the door open Fritzie had jumped out and scampered away. She had turned back to get the leash and that was when she had seen an object with a yellowish glow under the low seat. Aunt Cora had asked, "What have you got there?"

Sheilah's hand had closed hard on the lozenge-shaped amber bead and she had looked up at Aunt Cora with fear and shock in her eyes. She had opened her hand and disclosed the amber bead, catching the light. "This is mommy's bead. She had a whole string like this. She was wearing it Saturday night when she went out. She was wearing her brown raw-silk suit and her amber beads. They're the ones daddy gave her. You ask him. See, there's a design of little stars."

Looking up, she had seen Aunt Cora's face, and she would never forget how her big brown eyes had glowed and how her mouth had been twisted. Sheilah had started to speak and suddenly a hand had been clamped over her mouth. Aunt Cora was very strong. Sheilah had kicked with her heels, but it had been no use. The little dog had barked furiously and she would have called "Sic her, Fritzie," if only she could have. She had seen the lid of the trunk fly up and she had struggled to break free, but she had been lifted up and thrown forward with a mighty shove. Then the lid of the trunk had come down with a heavy thud and she had been in darkness. Outside she had heard Aunt Cora calling, "Here, puppy. Come here, pup."

The amber bead was still clutched in Sheilah's hand; she had never let go of it. She had curled up in a corner of the trunk in the darkness, breathing gaspingly and hearing Aunt Cora's voice outside calling. "Come here, puppy. . . . Now please come here you stupid dog, come here!"

She knew that Aunt Cora had never caught Fritzie, because he was barking again, clos And then Sheilah had heard the noise of the closing garage door. It was all so long a now, and so far away, and it made Sheilah's head ache to think of it. She lay still, with the lozenge-shaped amber bead clutched in her left hand. It was hard to breathe.

She heard Fritzie barking again and would have called out, "Good boy, Fritzie," but she couldn't waste any breath and she was afraid that if he barked too loud Aunt Cora might come back and catch him.

"Paul," Lucille called, "come look. That dog is barking there by the garage, sniffing at the door."

Paul snatched up the key ring Cora had left on a hall table and ran across the terrace, hearing Lucille's heels clacking on the flagstones behind him. Paul pressed the button and the door swung up with agonizing slowness. Fritzie scooted underneath as soon as there was room and began barking aggressively.

Sheilah heard the sound, and the noise of the door sliding up, and she lay crouched in the darkness, waiting and afraid to hope and afraid to call out. But there was the noise of a key in the lock and suddenly the lid of the trunk flew up and there were daddy and Lucille and Benjy. She scrambled to her knees and then she was in daddy's arms and he was crying and Lucille was crying and Fritzie was barking happily and Benjy asked in a wondering tone, "What were you going in *there*, Shee?"

Detective Luther came running, calling anxiously, "Is she OK?"

"Yes, thank God," Paul said, holding her close and feeling her tears wet on his neck where her face was pressed into the angle of his chin and shoulder.

Sheilah opened the fingers of her left hand and disclosed the amber bead.

Frank said, "What's that?"

Paul turned his head to see. "That's Vera's. I gave her a necklace with beads like that. Where did you find it, Sheilah?"

She said in his ear, "Under the front seat."

"Of this car—Cora's car?"

"Yes."

"And *she* locked you in the trunk?"

"Yes, daddy."

Frank said furiously, "I'll get *her*. Give me that bead, kid." He took it in his hand, said, "This little bead saves you from the electric chair, Mr. Starr. I guess you know that."

"I know that," Paul said.

"You're one lucky guy," Frank said. "That phone call I made—we've picked up Claude Boggs. He can explain a lot too." He grinned at Sheilah. "I mean one real lucky guy."

"I know that, too," Paul said.

"Bless you, kid," Frank said, and turned away.

Cora had followed Arthur and Vera to Atlantic City and made the call that brought Vera downstairs. She had got her into the car on some pretext and strangled her with the scarf, and the necklace had been broken and one of the scattered beads had rolled in there under the front seat where Cora hadn't found it. But one bead was enough. That one bead clinched it, and when he checked Atlantic City he'd get all the facts.

On the terrace overlooking the river he came face to face with Arthur. "Where is she?" Frank demanded. "She killed Vera Starr."

"I know," Arthur said. "She has persecution fears, Mr. Luther, and she was convinced there was a conspiracy against her."

Frank asked bluntly, "Was there?"

"I'm not blameless," Arthur said humbly. "I brought the situation on. I know that now. She followed us, described us to a bellhop and bribed him to find out the number of our room. Then she watched in the lobby and when she saw me go out she called Vera and told her she had to talk to her. I don't know how she persuaded Vera to get into her car, but she did, and she killed her. I thought she wanted to find Sheilah to protect *me*. But she was protecting herself. She knew if you started checking Room Two Twenty-two you'd find out everything. That's why she went looking for Sheilah."

Frank asked fiercely, "Where is she?"

"She went down to the river," Arthur said, and met the detective's eyes. "Let her go."

Frank pushed past Arthur Landis started down the steep path, slipping stumbling in his haste. Cora was not in There was no sign of her, no ripple, onl deep, murky river flowing swiftly with th tide toward the sea. Arthur had followed

A small cabin cruiser bore toward and a man shouted, "She *jumped*—I saw

More than ten minutes had passed b they found her, and then it was too late

Arthur looked at Paul. He said in a tone, "Use my car, Paul. Take your ki home where they belong."

"OK," Paul said. "Thanks."

Sheilah and Benjy were with Lucille, s on a bench at the edge of the garden an aware of what had happened down b Lucille's arms were around the two chi and the little dog frisked at their feet.

Sheilah had recovered now. Seeing father coming, she got quickly to her fee went to meet him, laughing as he hoiste up in his arms like a small child and k her cheek. He put her down again and "Sheilah, I'm proud of you." Noticing jy's eager eyes watching, he added, "Anc too, Benjy."

"And Fritzie?" Benjy said.

"Fritzie as much as anybody," Paul

Sheilah said anxiously, "Daddy, I'v forty-six dollars of my good-luck money Do you suppose Mr. Hadley would Fritzie for forty-six dollars?"

"We'll pay Mr. Hadley anything he a Paul said. "We've certainly got to keep F in the family." He stretched out his ha Benjy. "Come on, we're going home."

"Home to Grandkill?" Sheilah a "Really home?"

"Really home," he said.

They were moving toward the car, and glanced back and saw Lucille still standi the bench, watching them with a gentle sider's smile. He called out, "Hey, aren coming?"

"If there's room," she said.

"There's always room for you, Lucill said.



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WE LOVE "SPRING PINK" DESSERTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

325° F., for 40 minutes. Cool slightly, loosen edges and turn out of pans. Cool completely. Whip the cream with the remaining ½ teaspoon almond flavoring and a few drops of red food coloring. Cut the berries in half and sugar lightly. Spread a little of the pink whipped cream on the top of a layer, add a few berries, then place the next layer on top. Repeat. When the third layer is in place, frost the sides of the cake with the rest of the whipped cream and make a crown effect on top with small spoonfuls of cream. Mound the remaining berries in the center top of the cake. Makes 12 servings.

STRAWBERRY CREPES

CREPES:
2 *eggs*
1 *cup milk*
½ *cup sifted flour*
½ *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon cinnamon*

Beat the eggs and milk together until well mixed. Add the remaining ingredients and beat thoroughly. Here you can use a whisk or folding fork, if you like. Heat a 6″ skillet until it sizzles when sprinkled with a drop of water. Rub with a piece of oiled paper towel. Then spoon in just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan. Quickly turn and twist or shake the pan so that the bottom is evenly covered and pour out any extra batter. Sauté until the crepe is golden on one side. Tip out on a clean towel and repeat until all the crepes are finished. Makes 12 crepes.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE:
1 *cup sugar*
2 *tablespoons cornstarch*
1 *cup water*
4 *cups strawberries*
1 *teaspoon finely grated lemon rind*
½ *teaspoon vanilla*
1 *cup commercial sour cream*
2 *tablespoons butter*

Mix the sugar with the cornstarch until well blended. Add the water and heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and no taste of cornstarch remains. Wash and hull 2 cups strawberries. Press through a sieve, or buzz in a blender to purée. This will give about ⅔ cup purée. Stir into the sauce along with the lemon rind and vanilla. All this may be done several hours ahead. When ready to serve, spoon a little of the sour cream on the browned side of each crepe. (This sour cream may be sweetened with 1 tablespoon sugar if the berries are not too sweet.) Roll up the crepes. Melt the butter in a large skillet or chafing dish. Add the crepes and brown gently on all sides. Have the sauce hot. Wash and hull remaining berries and cut in half (sugar these also, if they are not sweet enough), and stir into the hot sauce. When the crepes are golden, serve, spooning the sauce over the top. If you like, 1 tablespoon kirsch may be added to the sauce just before serving. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

CORAL FRUIT COMPOTE

2 *pounds rhubarb, washed, trimmed and cut into 1″ pieces*
1½ *cups sugar*
Grated rind of 1 orange
2 *cups strawberries*
2½ *cups fresh pineapple, sliced thin*
½ *cup grenadine*

Mix rhubarb, sugar and grated orange rind and place in a shallow baking dish. Wash, hull and purée 1 cup strawberries and pour over rhubarb. Cover with aluminum foil and bake in a slow oven, 325° F., for about 30 minutes, stirring twice during this time. Set aside, still covered, to cool to room temperature, then chill thoroughly. The rhubarb should be crisp-tender when removed from oven, for it will continue to cook slightly after it has been taken out. Mix the pineapple and grenadine and chill at least 2 hours.

To prepare the compote, wash and hull the remaining strawberries. Drain the rhubarb and pineapple, reserving the syrups, and arrange in a crystal serving bowl. Pile the strawberries in the center. Mix the syrups from the rhubarb and pineapple and spoon over the fruit. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

PINK RHUBARB SHERBET

2 *pounds fresh rhubarb*
2¼ *cups sugar*
½ *cup water*
1 *tablespoon white corn syrup*
2 *egg whites*
1 *cup heavy cream, whipped*

Wash and trim the rhubarb. Cut into 1″ lengths and put into a saucepan with the sugar and water. Bring to a boil and cook gently until very tender. Rub through a food mill or sieve, discarding the part that will not go through. You will have about 4 cups purée. Stir in the corn syrup, cool and pour into freezing trays. Freeze until hard around the edges but still soft in the center. Turn into a cold bowl and beat thoroughly and quickly. Whip the egg whites until they will hold soft peaks and fold into the sherbet along with the heavy cream. Return to the freezer and freeze until firm. Spoon into a serving dish and garnish with fresh or frozen raspberries. Makes 8 to 10 servings, about 6 cups.

GLAZED RASPBERRY-CREAM RING

1 *cup rice*
Water
1 *envelope plus 2 teaspoons unflavored gelatin*
½ *cup sugar*
3 *cups milk*
Pinch salt
1½ *teaspoons vanilla*
1 *teaspoon grated lemon rind or 2 tablespoons kirsch*
3 *cups raspberries*
1½ *cups heavy cream*
¾ *cup red-currant jelly*

Cover rice with water and bring to a boil. Cook gently for 5 minutes. Drain. Stir the gelatin into the sugar and then into the cold milk. Heat in the top of a double boiler. Add the partially cooked rice, salt and vanilla. Cover and cook over simmering water about 30 minutes, or until the rice is very tender. Stir once or twice. Not all the liquid will be absorbed. Remove from the heat and mix in the lemon rind or, if you like, the kirsch. Cool. Press 1 cup raspberries through a strainer to remove the seeds. You should have about ⅔ cup raspberry purée. Whip cream until it stands in glossy peaks. When the rice mixture is at room temperature, stir in the whipped cream and purée. Turn into a 6- mold. Cover and chill until set, about 8 ho When ready to serve, break the jelly up wi fork and heat gently until melted. Cool slig and pour over the remaining berries. Loo edges of the mold with a knife and caref turn out on a large serving plate. Garnish the glazed berries. Makes 8 to 10 servings

RUBY RHUBARB MOLD WITH CUSTARD

2½ *pounds fresh rhubarb*
½ *cup water*
2 *cups sugar*
3 (3-*oz.*) *packages strawberry-flavored gelatin*
1–2 *tablespoo lemon juice*
1 *cup ginger a*
1 *quart straw berries, was and hulled*

Wash, trim and cut the fresh rhubarb int pieces. Put into a heavy saucepan with water and sugar. Bring to a boil, cover cook until very tender. Rub through a f mill or sieve, discarding the part that w go through. You should have about 5 of purée. Add the strawberry gelatin and h stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissol about 5 minutes. Allow to cool slightly add the lemon juice to taste, ginger ale, if you like, 1 tablespoon cherry heering. C When mixture begins to thicken, pour in 6-cup mold, cover and chill 6 to 8 hours. T out onto serving platter and arrange be around mold. Serve with custard sauce. M 8 servings.

CUSTARD SAUCE:
4 *egg yolks*
¼ *cup sugar*
⅛ *teaspoon salt*
½ *teaspoon grated lemon*
2 *cups milk*
½ *teaspoon vanilla*

Mix the egg yolks, sugar, salt and gr lemon rind together in the top of a do boiler. Scald the milk and gradually stir the egg mixture. Place over simmering w and cook, stirring constantly, until mix thickens and coats the back of a spoon. move from the heat, cool thoroughly and vanilla. Chill. Makes about 3 cups.



THE EGGS THAT CAME TO DINNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

FRENCH BAKED EGGS AND ONIONS

SAUCE:

¼ *cup butter or margarine*
¼ *cup flour*
2 *cups light cream*
4 *ounces processed Gruyère cheese*
2 *tablespoons prepared Dijon mustard*
1 *teaspoon salt*
Pinch cayenne
¼ *teaspoon white pepper*
2 *egg yolks*
2 *tablespoons milk*

CASSEROLE:

½ *cup butter or margarine*
2 *large onions, peeled and sliced very thin*
½ *pound mushrooms, wiped and sliced*
12 *hard-cooked eggs, peeled*
Paprika

Make a cream sauce in the top of a double boiler with the butter or margarine, flour and cream. Stir in cut-up cheese and all seasonings. Mix egg yolks with milk and add to cheese sauce. Cook and stir 2–3 minutes. Melt the ½ cup butter or margarine in a large skillet. Add onions and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until onions are tender but not browned. Remove onions and reserve. Sauté mushrooms until golden in same skillet (add more butter or margarine if necessary), then mix with onions. Cut each egg into 4 circles. Layer onions, mushrooms and eggs into a shallow 2-quart casserole. Pour sauce over all. Sprinkle surface with paprika. Heat in a moderate oven, 350° F., 15–20 minutes, then broil until golden on top. Makes 6 servings.

PIPERADE

⅓ *cup olive oil, bacon drippings, butter or margarine*
2 *onions, peeled and thinly sliced*
4 *ripe tomatoes, peeled and coarsely chopped*
2 *green peppers, seeded and finely chopped or slivered*
1 *sweet red pepper, seeded and finely chopped or slivered*
2 *teaspoons salt*
½ *teaspoon pepper*
¼ *teaspoon rubbed thyme*
¼ *teaspoon marjoram*
12 *eggs*
2 *tablespoons butter or margarine*

Heat oil, drippings, butter or margarine in a large saucepan. Add onions, tomatoes, green and red peppers, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, the thyme and marjoram. Cover and cook over low heat about 20 minutes, or until vegetables become soft and saucelike; stir frequently. If vegetables are very liquid, uncover pan for last 5 minutes of cooking. Beat eggs lightly and add remaining 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet and pour in the eggs. Cook and stir very gently over low heat as for scrambled eggs, until beginning to set. Now add vegetables and stir into the eggs very lightly—do not try to mix thoroughly—and remove from heat as soon as eggs are just set and still very soft. Serve at once with garlic-buttered toast if you like. Makes 6–8 servings.

EGGS CASINO

English muffins
Butter or margarine
slices cooked ham about ⅛" thick
ripe tomatoes, peeled
1 *can (14-oz.) artichoke bottoms*
8 *eggs*
1½–2 *cups hollandaise sauce*
Paprika

Toast the muffins, spread with butter or margarine and keep warm in a 200°–250° F. oven. Cut large circles from the ham slices with a 3½" cookie cutter (save the bits for sandwiches or grind finely, mix with soft butter for a delicious ham *pâté*). Heat 1–2 tablespoons butter or margarine in a large skillet and sauté the ham circles slightly on both sides. Place one ham circle on each English-muffin half and keep warm. Cut each tomato into 4 thick circles. Add a little more butter or margarine to the skillet and sauté the tomato slightly until pale gold. Place one tomato circle on each ham slice. Heat artichoke bottoms in their own liquid. Drain gently. Arrange one artichoke bottom on top of each tomato. Now poach the eggs until just set and slide one egg onto each artichoke bottom. Warm the hollandaise in the top of a double boiler, then spoon 3 or 4 tablespoons over each egg. Sprinkle with paprika. Makes 8 servings.

OMELET ROYALE

SAUCE:

2 *teaspoons cooking oil*
1 *small onion, peeled and finely chopped*
8–10 *button mushrooms, wiped, cut in half*
1 *clove garlic, peeled and crushed*
1 *cup canned tomato purée*
¾ *cup water*
¼ *teaspoon basil*
Pinch pepper
¼ *teaspoon salt*
1 *teaspoon sugar*

OMELET FILLING:

1 *tablespoon cooking oil*
½ *green pepper, seeded and thinly sliced or slivered*
1 *pimiento, chopped fine*
1 *cup sliced, washed zucchini*
½ *teaspoon salt*
Pinch pepper
⅓ *cup cooked petit peas*

OMELET:

6 *eggs*
½ *teaspoon salt*
⅛ *teaspoon pepper*
2 *tablespoons cooking oil, butter or margarine*

For the sauce: Heat the oil in a saucepan and sauté the onion, mushrooms and garlic until pale golden. Add all remaining ingredients; cover and simmer 20–30 minutes, stirring frequently. *For the filling:* Heat oil in a large skillet. Add the green pepper, pimiento, zucchini, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer over low heat, stirring frequently until vegetables are crisp-tender; do not overcook the zucchini. At the last stir in the peas. Remove from heat and keep warm. *For the omelet:* Beat eggs until frothy; add salt and pepper. Heat oil, butter or margarine in a 7" or 8" omelet pan or skillet and pour in the eggs. Cook over low heat. Shake the pan with one hand and stir the mixture with a fork or spatula in the other; let some of the egg run under the edges. When omelet begins to set, stop stirring and place the filling mixture in center of omelet. When omelet is firm and pale golden on the bottom and top still creamy, loosen edges, tip the pan and fold omelet over in half, using a spatula or pancake turner. Slide the omelet out onto a serving platter and spoon a little of the sauce over the top. Pass the remaining sauce. Makes 3–4 servings.

EGG SOUFFLÉ FLORENTINE

½ *cup chopped cooked spinach*
3 *tablespoons butter or margarine*
¼ *cup flour*
1 *cup light cream*
1 *teaspoon salt*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
⅛ *teaspoon nutmeg*
¼ *cup grated Parmesan cheese*
4 *eggs, separated*

Make sure the spinach is very well drained; press as dry as possible in a strainer, then measure ½ cup. Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in the flour and add cream a little at a time, stirring constantly until smooth. Cook and stir until very thick. Add salt, pepper, nutmeg and Parmesan. Cook and stir over low heat until cheese blends into sauce. Remove from heat and cool. Beat egg yolks until thick. Stir into cooled cheese sauce thoroughly, also mix in the spinach. Beat egg whites until they form soft peaks. Gently fold egg whites into spinach-cheese-sauce mixture. Turn into a buttered 1½-quart soufflé dish. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 50 minutes or until "puffed" and golden on top. Serve with a mushroom sauce if you like. Makes 4–6 servings



MACARONI 'N' SAUSAGE ITALIENNE

Quick main dish with a new Italian touch

Here's a meal that captures the flavor of sunny Italy in minutes—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni, link sausage, and with just a touch of oregano to tempt every taste. Try this savory treat soon.

1 pound small link sausage
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ teaspoon leaf oregano, crushed
2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
1 cup cooked peas

In covered saucepan, cook sausage in small amount water for a few minutes. Uncover; brown slowly. Remove sausage; cut into thirds. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Add onion and oregano; cook until onion is tender. Add macaroni, peas, and cooked sausage. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY





THE EARLY GROWING YEARS

Cost of the right start in life for five children? "All your money, time, love," to Hal and Nan Mapes.

By BETTY COE SPICER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

The little girl watched the broad-shouldered man next door showing one of his four daughters how to handle a new bike. Yesterday she'd seen him coaching a Little League baseball game (his son was catcher). Through the summer she'd seen him swimming with his children most afternoons at the community pool or helping train their new spaniel puppy. The little girl was curious.

"Daddy," she asked her father when he came home that night, "is Mr. Mapes a millionaire? He never works like the other daddies around here."

When her question was reported to Hal Mapes by his friend and neighbor, he roared with laughter and took the joke home to share with his pretty wife, Nan. Hal is definitely not a millionaire. Last year his gross income as a special sales agent for a life-insurance company was $13,643.04. It varies according to his sales, but his monthly average is $1136.92 (before taxes and the other deductions that come out of it). For a family of seven, living in a high-tax suburb 20 miles from New York City, this hardly qualifies as "millionaire" income. But Hal *feels* rich.

His wife, Nan, is a financial manager to be proud of. And they have discovered that they own another valuable asset—time. Time that can be spent or saved just like money. Used wisely, it buys things money can't buy.

What it buys for Hal Mapes is a thing increasingly (and according to family-counseling experts worrisomely) rare in the lives of most busy American fathers. It buys him close daily companionship with his children. Many of his business appointments are in the evening, so Hal can often borrow afternoon hours to play with the children, coach them at sports, "or just be there when they come home from school in case there's something they want to talk over with me."

Hal, 38, Nan, 35, together with Hal Jr., 12, Susan, 10, Nancy, 8, Diane, 6, and Mary Parks, just turned 2, live in a trim seven-room house on a hilly street in Glen Rock, New Jersey. Glen Rock is part of a vast, crowded suburban complex, but it manages to retain much of the friendly, old-fashioned feel of a small town. "We couldn't be

Nan says, "Today more than ever there is a need to teach a child—for his sake and the world's—that life is both joy and responsibility, gifts and giving, always a process of learning, and parents are the vital teachers."

luckier in our neighbors," Nan says warmly. "Or the children in their friends."

Taxes are not low—the Mapeses pay $65 a month property tax on their home. "But we're convinced that we get the most for every tax dollar because so much of it goes into supporting our excellent schools and recreational facilities like playgrounds and the community swimming pool. When you have five children, those are the things you think about."

Nan grew up in Glen Rock and her parents still live just around the corner. When she waves her brood off to the Richard E. Byrd Elementary School in the morning, every tree-shaded step of the route they take is familiar to her. She knows most of the local patrolmen and crossing guards who watch over the children. Hal, Susan, Nancy and Diane study in classrooms their mother studied in, learn their three R's from some of the same teachers who taught her. "Plus having all the educational advances of the past twenty-five years, of course." Schools are not overcrowded and they have not had to resort to split sessions as have so many suburban schools. In choosing Glen Rock as a place to bring up their children, Hal and Nan feel that they have chosen well.

The day gets off to an early start these May mornings. Dark-haired Nan wakes just before 5 o'clock. A few minutes later, in tailored skirt, crisp white shirt and moccasins, she is on her way downstairs. Shushing an ecstatic greeting from Mopsy, the brown-and-white spaniel, she brews a hasty cup of coffee. While the water boils she steals time for a long, satisfied look from her kitchen window. The sun still isn't high enough to gild the lovely curve of the white birch tree in the backyard or dry the dew sparkles from the lawn that slopes gently down to the small woods behind the house.

Nan cherishes this quiet time before the bustle of the day really begins. "My time to think and plan—and count blessings." First among these, the almost miraculous survival of twenty-year-old bombardier Harold E. Mapes, on the day that his bomber was shot down over occupied France during World War II. The only survivor, he "parachuted right into the hands of waiting Germans and spent fourteen months a prisoner of war, wondering whether I was ever going to get home, realizing how much there was in life that I didn't know about, and figuring how I could get myself into college and learn some of it." The GI bill, plus an athletic scholarship, took Hal to Davidson College in North Carolina. At the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Nancy Romefelt was working toward her chosen career, teaching. When Hal met vivid, laughing Nancy, he decided. "That's the one!" Happily, his sureness was mutual.

They were married when Nan graduated, while Hal still had a year and a half of work for his degree. It was not easy. "I wasn't really prepared for college," he says frankly. "I hadn't taken the right courses in high school, or worked out any real plan for my future. Without Nan's help I might have thrown in the sponge. We decided one thing right then: our children *were* going to be prepared."

The newly married Mapeses had $376 in savings between them, lived on an income of $115 a month. Of all their wedding gifts ("and some were family silver and china that we still cherish") the one they appreciated most just then was a box of groceries. Home was two drafty, sparsely furnished cubicles in a converted Army barracks. Nan, who had planned to supplement their income by working, got pregnant ("and sick, worse luck, though I've never been sick with any of my other babies") within months. "We knew we could call on our parents for help, but we took pride in not doing it." Hal Jr. was born on the day his father took his final exams.

Before Hal could decide on his future career—once he had thought of playing pro football or baseball, both loved and played with professional skill—the Korean War broke out and he was back in uniform. His World War II experience made him valuable as an instructor, and this time he was not sent overseas. But it meant another sixteen months of military service, no real home for Nan and the babies—pretty blond Susan was born 1951—more delay in deciding on a future. the time Hal was free to go looking for his f civilian job, he was 29 years old.

That first job was with the Prudential I Insurance Company in Newark, New Jers To his surprise ("I'd never thought of my as a salesman") he found that not only did have a talent for selling, he loved it. Peo responded to his easygoing friendliness genuine interest; he liked talking to th hearing their hopes and problems—"I'd h plenty of both myself." He still loves his wo has "400-plus clients and 400-plus friend though he admits that once in a while he j doesn't hit it off with a would-be client w doesn't share Hal's belief in his own appro to providing for his family and its fu Proof of that belief: Hal himself carries $ 000 of life and income-protection insurance a monthly cost of $110.

For two years the Mapeses lived in a fi room garden apartment near Newark, "sav every cent over $150 a week once Hal's ea ings reached that point." This gave th $3700 for a down payment on a home a essential furniture. They knew exactly house they wanted. It belonged to friends w were retiring to Florida. "We didn't have qu enough money," Nan says. "I must have ask Hal a hundred times, 'Do we *dare* make offer?' Finally we did, and I think they und stood how much the house meant to us beca they accepted. The day we moved in we too lucky and happy to care about having comfortable chairs to sit on and no place keep our clothes except suitcases. We bou furniture as we could afford it."

This morning, on the dot of 5, Nan is dov stairs in the basement recreation room do (as she usually must to meet her own bi schedule) two things at once—ironing dres for the girls and attending a sunrise cla room program on television; subject, tronomy. An immediate connection betw the steam iron and the stars may not be e to see, but both are part of a plan. Nan d the family laundry to save money: $32,(takes a lot of saving, and that is about the le working capital they feel they will need finance college for the four older children. (little reprieve then before Mary Parks reac college age!") As for the astronor course—"I have to keep up." Nan qualified a science teacher before she married H plans to take up her teaching career as soon Mary Parks is old enough to start school. " be helping with the children's education, an like teaching."

At 7, Nan wakes Hal and the children. Tv year-old Mary Parks (named for Nan's sist is already awake. Planting a quick kiss on t of the curly blond head, Nan dresses the ba in her morning coverall and carries her do to her high chair. "Mary Parks was our bo baby. There are nearly five years between and Diane, and before she came we thought family was complete. The other children w all close together and when they were babi was always too busy to play with them a enjoy them as much as I wanted to. It's diff ent with Mary Parks and she's a special joy all of us. If she weren't such a sweet baby sh be horribly spoiled."

It was the day they brought Mary Pa home from the hospital that Hal and Nan f realized how short the growing years are, h quickly tomorrow becomes today, how mu it was going to cost to educate five child They feel that college for their daughters is j as important as college for their son. G grow up, marry, have children of their o "Educate a man and you educate individual—educate a woman and you educ a family," Nan quotes a founder of her colle That was when they really began to p for the future.

Nan has breakfast almost ready when H Jr. comes pounding downstairs to take Mo for a morning run in the woods. Susan c down to ask where her blue sweater is. (the hall closet.") Nancy finds a button miss on the blouse she absolutely has to wear day. ("Bring it to me, I'll sew it on.") Di can't find a book she brought home fr school yesterday. ("Have you looked on coffee table in the living room?") By the ti



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Basic attraction. Also in the spotlight this week (and every week) are Gerber Baby Cereals. Famous for their delicate, delightful flavors and dreamy, creamy texture, they're happily approved by babies and toddlers throughout the land. As for nutrition, Gerber Cereals are enriched with iron, calcium and important B vitamins. Five varieties for appetite appeal.

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al Sr. comes down at 7:30, breakfast (fruit ice, eggs, toast and milk) is ready for him on e table.

"It's important for a family to eat together," an feels. "No snatch-something-from-the-frigerator-and-run. That's bad nutrition and d psychology." (A view supported by many perts, at least one of whom says "85 percent juvenile delinquency in America could be minated if every family ate just one meal a y together at the family table.") Nan admits a few hectic years when all the children were all. "We never had a meal without spills d indigestion. But it was worth it; now it ves us a good start for the day."

Hal Jr. and Susan are on the school safety trol, so they leave a few minutes before ght, riding their bicycles. There are four bi-cles in the family garage; average cost, 9.50. Last fall Hal and Susan both needed w ones at once. Hal's was worn, but Susan's s plainly outgrown. The budget allowed ly one, so Hal and Nan called council. irls ride bikes a shorter time than boys do," ey pointed out. "If we buy Susan a new one s year, Hal, can you manage with your old e until *next* year?" Hal Jr. agreed.

"He has generosity and common sense," an says gratefully. She is quietly proud of r son's popularity at school, his excellent ades and his growing collection of sports phies. He excels at swimming, baseball, sketball and football. (This pleases his her, who is very much aware that all-und interests and abilities can count heavily a boy's favor when it comes to college holarships.)

Nancy and Diane start for school at 8. A nute later Hal Sr. heads for his office in ewark. Usually Hal drives the small car and ves the larger station wagon for the many hauffeuring and shopping chores that are part Nan's day. "Our one real luxury," the station gon was bought two years ago for $1800 s their old car. Monthly payments of $60 ll soon be completed and that money can then diverted to the college fund. "We hope!" While Nan hurries through dishwashing d house tidying (the children make their n beds and keep their rooms picked up—ell, they try, and that's what counts"), ary Parks plays contentedly in her pen. Nan ts two loads of laundry through washer and er most days, five on Saturdays. "With a nily of seven it's easier to wash every day." e does everything but Hal's shirts. "Sending them out was the very first housekeeping extravagance I allowed myself."

The phone rings several times. Nan says a delighted yes to a Friday luncheon for a visiting school friend ("Mother will take Mary Parks"), a regretful no to dinner and bridge on Thursday ("Hal has a business appointment"). This is her afternoon with Nancy's Brownie troop at 3:30; she is coleader with another third-grade mother. Over the phone they consult about materials ("We're making place mats? Leaves, and pressing paper?") and refreshments ("Cookies and lemonade?"). Hal phones to say he'll be home at about 3:15.

At 11:15 the children come home for lunch—soup, toasted cheese on a single slice of whole-wheat bread, milk and fruit. Admittedly "a little nutty about nutrition," Nan spends $25 a month on vitamins, is a firm believer in raw fruits and vegetables for snacks—"the children would rather have apples and carrots than candy"—reserves cakes and pies for special occasions like birthdays. "We're all inclined to put on weight." Favorite money-and-calorie savers: dry skim milk liquefied and mixed half and half with homogenized milk, less expensive cuts of lean beef treated with tenderizer. All-time anytime family favorite—hamburgers. Nan buys quantities of lean chopped chuck at special sales, freezes it ready-shaped in sandwich-sized servings.

For half an hour the house is full of noise and laughter. "I'm in a play," Diane announces. "I'm a tree!" Nancy has a drawing to display. Susan takes five minutes to practice a difficult passage in her music lesson. Mary Parks crows with delight as Hal Jr. comes in with a "Hi, Parksie!" and swings her into her high chair.

At 12:15 the children hurry back to school and Mary Parks naps. Nan cuts out a skirt for Susan, puts the finishing touches on a lacy turquoise dress she knit for herself. She makes most of her own and the girls' clothes, "a real moneysaver." Cost of her smart winter coat of black, rough-textured wool: $20, including the weatherproof lining. Two favorite suits, a soft green-and-brown tweed and a cherry-red wool, cost $7 each; a blue silk dress, $6; a simple cotton, $2. Before school starts in September, she checks and repairs wardrobes, buys the girls two dresses each and makes two more, plus skirts and blouses. There's no resentment over wearing hand-me-downs. Eying a pretty blue cotton Nan was ironing,

HOW THE MAPESES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

WHAT THEY GET

Hal's income varies from month to month, current average	$1136.92

WHERE IT GOES

GENERAL FAMILY EXPENSES		
Federal income tax	90.00	
Social Security tax	12.50	
Food (including cleaning supplies)	132.00	
Housing (house payments and insurance, $110.67; property taxes, $65; repairs and improvements, $20; utilities, heat, light, water, $44; phone, $15; payment on freezer, $14)	268.67	
Clothing (purchases, $30; cleaning and repair, $20)	50.00	
Insurance (life, income protection)	110.00	
Car expenses (including $60 payment on station wagon, gas, tires, repairs, etc., on both cars)	147.00	
Business expenses (parking, tolls, phone, policy wallets for clients, entertainment, etc.)	66.00	
Medical expenses (hospitalization, doctor, dentist, oculist, medicines, vitamins)	65.00	
Church and charities	31.00	
Recreation, vacation fund, occasional baby-sitters	20.00	
Personal care (haircuts, toiletries)	8.00	
Savings (cash $20, bond-a-month, $18.75)	38.75	
Miscellaneous (stationery, stamps, gifts, etc.)	10.00	
		$1048.92
CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES		
Music lessons (Sue and Nancy)	24.00	
Dancing lessons (Diane)	2.00	
Books, magazines, records	5.00	
Scout and Brownie dues, uniforms, camp equipment, Nancy's summer riding lessons	20.00	
Swimming fees, suits, dues, "Y" dues and meets	12.00	
Bicycles and repairs, toys	10.00	
Miscellaneous (school insurance, PTA dues, school supplies, trips and parties, pocket money)	15.00	
		88.00
TOTAL		$1136.92

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Nancy sighed longingly, "I just can't *wait* for Susie to outgrow that!"

"I want them never to feel poorly dressed." Nan says. "If they never do, clothes won't be a major thing in life."

Matching red velveteen jumpers made three years ago (S9 copies of a $29.50 model) are still winter "bests." Tips: "I take the hems out every time they're cleaned. They come back unmarked, can be hemmed to a new length"; she buys good material, well-designed, non-fussy patterns, relies on "good line, pretty color, a touch of handwork" for smartness.

Nan's mother taught her to sew, but it was her father who provided the incentive to learn. Nan and her sisters could have anything they wanted by way of dresses or sweaters, he told them when they were teenagers, so long as they sewed or knit it themselves. "We made mistakes." Nan says, "but dad's psychology was good. We learned and we're grateful now." She plans to teach her daughters the same useful skills.

School coats (pile-lined storm coats with hoods) are bought every other year, costing from $10 ("a real bargain!") to $25. Hal pays an average of $85 for his suits and buys one a year, "sometimes two if there is extra money." Largest item in the clothing budget: children's shoes: two or three pairs of school shoes each per year at $9 to $10 a pair, one pair each of $10 Sunday-school shoes and $5 summer sandals, two pairs each of $4 sneakers. Nan herself buys one good pair of shoes a year ("about $20") plus three pairs of loafers ($9) or sneakers ($4). "My good shoes are black, brown or navy pumps and they last for years. I *did* have to replace the navy ones this Easter though. Susan looked at me on the way to church and said, 'Mother, you look nice, but those round-toed shoes are awfully old-fashioned when everybody else wears pointed toes!'"

Another chore for today—checking the monthly budget. "Though you can't call it a budget in the strict sense of allotting x dollars for each item every month. We can't budget that way because Hal's income is never the same two months in a row. So what we do is pay fixed bills, buy essentials and then let money accumulate until we have enough to use for something we've decided on ahead of time. We *try* to avoid two kinds of buying—installment and spur-of-the-moment."

Nan writes a $35 check for Hal's eye examination and new glasses, and a $44 check to the dentist for the regular family checkup.

The college fund has first call on money not budgeted for current needs, but Hal and Nan agree that special instruction for the children is a good investment. Piano lessons for Susan, who loves music, cost $12 a month. Nancy is also taking piano lessons this year (another $12 a month) though her real love is horseback riding (the $3 lessons are a once-a-week summer treat) and her bedtime prayers often close with a fervent, "Dear God, please give me a horse of my own!"

For two years Susan and Nancy studied ballet with a group sponsored by the PTA and taught by a former Sadlers-Wells ballerina at a bargain rate of $1 a lesson for each child. This year Diane has started with the class and loves it. Books, magazines and records are regular purchases for the children, library cards are well used. Scout and Brownie dues, uniforms, camp and equipment average another $20 a month over the year. Nancy goes to day camp in the summer. Last year Susan had two weeks at Girl Scout camp; cost, $100.

Family vacations may be a trip to visit Hal's mother in Florida or Nan's sister in North Carolina, a rented cottage at the shore for two weeks, a sightseeing trip to Washington. Nan's dream of a cross-country trip by car is shared by Hal, but he vetoes her suggestion that they camp out along the way. "With seven of us, think how much money we could save." Hal's firm reply: "I had enough sleeping on the ground in the Army."

Also considered good investments are purchases that save money, like the freezer: monthly payments, $14; monthly savings on food, $20 to $25. Money spent to increase the value of their property is well spent, too, they feel. Last year's project: screening the large porch at the back of the house to add a new summertime living area. Hal and a carpen friend did the work; cost, $600.

The house is crowded since Mary Pa came. It has four bedrooms, really needs fi Hal Jr. has one, and Nan feels that Susan ten, is old enough so that having a room her own is important. Nancy and Diane sh happily, but when Mary Parks came th was no place to put her crib except in parents' room. Hal and Nan worked ou plan for converting the attached garage i a downstairs bedroom/den. Then they fou that Glen Rock zoning laws require ev house in their neighborhood to have a gara Estimates on building a new garage bef they could start converting the old ran to $1000, even with Hal and his frie doing most of the work. Temporarily plan had to be shelved.

Having a baby in the house again lim some of Nan's activities—PTA, work service organizations, the Sunday-school cl she used to teach—but she plans to resu them when Mary Parks is a little older. "I and I both believe in making contributions the community." Best contribution: "Giv something of yourself, something you lo a talent or skill that only you may be able give." She feels that Hal's Little League coa ing falls into this category.

By 3:30 the house is filled with noise a bustle again. Nan and Nancy have left their Brownie meeting, but Hal has come ho and is playing with Mary Parks and Mo in the backyard. Susan practices on the pi so she'll be note-perfect for her Saturd morning lesson. Diane is at her ballet cl Hal Jr. is playing baseball. Homework co next. House rule: no television except weekends. Hal Jr. and Susan swim at "Y" in Ridgewood four nights a week, (or Nan) drives them there at 5:30. On Sat day nights there are swimming meets and and Nan make a point of attending to ch the children on. Hal Jr. frequently wins Susan's swimming is improving so rapi that she looks like a potential winner too.

Dinner hour is adjustable to the even schedule. "We can have it as early as o'clock if the children don't have after-sch snacks," Nan says. "Or we can wait u seven-thirty when Hal Jr. and Susie are ho from swimming." (Swimming expenses—f tank suits and "Y" dues—$12 a month " well worth it.")

Nancy and Diane have their baths w the older children are swimming, and are bed by 8 o'clock. Mary Parks goes to bed 6. After dinner Hal usually leaves for one his evening business appointments. By time he gets home—"any time from ten midnight"—the children are asleep. If he is too late, Nan waits up, using the quiet time reading, sewing, knitting, writing letters. If has no business appointment, they may h friends in for a buffet dinner and talk, p bridge, go bowling or see a movie.

On special occasions there are trips i New York. For their last wedding annivers Hal surprised Nan with tickets to a hit she had been longing to see, arranging them months in advance and signing u trusted baby-sitter to stay with the child The afternoon of their anniversary saw beginning of a blizzard. "But we bundled in storm coats and boots, put a shovel in small car and went anyway. The the was almost empty, but we had a wonde time, loved every minute of the play. Dri home, the drifts looked higher than the and the snowplows were barely keeping sp lanes open. We made it back to Glen Rock, got stuck in a huge drift at the foot of our So we woke mother and dad and spent night with them. 'What on *earth* are you d out in a storm like this?' mother asked in ho when she saw us.

"'Why, we *had* the tickets,' I told her. " didn't think we were going to *waste* them"

To friends who ask Nan if she doesn't tired of being tied down so much of the ti she says with absolute honesty (and more t a little bewilderment at being asked the q tion), "Why? There's no place I'd rather than with the children. Their growing y are so short—too precious to lose a day

IM NOVAK: WHY I'M AFRAID F MARRIAGE"

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

Kim's love life, according to her mother, lanche Novak, began in grammar school, hen "the telephone rang all the time for im." Her mother recalls the devotion Kim nd her older sister, Arlene, gave to animals. The girls had a sign in our window on Springld Avenue, 'Stray pets taken in.' They were ways excited about a date or a new boyiend, but Kim wouldn't go out if one of the himals was sick. I didn't realize how much e pets meant to her until, in her teens, she as *still* insisting on burials in the backyard. he was old enough by then to be less sensitive bout stray dogs. Once she found a wounded , and tried to nurse it back to health in a jar ith punched holes in the lid. She couldn't and seeing anything ailing."

During her high-school days, Kim had mbivalent dreams of becoming a nun. Her rst serious romance occurred when she was at right Junior College, with a boy from orthwestern. It followed a pattern of neararriage and retreat that has recurred to this y.

"When we went to buy the engagement ng, I couldn't stand it. I cried so hard that the oy brought me home. He wisely decided that I dn't really want to marry him. To get even, I ot engaged to a German baron in Chicago, t I didn't love him either, and I called the hole thing off. After that I took a modeling b traveling across the country."

After her discovery in Hollywood, her first portant romance was with Mac Krim, eater owner and real-estate investor, twenty ars her senior. Over six feet tall, rugged and unt-faced, Krim remembers their first date. She hadn't wanted to get dressed up, but hen we went into the restaurant she had osen, they wouldn't seat us because she was sweater and slacks. So we went to a small mburger place, which she kept saying she ed better, as if to reassure herself.

"We dated often and fell in love. We talked out marriage, but then her stardom took er. She studied dancing, acting, her scripts, r hours every day. There was never any time r us to be together. I'd tell her not to take it so seriously, but she wanted to be perfect, e said. We saw less and less of each other. I'd ve married her, but she forgot all our talk out marriage after she skyrocketed to fame. he's still too consumed by her work. I doubt she has much social life. Millions of guys ould flip to take her anywhere, but she hides way in her mountaintop with Warlock and ewacket and her moods."

Kim recalls her romance with Krim vividly. We were inseparable for a while. We'd joke out what a funny name Kim Krim would . Mac and I were in love, but he didn't unrstand me when I wanted to be serious. I'd ention a poem or an article I'd read, and 'd stop listening. I realized suddenly that we dn't have as many interests in common as we d thought. He wanted to see the sunny side everything. I didn't—and don't."

About Frank Sinatra, with whom she starred *The Man With the Golden Arm*, Kim says e was drawn to his sensitivity and thoughtlness. "To this day he'll send me a bunch of olets with a note: 'I saw these and they reinded me of you. Love, Frank.' Naturally, I uld never forget he was Frank Sinatra. I ved him in an admiring kind of way, but I uldn't live the way he wanted to live.

"I began to realize with Frank that men, en though they vow they love you, don't ve you the way you are. They want you to ange. For instance, Frank loves parties. I ed staying up at some of those parties, but I uldn't keep my eyes open. I'm a daytime rson, Frank is a nighttime person. We'd go a party, and he'd just be winding up when I anted to go home. I felt guilty because I uldn't keep up, yet I was bored by midnight cause I was so sleepy. Frank burns his ndle at both ends, and doesn't need as much ep as most people. I like at least seven hours. is way of life and mine turned out to be two nflicting things, and we would have been driven farther and farther apart if we had tried to make a thing of it."

Sinatra says that of all the girls he has dated, Kim is one of the most honest and most easily hurt. "She's so touchy, she withdraws from life. But she says what she thinks and she's completely without malice. I think she ought to get married. Marriage would help her get away from herself."

After Sinatra, Kim visited Europe and, at a dinner given by Elsa Maxwell, met Count Mario Bandini, of an aristocratic Roman family. "It was my first trip abroad, and Mario asked if he could show me around. We went boating. I liked him, but with the kind of publicity I get, there are too many strikes against me. Everyone's out to make a sizzling love affair out of the smallest romance, and consequently nothing develops. I wanted Mario to visit here, but I was too busy making a movie or he was tied up in Rome and we never got to know each other better, although he still writes. One thing I can say about my boyfriends—we're all on talking or letter-writing terms. Even one of the boys who liked me in grammar school still sends me valentines."

At the first Cannes Film Festival she attended, Kim met Prince Aly Khan. Invited to spend the afternoon with the Aga Khan and his Begum at their sumptuous Cannes villa, Kim went, expecting nothing more than publicity. "After the photographers finished their picture-taking of the Aga Khan, the Begum and me, Aly came in from the garden. He wore faded Levis and a soiled shirt. His hands were grimy from working in the earth, and I couldn't take my eyes off them. They were strong, powerful, muddy from working in the rose garden. When we shook hands, he apologized for the dirt, and I told him I loved the earth. He smiled and asked if I wanted to see his garden. We walked around and around the garden, and he asked if I liked horses. We made our first date to go horseback riding.

"I loved the quick brisk way he walked. I had to run to keep up with him, but I didn't mind. I liked it. He took deep breaths of air, and I had the feeling of a man enjoying every minute of life, who wasn't going to waste one precious second of it. Whenever I was with Aly, I felt sorry for all the people around us who seemed half alive.

"Once when we were riding in Normandy I fell as we jumped over a hedge, rolled, landed in a red-ant hive and broke a mirror in my pocket. Aly laughed so hard I held back my tears.

"But I could never get serious about him, although he talked about marriage. I liked him, but you never really knew what he felt. He cared for so many women. I doubt if any woman would ever feel secure with him as a husband. He just loved women too much."

With Cary Grant, whom she got to know while she was filming *Vertigo*, Kim believes publicity killed any chance they had for romance. "The publicity began mowing us down. At the Cannes Film Festival, Cary and I danced all night at the Russian Embassy dance. Everyone kept bringing me flowers, and I felt like a bride. Cary's not the outdoor type, but he has more physical energy than any other man I've known, including Frank Sinatra. We danced until dawn. If you call two people having fun a romance, they say we had a romance. But the publicity killed any opportunity for us to get serious."

Lieutenant Colonel Rafael Trujillo, the cavalier son of the late dictator of the Dominican Republic, is another man Kim Novak considered marrying. Trujillo was introduced to her at a dinner party given by Zsa Zsa Gabor. Zsa Zsa hoped she and Trujillo would get along.

"And we did," Kim admits. "I didn't know he was married and had six children. All that came out later. Everybody wants to make Ramfis out to be a wild, love-'em-and-leave-'em playboy, but all I know is that he reached me. He wrote me a poem every day. He gave me a Mercedes Benz. So many Americans think if a man gives a woman a beautiful gift she has to return a favor. Ramfis isn't like that. His wealth affords him the pleasure of making the people he loves happy. I loved him for his selflessness. We saw a great, great deal of each other, and we didn't go in for jazzy night clubs. We'd go on Sunday outings at Laguna or to a movie and eat hot dogs afterward. He asked me to marry him, and I almost did.

"His mother and father sent me a gold medal of the Virgin Mary; their daughter, Angelita, came to meet me; and he begged to meet my parents.

"Everyone says Ramfis deceived me. I don't believe that. I failed Ramfis. I failed him because I allowed public opinion and the studio's feelings to overrule my own. I can hardly forgive myself for this, for letting outsiders tell me how to feel about someone. Ramfis wrote a letter, which I cherish, apologizing for any trouble he caused me. Trouble? How can a man who sends to Spain for flamenco dancers to please you cause you trouble? I caused him trouble, and I'll never let the studio tell me how to feel about someone again.

"The trouble, when you really get down to facts, is that too many people have the wrong thoughts. Everybody thinks the worst—that a married man is taking advantage of a single woman. Well, there's nothing wrong, in my opinion, if a man who's unhappy wants to get to know someone and find a little happiness for himself.

"The real trouble is that everybody thinks you're having an affair. In the movie I just finished, *Boys' Night Out*, all the male costars



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want to meet Cathy, the girl I play, because they think something's missing from their marriages and they're all convinced it's sex. When Cathy meets each of the guys she senses his frustration. But in each instance, it's something other than sex.

"Tony Randall, for instance, never gets a chance to finish a sentence at home. His wife is always interrupting. But Cathy lets him talk on and on, and he's in seventh heaven. Howie Morris's wife is constantly on a diet, and the poor guy never gets a square meal. All Cathy has to do is fix him a bang-up dinner and he's happy. Howard Duff loves to tinker with TV sets and hi-fis. His wife insists that they get a professional repairman. Cathy lets him fiddle with the hi-fi, the sink, the radio, and he couldn't be happier. And being a bachelor girl, I know this is true. Men want a chance to express themselves. And marriage, with its endless adjustments, suffocates instead of inspiring them."



Kim's strong resistance to marriage is based on more than her film studio's disapproval of her various love affairs, or even her fears that her suitors have not understood her. One of her beaux comments: "Kim has built up this thing of personal freedom to the ridiculous point that if and when she marries, she'll not only expect separate bedrooms, she'll demand separate houses."

Kim agrees: "What's wrong with a wife having a house of her own, a kind of studio? What I'm afraid of is that with my great need for freedom and personal expression, I could destroy a man. I wonder if I could take a back seat to him. I'd like to, because I want children. But I'm afraid of being graspy. I want the man to be strong, to make all the big decisions. And I've been making them for so long now, I wonder if I could give in.

"I probably get this strength from my mother, who kept telling me I was the master of my own ship. To conquer my shyness as a child, she had me stand in front of the mirror and say, 'You can, you will, you must,' night after night. Then, too, she has told me that the big thing when I was a baby was not to pick me up if I cried. Perhaps this had an effect on me. Perhaps I didn't have a normal feeling of love, and so I learned to be on my own—and not to fear being a loner.

"More than that, I saw what happened to my father when I was growing up. I'm almost embarrassed to talk about this, because I don't want people to read a lot of awful meanings into it. I love my parents very much, and I don't want to hurt them. They come out to California to stay with me, and I visit them often in Chicago.

"But when I was a schoolgirl, I remember how lonesome my mother was for her mother. My sister and I went to school, my dad went to work, and she was alone most of the day. We're of Czech descent, and Czechs usually have close-knit families. Well, my mother bickered with my dad about moving to my Grandmother Kral's on Springfield Avenue. Finally, after a lot of pleading and haranguing, he gave in. I'll never forget how my mother changed after we moved in with my grandmother. She was happier, yes. And she was a lot more positive about what she wanted. She and my grandmother ruled the house.

"Not that my mother or grandmother was nasty or unpleasant. Far from it. But they had set ideas on things, and when they lined up against my father, poor dad couldn't get a word in edgewise.

"That's when I began to realize how hard a marriage can be on people. My mother needed the comfort of her mother—which made my father uncomfortable. Not that he ever raised his voice, or anything like that. But I could see that gradually his authority was being stripped away, and I wanted to shake him and say to him, 'Don't be afraid to tell them what you think.'"

The argument Kim remembers best occurred when her father, a transit clerk with the Milwaukee Railroad, wanted to return to a teaching job in Oregon.

"My mother wouldn't hear of it. How could he expect her to leave her mother, now that her mother was older and needed her more than ever? Dad has always been a lover of the outdoors, and he said he was tired of Chicago and the soot and his work with the railroad. His dream was a small ranch of his own in the Northwest, with a herd of cattle. Mother cried every day, dad argued. Finally, dad gave in. I could see he was crushed.

"Even if my mother had been willing to move to Oregon, Grandmother Kral would have raised Cain. She wanted her loved ones near her. And of course my sister and I wanted to stay in Chicago, so we added fuel to the fire. If and when I marry, I want my husband to have my father's kindness and understanding, but I'm terrified of dominating him. I don't want to be the boss, and I'm afraid that I would be."

Kim's most recent retreat from marriage has been with the director Richard Quine. She says, "We've come within a hair line of it, but something has always made me turn back. I love Dick very much, but I'm afraid we don't love each other enough. Why is it that we fall in love with people for what they are, and then, after we know them, want to change them? If it isn't the way he walks, then it's because he wears a corny necktie. Who's to say what's right? I'm as guilty of this as anyone, always judging and picking on superficial things, until I decided that there had to be a big test, a final exam, before marriage, one that wasn't childish. And one night, when I was reading, I came upon it. It's a poem, a sonnet by Shakespeare that goes:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! It is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

"I apply this to every man I'm serious about. Dick came closest to passing, but it didn't work out because he's immersed in his work. When I finish a movie, I want to get away from the movie business. Dick can't; he's too tied up in his work. He has to be very social, and he likes routine. Cocktails at six, dinner at eight. I like to live free. I don't want marriage to tie me down. I want it to lift me up. For two years I've debated with myself: should I or shouldn't I be Kim Quine? And when I started making apologies for this or that, I knew we had problems to iron out, to 'adjust' to. How I hate that word 'adjust.' It means people having to give up their own thoughts. If a marriage needs constant adjusting to, then it's not a happy marriage in my eyes. If I let go an inch now, what will it be like as I keep giving in? A nightmare. Why shouldn't a man know me as I really am?

"Many of my old Chicago friends went into marriage too quickly, and now I hear them moan and groan about their woes. There's nothing worse than a nagging woman. And the children suffer so. Isn't it better to have happy children, even if you don't have them while you're young, than to have children who aren't the products of a deep, abiding love?

"What I'm trying to say, I guess, is that marriage isn't for everybody right away. Times have changed, and a woman has a freer choice. She's not as dependent on a man as she once was. And yet, every woman dreams of love and being loved. Maybe I'll find it, maybe I won't. But I won't compromise.

"My sister, Arlene, and her husband, Bill, who's a telephone lineman, give me hope. They've achieved harmony. From the start, Arlene was able to tell Bill he was the boss, that he'd make all the important decisions. She believes in him so much that she's willing to live through his mistakes.

"Bill's worst problem is his extravagance. It's only natural to want some of the comforts older people have, and Bill, who has three children with Arlene, decided to buy another car. When Arlene called to tell me Bill was buying another car, I wanted to yell, 'You can't let him do it!' Arlene had told me about their hospital bills. How could he possibly conceive of buying a new car? Arlene didn't say a word to him. She told him whatever decision he made she'd stick by it. And Bill finally couldn't bring himself to buying that car because he realized he'd wreck the family budget.

"I doubt if I could ever have Arlene's patience, but it's certainly something to work toward. Bill has such respect for Arlene because she believes in him totally. He thinks twice now about an extravagance. He realizes it's just not himself that would suffer; his whole family would. Arlene's not changing him so much as she's making him aware of his responsibility, and this is what I found so wonderful—the way they're growing and getting along. I envy their happiness."

Is Kim worried about being called a spinster or an old maid?

"No. I don't sit at home with my hands folded in my lap, afraid of meeting people, afraid of loving. I think of myself as a bachelor girl who's not afraid of men. I'm not afraid of living, or of giving love."

And yet Kim's manager, Norman Kessel, who takes care of all her business affairs and investments, points out, "Kim is so involved with moviemaking, painting, designing clothes, furnishing the hideaway house she bought in Carmel, reading every word in every contract she signs, that I don't see how she'll ever have time for marriage. Her biggest problem with men is that she overanalyzes everything. Whether to dress up or not for a date can be a crisis. I don't think she's ready yet for marriage. Will she ever be? It's hard to say. She has so much on her mind that I know she's never bored a moment."

Kim recently purchased the house in Carmel from a man who built it as a dream house miles from anyone. She bid on it the first day she saw it, when she was on location for *The Notorious Landlady*, and she signed the deed the following day. Set high on the side of a cliff, in the foggy Carmel highlands, it faces the ocean, which she calls "my inspiration." Ocean spray splashes against the living-room windows. The house, a tall, turreted tower, looks like part of the rocky cliff.

"It needs no care," Kim says. "There are yellow wild flowers in the spring and lavender blossoms in the summer. They grow wild and free. Seals come out on the rocks below the house, and some mornings I've seen whales. There's a natural pool below, where I can bathe in the nude. And my bathroom has no walls—just windows facing the ocean. To get into a negligee or pajamas and go out and sit on the rocks at twilight is the most wonderful thing I know. I watch the waves lash at the miniature palms growing between the rocks, and I'm amazed they aren't washed away. But the palms bend just so much, enough to give with the wave—and yet hold root. That's what I must learn to do. In the evening I watch the sea gulls swoop, and I believe they have the key to the secret of living. Last Christmas I designed a coffee table out of mosaics for my sister and her husband. The center is a sea gull with open wings—in his bill he holds a gold key on a chain. All my life I've loved sea gulls. They know how to be free." F.N

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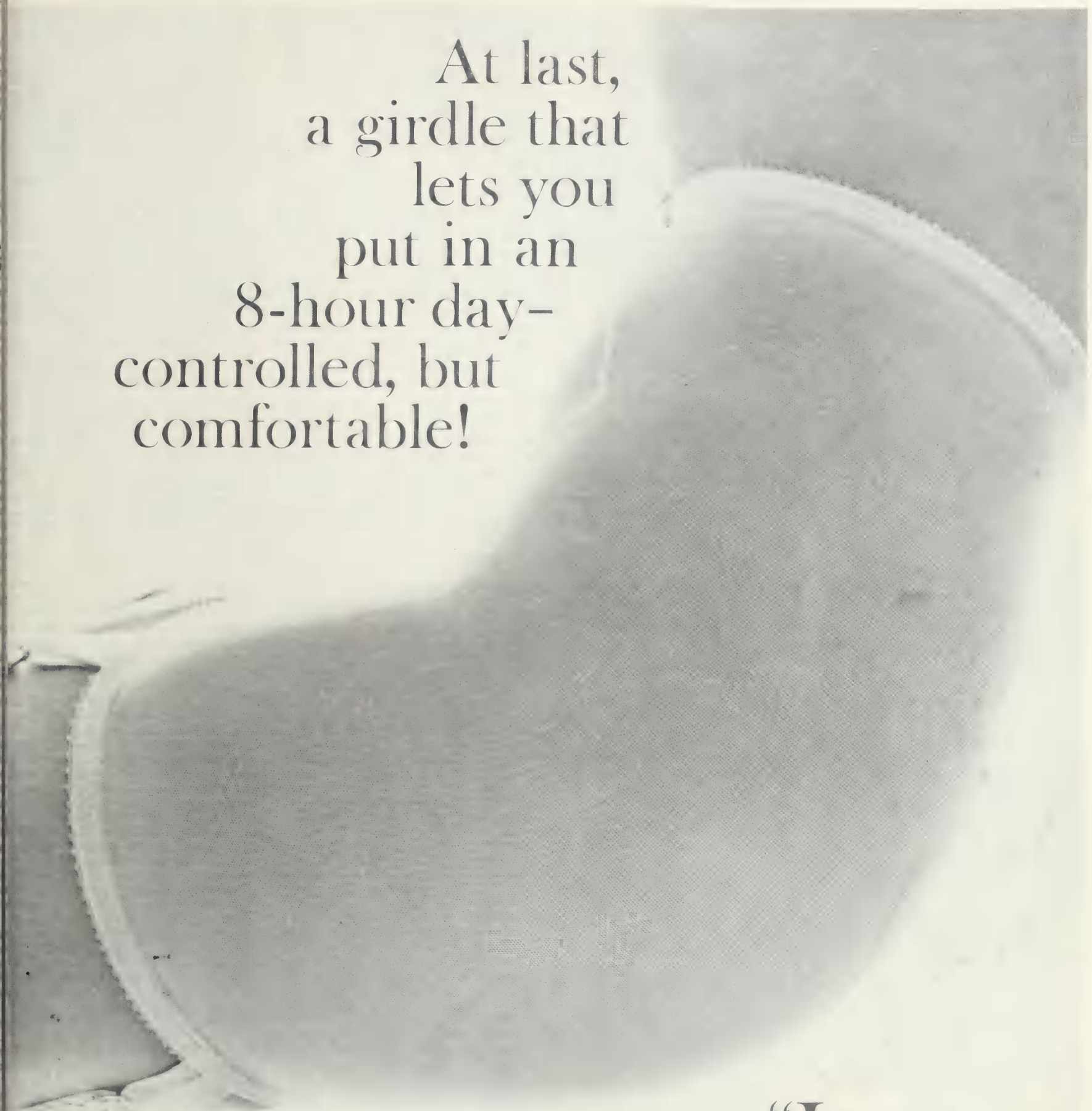
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REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

before I see her. In addition to the usual ones, we will want a sedimentation rate. If the urine specimen is satisfactory, have the frog test started. And, Mary Ann, please take her temperature at once."

Two days later, when the tests were all in, Mrs. Whitaker was back in the doctor's office. She was given a second careful pelvic examination. Then the doctor was ready to report.

"Mrs. Whitaker, the tests and examinations pretty well dispose of the possibility that your troubles are due either to a pregnancy in the tube or to appendicitis. I find no evidence of endometriosis. I can't rule out entirely the cyst that Dr. Gross spoke of. However, I would be willing to wager five to one that you have a mild infection—'low-grade' or 'subacute,' as we doctors say—in the region of your right tube and ovary, probably as a result of the spontaneous abortion."

The color drained from Mrs. Whitaker's face. "I remember now—Dr. Gross did say something about a subacute infection and he gave me penicillin twice. But it didn't mean anything to me then. Is it a pelvic infection, the kind my mother had?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Whitaker. If the trouble *is* pelvic infection, it is definitely caused by some type of bacterium much milder than the hemolytic streptococcus. As a matter of fact, we seldom see that any more, except in practice in underprivileged sections, or where asepsis has been lamentably faulty. I would guess that your trouble is due either to a streptococcus of the anaerobic type, called that because it flourishes best without air, or to the common colon bacillus. If it were the hemolytic, you would have been much sicker long before this."

"You say, though, that it might be an ovarian cyst. Can't you operate and find out for sure?"

"That's where the problem comes in, in a pelvic situation following abortion or miscarriage or normal childbirth," the doctor told her. "If there is a twisted or infected cyst, or an infected appendix, it should ordinarily be removed. But if your trouble is the usual type of infection after a spontaneous abortion, to operate at this point would be a serious mistake. Surgery might spread the infection, make things worse."

"But Doctor," Mrs. Whitaker said agitatedly, "the other day you spoke about the women who are made sterile by pelvic infections. I was my mother's first child. After the infection she had following my birth, she never became pregnant again. I haven't even one child! I couldn't bear it if I should be left sterile too!"

"Conditions were very different twenty-five years ago," the doctor explained reassuringly. "We didn't have antibiotics then, or sulfas, to clear up the infection quickly before it could seal off the tubes. It's true that pelvic infections remain a prime cause of infertility in women. But in the cases I spoke of the other day—aside from criminal abortions, that is—usually sufficient attention has not been paid to the uncomfortable symptoms. And we have ways today of dealing with closed tubes, if they have not been too badly damaged.

"Let's try a conservative treatment first—lots of rest, a simple, bland diet and a course of antibiotics that should cure, not just make the condition go underground. We can always operate if that doesn't do the trick. After the infection has abated—'cooled off,' as we doctors say—we can use surgery more helpfully and safely, if we have to. But many women have been cured of pelvic infections by the course I am prescribing for you."

"Well, Doctor, if you will promise that I can have babies ——"

"No doctor can promise such a thing as that. One never knows what unforeseen things may happen. But after the inflamed area has cooled off completely, we'll insufflate your tubes—blow air through them. That will tell us whether the tubes are open. Sometimes this test for patency, as we call it, in itself opens tubes that have had a tendency to close. If it doesn't, we have other techniques to fall back on. There has been much progress along those lines, too, in the last twenty-five years.

"You have your mother's strong, healthy constitution. Your abortion was spontaneous, not induced. You sought medical help early. And you have the benefit of twenty-five years of progress in the treatment of pelvic conditions, over what was available when you were born.

"I *am* willing to make a prediction in your case, Mrs. Whitaker, if you follow directions faithfully. It is that you will *probably* give your mother enough grandbabies to make up for the babies she didn't get to have."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses postnatal care of mother and child.

WHICH ARE EASIER TO RAISE, BOYS OR GIRLS?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

than girls; it's because the small muscles of their eyes and hands needed for good co-ordination in these skills develop at a much slower rate. At the same time, a boy's emotions and explosive energies are under far less stable control. In physical and emotional and mental maturity, boys are from one to two years behind girls and they do not catch up until senior-high school.

"When we have a discipline problem in grade school, nine times out of ten it's a boy," says an elementary-school principal with thirty years' experience. "If a girl misbehaves, it's much more serious and harder to handle because most parents refuse to admit their little girl *could* be a problem."

Boys far outnumber girls in reading problems and stuttering, and many more get taken to clinics for help in emotional problems. If a boy happens to be left-handed, much more fuss is made over it.

Grade-school girls gravitate more gracefully than boys toward organized activities, like Sunday school, according to parents questioned by the *Journal*. Girls are more likely to show up for a dancing or music or riding lesson for which the parent has already paid. They put more effort into schoolwork, memorize more easily, and show more interest in all kinds of learning than boys.

Says Margaret Mead, author of *Male and Female*, "Girls are more verbal than boys, communicate more readily and are more anxious to please. They pass out the pencils in class and bring flowers to the teacher, who is, of course, herself a woman. All through an American boy's childhood he has to compete at home and at school with girls who have an edge in almost all activities for which a reward is given. Sports remain almost the only field where female competition is barred and therefore provide through life a thrilling escape for American boys and men, if only in the pages of a newspaper."

Says New York lawyer Morris L. Ernst, "The lack of curiosity and adventure in young men today comes from adults' laughing at their incorrect answers as children, little knowing that the leap of the mind is more important than the correctness of the answer."

When it comes to clothes Dina Merrill believes. "Little boys are less difficult to dress. It takes me twice as long to outfit our daughter for school as it does to outfit both our boys. But a girl's clothes last longer."

Maj. Robert M. White, a parent and test pilot who flies the Air Force X-15 at speeds exceeding 3000 mph, writes, "Little girls are more expensive to dress. Pretty dresses cost more than T shirts and blue jeans!"

A mother of nine, the wife of the governor of New Jersey, Mrs. Richard J. Hughes, says, "Girls' nylon socks can be rinsed in a washbasin, but boys' white tennis socks must be aired, washed, bleached, boiled, fumigated and mended. If you are lucky, they only shrink and turn yellow and chances are they will be good for another whole week."

According to the *Journal* survey, one in every two grade-schoolers helps willingly around the house, boys and girls being equally co-operative. Says Pres. Millicent McIntosh of Barnard College, "Boys and girls are conditioned into certain fixed attitudes by their parents. For instance, girls are supposed to help with the dishes, but boys are excused. Girls must pick up their clothes while boys are allowed to scatter theirs. American mothers are anxious to wait on their sons and this creates difficulties later in the son's marriage, since a man usually expects his wife to repeat the same emotional pattern as his mother. College women don't worship their sons as much, I'm glad to say, and are helping to change this sentimental Old World picture of the waited-on male and imposed-upon female."

Most parents agree that boys' hobbies are more intrusive than girls' collections and dolls: the tangle of electric-train tracks in the living room, the rabbits and mice that multiply, the tamed groundhog that bites, the domesticated crow that pecks the slumberer in the hammock, the boa constrictor that escapes the third-floor bathroom.

Says Mrs Richard J. Hughes "Girls graduate from dolls which can perch in a chair to lipsticks which can fit in a purse. Even hair curlers do not take up nearly the space of a fifteen-foot canoe, a tent, football helmets, caps, gloves, bats—wait a minute now, those bats do come in handy."

Comments actor Robert Young, father of five daughters, "Boys are apt to come home with snakes and frogs in their pockets. But if you have only girls, your house is full of boys anyway, so you don't miss anything."

Boys are more apt to fall out of trees, break their second teeth in bike spills, and crack their skulls in football. They crawl into dangerous caves and climb telephone poles, swim in waves too rough and dive into water too shallow and are accordingly suffocated, electrocuted and drowned at a rate exceeding that of girls at all ages. Between the ages of ten and fourteen, half of all deaths among boys are caused by accidents. Boys miss more days of school from injuries and break more bones.

"It seems to me that girls are easier to raise," comments Kathryn Murray, mother of twin girls. "Even looking at a girl is more refreshing. Yet, from my bystander role as grandmother, I would rather have a few of each to raise. Unmanageable, exasperating, noisy, unpredictable and irritating—boys are certainly a more exciting challenge."

Victor Borge writes that he "enjoys with equal pride" his five children. "I admit, however," he adds, "certain difficulties in grooming a girl for the presidency of the United States."

Margaret Mead says, "I think whether boys or girls are easier to raise depends on the temperament of the mother. Some women enjoy raising sons and do a good job of it; others do better with daughters."

Mrs. John B. Kelly of Philadelphia writes, "I found my son somewhat easier to raise than my three daughters. He was mild, good-natured and greatly interested in athletics. He was always in training, so he never smoked, drank or kept late hours. My anxious moments for him were very few."

Sigmund Freud believed, "The only thing that brings a mother undiluted satisfaction is her relation to a son; it is quite the most complete relationship between human beings, and the one that is the most free of ambivalence."

Most parents are finding today that regardless of whether teenage problems are milder or more acute than they were a generation ago, they definitely start earlier. In some parts of the country, girls are wearing cosmetics and brassières and dating at ten and eleven. Increased teenage smoking helped the tobacco industry bounce back from the cancer scare, and teenage spending is now an important part of our national economy. Half of the country's high-school students have had some going-steady experience; and the median age for brides marrying for the first time is now 19.9 years.

"These are apocalyptic times," comments Ashley Montagu. "Young people want to marry as young as they can and have babies as rapidly as possible."

"Going steady leads to a decreasing amount of friendship within each sex," Dr. Mead wrote

r the recent White House Conference on outh. "For a young boy, the male friend who ared one's identity struggles is replaced by a rl, some two years more mature, with an undeloped individuality, who is single-mindedly ying to promote one goal only: an early arriage having any sort of economic base at will support life. Where these marriages e successful, it seems to be through the peranent acceptance by the husband of domes- goals as primary goals, with his career and rsonal interests subordinated to the demands a house and children."

"It must be the parents who are pushing is early dating because it happens in clumps, certain neighborhoods," comments Robert ul Smith, father of two boys and author of *here Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? othing*. "I keep picturing some thirteen-yeard girl with braces on her teeth sitting by the one Saturday night waiting for it to ring. It ust be agonizing for her. It always was—only w she agonizes earlier. It must be some new nd of evolutionary process. I'll tell you one ing, though: I don't intend to subsidize my ds' marriages."

American parents' willingness to subsidize eir offspring to the age of twenty-five and yond has been interpreted as another exame of the current permissive trend. One of the ost striking trends in America today is the sappearance of the parent who says no and cks to it. The *Journal* survey of parents owed that 85 percent of them were by their vn admission frankly permissive; only 15 rcent rated themselves as "strict" and these ere equally divided between mothers and thers.

There is a feeling today that the meekness, andness and apathy of teenagers reflect ult attitudes.

Comments Edgar Friedenberg, in his book *e Vanishing Adolescent*, "Increasingly rare the true adolescent . . . the knight in ining chino pants, one who retains his ardor d authenticity.

"Adolescent boys are capable of piercing tensity," wrote teacher Friedenberg, who ds boys on the whole moodier, more intense d more mystical than girls. He also feels that gh-school boys are more vain than girls. Their vanity is very personal. A well-built, n bronzed boy will fight like a tiger to keep s mother from getting him out of his torn T irt and Ivy League pants into a conservative it designed to conceal his fearful symetry. . . .

"Girls, I believe, are likely to find admiran for their beauty stimulating; they become ore alert. Boys seem to become less alert; ey bask in physical regard like alligators on a log. It seems to reassure them, and they get sleepy."

Boys get into more kinds of trouble during high school than girls. They are more often the chronic "underachievers" whose output does not match their IQ potential. According to the results of college-board exams, boys and girls are equal in intellectual capacity, but boys test better in math and mechanical ability, and girls test better in English and languages. "This is because in high school we start rewarding the boys who are good in math, and punishing the girls," believes Margaret Mead.

Twice as many boys as girls drop out of high school, and 85 percent of those who leave do so for voluntary reasons, such as boredom, disinterest in schoolwork or a desire for independence. Unless they return to high school later and earn their diploma, this decision affects to a radical degree their lifetime earning capacity.

When it comes to breaking the law, boys are the ones who are pilfering in stores, stealing cars, experimenting with narcotics and alcohol, knifing and killing. Suicide rates are also much higher for boys than girls. Says Judge Mary C. Kohler, "From the point of view of the bench, girls' problems are all sex. However, marriage is a girl's main objective, even a delinquent girl, and when she achieves this she generally settles down quite readily to raising a family. With a boy, the transition to adulthood is far more tumultuous and his goals in life far less easily achieved."

Both fathers and mothers questioned by the *Journal* found the problem of exacting obedience and respect from their sons the most troublesome of all. The next greatest source of conflict was getting their sons interested in schoolwork. "Making him realize the importance of good grades to prepare for college and his future," or "pouring him into any kind of conforming mold," bothered many parents.

Ethel Kennedy, the petite and peppy wife of Attorney General Robert Kennedy, has seven lively youngsters. She also has a favorite story about one of her in-laws that sums up, for her, the difference between boys and girls at this age.

"Once Teddy [Edward Kennedy] was climbing the Matterhorn and got stuck. He clung to the side of the mountain, looking down thousands of feet. An annoyed guide came to the rescue. 'Why can't you boys be like the girls?' he scolded. 'When you tell a girl to move her right foot down, she moves it down. When you tell her to move her left hand up, she moves it up. But a boy! He hears you, thinks it over,



"I'm not really so wonderful, Doris—just in comparison with everybody else."

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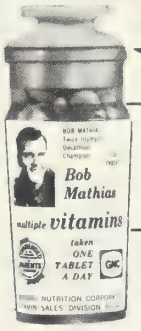
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and then does what *he* thinks is the thing to do.'"

Five times as many fathers objected to their sons' going steady as the mothers. "Fathers today are living more and more through their sons," believes Margaret Mead. "They are men who have reached a plateau in their careers and feel they won't go any higher. They want to taste success vicariously, through their sons' successes. This is why Little Leagues are often so viciously competitive. Fathers are also identifying with their sons when they start dating. Fathers of teenage sons today are products of the depression and the grim years of World War II. . . . They see their young sons with cars, money, lovely young girls . . . living it up. . . . Father wishes he could have a good time too."

Actor Jackie Cooper touched on this point when he observed to the *Journal*, "Boys are harder to raise than girls because fathers see a lot of themselves in their son and the son is trying to be so much like father that there is a sense of competition."

As for mothers and daughters, Margaret Mead says, "Conflict sometimes occurs when the mother starts her menopause when the young daughter reaches her menarche. When both may be suffering from emotional stress at the same time, mother resents getting old just as daughter is blossoming."

Mr. Friedenberg explains in *The Vanishing Adolescent*, "Part of the American dream is to live long and die young. Young people, who really do have their lives ahead of them, are bound to arouse mixed feelings in their elders. They arouse genuine concern; it is excruciating to watch a youngster, especially one who refuses to listen to you, making what you are quite sure are serious mistakes. But at a deeper level, it may be even more painful when he does not make them; when he grasps and holds what eluded you, or what you dared not touch and have dreamed of ever since."

Boys' greater emotional instability contributes to their tragic toll of auto deaths, which is higher for boys than for girls at all ages. Three times as many sixteen-year-old boys have car licenses as girls, and boys pile up more mileage, drive more at night and show more disregard for safety rules than girls. A teenage boy has better muscle co-ordination than his father; he reacts faster, sees better at night and suffers less from headlight glare. However, lacking experience and judgment, he miscalculates distances, traffic hazards and poor road conditions, and so cracks up more often and more fatally than older persons. At the age of twenty-one, six times as many young men as young women are killed by motor vehicles.

Comments actor Robert Young on boy-girl problems in Hollywood, "I've talked to parents who have both, and the consensus is that girls are easier to raise because boys evidence independence earlier. Girls are more apt to stay home until they get older. But then the problems begin to come, because teenage girls are more vulnerable. Vulnerable to what? Well, to boys."

The dating habits of teenage daughters are the No. 1 source of conflict with parents in the *Journal* survey, even more worrisome, apparently, to fathers than to mothers. Parents had twice as many disagreements with daughters over going steady than with their sons. The next source of conflict was clothes. Few parents objected to their daughters' choice of clothes; it was the matter of expense, "an incessant demand for new clothes."

Parents worried about their daughters' morals. Toughest problem in raising a girl, one mother wrote, was "giving her any kind of moral stamina or standards in the face of competition from television, 'sexpot' movies, almost all new novels, and apparent public acceptance of the very things a conscientious parent would attempt to avoid. And though I sound like a prude, I'm not!" Many parents bemoaned the difficulty of keeping daughters "from growing up too fast, too soon."

According to the *Journal* survey, girls were twice as demanding about clothes and allowances as boys; they were, however, much more likely to work to the best of their ability in school and more willingly attended family affairs. Girls squabbled more at home with their brothers and sisters than boys did

Half of the parents interviewed felt that they had given their high-school children an adequate sex education. Mothers felt a little surer of this than fathers. About one in ten parents had never discussed sex with their children. Two thirds of the parents thought sex education should be given in junior-high school, and 15 percent in grade school. Only 3 percent thought that schools should never teach the facts of life.

The unwed mother today does not suffer as much social stigma as she did twenty-five years ago, according to two thirds of the parents interviewed by the *Journal*. Those parents with three or more children felt the least degree of social stigma. "Young people accept this very freely," commented one mother. Among families of manual workers, however, only half of them felt that the unwed mother was more socially acceptable today than a generation ago.

"The teenage girl today is still typically the much more conservative partner and the guardian of sexual limits," says Dr. Ira Reiss in a recent issue of the *Annals of The American Academy of Political and Social Sciences*. "Girls who are devout in their religion are much more conservative in their sexual behavior. Religion is not as strong a factor with boys and does not control their behavior as much. . . . Teenage sexual codes reflect our more liberal adult sexual codes. Our culture looks much more favorably upon sexual behavior when it occurs in such a stable, affectionate context as going steady affords."

Boys who go on to college are much less likely to marry their high-school steadies than



boys who complete their education at the twelfth grade. In college boys generally surpass girls for the first time in superior scholastic performance, and they continue to do so through graduate school. Girls become less brilliant scholastically as their thoughts turn more and more to marriage. Today, for every 100 young American women who start college, only 40 finish, whereas 60 of every 100 young men do.

Some experts feel that as young boys and girls are maturing at a more rapid rate, the years between ten and eighteen should now be considered the teen years. Getting into college is such a rigorous process, and college itself is so serious, with such stringent standards, that freshmen of eighteen are now considered full-blown adults. High-spirited acts of nonsense once expected of rah-rah undergraduates are now often cause for expulsion from our overcrowded colleges.

This is particularly true of Ivy League centers of learning. The gentleman's C is no longer regarded favorably. Explains Dean John Alexander of Stockton College, "When a boy is not producing as he should, because of some disciplinary or emotional problem, he is put on a year's probation. If he wishes to come back he may, provided his marks improve. Parents worry that their sons will not return, but nine out of ten *do*." Moreover, 80 percent of Stockton's undergraduates go on to graduate work.

The ultimate goal in raising children is, after all, to prepare them for a healthy and satisfying adulthood. Says English-born Ashley Montagu, "In America we make the ghastly mistake of educating girls exactly like boys. No one teaches girls that their qualities are marvelous when complementary to men's and ghastly when in competition."

Believes Pres. Millicent McIntosh of Barnard College, "The competition between men and women has nothing to do with education. It's a matter of personality and temperament. If an aggressive woman happens to be well educated, people blame her education.

"Today's young college couples are much better educated and better prepared to deal with a complex world than we were. Although many of them live in virtual poverty, they are friendly, relaxed, gay, and their children are better disciplined than ours were." She feels, however, that all young brides should be urged to keep up some kind of outside work, either paid or voluntary, while their children are small. "This is insurance against that possible period of depression and letdown many a young mother comes to feel. If she has withdrawn from the working world completely psychologically it is very difficult for her to return."

The most admired woman college graduate today, according to Pres. Thomas C. Mendenhall of Smith College, is "a community-minded mother who can join in the conversation, assist charities, get things done and raise children at the same time that she is a good hostess." Although he does not object to this "paragon," President Mendenhall pleads with his undergraduates, "*All* of you don't have to conform to this type!" He goes on to say that loneliness and pain are essential to growth, "despite the prevailing attempt to make loneliness seem unnatural and almost un-American."

Ashley Montagu has words of advice in raising sons. "In America, there is a taboo against gentleness in the male. He must be tough, aggressive and never cry. A boy is seldom taught to enjoy a sport for the game's sake, but only to win. As long as we go on worshiping success, the world will continue to get into a sorrier and sorrier mess. A mother could start changing the world by teaching her young son to be kind and humane and not to be ashamed to cry. Later on in life, the woman who bursts into tears will live years longer than the dry-eyed male who under similar circumstances internalizes his tears into ulcers, hypertension and heart trouble."

Which are harder to raise, boys or girls? The *Journal* survey of parents was split right down the middle on this question. Professional-class families tended to think that boys were a little harder to raise, reflecting perhaps the difficulty and expense of giving a boy a good education today. Parents over forty-five, regardless of their education or profession, also thought that boys were a bit more worrisome.

The experience of living through the first child's adolescence appears to be the most traumatic. The *Journal*'s survey showed that parents with only one child fretted the most. With each additional child in the family (up to three and more) parenthood seemed to offer more over-all satisfactions. When asked if the joys of parenthood outweighed its trials, nine out of ten parents answered a positive "Yes."

Joan Crawford says, "You can't raise *any* child without a sense of humor"—a sentiment with which Will Stanton would surely agree.

Says Mr. Stanton:

"In a given week the average girl will lose four things. The average boy will find nine things and hide them in the freezer.

"Girls are easier on clothes—possibly because dresses don't have knees—and their playthings are less painful to step on in the dark—except for jacks.

"Boys tend to leave more crayons around—girls are more adept at grinding them into the rug.

"Girls are reformers. They are constantly trying to improve the characters of others. 'Just because I kicked him first doesn't mean he has to kick me.' There is a lesson for all of us.

"Girls lie more convincingly, but boys learn to steal at an earlier age.

"Boys ask the most embarrassing questions, but girls ask them in a more carrying voice.

"A small boy can be taken into either type of public rest room. A man with a small daughter has a problem for which there is no dignified solution."

There is only one point of agreement among parents which has persisted throughout the ages. As Mrs. Richard J. Hughes points out, "Any mother with growing sons must be ready to face up, sooner or later, to the truth of the old adage: 'A son is a son till he take a wife, but a daughter's a daughter for all of her life.'"

END

A LOVELY WAY TO ENTERTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

o cheesecloth, and the onion. Cover with b ing water and bring again to a boil. Lower h t and simmer 4–5 minutes, until shrimp t n pink. Cool to lukewarm in broth. Drain. P ce warm shrimp in bowl and add water c stnuts. salt, dressing and dill. Mix well and c l for several hours. Wash romaine and p sley. Separate romaine leaves, drain and c l. To serve, slice tomatoes and mushrooms. P n to use 2 slices tomato and 1 mushroom, s ed, per person. To assemble salad, arrange r aine leaves with clusters of parsley on large p ter or individual salad plates. Place shrimp o romaine leaves and garnish platter or plates w tomato slices topped with a few mush- m slices and sprinkled with a little addi- t al dressing. Arrange rosemary eggs on p ter also, and pass pumpernickel melbas. M kes 6 to 8 servings (142 calories per serving).

PUMPERNICKEL MELBAS

1 pound pumpernickel, unsliced
Melted butter

Slice the pumpernickel carefully into paper-thin slices—so thin that you can see through them. Cut the larger slices in half. Brush each piece generously with melted butter and place on a baking sheet. Broil both sides until golden. Then place in a slow oven, about 300° F., for a few minutes until they dry out and become crisp. Serve warm. You will need only about ¼ of the loaf, so use remaining bread for sandwiches or morning toast.

MENU 2

Mushroom Consommé
Sesame Wafers
*Festive Chicken-and-Fruit Salad
*Ham-and-Pâté Roll-Ups
Popovers
Pineapple Sherbet—Tiny Unfrosted Coconut Cakes

FESTIVE CHICKEN-AND-FRUIT SALAD

(5-lb.) roasting chicken
1 cup diced celery
1 cup seedless white grapes, halved
1 cup mandarin-orange sections, drained
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup commercial sour cream
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely minced onion
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon packaged herb salad-dressing mix
Lettuce
¼ cup toasted slivered almonds (garnish)
Watercress (garnish)

Steam the chicken until tender and be careful not to let it boil. Cool, remove skin. Take meat from bones and cut into fairly large bite-sized pieces. Place in a bowl and add celery, grapes and orange sections. Chill while you prepare the dressing. Mix together mayonnaise, sour cream, parsley, onion, lemon juice and seasonings. Pour over chicken and fruit and mix well. Cover and chill several hours to let flavors blend. Wash lettuce, drain and separate into cups. Chill. To serve, arrange salad in lettuce cups on a large platter. Sprinkle salad with almonds. Garnish platter with sprigs of watercress and clusters of additional grapes and mandarin-orange sections. Makes 6 servings.

HAM-AND-PÂTÉ ROLL-UPS

1 chicken liver
1 tablespoon butter
1 package (3-oz.) cream cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6–8 thin slices Virginia-type ham

Sauté the chicken liver in the butter a few minutes, until golden on both sides (use the liver saved from the chicken cooked for the chicken salad). Cool and mash with fork, or chop finely. Soften the cream cheese and add the chopped liver, salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Mix well until mixture is very creamy. Spread a thin layer on each slice of ham, then roll up. Cut each roll in half. Secure with toothpicks if necessary. Chill and pass with chicken salad. Makes 6 servings.

MENU 3

Cream-of-Chicken Soup with Lemon
Barbecued Potato Chips
*Chef's Tongue-and-Veal Salad
Corn Sticks
Coffee Mousse
Sugar Cookies

CHEF'S TONGUE-AND-VEAL SALAD

1 pound cooked tongue cut into strips
1 pound cooked veal cut into strips
2 canned green chilies, chopped
1 small clove garlic, peeled and minced
1 scallion, sliced
½ cup finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon orégano
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon capers
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup red wine vinegar
⅔ cup olive oil
1 box (1 pint) cherry tomatoes
2 quarts prepared salad greens
2 onions, peeled and thinly sliced

Place prepared tongue and veal in a bowl. In a jar, mix together chilies, garlic, scallion, parsley, orégano, nutmeg, capers, salt, pepper, vinegar and oil. Shake well, measure ½ cup and pour over the meat. Wash tomatoes and slice in half. Add to meat mixture and mix well. Cover and chill for several hours, turning mixture occasionally. Use any combination of your favorite greens. When ready to serve, arrange alternate layers of mixed greens, the meat-and-tomato mixture with some of the dressing and a few onion rings. Arrange the final layer of meat and tomatoes in spoke fashion, placing some of the tomato halves in the center and groups of tongue and veal circling them, and onion rings here and there. Pass remaining dressing, if desired, or refrigerate to use when needed another time. Makes 6–8 servings. END

SMALL BOY'S BATH

By GROVE BECKER

Mother shakes the jeans full of the shore
with parlor-righteous fury, plucks off a ramble-sticky pair
of socks, unpeels a shirt of adventure motley,
shudders at the truth laid bare.

My explorer son, tinting the tub,
trembles under her fanatic smoking flood
of rage against his friendly mud.

Now salt scent in his curls and bank balsam
dies, now comradeship on his palm of spaniel pelt and paw.
O suds-lasher, pray he'll never carry
any darker flaw!

She cracks doom against elbows'
green remembrance of hot grass by the sea,
scours earth-allegiance from his knee.

She strips the last token
from his shoulder glistening by blue tile. But her holy war
is lost to stains indelible in his spirit
printed in the patterns of the shore.

WHAT'S THE NEXT BEST THING TO LOVE?



BY JEAN KINKEAD, WOMEN'S CONSULTANT TO THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES

In a child's world, is anything ever a close second to his mother's and father's love? Of course not.

Yet too often, we act as if there were.

"Honey," we'll tell our husbands, "all the third graders are taking piano lessons." Or ballet. Or French. There's no limit to our yearning for the better things. The "advantages." And it rarely occurs to us that the strain of providing them may be wearing down our child's most precious advantage—a baseball-walloping, piggy-backing father.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Too-heavy responsibilities, financial or otherwise, cause tension. And continued tension is the body's enemy.

One of the most lasting tension-easers is the comfort that comes when parents have worked out a realistic insurance program with their Travelers Agent and know that their youngsters' financial welfare is assured.

And there are other ways we wives can ease the tension in our husbands' lives. We can limit community and social demands on their energy. We can assume more of the family responsibilities ourselves—get the car serviced regularly, pay the monthly bills. Above all, we can reduce "extra" expenses.

SAVING STEPS

One neighborhood I know has a cooperative day camp. Only time and skills are exchanged. No money.

I know other young mothers who trade piano lessons for home-cooked casseroles, language lessons for chauffeuring services.

Insurance, too, is a sound way of saving money—as well as a way of saving your husband worries about how you would make out if something happened to him.

So remember—even your broad-shouldered husband is apt to be carrying a few too many worries these busy days. Help him to get rid of them. He *can*, by putting his family under the Travelers red umbrella of insurance protection. Ask him to spend an hour with a Travelers agent. And by all means, take part in the talk yourself. His expert advice will make lighter-hearted parents of you both.

So that you will know what questions to ask, you may want to read my free booklet before you go. It's called WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW . . . ABOUT INSURANCE. *Write to me, Jean Kinkead, The Travelers, Hartford 15, Connecticut. And if you have any insurance questions you'd like me to answer personally, I'll be happy to.*



It All Comes Out In The Wash... Beautifully

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
HOMEMAKING EDITOR

Alice's Wonderland was probably not half so confusing as the lanes of laundry supplies in today's supermarkets. With such abundance of cleaning products—the average market displays 250—one would think washday woes a thing of the past. Unfortunately, that's not true. Writes a woman from Galesburg, Illinois:

"I am thoroughly disgusted with my washes and I need help in a hurry to keep my sanity. My clothes are dingy, gray, yellow and just plain dirty! Each time I switch to a new product, I feel sure my troubles are over. But after four to six months, my wash still looks terrible. Can you suggest a remedy for the wash or a tranquilizer to help me?"

Such general complaints are common. To solve them, let's get down to specifics.

How can I make dingy, gray and dirty clothes look bright and white? Usually a three-step wash is the ticket: 1—wash clothes in hot (140°–160° F.) water with *no* detergent but a generous dose of water conditioner to remove leftover washing compounds; 2—remove all silk or wool pieces, then soak in dilute chlorine bleach (see label for proportions); and 3—wash as usual with hot water plus a full measure of all-purpose detergent and powdered bluing.

How can I keep white clothes white? For machine washables, always keep the load small enough so that clothes move freely in the water (with bulky fabrics like terry towels, this may be lower than rated machine capacity). Make sure the water is hot, hot, hot! (140°–160° F.) and with your washer instructions as a guide, use a proper amount of a good detergent or soap. Remember to add more washing compound and check the water temperature if you reuse water from one washing to another. Finally, consider using a light bleach.

Shirt collars never come clean. Pretreat soiled collars, cuffs and bra straps with undiluted liquid detergents before adding the garments to the washer (but consider this in measuring out detergent later). And incidentally, this is a wonderful refresher for dingy washcloths and towels. If you don't have a liquid detergent, moisten soiled areas, add powdered detergent and rub well into stains.

My instructions say to use cool water for synthetics. The cooler the water, the fewer the creases to press out later in easy-care materials. Fortunately, these materials shed dirt easily, but sometimes really soiled materials just do not come clean unless warmer water is used. Our suggestion: wash them in warmer, then rinse in cool water with a fabric softener added especially for those to be line-dried. If you're lucky and have a dryer, most of the creases will tumble out. But take garments from the dryer while they're still slightly moist for the most wrinkle-free look.

A white cotton blouse has turned yellow . . . what do I do now? The cotton probably has a resin treatment to make it easier to iron. Chlorine turns such materials yellow. But by using one of the "white" dyes made to strip color from fabrics before redyeing, you can restore the original whiteness.

Is there some way to use the washer for starching? Yes! Especially for curtains that you want stiffened alike. Fill the tub with lukewarm water (the last rinse for automatics) and stir in concentrated starch solution. Add clothes and continue as for rinsing. For just a few things, dip them in starch by hand, then use the machine to spin or wring out the extra water.

What is the best way to wash blankets? Shake blankets of loose dust, then rub liquid detergent into bindings or soiled spots. Wash for not more than three minutes. If the blanket is quite soiled, stop machine after first minute of agitation and let it soak ten minutes. Use gentle action if there is such a machine setting.

My washer overflows all the time. Too many suds, perhaps, particularly if yours is a front-loading model. You'll do better with a low-sudsing product. Too many suds also mean less-clean clothes and poorer rinses.

What about the new ready-to-use liquid detergents and premeasured packages? Two of the newest developments in all-purpose detergents, these timesavers. But pound for pound, they're more expensive.



Is there a way to take care of swimsuits? Any swimsuit lasts longer if it's rinsed often and washed frequently to reduce toll of pool-water chemicals, sea water, sand and salt. For rinsing, use cool water and gentle action. For the wash, warm water plus detergent, particularly for suits with elastic, followed by rinse.

What's the best soap or detergent for dainty things? A light-duty product (powder or liquid) is designed for hand-washables like woolen socks and sweaters because it combines quickly with the wash water. All-purpose detergents clean the delicate things satisfactorily, but the milder ones are kinder to colors, fabrics and fingers.

Do cold-water soaps or detergents really do a good job? Yes, because they're especially formulated to dissolve in cold water and go to work without delay. They pamper gloves, sweaters, elasticized girdles, bras and swimsuits. But wash them often because no cold-water washing will remove ground-in grime.

Are all bleaches the same? No, there are three different kinds. Two are chlorine bleaches: the old familiar liquid (now helpfully bottled in lightweight unbreakable plastic) and a dry chlorine bleach. Both are fine for all fabrics except wool, silk, bright-colored materials and some cottons with special resin finish. For best chlorine bleaching, *always* dilute *before* using and *always* rinse thoroughly. For badly stained materials or spot treatment, bleach *before* washing, diluted according to instructions. For general whitening or brightening, add dilute bleach to the first rinse and follow with a deep rinse (some washers dispense diluted bleach at the right time). The third kind of bleach, also in dry form, is the safer peroxy bleach (also identified as a sodium-perborate kind). New: premeasured packs that dissolve. This gentle bleach is the *only one* for silk and wool, although it won't produce spectacular results with badly stained cottons and linens.

What about bluing? Its sole purpose is to substitute a blue tinge, which pleases the eye, for a yellowish cast which doesn't. Most soaps and detergents have built-in brighteners so that bluings aren't always necessary. The most useful bluing with automatic washers is one with a detergent base added to the wash. For basin bluing: soak fabric in a blue-detergent solution ten minutes for full brightening effect. Other bluings, in liquid, stick or tablet form, need to be dissolved first in water, then added to the final rinse water.

What are fabric softeners for? These newest washing products fluff piled fabrics like terry towels and corduroys. They're good, too, for softening stiff new blue jeans or damasks, reducing all clothes wrinkles, making ironing easier and cutting static electricity in synthetics which makes slips and blouses cling.

Our water is so-o-o hard! But we can't afford a plumbed-in water softener. Best, of course, is the plumbed-in system. But when this isn't available, use conditioner that softens water without leaving an insoluble film.

My son tinkers with his car and gets his slacks and shirts unwashably dirty. Before clothes go into the washer, rub a liquid detergent or a paste of the all-purpose dry detergent into bad spots. Then wash with hot water plus more all-purpose detergent and a little bleach, either diluted and added with the first rinse or added automatically by the machine.

There are grease spots on my dark-blue napkins that don't wash out. If the spots have been washed and ironed, they may never vanish completely, although the treatment for fresh stains will lighten them. Pretreat lipstick and grease by sponging with spot remover and rubbing liquid detergent or detergent paste into them. Then launder.

My white nylon slips are so dingy I can't bear to wear them. Treat first with one of the "white dyes" used to take color out before redyeing fabrics. Then soak in a concentrated solution of liquid detergent with very little water. Finally, wash in warm water and rinse in cool water with fabric softener which will keep down static electricity so that fabrics don't attract as much dust and dye from dark clothes. With hand washing, synthetics get dingy if a stray colored item gets lost in the bowl with the whites or if too much is crowded into the wash water so that the soil isn't flushed out.

I've never been able to starch things right. Whether it's the dry kind you cook or liquid (convenient but more expensive), starch belongs in every laundry. You can buy an already-cooked dry starch that's ready to use after mixing with cold water (good for dark cottons because it leaves no whitish film). Plastic stiffeners generally give a more pliable finish than cornstarch; however, some wash out with the next washing. Others may last through four to six launderings. The first time around for the lasting types, follow directions because an overdose will mean a board-stiff finish that's hard to remove. Newest starches and some plastic finishes come in spray cans to be used as you iron. Excellent for single items or crisping collars and cuffs, they're probably too costly for the full laundry load.

The best bet, we find, for better washes is to know what soap or detergent to use, what brightener or bleach. *When, why* and *how much.* Washday blues will go down the drain when we kiss the by-guess-and-by-gosh system good-bye and follow machine and product manufacturers' instructions precisely—as though we were baking a cake! END

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAROLD BECKER DRESS BY JOSEPH LOVE

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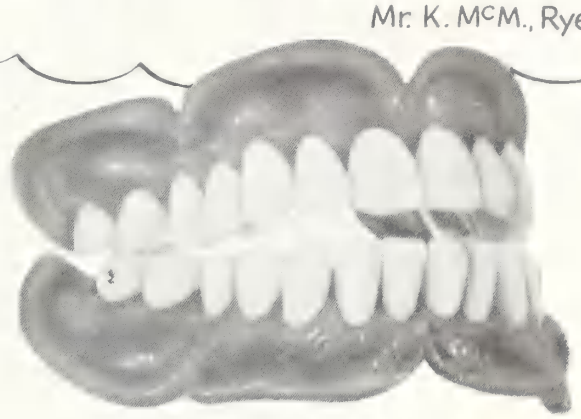
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Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

THE STUCK POT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

like that get to be dean? "Every girl is involved in this dance. Remember, all the Jason School boys will be here. You'll want to welcome them, I'm sure."

Well, she may have been sure, but I wasn't. Jason School boys! That was all the girls talked about. And what do those boys do when they come to parties here? They come in as if someone were pushing them in and leave as if finally released from jail. A few can dance and they pick the prettiest girls and they dance. The rest step on girls' feet and mop hot faces. I don't care for boys, and especially not Jason School boys!

Miss Taggart cleared her throat and I knew she was going to try to get me adjusted to group behavior. Sometimes I see her as a mechanic with screwdriver and calipers, turning one of my screws a little this way or a little that. Other times, I see her as the conductor of an orchestra, working to get all the instruments in tune and the music coming at exactly the same tempo. These ideas keep me amused while she is lecturing me. She leaned toward me now, pointing her baton—or was it her screwdriver?; really, it was only a pencil—and gave me that horrible smile.

"This is educational, too, Alice Ann," she said. "Social growth must keep pace with intellectual growth if we are to have a well-rounded personality."

There wasn't any use arguing with her. You know how grown-ups are: they say they want you to make decisions, but they only want you to decide the way they have already decided.

I wasn't going to have her think she had sold me anything, so I didn't even look pleasant.

"If I have to go, I have to go," I told her. "I will not look forward to it with pleasure or have a good time while I am there. How long do I have to stay, Miss Taggart? Surely not all evening?"

She sort of sighed and shook her head. Her secretary came in and said Dr. Jacoby was there to see her, so she patted my shoulder and said to be sure and wear my prettiest dress on Saturday night. I don't even have a prettiest dress.

As I went out, Dr. Jacoby went in. They greeted each other like old pals. All the girls think Taggart is in love with Jacoby, who is the dean at Jason School. But I, personally, don't see how she could even like him, he is so dopey looking. He, of course, had come to talk to her about the dance this Saturday night.

When I got almost to French class, I remembered that I had left my book in Taggart's office, so I turned around and hurried back. Her secretary had gone out leaving both doors open, and inside I could hear Taggart laughing.

"A 'stuck pot'? Explain it again."

"It is fairly simple. All the boys pitch in fifty cents. The boy who gets stuck the worst at the dance gets the entire pot. About seventy-five or a hundred dollars. I understand it is almost a hundred percent subscribed."

"But, Dr. Jacoby," she said, and she sounded amused, "I thought you were training your boys to be gentlemen!"

Boy, if our girls were caught doing a thing like that, we'd never hear the end of the lecture!

"Just a little inventiveness of the masculine mind," the old dope went on. "I'm not supposed to know a thing about it, so I can't take any action. What the girls don't know, in this case, can't possibly hurt them. If I pounced on this, I'd disclose my source of information, heaven forbid! I may need that source for something worse than a stuck pot."

I had heard enough, so I got out of there. The whole Worthington Women's Academy would be furious when they found out. And how were they going to find out? I meant to tell them, that is how they would find it out.

Every evening but Saturday we have to dress for dinner, like ladies. Old Taggart stands at the door and says "Good evening" to each of us as we enter the dining room. She tries to make it sound like love-and-kisses, but what it really is is inspection. People her age just don't know how to be sincere. Of course people our age aren't allowed to be. They can call what they force on us courtesy or manners; but what is natural is also rude to the adult mind.

So this evening we all filed in to dinner with our faces washed. We are so neat it is a wonder they don't make us wear white gloves. A teacher sits at each table and we are supposed to make polite conversation while we eat. Thursdays the conversation has to be in French, for heaven's sake! Since that is what we have to do, that is what we do—on top of the table. Underneath, it is different. Sometimes you get kicked so hard it almost brings tears to your eyes, but you are not supposed to blink, flinch, or even hesitate in the middle of what you are saying. Our rules are that each one passes the kick on. If you are trying to answer a teacher, you almost always get kicked—sometimes from both sides. I guess that is why we make such very brief remarks.

I don't get kicked as much as some girls because I learned right away never to show my feelings, and I can kick back harder than anyone without anything showing above the table. I practiced and practiced at my study table during study hours. I can even talk and kick at the same time and not grunt. Because of this game some of the girls have been trying to get the Student Council to petition for spike heels at dinner, but as long as I am on the council they will never get that through. Those silly spikes would rip my legs up good the first night.

This evening was Teachers' Council. The teachers make a great thing out of excusing



"Years of planning and dreaming about getting married and now everything is over!"

mselves on TC nights just before dessert, going off to the library to talk about us h their coffee. We are supposed to eat our sert and then go quietly to the lounge or to rooms for a half hour before the bell rings the evening study hour. I was still churr- over that stuck-pot thing and I wasn't go- to let Miss Campbell, our table teacher, k she was selling me anything.

said, putting on my sweetest smile—which ot really sweet at all, because I am not the et type—"It is only plain gelatin. I asked cook."

No one would hate to miss that kind of sert. Desserts are never very good at our ool. They give you all that stuff about keep- young complexions clear with simple foods ustify it. I could see that old two-demerit m in Miss Campbell's eyes, but she went out without saying anything. I knew the t time I gave her any opportunity at all 'd slap them on me. That is adults for you.

s soon as the teachers were safely out of room, I tapped on my glass with the edge my knife, the way Taggart does when she nts to say something, only I whanged mine id enough to make it rock.

If you will all gather around in the end of lounge right after you eat this colored er, I have something important to tell you. it of information that has come my way." m weak in Leadership Ability on the charts, so I knew that some of the girls might respond. All that any of them were plan- g on doing, really, was going into huddles ut what dress to wear to this stupid dance whether or not they could get away with done up in zombi fashion, which they all k is high style and the teachers not lady-

You'd better be there, if you know what is d for you," I told them.

We had Mary Jane keep her eye on the ary door. Most of the girls crowded down ond the tennis tables, but I had quite a time ing them to be still.

When you characters shut up, I'll tell you mething I found out by accident today that make you plenty mad. A horrible thing is ng put over on us."

Well, that shut them up all right. Even Mary e wanted to hear and had to be reminded er duty.

I can see the door from here," she pleaded. urry up, Alice, they might have a short ting."

o then I told them about the stuck pot. I still very angry about Jason boys' doing a thing since they are such drips and we e doing them a favor having them over to dumb party in the first place. So I probably ed a little to what old Jacoby had said.

he girls just howled. I had to hush them for the teachers would send out an emissary ind out what we were doing.

here was a lull while they thought it over. n each began to say what they thought and st of them thought it was the meanest thing had ever heard of.

Let's just call and take back our invita- ti," said Gail. Gail is sort of like me only n so much so.

And then let's ask some other boys," said K. Kay's hair is bottle-blond and she wears e makeup the minute she gets away where school can't see her. Parties are the big thing n her.

Let's have it just a girl dance," Ann said, f she thought that was much the best way have a party anyway.

ut Susan, who is president of the Student ncil and very stable, according to her rt, shook her head.

aggart would never allow us to do any of se things," she said. "She thinks mixed ces are preparing us for life after we leave cloister, so there is no use talking to her. won't let us ask any other boys because Jason boys are already screened. She'd be id the wrong sort would get in if just any s were asked."

These boys don't sound so right to me," uttered.

hen some of the girls started saying that just knew that this boy or that one ldn't do it because they had some dates d up, which was against the rules. Every boy is supposed to take his chances with what he gets when he comes over here, though some of them know how to get around that.

"Jacoby said that they were all in it," I told them, "and all means all."

"Since Alice found this out for us ahead of time," said Susan, "what we need to do is to get even."

"What we need," I said, out of patience with them all, "is a stuck pot of our own."

"That's it!" cried Susan, grabbing me by the arm. "That is what we will do. Let's all pitch in fifty cents and have our own hundred dollars for the girl who gets stuck the worst."

"Let's all pitch in a dollar and have twice what they have," cried Connie.

Then there was a lot of wrangling about a dollar being almost all we were allowed to spend in a week. Some of the pretty girls said they didn't think they had much chance to win it, so why should they contribute?

"For all that money, I'd be willing to be stuck all evening with the stupidest boy that Jason School brings over," hollered Susan, forgetting how stable her chart showed she was and thinking about a trip to New York that her folks said she couldn't afford.

Then Leslie, who is the real beauty queen of the school, got a sort of faraway look in her eyes and this time it wasn't for a boy.

"I'm willing and anxious to be the biggest drip in the place for that much money. There is a velvet sheath in Folson's window that has white fur bands on it and I dream of it at night. If I could win the pot, I'd have that dress."

That did it. Everybody had seen that dress in Folson's. They made Susan treasurer and everybody promised to bring her their dollar sometime tomorrow.

"How are we going to tell who is stuck the very worst?" Becki wanted to know, so we had to get that settled.

"How about if the pot goes to the girl that the boy who won the Jason pot got stuck with?" I put in. I wanted the pot, too, but not for any slinky dress with white fur hanging all over it. I have had a picture of a microscope cut out and pinned to my board for months and that was what I'd buy if I won the money. I felt I had a pretty good chance. Boys don't want to dance with me and the feeling is mutual.

They all thought that was the ideal way to settle it, but then the question came up: how would we find out which Jason boy got the money? They wouldn't decide until after they got back to school.

Leslie smiled real sweetly and ran her fingers through her hair very elegantly.

"Remember my little brother over at Jason? He'll tell the very next day, or dear sister will threaten to tell the stuck-pot story to all relatives, friends and teachers."

Then we all relaxed because Leslie knew how to do stuff like that. Everybody began to make plans to win the pot.

"I'll come in my gym suit—and dibs on the idea," cried Becki. "Gym shoes too."

"Oh, come now," said Connie, who had been thinking very hard—and, being older, got a broader view, she always said. "You can't do that. How would you get by old Taggart at the foot of the stairs? You'll have to dress well enough to stand inspection. It is going to take lots of subtle stuff to win this money. Remember, all the teachers will be standing around."

"Is this gambling?" asked one of the younger girls. "If it is, I can't do it because I pledged not to drink and gamble."

"This is not gambling," said Susan in her chairman voice. "This is going to take brains, hard work and self-sacrifice. And may the worst one win!"

That was when the library doors opened, so Mary Jane began to play the piano and all the girls started to sing old-fashioned songs because that always makes the teachers sentimental and takes away any suspicion that we might have been up to something in their absence.

This was Wednesday and the stupid party was Saturday night, so we didn't have much time. I figured I didn't need to do anything much as I am already unpopular in my natural state. I thought about a smelly chemical mixture I could mix up in class, because Jameson didn't pay much attention to what was going on in her room. I figured maybe I could get into a crowd and slip by Taggart at the foot of the stairs before she figured out where that rotten-egg odor came from. That was about all I thought I needed to do.

The next night, when the study period was just over and Gail and I were considering getting out some candy we had hidden away, but wondering if we could eat it without some of the other girls coming in and wanting some, there was a knock on our door and Taggart came in. She often walks around the dorm just before bedtime for "little talks" with the girls, but mostly, I think, to see if she can smell any tobacco smoke. She is not going to smell any in our room as Gail and I both know all about how harmful tobacco is and don't mean to ever smoke because we are going to be scientists and take a scientific attitude toward things. Besides, we need what money we have for extra food because, as I explained, the desserts are very bad here and we dream of stuff like that.

But she wasn't after smoke. She had come to "adjust" me a little more. She started talking about the dance and how we never learned to be a part of the social side of life unless we practiced and it was easier to start when we were young. She talked this way for some time. I didn't say much because it was not a discussion. She wasn't about to let me say what I thought. She went on about how she was glad that I took such an interest in chemistry and Miss Jameson said that I was very brilliant, but that there was a time and place for everything, wasn't there?

"Yes, ma'am," I said, but I didn't try to act as if I meant it.

She began to talk about clothes and mentioned that now might be an ideal time to wear that pink silk dress that my Aunt Gertrude had sent me several months ago. How anybody could think that any time might be ideal to wear that thing! It was ruffled and

A GRAY SPRING MORNING

By JOHN CIARDI

I can just see from the attic window
how the jay in the dripping hemlock
rises from her nest
to shake off this weather,
then settles back upon her eggs
the tropic of her breast.

How many small lives there are
at a roof edge! In the pin oak
a gray squirrel nibbles the buds
that were not there yesterday.
A grackle one branch away
sits by, looking and not looking,
wary, but sure of himself.

The hemlock is nearly solid
against the sky. The pin oak,
barely open, barely traces itself
against the total gray.

Below me, under the pin oak, lilac
raises a green cloudhead,
wet and abundant.

Under the lilac,
in red and yellow rain hats,
children raise their faces
and shake rain
into their laughter.

If God is leaning
from any sill of heaven,
He could ring Himself a praise
to out-echo all arches
by looking here.



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FROM THE PIONEER

WARDROBE OF HOUSEHOLD GLOVES

The PIONEER Rubber Company, Willard, Ohio, U.S.A.

laced and even Leslie would have looked like a cow in it. My mother, who hopes that the school will soften me, laughed when she saw it when she was here on Parents' Day.

"Thank Aunt Gertrude for it and put it back for Halloween," she said. "You look much prettier in simple clothes."

All at once, when Taggart said that, I could see that dress on me at the dance and me smelling like rotten eggs! After Taggart went out, I told Gail we were practically looking through that microscope.

Friday night at dinner I don't think anybody got kicked. Susan had invited us to all drop into her room and see the stuck pot—a big cake tin stuffed with dollar bills. It was a wonderfully inspiring sight! The few girls who had held out got their dollars, too, and we were a hundred percent!

"My, what bright eyes and excited voices we have around the table this evening," said Miss Campbell. "Tomorrow night will be a very gala occasion."

Miss Campbell is quite old and it is hard not to like her. Ordinarily our parties are not what anybody would refer to as "gala," but tonight we all agreed, "Yes, indeed; very, very gala."

The boys were to come at eight o'clock and we all had to be downstairs between a quarter of and the hour. I figured that I'd put on The Smell the very last thing, just to be safe, but I did get dressed early in that pink dress and I ran a comb through my hair. I couldn't help but admire myself in the mirror—I looked perfectly horrible. What a dress! The other girls would be green with envy. It was such a subtle horrible effect that Taggart couldn't possibly object.

I went over to Leslie's room to see what the Fairy Queen was doing about earning her blue velvet dress. She looked pretty dreamy, as usual, fooling with her hair in front of the mirror.

"What is your angle?" I asked her.

"I'm just too darned good-looking for my own good! This crazy hair insists on going just right. I've got an angle though. I'll tell you—but dibs on the idea. I'm going to tell every boy who dances with me that he is a horrible dancer and that I hate boys anyway. I'm going to be so mean they'll not want to come near me! Of course I'm looking just as droopy as I can too."

I smiled to myself. Leslie is older than I am, but I was pretty sure that what she was going to do would only egg the boys on. Boys are so funny, which is one of the reasons I never liked them. Leslie and I had got to be good friends this week, but that didn't mean that I wasn't pleased to think my microscope was still safe.

I tried Becki's room. She was all dressed in a pretty stupid flouncy thing instead of the black sheath number that she had just talked her mother out of. Her mother had said the sheath would only get her sent back upstairs for a jacket, but she should live and learn. Becki had figured the dress was just what would send those Jason boys, but tonight it hung in her closet. She made me promise not to tell anyone, then showed me under one of her flounces a squirt-gun thing. It sure shot out a stream of water. There were going to be some mighty wet boys tonight!

For a while I worried about Becki's idea. It was pretty sensational. But then I thought about the crazy things boys do all the time and how Becki has so much more in some places than the rest of us. They just might spoil her chance to win the stuck pot.

Sharon had on her glasses. She figures they make her repulsive. Connie had her hair combed straight down and kind of witchy, and a straight pin fastened point down under a wrist band.

When it was time to go downstairs, everybody sort of bunched around and giggled as we pulled on the white gloves we had to wear. There wasn't a hair-set in the place, no lipstick or earrings, and they all wore flats instead of their beloved high heels that were permitted tonight. I found myself giggling along with them, though usually I am not the type. There wasn't anything the faculty could object to, but plenty that they weren't going to understand.

I went back to my room, dumped on the stuff in the test tube, and went back out with supreme confidence—the first time in my life I ever felt this way before a dance.

I knew I was going to win and I'll tell you right now that I did too.

After the dance we all sat around tensely waiting, though by that time lots of the girls knew they weren't going to make it. The boys must have decided before they got back to Jason, because it wasn't long before the phone rang and Leslie's brother said that Bill James had won the money because he got stuck the most with the girl in the pink dress and the awful smell. That was me! Hooray! The girls cheered and Susan got the stuck pot and gave it to me. I was never so proud in my life. The girls said I deserved it and also that they had never had such a good time at a dance in all their life.

It was fun.

Before the party began, I got by Taggart all right. She seemed to be checking mostly to see if we all had on our gloves. Usually the girls wear enough perfume to hide any smell, but tonight, of course, no one did. Taggart smiled encouragingly at my pink dress and I smiled right back. She had been entirely right—I was going to have a wonderful evening!

The boys came in the way they always do. The door opened and they were pushed through. The first dance was a "get acquainted" and we had to match numbered cards. Usually I die a thousand deaths waiting, but tonight I stood there proudly, knowing that some boy was due for a shock. He said his name was John Evans, but that is about all he said. I could see him getting sort of green when we started to dance and after a little while he said "Excuse me" in a hurry and went to the john that now had "Boys" above the door.

The next dance was Change Your Partner. Nobody wanted to even get near me. So when the whistle blew, they ran all over the room looking for someone else to tag. I had plenty of time to watch the rest of the girls.

Leslie was almost in tears. The madder she got, the prettier she looked. And the meaner she talked, the more they came back. She got exchanged every time the whistle blew and the boys hung around close betweentimes to be sure to get to her first. I saw her finally kick one boy, but he just laughed. She told me later that though she was sorry she didn't win the stuck pot, she had learned a lesson that might do her more good than a velvet dress with white fur on it. She didn't say what the lesson was.

Becki had used her squirt gun so much that she already had had to sneak out for several refills. She isn't as beautiful as Leslie; but whatever it is she has, boys always like her. They liked her squirt gun too; they kept sending other boys over to dance with her so that they would get her message. She was as popular as Leslie. She didn't get mad, though. She just decided that if she couldn't win, she could have fun. It got pretty wild where she was.

Connie used her pin with deadly aim, but they thought that was funny and kept telling the other boys what a "sharp character" she was. In fact, after an hour or so, the boys were saying to each other, "It's wild, man!" the way boys do when they mean it's a whole lot more fun than they ever thought possible. Except, of course, no one said it around me. It was pretty obvious Bill James and I were going to win the stuck pot.

He drew my name about the third dance. *He is tall and conceited-looking*, I thought when I saw it happen, *and just the type to have to dance with the rotten eggs!* But he just took a big sniff and said, "Ah! Right out of the chem lab!" and told me just what I had put in it.

He talked a whole lot while we were dancing and though neither of us is able to dance very well there was so much space left all around us, caused by people not wanting to get close, that we got along all right. He sort of muddled one foot and then another and so did I. He liked the idea of the chem project that I had had to give up in order to come to the dance and he said I should try asking for special time to do it.

End Pain Of Corns

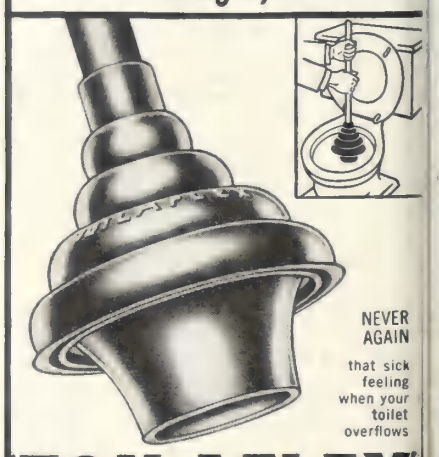


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When it was time for food Bill was still stuck
h me. Instead of me having to find a corner
I wouldn't look conspicuous, which is why
ave always hated parties, he said if I'd
l a couple of chairs, he would get our food
'd we'd talk some more. He wasn't conceited
ull!
While I was holding the chairs and waiting
him, I heard Taggart and old Jacoby talk-
together right around the corner behind

This is the most amazing party I ever
!" he told her. "Your girls look positively
mpy and the place is beginning to spin like
asketball game!"
he said, "When two groups of stuck pots
t head on, you can see the results."
You promised you wouldn't tell them!" he
lered.
I didn't," Taggart said. "One of my most
onsible girls happened to overhear and I
w I didn't have to worry. Never underesti-
e! By the way, when Leslie Baron's little
ther slips down to use the telephone, don't
h him at it. He is detailed to make a re-
t on the results of the vote and I don't
t the girls left in suspense any longer than
essary."
o old Taggart knew we knew all the time! I
more kindly toward her than I ever had in
my life.
felt so good about everything, which is
my usual feeling at parties, that when Bill
e back with sandwiches and cookies all
d up and punch cups jiggling, I told him
I smelled so bad.
le looked at me kind of funny and said,
re, I know. I kicked in my four bits and I sure wanted to win. I've got my eye on a telescope."

"I want a microscope," I told him. "I have a picture of just what I want. It costs a hundred dollars and I'll never raise that much money unless I win the stuck pot. Don't you think I will? None of the other boys will come near me!"

"You can't win—according to your rules—unless I win first," he pointed out.

We sat there and chewed our food and thought it over. If we didn't quit looking so polite to each other, nobody would think we were stuck.

"Look," he said, "would you get your feelings hurt if I began to act like I couldn't stand you?"

"I'd consider it a great favor," I told him. "Otherwise we'll never get our 'scopes."

"I could make up for being so mean tonight by bringing my telescope over some Sunday evening during visiting hours, and letting you look through it."

I thought that was very fair, so he went to work. He moved over a chair, but pretty soon I moved over, too, and he looked real pained just as a whole bunch of boys walked by. They looked sympathetic and a couple held their noses.

Boy! From then on we had it made. When we danced, he held me way off and looked pretty sick. I stepped on his foot a time or two and he hopped around to show how it hurt. We didn't have very many more exchange dances after that, so it was pretty apparent he was really stuck. I never had so much fun in my life! Every time no one was around, he'd say real funny things to me. We got so wrapped up in our game and thought of so many ways of looking miserable together that we could hardly believe it when it was time for the Jason boys to go home.

The party had got so goony that Miss Taggart and old Jacoby looked real beat. The boys were talking like beatniks and saying "Crazy, man!" to everything. They were supposed to tell us they had had a nice evening, but I heard Jacoby tell Miss Taggart that all he was going to try to do was break this up and get them out of there. He said to heck with manners.

Bill remembered our act right to the end. He hid behind some other boys so I couldn't tell him good night. They almost voted him the stuck pot right then.

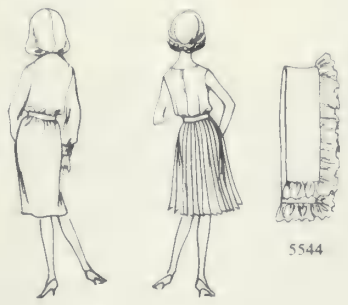
"Better take a good hot bath before you go to bed," Miss Taggart said to me as we all told her good night before going off to our rooms in the dorms. "That dress was just right for the occasion, wasn't it? And you did have a good time at the dance, didn't you?"

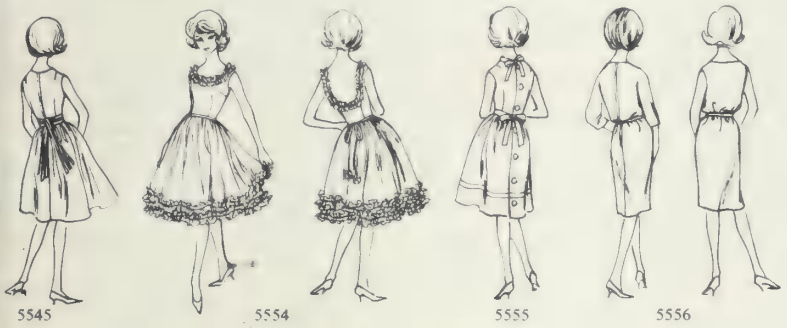
I looked at her. There was something in her expression that I liked. What the heck, if I'm maladjusted and everybody knows it, it's all right for me to be the only girl in the school that likes the dean!

"Good night," I told her. "I'll show you my new microscope when I get it." END

NEW SYNTHETICS

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 56 AND 57.





VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5483. One-piece dress and hood; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5544. Two-piece dress and stole; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 3⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and 2 yards of 45″ fabric without nap for stole, size 14.

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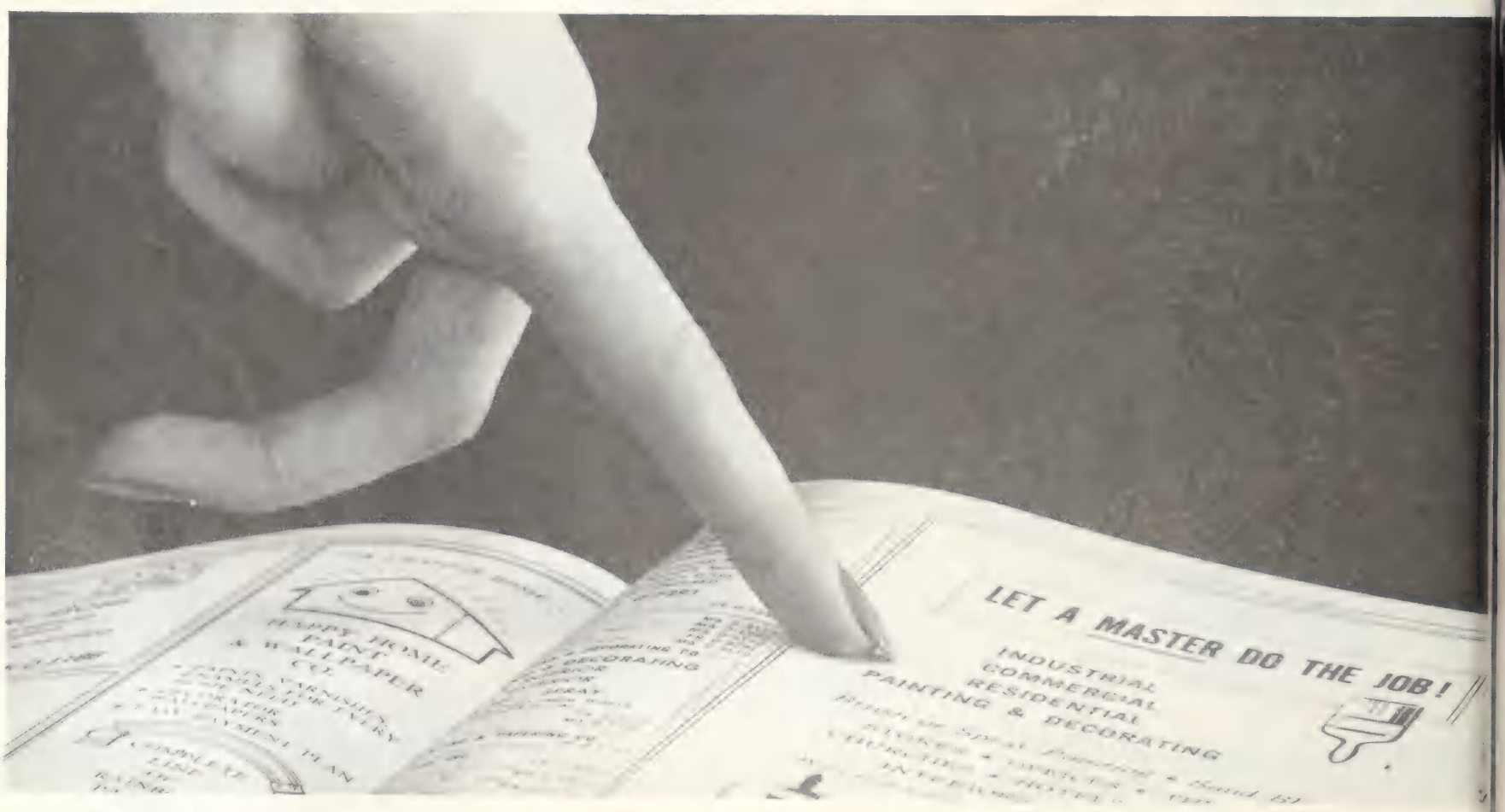




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JOURNAL

VOLUME LXXIX NUMBER 6



JOURNALITIES

In their quest for outstanding material for the JOURNAL, three of our editors, in a typical year on the job, collectively consume 533 expensive lunches, attend 127 plays (113 of which are flops), hail 1548 taxicabs (subsequently losing umbrellas in 7 of them), miss 26 trains, and are kissed by 89 celebrities of the opposite sex.

To Mary Lea Page, William McCleery and Peter Briggs, such apparently painless living is all in a day's work. As editors-at-large, they have the delightful duty of scouting out new fiction and nonfiction and purchasing choice selections for the pages of the JOURNAL.

Not all business is conducted over the lunch table, however. An editor may travel thousands of miles to secure a promise of "first look" at a prominent author's upcoming book. In one recent month Bill McCleery flew to New Hampshire to talk with Alec Waugh, to North Carolina to talk with "Miss Dove" author Frances Gray Patton and Camilla Bittle (whose new novel, THE BOY IN THE POOL, we'll publish soon).

There are occupational hazards. "Biffie" Page (above), who admits to being completely helpless about subways, usually asks directions of an equally befuddled passenger and ends up in the Bronx. Peter Briggs is convinced that every cab driver in New York is either writing a novel, about to write one, or trying to sell one he's just finished.

Asked to describe one day's duties, our three editors contributed the following hypothetical schedule: an interview with Pearl Buck in her Manhattan apartment, a leisurely lunch at Sardi's with Phyllis McGinley, appointments with a series of authors' agents eager to peddle their clients' latest novels, and cocktails with a famous actress who might be persuaded to write her memoirs for this magazine.

That [illegible]

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OUR READERS WRITE US

SPARE THE SPOCK AND . . .

Dear Editors:

When the children quarrel
Or tease or mock,
I have been known
To spank with Spock.

LOIS LEURGANS, *Ithaca, N.Y.*

• *Many a child has Spock to thank for times when mother didn't spank.—ED.*

WHEN PARENTS ARE RIGHT

Dear Editors: When are you going to write the companion article to "When a Daughter Marries the Wrong Boy"? The one entitled, "When Your Daughter Marries the Wrong Boy and Then Comes Back Home With a Baby Admitting You Were Right"?

I was married at eighteen. At nineteen I was back at my parents' home with a baby. Oh, they took me in, but how hard it was for them, financially and otherwise.

Parents are about 90 percent right, after all. B.G., *Crystal Lake, Ill.*

ANYTHING GOES

Dear Editors: From Monday through Friday there is a mad rush at our house. Besides school, there are countless extracurricular activities—club meetings, music lessons, dancing lessons. But Saturday we have set aside as do-as-you-please day. No ultimatums are issued, no disciplinary measures taken, no duties or chores are assigned. We stretch, we sprawl, we yawn. The fast pace calls for at least one day for taut nerves to unwind, one day to regain composure—a day of complete freedom from everyday routine.

GERTRUDE PERLIS KAGAN, *Omaha, Nebr.*

ALL WORK AND NO PAY

Dear Editors: I note a reader writes that a wife should not be treated like a hired hand. I wish my family treated me with as much consideration as they treat employees—regular hours, a salary, a day off. Don't misunderstand! I wouldn't trade places, but facts are facts.

MRS. M.A., *Brooklyn, N.Y.*

MORE SOPHISTICATED

Dear Editors: While your magazine prints fine articles which try to show wives ways to improve their marriages, the men's magazines offer only methods of escape. Did you ever examine the contents of a typical male magazine? There will be an article about war. (If the man can't be a hero in his home, he can dream of mighty deeds in battle.) In the next story he escapes to a South Sea island, where he is surrounded by beautiful native girls. In another story he will pick up a blonde in a cocktail lounge—and so it goes. I cannot recall ever having read a story in a man's magazine about a man enjoying himself with his wife. The articles appearing in the *Journal* are considerably more sophisticated and intellectual than the fantasies being read by men.

SHERMAN E. HARRINGTON, *Lyons, Wis.*

• *Who is that blonde the men keep picking up?—ED.*

"MY CHILD IS AN EPILEPTIC"

Dear Editors: My child is an epileptic. The word frightens me still. I told my brother, and he shuddered. The neurologist warned: "Don't tell *anyone*—especially your parents!" I told my parents anyway. My mother wept. I tried to explain my child's illness to a friend—but the expression on her face was one of horror.

Why is the word "epilepsy" so horrible? It is simply a term for a person who has seizures. Sometimes this disease means brain injury and deterioration. Sometimes it is a part of other, more serious disorders. But there must be other children, like mine, who have "idiopathic epilepsy"—or "cerebral dysrhythmia"—a malfunction of the brain's electrical system. My child is bright, attractive and well co-ordinated. He takes ten pills a day which keep him free of convulsions. Other than the medication, his life is like any other little boy's. But someday, I fear, he may have a seizure at school, or on the street. His secret will be out. For anyone present at the time, he will never be the same child again. The damage my child will suffer will not occur from the seizure, but from the sociological factors involved. Modern medicine has taken all the actual horror from epilepsy. But education is needed to remove the aura of terror remaining.

Name and City Withheld

GRACIOUS FIRST LADY

Dear Editors: Within the past year I have seen the beginning of a change in the attitude toward housewifery. It is led by no less a person than Jacqueline Kennedy, our President's wife. Mrs. Kennedy has said frequently that her husband's and children's happiness and welfare are her main concern. She is doing much to bring alive the old-fashioned concept of a wife and mother who gives her home charm and beauty, surrounds its occupants with love and individual attention, and introduces her children to a creative and artistic world.

MRS. ARTHUR EVEREST, *Mobile, Ala.*

NO PRINCE CHARMINGS?

Dear Editors: When my four-year-old daughter tells me of her dreams of living in a castle and marrying a prince, with visions of herself floating around in beautiful gowns, I am amused. Were she to continue to have these fantasies during her college years, I would be very much distressed.

How much more encouraging it would be if young women could, when discussing their future, talk about *real* men, *real* homes and *real* children.

MRS. STEPHEN R. COHEN, *New York City*

Bathing cap, Kleinert. Suit and lounging outfit, Sylvia DeGay for Robert Sloan. Shoes, Capezio





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TAMPAX so much a part of your busy life

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D., *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

The Wife Who Nags

"Jack and I have been married nineteen years. He is forty and I am thirty-nine. I don't know, can't remember, the last time he really looked at me.

"I've been a good wife to him—I cook his meals and keep the house clean. More than a year ago, when I spoke sharply to him about not being affectionate, he said he hadn't been in love with me for a long time. I accused him of having another woman, and he simply walked out of the house.

"The next day I asked him what was wrong, and he said all he wanted was peace and quiet. I have kept after him to tell me what is wrong, but he says there is nothing wrong with him.

"I had a good job when I married Jack, and we never got around to having a family. He doesn't take me out anywhere and I think he works late at night just to spite me. When I bawl him out, he just walks away and ignores me."

Jack agreed to talk matters over. Briefly, this is what he said: "My wife has nagged all the years we have been married. It has got steadily worse year by year. I don't have any desire for her and I long ago lost respect and love for her. I can't complain about the way she keeps a house, but she wants to argue about something all the time. I want to leave her. Maybe some other man could make her happy. I sure can't, and I don't intend to try."

When the wife came in for her second conference, she said she had become convinced her husband couldn't stand the sight of her. "I have talked to all my friends, and they sympathize with me. Everybody knows I am right. I have always been ambitious, and I have done my best to make a success of Jack. Whatever he is I am responsible for, because he is so easygoing. I'll bet if I threatened to leave him, he wouldn't be so sure of himself."

The husband was even more direct when he came again. "Last night I asked her if she wanted the car today. She replied, 'You are so darned smart, you tell me.' I don't have any feeling left for my wife at all, and I never will have again. All I want to do is end the marriage, and I don't care whether it is by separation or by divorce."

The wife feels she still loves her husband, but she recognizes the marriage has about ended. She said, "I suppose my nagging has ruined our marriage. I told Jack I would change, but he said even if I did he couldn't change his feeling for me."

This counselor has never seen a more clear-cut example of how nagging has destroyed love and marriage. The husband cannot absolve himself of some of the responsibility for the rupture. He is a mild person and abhors disagreements of all kinds. If he had asserted himself early in the marriage, the outcome might have been different.

Nagging is probably the most serious personality grievance that husbands have against their wives. Some 15 percent of husbands cite it as the most objectionable attribute of their mates, and some 7 percent of wives confess that they are addicted to it. Even in our research group of happy marriages, 3 percent of husbands say that their major complaint is their wives' nagging, and 22 percent of our unhappy husbands indict their spouses on this count. When husbands are asked to define nagging, they explain it as habitual or persistent scolding, prodding and faultfinding.

Habits of criticizing and complaining are not confined to women, for there are some men who are also naggers. The tendency to nag is present in an individual before marriage. Persons who lack self-confidence are frequently dissatisfied with their environment, expect more from their mates than the husband or wife is willing or able to give. The nagger is often more competitive than co-operative.

If the nagger is not able to dominate her husband completely, she relieves her tension by needling him. If he bows to her immediate demands, she shortly discovers another defect on which to base her criticism. Sometimes a wife recognizes that she is a nagger, but the habit is too ingrained for her to break it.

Although husbands may have faults, nagging will not correct them. The nagging wife is determined to reform her husband, and this is deadly, for the first requisite of a happy marriage is the ability of husband and wife to accept each other.

Of all the tactics that a wife uses to influence her husband, nagging is the most futile as well as the most subversive. If the husband has major faults, his wife's criticisms afford him another rationalization and defense for his behavior. If her nagging has little justification, sooner or later he loses his respect and love for her. If he continues to live with her, he makes existence more tolerable by ignoring her as much as circumstances permit.

Consciously or unconsciously, he views her nagging as a rejection of him (which it usually is). Ultimately he loses his physical interest in her and it is this fact that usually brings the wife to the counselor.

Of all the problems that come to the counselor, none has any graver prognosis. Even though the husband may continue to live with his wife, there is little hope for happiness. Many of the divorces that come twenty or so years after marriage have their genesis in nagging. By that time the children are through high school, and the nagged husband or wife feels no longer bound to a marriage which is an empty shell.

Why not take stock of your marriage? If your husband avoids talking to you, if he spends little time with you, and if he no longer shows much physical interest in you, ask yourself if you are nagging him. If you are, you may well lose him unless he is a very dependent or submissive person.

The First Year of Marriage

"John and I are to be married on June sixteenth. We are both almost twenty-three years old. I plan to keep on working, which is all right with him even though his salary could support us. We have a nice four-room apartment, well furnished (with our parents' help), and we have no debts.

"I am not worried about us not being happy, but I do want us to get started right. I am on the stubborn side and John has a quick temper. But we love each other very much, and this helps when disagreements arise. Can you give any suggestions on adjusting to marriage?"

This bride-to-be is already displaying insight, one quality favorable to marital success. She recognizes that she is somewhat independent and that this may create problems with a quick-tempered man. Also, she seems aware of the fact that getting marriage off to a good start can be vital to its happiness.

The honeymoon initiates marital adjustment. No courtship has the closeness and intimacy of the honeymoon. The honeymoon should give a couple a deeper sense of security, belongingness and unity. It is in this setting that they normally take the most significant steps in their physical relationship. For nearly half of the couples, this interlude will be pleasant and enjoyable. Even if complete harmony is not achieved, these couples will return from the honeymoon assured and optimistic about the future. Of the remaining brides, a majority will feel disappointed and to some extent frustrated. Perhaps one bride in five will be disillusioned and not at all sure that she has married the right man.

Whatever their reactions, nearly all the couples will return from the honeymoon determined to make the best of the situation. If their love is genuine, if they have entered marriage without too many handicaps, and if both are stable, mature people, the chances are good that they will forge ahead in making their marriage successful.

Sexual adjustment, though neither the central nor the most important factor in happiness, cannot be ignored. In no area of marriage are acceptance and co-operation more crucial. Differences in sex desire and intensity are common, but neither mate should impose his or her standards upon the other. With patience and accommodation, nearly two thirds of the newly married will have developed satisfactory adjustment within the first year of marriage.

Definition of respective roles will not come overnight. Conflict is almost inevitable if either mate has to fit into a role that was never anticipated. Even though a bride and groom have similar values, each may jockey for position and try to maneuver the other mate into a role that has been conceived for him or her. In a sense, the definition of roles involves a power struggle.

In the early months of marriage, when love is at its height, each spouse is more generous and tolerant. This is the time for role definition, for assignment of responsibilities, and for working out principles governing their separate and shared activities. Until their personal values and standards can be reconciled, mutual adjustment in any area of marriage is virtually impossible.

Management of money often imposes an acute problem. Aside from adequacy of income, conflict most often arises when a couple is unable to equal or exceed the standard of living that fits the status expected or demanded by either or both mates. If the distance between what they can afford and what one of them desires is great, quarrels and bitterness are the outcome. The husband may blame his wife's extravagance (particularly if any of his wants are being denied), or she may blame him for earning too little money.

When a wife works, the situation can be just as unhappy, particularly if she regards her earnings as hers alone. The only solution may be for the wife, after deducting from her net income only those expenses (transportation, lunches and clothing) absolutely requisite to holding her job, to place the rest of her earnings in a joint account with her husband's income. It should also be pointed out that the husband whose wife works with his approval is expected to share far more of the housework than would be the case if she did not work.

Social adjustment is often vexing. Before marriage, the social activities of a couple (and most of their friends) were among single people. Each had his or her own friends and relatives and, in general and within reason, could pursue many activities and recreations more or less independently. Marriage narrows individual freedom. This does not mean that all outside contacts have to be mutual, but most of their social interests should be built around joint friends and activities.

In-law relationships can be troublesome. Difficulties with relatives beset one fourth to one third of young marriages. For most, time is required to effect the transition from old established family patterns to an immature but developing new family pattern.

If the husband or wife is insecure, he or she may feel neglected or slighted if the in-laws are overattentive or solicitous to the mate. Even worse is the competition that a bride may experience if her husband's mother won't let him go. Or a husband may be very resentful if his wife disregards his advice and follows the recommendations of her mother.

Ignoring problems is the most serious mistake that newlyweds make. Too many couples have the philosophy that, given enough time, almost any problem will clear up. That this is not so is definitely proved by the finding that the highest rates of divorce are in the second and third years of marriage, and that half of all divorces have been granted before the sixth wedding anniversary rolls around. No marriage (least of all the new one) is free from problems. Any ignored or unsolved problem weakens the stability of marriage.

Instead of concentrating on the rights and privileges ("what is owed to me") of marriage, each husband and wife should think of the responsibilities and opportunities ("what I can give") that marriage confers. With love, goodwill, communication and compromise, most couples can achieve a happy marriage.


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THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT MEN



BY JOYCE LUBOLD

There is one golden secret of happy marriage that I have never seen mentioned by the experts. I am going to tell it to you. Ready? Here it is: HUSBANDS SOMETIMES NEED TO GET SICK.

Not really *sick*. What I mean is, every man needs a healthy day sick in bed once in a while, to catch his breath and get himself organized. Racing cars go to the pits; cornfields have fallow years; women have crying jags; but men—to whom all these pleasures are denied—must have, every once in a while, a day when everything stops. And just as the mechanic listens for the racing car's cough, as the farmer studies the tired soil, so will the wise wife learn to recognize the telltale signs that such a day has come.

This is the way it will begin:

Some ordinary morning your husband, the picture of health as far as anyone can tell, will complain casually of vague discomforts in odd parts of his body. His upper arm may suddenly have a "funny kind of *stiff* feeling; not really an *ache* exactly." Or his stomach may develop the "queerest kind of fading-away sensation." Symptoms will float around unfocused and unfirm for a few days. But the wise wife knows: it's getting to be that time again. She will not be surprised when one day the telephone rings and the man she loves above all others speaks weakly from the other end:

"Honey? I don't feel so good."

Do not ask what's the matter. He doesn't know. Simply say, "I know, dear. I didn't think you looked at all well this morning."

"It's my stomach. I think."

"You've probably got a touch of poisoning," you will say. "Don't try to fight it, you'll only get worse."

"Maybe you're right. I hate to lose any time here at work, though ——"

Interrupt him. He has a strong conscience—all men have—but it shouldn't be allowed to trouble him now.

"The quicker you get well, the quicker you'll get back to work," tell him. "I'll drive down now and pick you up." (Wives of commuting husbands must change the wording here and promise to meet the "very next train." Driving all the way into the city to pick him up would be overdoing it and might scare him into calling the whole thing off.)

Once you get him home you must find out whether maybe this time he really *is* sick. Watch closely as he comes into the house. If he makes every effort to walk briskly and to smile reassuringly at you, call the doctor immediately; he is truly sick. But if he hangs limply on the doorjamb and stares at you dully, relax. This is a healthy man who needs a day when everything stops. Smile worriedly back at him, and get busy.

Clean sheets on the bed first, then clean pajamas for him. This is no time to worry about laundry costs. You may even want to put an extra clean sheet on top of the blankets to lend the room an air of hospital purity.

Here, by the way, is another point at which you may differentiate between real call-the-doctor sickness and this other kind. If he sits on a bedroom chair in his business clothes, making no effort to take off his shoes, and saying testily, "Don't fuss so. I'll be all right in an hour or so"—take his temperature and start worrying. But if, instead, he moves weakly toward the clean pajamas and the beckoning bed, and speaks gently and a little sadly if at all—just leave the thermometer in its case. The germ he's got doesn't cause fever.

Leave him now and go to the kitchen.

Here you will have decisions to make. Some men relish unappetizing things at a time like this: milk toast, say, served tepid and mushy. Others react better to a highball. Whatever you bring, bring it lovingly, tenderly.

Don't be startled if, on entering the sickroom, all you can see is a circle of blue pajama bottom rearing up from the closet.

"I thought I ought to have my slippers by the side of the bed," he will say reproachfully.

"Oh, darling, of course!" you say as you look at the wasted form. (Well, he isn't wasted much *yet*, but it's strange how appealing he looks. In his blue pajamas. Slippers in hand.) "Now get back in bed," you say, guiding him gently, an arm at his elbow. "Best thing for you is rest."

He will get in bed and stretch gloriously, bone-crackingly, with a great healthy moan of contentment. Looking up wanly at you he will say, "I think maybe I could take a little sleep." Agree, smiling with love, and tiptoe out. But before he drops off, make a phone call to a friend in which you report, loudly, that "George is home because he feels so *terrible*." Nothing so heartens the patient as hearing his condition described as "terrible." Don't neglect this. It is important.

After an hour or so, tiptoe back to his doorway. He will be awake now, looking dreamily into space. Do *not* ask, "What are you thinking about?" He isn't thinking. It's wonderful. Tiptoe away again.

Around lunchtime return and ask if a little soup would taste good.

"Might," he will say bravely. "Might help to settle the old stomach."

Nod soberly. Get it for him. Put it on a tray and put the tray on his lap. Go away. This is not the day for wifely chatter. He wants, remember, to have a day when everything stops. And one of the things he wants to have stop is . . . you've guessed it. So keep quiet.

Later on, about three or four in the afternoon, go back again. This time you may find him leaning awkwardly on one elbow, his book sliding away down the side of the pillow he has jammed up to hold it, his free arm waving aimlessly in a misdirected effort to scratch his back.

"Darling, you look so uncomfortable."

"I am. This bed was never made for reading. The light's no good anyway." (He's coming back!)

"Is there anything—just anything—I can do for you?"

"No. At least . . . well—I hate to bother you." Go to him *immediately*. Without a word. This is a crisis. He can get well now, and rejoin the world, or he can get *good* and sick.

"Wouldn't you like me to rub your back?"

"Well, if you could just—the back of my neck ——" (Now of course yours may not be the kind of husband who likes back rubs. Some don't. But if they don't then they'll like hot foot baths, or cold cloths on their foreheads. Whatever it is, do it now.)

He lies quietly, pajamas crisp against the clean sheets. He looks so comfortable. You, on the other hand, suddenly feel extremely tired! As you rub his back that small pain in your shoulder that you've felt on and off for several days seems to sharpen. His skin feels so cool beneath your fingers, you wonder if maybe you could have a temperature.

But this is *his* day, remember, and so bravely, selflessly, rub on, and suddenly, abruptly, your husband will sit upright.

"Is there any of that chocolate cake left, honey?" he will demand. "I really could use a slice. And a big glass of cold cider."

Well. He's all better. And so, you find, are you! The particular sickness he's had is often, for couples who are close, extremely contagious, and you were beginning, for a moment, to get a touch of it yourself. But now he's had his day when everything stopped, and you've had your day of taking care of him. It's been the best thing in the world for both of you.

Women weep or dye their hair. Boys and dogs curl up in small dark corners where no one knows where they are. Cats prowl alone in dark woods. And men get to feeling they're feeling sick. Remember to love them then.

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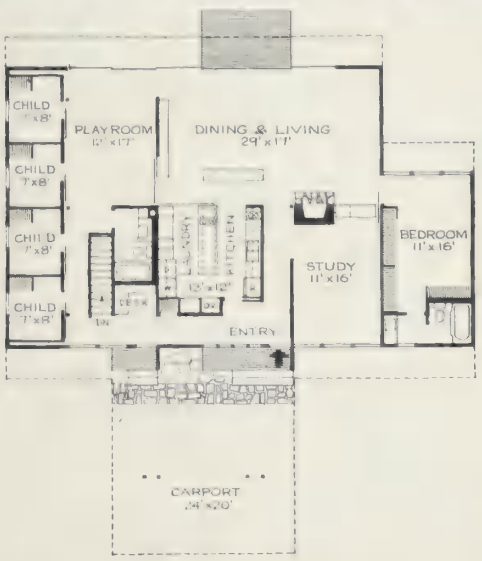
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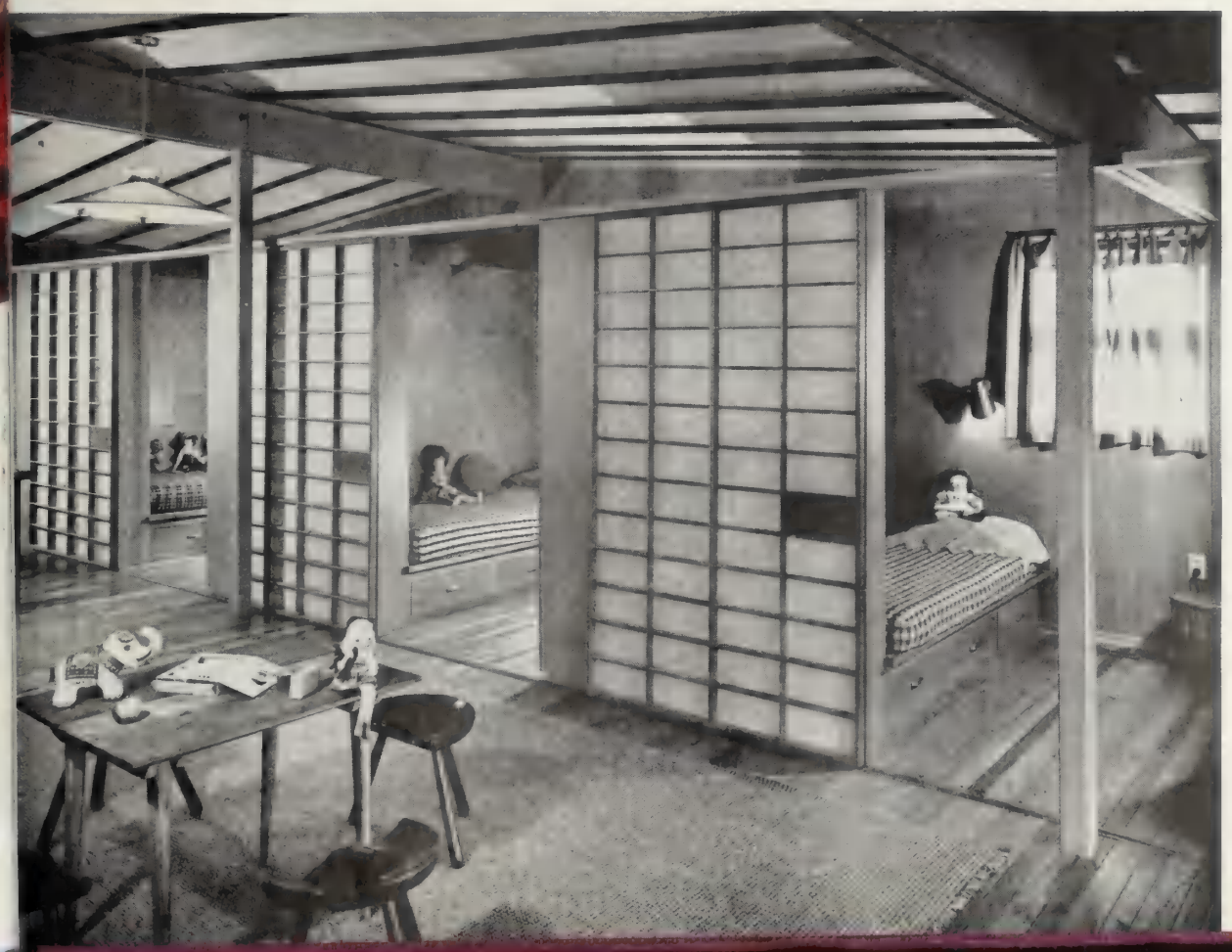


DOUGLAS SIMMONDS

Big glass walls at the back of the house open to an airy, spacious duckboard platform for woodsy outdoor play and eating.



Children's rooms have shoji screens opening to the playroom for extra spaciousness. These rooms can be enlarged as children grow older and begin to leave home.



Compact House For A Large Family

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
Architectural Editor

This is a remarkable house in several ways:

It is compact: 1876 square feet plus basement.

It has a great deal of living space. (Over half its total area.)

The study is actually the adults' living room. Located at the front of the house, it is quiet and cozy and as big as the living room in most small houses.

Children have a place to play—their own private living room that need not be cleaned up when guests come. There is natural separation between this area and the parents' end of the house.

Careful planning makes the children's individual bedrooms quite adequate, with room for storage, work and closet space.

The parents' room at the other end of the house has real privacy and noise insulation. Its well-planned bath has separate lavatory and tub/toilet rooms.

The kitchen has lots of counter space; and the adjacent laundry serves as overflow work area for entertaining. It is very frankly a part of the huge dining/family room, which makes it especially pleasant and comfortable.

Japanese-design features are adapted to be practical for Western-type living. Especially desirable are the sliding screens to include or exclude the outdoors at will.

The basement gives extra work and storage space.

The quiet writing desk, out of the kitchen, can be used anytime, and is a good place for a telephone.

ARCHITECT: STEPHEN L. MACDONALD, A.I.A.

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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

BY HARLAN MILLER

So far, no outdoor-café tables in our town. Maybe the American version belongs indoors at the supermarkets. Where can you get a more splendid eyeful of the daily promenade?

All the bridge problems seem aimed at players who want to bid game on a four-card suit, or a slam every other hand. Me, I'm content to make 60 on game.

Finally we counted the words: we found our son's letter had 190 words in a spacious scrawl on three sheets of large paper while our daughter wrote 192 on a postcard.

I've vowed to plant five or ten trees around our place within the next twelve months. Next to grandchildren, this is perhaps the surest kind of immortality.

Our coffee break disagrees on whether a man should play golf with his wife. I'll experiment with nine holes a week with my Dream Girl and see how it affects my score.

I succumbed to those brave-new-world modern desks for a while, but I'm again convinced the best desk of all is the rolltop with 68 pigeonholes I inherited from my father-in-law.

Our Air Force son doesn't come right out and say so, yet I gather our armed forces are blessed with thousands of intrepid and irresistible men like Shepard and Glenn.

I predict that the next generation will go a step further than their dads and moms who swerved toward smaller cars: they'll go in more and more for walking and cycling, melt the traffic jam.

"Sure, like it says here, let's fly the flag on Mother's Day!" agrees Peter Comfort, painting the iron love seat. "But why omit Father's Day? On his good days he's in a class with mothers-in-law."

We were debating where to go for Sunday dinner when our neighbors the Lowes sent us a casserole of surplus homemade ravioli. Things like that restore your faith in mankind and civilization, eh?

A lover of handsome stamps, my Dream Girl can't decide which is prettiest, the Nurse stamp or the Arizona or the Man in Space. "Anyhow," she tells me, "these are as pretty as European stamps."

With a basketball goal, a baseball glove and a dozen plastic golf balls, a man can get his exercise in his backyard.

What every wife should learn is that almost anything to eat she can serve on rice or mashed potatoes will strike her husband as a gourmet's delight.

If our grass grew in the fertilized patches as it does in the cracks of our concrete tennis court, we'd have the finest lawn in town.

An inveterate gambler at our coffee break wants to bet $100 that J.F.K. and Jackie will have a total of five children before they leave the White House. (I wager it'll be only four.)

A devoted son-in-law in the next village is sending his wife's parents to Europe as a gift for their sixtieth birthdays. Usually in our region it happens the other way.

. . . When our Air Force daughter-in-law makes her small sons gray flannel suits that'd cost $65 on Madison Avenue.
. . . Or seven-year-old Patrick comes up with a new spelling, "cemustree," in a thank-you note,
. . . And our young captain remembers 1732 as G.W.'s birth year, because it's like the square root of 3,
. . . Or Scott's first haircut at seven months reveals his ears and eyes,
. . . And my Lady Love struggles with the family arithmetic at income-tax time,
Then this ex-bachelor concedes that wedlock has a bigger climax on every page.



"Outside of refusing to let me grow old gracefully, she hasn't been a bad wife."



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CAN THIS CHILD BE SAVED?

the story of a bad boy

Mothers and fathers come to the Child Study Center of Philadelphia for many reasons. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Chandler came because they were the parents of the neighborhood bad boy.

It was a role that Ruth Chandler, an intensely retiring woman, was finding harder and harder to bear. Larry was only eight, but he had become a progressively more formidable problem. "I was getting phone calls. Constantly. The minute I picked up the phone and heard some mother's angry voice saying 'Mrs. Chandler!' my heart sank. Maybe she'd tell me how Larry, for no reason at all, had marched across her lawn, leaned into her baby's playpen and cuffed the baby. Ten minutes later the doorbell would ring, and there would be a little girl with tears in her eyes and a cut on her lip. She'd say, 'Your little boy pushed me on the playground.'

"When I'd ask Larry why he had done these things, he'd say, 'I don't know.' He might be trembling or crying, but that was all he could tell me: 'I don't know.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Chandler's hurt was particularly keen because so much of their affection was wrapped up in Larry. Mr. Chandler had done well in a plastics company, and their marriage had been a contented one except for the absence of children. Larry's arrival, after they had almost given up hope, had delighted them. He had a bad start with a premature birth and pneumonia, and was hardly home from the hospital when he developed infant diarrhea and had another desperate time of it. But when he recovered his parents plunged into the job of making it up to him. "I was crazy about that boy," says his father. "I used to hang over his crib just for the pleasure of it. I couldn't bring just one plastic toy home from the office; I'd have to bring a bagful." His mother says, "We gave him all the love and affection a child should have—maybe more."

The Chandlers, a quiet couple nearing their forties together, were determined to devote their lives to raising the son they were so glad to have. Their voices become emotional as they recount how

CONTINUED ON PAGE 19

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

WAYNE MILLER-MAGNUM



"It seemed to us that Larry was always an angry child."

SPAGHETTI MEDITERRÀNEO

All the color and vigor of the Italian Riviera are captured in this zesty dish. Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat gives you the true taste of Italy. It blends lean beef, plump tomatoes and spices, simmered to a rich taste and texture.

Make your spaghetti in a traditional way, too. Add 1 tsp. dried marjoram to water in cooking ½ pound spaghetti. Drain and toss with ⅓ cup coarsely chopped parsley. Top with heated sauce from a 15½-oz. can.

Or try this delicious herb spaghetti with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms, Sauce with Meat Balls or Marinara Sauce. Use these authentic Italian sauces to pep up meat, fish and egg dishes. Only pennies a serving.



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SUNDAY SUPPER—OR SATURDAY LUNCH

Royal Hawaiian Sunwich. Meal sized and marvelous! Split round hard rolls and toast them. Then spread with light, lively Miracle Whip Salad Dressing—best liked salad dressing in the whole wide world. Cover bottom half of each roll with a slice of Kraft Pasteurized Process Cheese and oven-warmed pineapple slices. Broil till cheese melts. Top with broiled bacon.

Red, White, and Green Salad. Fill a salad bowl with bite-size pieces of ruby radishes and spinach. Add cherry tomatoes and sliced white onion rings. Then—bring it all to the table with Kraft Italian Dressing! Such a glorious mingling of herbs, spices, oil, lemon juice and aged aromatic vinegar! Just a perfect blend of garlic, onion and exotic herbs. Have you tried this combination?

SALADS & SANDWICHES MEANT FOR EACH OTHER



LOOK!
New Wide-Mouth quart for Miracle Whip and Kraft Mayonnaise. New table-nice bottles for Kraft's pour-on Dressings.

ALL KRAFT DRESSINGS ARE MADE WITH LIQUID VEGETABLE OIL, HIGH IN POLY-UNSATURATES.

Each of these pairs is a perfect go-together. And each owes its happy mating of flavors to the very special seasoning of

KRAFT DRESSINGS



LUSCIOUS LUNCH FOR THE LADIES

Chick-a-dees. Brisk little boats with a cargo of chicken salad! Combine 2 c. diced cooked chicken with 1/3 c. each chopped stuffed olives and celery and Miracle Whip. (Savor its flavor! No other salad dressing does have, can have, that fabulous taste!) Cut oblong section from top of 4 small French rolls; remove centers. Fill with salad; garnish with a lemon wedge and olive.

Frosted Fruits. Stand pineapple spears around sides of bowl. Mix peach slices, grapes, strawberries and bananas with enough Kraft French to moisten. Layer fruit with endive in bowl and "frost" with a sprinkling of coconut. Subtly seasoned Kraft French—most popular of all French dressings—is delightful with fruits. It's bright flavored but not sharp. Non-separating, too, and so thick it clings.



PLANNED WITH MEN IN MIND

Hot Shrimp Romano. Combine cooked shrimp with enough Kraft Mayonnaise to moisten—and note the bright lilt of flavor! (That's from the touch of pure lemon juice in new Kraft Mayonnaise. Kraft has the lilt of lemon!) Sprinkle with Kraft Shredded Romano. Heap on toasted slices of rye bread spread with Kraft Mayonnaise. Broil until lightly browned, garnish with parsley.

Curly-Q Salad. The makings are simple but the result's exciting because the dressing has such flair. It's Kraft Deluxe Roka brand Blue Cheese Dressing, laced with the mellow tang of aged blue cheese and enriched with egg yolks so it flows like liquid velvet. Tear greens into bite-size pieces; add curlicues of carrot. Then toss with that heavenly dressing.



Keep a cupboard full of cans

A row of beans, a row of peas. Corn and tomatoes to pick when you please. To pick right off your cupboard shelf and serve, moments later, for just pennies per person. And such variety! Every vegetable from a to z: asparagus to zucchini. All picked at peak freshness and packed to *stay* that way *in sturdy tin cans.* Light can't intrude, flavor can't escape. No bother about freezing or thawing, no worry about spoiling. No trick to stack. No fuss to fix. *Only tin cans give you such complete convenience!*



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NTINUED FROM PAGE 14

eir accustomed world turned upside down o a nightmare.

"It seems to me," says Mrs. Chandler serably, "that Larry was *always* an angry ild."

Mr. Chandler recalls that "at ten months he s a good, happy baby. But between his first d second year he became very aggressive. the time he could play in the yard his local putation began."

As he grew older things became worse. hen he was six he hit a little boy on the head th a bicycle pump; it took ten stitches to se the wound. At seven he pushed a boy off e curb into the path of a truck. The boy was atched to safety in time, but school and ighborhood reverberated with the scandal. lls began to come from school when Larry tered kindergarten, and they mounted in lume until sometimes they reached the rate two a week. The misdemeanor was always e same. Larry did not lie or steal; he was ways neat and clean; he was the best reader his class, and he could flash a charming ile when he chose. He shared his possesns eagerly with any child who would play th him. But sooner or later—"*daily*," stresses rs. Chandler—he would turn on a youngr, usually one smaller than himself, with governable fury.

At home Larry was affectionate and docile, hough he tended to chatter maddeningly. also would ask several times a day, "Do u like me?" His father's invariable stanch ply was, "I don't like you, I *love* you."

The Chandlers did not know how to deal th him. They were a mild couple themselves. rs. Chandler was given to prefacing any sitive statement with an apologetic, "You'll nk I'm silly." Her preferred punishment s to "reason" with Larry ("Don't you *want* have friends?") and keep him indoors. She s frightened of making him "insecure," and lieved it was important to stick to cool displine rather than show anger.

But plain, helpless, corrosive anger swelled til it seized the family. "The day Larry hit boy with the bicycle pump, I was furious," s Mrs. Chandler. "His teacher had just ephoned that morning, besides. I grabbed rry and hit him with the first thing I could d, a shoe. There were many, many times e that when I completely lost my temper. ce I was so aggravated I choked him. I uld have killed him."

Mr. Chandler, who bore less of the daily rden, was slower to break down. He told wife Larry was "all boy." But living with rry was sometimes more than nerves could dure. Mr. Chandler soon found he was pable of smacking Larry across the mouth d yelling a savage "Shut up!" before rry's incessant talking.

They were so bewildered and helpless that y soon turned on each other. Neither can nember a single serious disagreement before rry was born. Their affection was such that s. Chandler will say impulsively, "I only pe Larry turns into as fine a man as my sband!" But Larry's problems shredded ir relationship into tatters.

"*All* our fights were about Larry," says Mr. andler, "and we were bickering *all* the time. got so she'd be telling him one thing—put on galoshes for school—and I'd be telling him ver mind, go to school without them. She'd going nuts during the day, and I'd come me and find her in tears. It got so I hated to me home. I'd get within a few blocks of the use and I'd think how much I hated it. It so we actually hated Larry. How can you e your own child so much, and hate him at same time? All I can say is, it happens. was a nightmare."

rom the first, they longed for help. They re sure a private psychiatrist was beyond m. Mrs. Chandler anxiously confided erything to Larry's pediatrician, but he ially pooh-poohed her stories. "Nothing ious," he said. "He'll outgrow it."

Larry didn't outgrow it; he got worse. She s told crisply by Larry's school principal t he was a spoiled child in need of discine. This advice impressed her, although she d noticed that after spankings he tended to become worse than ever. Trying to do right, she bore down on long-drawn-out punishments. She kept him indoors for weeks at a time. She also tried earnestly to teach him the seriousness of his crimes. When he would ask, "Are you angry at me?" she would reply patiently, "No, I am not angry, but this is why I am irritated with you," and tell him.

She consulted a visiting school psychologist. He found she was still bathing Larry, now a big boy of eight, and even tying his shoes. He advised her that she was probably too close to Larry; she should try to free him from the bonds of maternal affection.

This was the first clue she had been given as to *why* Larry might be so troubled, and she tried hard to follow the psychologist's advice. She added withdrawal of affection to the long punishments. Every punishment now meant that a period of stern disapproval settled over the household.

The trouble was that nothing worked—none of it. Not the spankings nor the punishments nor the lectures nor the frosty atmosphere nor being commanded to tie his own shoes. Larry would go out the door to school in the mornings, burdened with admonishments from his mother, and by recess would find cause to sock a fellow citizen. The wrath of parents, teachers and school officials would fall once more on shy, anxious, hurt and baffled Mrs. Chandler's head.

One day she received a new summons to the principal's office. Larry had taken a pair of scissors and slashed the schoolbooks belonging to his enemy of the morning. Destruction of property had not previously been Larry's bent, and the school principal spoke to Mrs. Chandler with new exasperation. He implied that making a small boy behave was a simple matter for responsible parents; Mr. and Mrs. Chandler would have to mend their ways, assume their parental duties, and discipline Larry at home, starting now.

Mrs. Chandler has a conviction that he thought of her as "one of those bridge-playing mothers," but so deep was her reluctance to confide her emotions to a relative stranger that she took all this in meek silence. She said nothing of her own burden of misery and concern, and made her lonely way home. "I cried all the way. I had no one to turn to. Everybody in the world was mad at Larry, he was getting worse, and I didn't know what I was going to do."

It was only a few days later, when she was reading the back pages of the paper, that the words "Child Study Center" caught her eye. That a place with such a name existed in her own nearby city was of intense interest. "It was the word 'study' that hit me. That was what I wanted for Larry, to have him *studied*."

The Child Study Center of Philadelphia is a busy place. It is an arm of the Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital, a research center that studies both normal and disturbed children, and its large specialized staff offers close therapy to some 200 families a year. When Mrs. Chandler telephoned that June day, she was told that its lists were already filled, the center closed during August, and perhaps she had better wait until next fall. With a quaver in her voice, Mrs. Chandler asked if she could talk to someone earlier, "just so I can hold on over the summer."

She was talking to Mr. Goetz Mayer, senior psychiatric social worker. "What is your problem?" he asked gently.

Mrs. Chandler's heart sank. How many times had she been told by Larry's pediatrician, "It's nothing serious!"

She needn't have worried. In the words of Dr. Harry G. Gianakon, director of the center, "In general, we accept any family's statement that they *have* a problem. Problems cause pain, and anyone who calls a social agency for help has usually been in severe pain for a long time. They know better than we that the pain—and the problem behind it—is real."

Mr. Mayer called back that afternoon to tell Mrs. Chandler that he had cleared an appointment for her.

At that first visit, which the center calls its "application interview," Mr. Mayer told Mrs. Chandler about the Child Study Center. Its help is not a matter of "rules" for raising



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REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

children which can be handed to parents in two or three visits. Nor can it magically get a child to "behave" by treating him alone. Serious behavior problems almost invariably come from pressures locked inside members of the family, therefore the entire family would be expected to come in regularly. Easing the pressures might be a matter of years. Mrs. Chandler admits now that "when he mentioned 'years,' my heart sank." Meanwhile, Mr. Mayer was making some evaluations of his own. Of the 200 cases the center starts each year, some drop away, some are referred to other agencies, and some remain stubbornly unimproved, but about two thirds are eventually dismissed "improved," and staff members have become skilled at recognizing families they can help. He encouraged Mrs. Chandler to talk freely. She did so, with shyness at first, but with increasing confidence, candor and insight. She understood that more than "just Larry" might be involved, that she and her husband might have to explore within themselves as well. And there was no doubt about her eagerness to cooperate. After she had left, Mr. Mayer wrote a report—the first of what was to be a fat dossier. He noted, "There is a rather gentle quality about this woman." His conclusion: "A good prospect for therapy."

The center is nothing if not thorough. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler had an "application interview" together. Larry and his mother each had two "diagnostic interviews," his father one. Larry was given a battery of tests. He raced through most of them, but of his attempt to paint a house the doctor wrote, "It was pathetic to see the mess that was made by this boy's smearing." The center exchanged letters with Larry's school, a camp he had attended and his family doctor.

At the end of all this, Dr. Gianakon and the four members of the center staff who had had something to do with the Chandlers to date (it was fall by now) met for a planning session. There was no doubt in their minds that a problem existed. In spite of all the previous flounderings, nobody had been wholly wrong. The principal had been right in his guess that Larry needed discipline; the school psychologist in pointing out Mrs. Chandler's close attachment to her son. Yet lightly telling his parents to correct these matters was like telling the sea to stop beating on the beach; the forces behind them ran too deep. The staff believed that Larry was tremendously frightened by his domination over his devoted parents. He held in the palm of his hand almost the entire emotional content of their lives; they lived, breathed and worried about Larry almost every moment of every day. This was too great a burden for an eight-year-old. During one visit at the center Larry had played with an electric train, but he had turned in panic to the therapist standing beside him. "It has too many switches! I don't know which to turn! I don't know how to turn it off!" So he didn't know how to turn off his turbulent emotions.

Larry needed "help to control his impulses." This could best be done by helping his parents build a new self-confidence so that they could provide "firmly grounded, consistent direction from above." Yet the staff knew how profoundly Mrs. Chandler mistrusted her own angers—even her own judgment. At the end of their joint report they wrote, "Prognosis: guarded." They underestimated Mrs. Chandler's quiet courage.

Now the "treatment sessions" for all three members of the family went into full swing. Larry and Mrs. Chandler had separate sessions once a week, Mr. Chandler one every other week. In all, Larry had thirty treatment sessions with Dr. Eli Harmon, young, barrel-chested child psychiatrist on the staff. As is customary at the center, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler were not treated by a psychiatrist but by a psychiatric social worker, warmly attractive Mrs. Nancy Autilio. Mrs. Autilio met with Mrs. Chandler twenty-six times, with Mr. Chandler thirteen times, and with them both together twice. Thirteen months after Mrs. Chandler's first phone call, the family were eager to try things on their own, and the center agreed. It was understood that if trouble started to pile up again, they were to get in touch with the center at once. By then, Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Autilio were such fast friends that Mrs. Chandler wouldn't have hesitated. A year and a half have now gone by, and Mrs. Chandler *has* telephoned once or twice to chat—and to report that everything was fine. As Mrs. Chandler puts it now, "It's a real Before and After story."

How was this small miracle accomplished? The oldest therapy in the world is talk; like many, many people, neither of the Chandlers had ever had anyone take the pains to listen to their inmost voices. Like all human beings, they had many needs and angers and hurts and wishes; but with no one to listen to them, they had not articulated them even to themselves. Emotions simmered below the surface. When one of them reared up—such as extreme anger at Larry—they pushed it shamefacedly down again; such things were not "supposed" to be. In one session, in speaking of Larry's incessant talking, Mrs. Chandler said impulsively, "I want someone to listen to *me*." She was astonished when Mrs. Autilio pointed out the implications. She had always made herself such a quiet woman!

At the start Mr. and Mrs. Chandler both tended to talk about Larry. By their fifth sessions each had moved on, and they were talking about themselves. Mr. Chandler looks wise and secretive (he knows his confidences are in locked files, and that Mrs. Autilio will never give him away), and says, "We talked about the things going on in this house—and how I felt about them."

Mrs. Chandler says, "Mrs. Autilio sort of introduced me to myself. It was an education!" It was one she enjoyed thoroughly. "It was like talking to a good friend. We talked about everything in the world—even cats. Poor Mrs.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

PROVERBS XX: 27

Autilio! I enjoyed it so much I always overstayed the hour by about fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Autilio's primary role was listener, but always as a responsive, encouraging person. Again and again she reassured Mrs. Chandler that her fears and angers about Larry, his teachers, the neighbors, her husband were wholly natural. When Mrs. Chandler told her of her guilt about choking Larry, Mrs. Autilio said quietly, "But you knew when to stop, didn't you?" They discussed how small, suppressed angers can build up into one big anger that is sometimes spoken of as "murderous." The feeling that we want to "kill" someone simply means we have a violent anger that we don't know what to do with. In the modest, peace-loving Chandler household, where small irritations were politely suppressed, such angers had been sweeping both Larry and Mrs. Chandler (and Mr. Chandler, too, at times) for years. The milder and less actually murderous you are, the more frightening such feelings can seem, and Mrs. Chandler was so badly frightened by hers that she was literally afraid to learn to drive a car, for fear she "might kill someone—maybe a child."

Mrs. Chandler says, "Mrs. Autilio did so much for me—I don't know if I can explain it. She made us see that Tom and I had hidden our feelings. For example, we had always waited until Larry went to bed before we argued about anything. She helped us see that he'd picked up the idea of sitting on his feelings at home—but as soon as he got out the door they'd explode. Now Tom and I have our arguments right out, or I blow my top in the first place, and it's made all the difference. After things began to change, Larry would say, 'Aren't you still mad at me for yesterday?' And I'd say, 'No, that was yesterday. I got mad then. Now I'm not mad anymore.'"

Mrs. Autilio also started them listening to Larry's inner voice. She suggested to Mr. Chandler that instead of trying *not* to listen to Larry talk, he give Larry his full attention for five or ten minutes, answer all questions, then say, "That's enough." She suggested that Mrs. Chandler sit on Larry's bed for five minutes or so at bedtime and ask him about his day.

"Larry liked this. He began telling me about school, his teacher, and so forth. All Mrs. Autilio's suggestions *worked*. Larry has c his talking in half—although he could st talk the ears off a brass monkey. And doesn't say 'I don't know' anymore. Now tells me his side. He knows I'll listen."

Children can rarely give a coherent accou of how they feel. So Larry's therapy w different. While Larry and Dr. Harm pitched horseshoes together, or while Lar chattered away, Dr. Harmon was busy "trar lating," as he puts it, Larry's words a deeds, gathering abundant evidence of l troubled state of mind. When Larry fi arrived, he told his interviewer remorseless "If somebody hits me, I hit him. If somebo hurts me, I hurt him." He did not know, hi self, how severely frightened he was. But so he began to reveal himself as a worried ch At one session, far along in therapy, he called for Dr. Harmon several horrible nig mares. They summarized all his fears that hu grown-ups were watching him, aware of every thought, ready to pounce with retrib tion. At the next session he walked into D Harmon's office and flew at him like a sm whirlwind, shouting, "I'll kill you! I'll k you!" Dr. Harmon held Larry off and shout right back, "Use *words* to tell me, don't a it out!"

Dr. Harmon says now, "This was the tu ing point." When the attack was over, La discovered that Dr. Harmon had not o survived intact, but was still his friend; tha small boy could think murder without coming a murderer. His fear and fury w exposed, yet neither Dr. Harmon nor thunc clap had struck him down; the world rol right along. Dr. Harmon says, "When admit our anger, we can not only direc more realistically, it is actually reduced."

The world rolled right along, but chan had taken place. Midway through the s sions with Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Autilio wr in her notes, "Mother has gained a great d in self-confidence and courage." Further no tell the story of Mrs. Chandler's discovery herself as a person. "Mother says laughin that she is living down her reputation a doormat." . . . "Mother met her most criti neighbor and stood her ground. She left neighbor 'gasping,' to mother's delight a great sense of power." . . . "Mother was trigued at the thought of answering La 'You are to do it because I say so.' She h thought you always had to reason with child."

Mrs. Chandler began to bloom right un the eyes of the center, to the delight of eve one there. When she had first arrived, waiting-room procedure had been to unf a newspaper before her face and remain h den behind it. The newspaper gradua lowered, then disappeared. She began make friends with receptionist and clerk. had her hair restyled. She began to talk taking driving lessons. By the time Chandlers finished at the center, Mrs. Aut summarized her gains as "tremendous."

Now, a year and a half later, the gains h held. This does not surprise the center st for just as angers and frustrations can spir family downward into misery, so confide and success can spiral them upward. M Chandler says, "It was amazing how La began to change when we began to change got so I could tell from my own mood in morning whether it was going to be a g day for him. It was a funny thing: as I surer of myself, and surer I could handle h he even began to *look* different to me—m like a little boy. And oh, the relief to find t he really *was* a perfectly normal little boy good little boy. Our doorbell *never* rings a more with complaints. And Larry is so m happier. One day a little girl told him, 'Yo a good boy now.' Larry was so pleased he t us about it five times."

Mrs. Chandler looks like a poised and ha woman as she laughs serenely. "I date change as a family from the day Larry st his tongue out at me. It wasn't that this wo have been such a terrible crime in the days—just that it wouldn't have happe The atmosphere wasn't right for it. But w he did stick it out, I said, 'All right, *be* cr Then we both laughed."



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Exclusive Frigidaire Automatic Defrosting gets rid of frost in Refrigerator Section. 13.24 cu. ft.; Freezer holds 100 lbs. 3 full-width door shelves. Twin glide-out Hydrators.

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Exclusive Frigidaire Frost-Proof system. 13.83 cu. ft.; huge Freezer holds 100 lbs. Two whisper-quiet Roll-To-You shelves glide out at a touch; full-width, full-depth—no waste space.

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10.51 cu. ft.; Freezer holds 71 lbs. 1-Year Warranty for repair of any defect plus 4-Year Protection Plan for repair of any defect in refrigerating system (all models).

FD-11-62

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FD-13-62-TQ



How to create 4 wonderful new Italian Dressings with this Good Seasons Mix

The Basic Italian Dressing: robust with garlic, flecked with onion and sweet red pepper. It's so easy to blend this truly tangy Italian dressing in the Good Seasons cruet. Simply combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the mix. (Directions on the Good Seasons envelope.) Be sure to have an extra cruet handy—this light, fresh dressing will inspire you to try many wonderful variations.



Italian Wine and Rosemary Dressing. When making this Good Seasons Dressing, substitute any dry wine for the water. Just before final shaking, add ½ teaspoon of rosemary, slightly crushed. Makes any tossed salad a triumph.



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Lemon-Tarragon Dressing for Marinade. Use tarragon vinegar. Substitute lemon juice for the water. (Add ½ teaspoon of the grated rind for extra tang.) Ideal for vegetable salads. **Buffet Salad Suggestion:** raw zucchini slices, raw cauliflowerets, tomato wedges, all topped with Italian red onion rings. Marinate vegetables for several hours in this piquant dressing. The lemon-herb flavor, with an undertone of garlic, seeps into every crisp bite.

Get the handsome Good Seasons cruet, with measurements marked, where you buy the 9 Mixes: Italian, Garlic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Classic, Bleu Cheese, Exotic Herbs, Old Fashion French and new Parmesan.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



From Me To You

By MARCELENE COX

■ To every June bride: Cooking is a profession—of love. Sunday breakfast is a perfect time to say "I love you" with fresh cinnamon rolls, refrigerated, done in a twinkling! The glossy white icing is included in the same package, ready to spread when the rolls come spicy hot from the oven!

■ But Monday brings you back to a realistic look at the scales. Want to lose a few more ounces before "bathing-suit days" begin? Here's a thought for dinnertime: Trim all excess fat from a thick, succulent lamb chop. Be ruthless! Then dust with rosemary and powdered dried orange peel. Slide under the broiler. This seasoning will coax the ultimate flavor from the chop. Calorie count: approximately 200.



DI PIETRO

In June the yard is full of life. The children are in the pool, the rosebushes are in first full bloom. This is the month every house most needs a porch.

■ Would it be going too far to say that love can be baked in a pie? No question that *this* pie will put a sparkle in any man's eye. Line a 9" pie dish with pastry. Let it chill while you make the filling. Drain two 6-ounce cans broiled-in-butter mushrooms. Simmer ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine until tender. Then add drained mushrooms. Beat 2 eggs slightly. Stir in 1 cup light cream and ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon salt, a dash of mace, 1 cup shredded carrot and 2 sprigs parsley, minced. Add drained mushrooms and onions. Pour into chilled crust. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 40–50 minutes, until custard is set. Makes 6 servings. Serve with a green salad; spike the dressing with a snip or two of fresh tarragon.

■ TANGY APPLESAUCE: Do try this, and intrigue your family! Stir 1 teaspoon instant orange fruit drink into a 15-ounce jar of applesauce for a delicious, elusive flavor.

■ Better to me than the silver or linen I inherited from my mother was her recipe book. Just to look through it again is like being with her; rereading a favorite recipe is reliving the times one has enjoyed it.

■ ANN'S COLESLAW (now the favorite at Penn's Grant Farm): Shred enough cabbage to make 1 quart. Chop very fine. Grate 4 stalks celery and 2 carrots rather fine. Soak in salted water in refrigerator 1 hour. Press out all water. Add ¼ cup vinegar and ¼ cup sugar. Stir in ½ cup mayonnaise. Add salt to taste. Let stand awhile in refrigerator to blend flavor. Wonderful to serve with a big baked ham, chicken or for carrying on picnics!

■ Do you know about the new rosy, fragrant, fully seasoned stewed tomatoes? Yours for the opening of a can. Ideal for summer-cottage fare, when combined with unflavored gelatin for a quick aspic. For an even quicker dish you might surprise the family—or guests—by cooking a package of frozen green beans with the tomatoes, to make an all-in-one vegetable dish. Fast, nourishing and good.

■ When I was a bride, frostings were my despair—until this never-fail one came into my recipe file. Blend ½ cup milk with 2½ tablespoons flour. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from heat and cool. Cream 2 tablespoons butter or margarine with the sauce base. Add ¾ cup confectioners' sugar, a pinch of salt and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Spreads as easily as a compliment. Use on top of a loaf cake.

■ For a dark, satiny chocolate sauce that children will adore on their ice cream, melt 3 squares semisweet chocolate over very low heat, stirring constantly until chocolate is melted. Add 1¼ cups light brown sugar and 1 cup light or heavy cream. Simmer a few minutes. Add a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. This keeps well in the refrigerator.

■ It never hurts a child to miss a meal, but it usually gives his parents indigestion.

GRANDMOTHER
ON THE BRIDE'S FIRST DINNER

She seemed a trifle too exact;
No pinch of this, no dash of that
(I watched her measure every drop),
But yet it really hit the spot!

■ This came to me word-of-mouth. On board a certain southern cruise ship, toasted bread ladled with creamy Welsh rarebit is served garnished with clusters of green grapes, as delicious at home as it is aboard ship!

■ "To weave an atmosphere of gentle living at the table, avoid introducing knotty problems."

■ BUTTERFLAKE ROLLS: These come refrigerated, all ready to bake. Follow package directions and stand these layered-with-butter rolls on edge in muffin pans, to achieve fanlike results. Done in 10–12 minutes. Light as a baby's conscience.

■ Use curried mayonnaise, lettuce, sliced tomato, crisp bacon and sliced avocado for a California club sandwich. Just right for Sunday night!

■ When four breathless teeners advance on the kitchen after a dip in the pool or a quick whirl on the terrace, have this hearty casserole ready to serve: Dice 2 slices bacon. Sauté with 1 onion, chopped. Mix with 2 cans beans-and-beef and 1 small can whole-kernel corn. Put into casserole. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 35–40 minutes, or until bubbly

■ One of the greatest delights in cooking is discovering the affinities certain foods have for each other: pears and ripe Camembert; cream cheese and strawberries. But do you know about spinach and sour cream? Cook a package of frozen chopped spinach according to directions. Drain as dry as you can get it. Add ½ cup commercial sour cream, 1 cup sautéed sliced mushrooms and a soupçon of salt, pepper and garlic salt. It's wonderful!

■ CUCUMBER-AND-ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE: This summer dish is bound to meet with rapturous enthusiasm. Pare and slice 1 large cucumber. Slice 4 small zucchinis, but do not peel them. In the bottom of a 6-cup casserole crumble 3 slices Italian bread. Arrange a layer of cucumber and zucchini over the bread, dot with butter or margarine, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Repeat layers of vegetables, seasonings, butter or margarine, until all vegetables are used. Cover with 2 more slices of Italian bread, crumbled. Dot with butter or margarine. Add 1 cup milk. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

■ If unusual is what you like, try this way of preparing scampi (large-sized shrimp). Put 1 pound raw shelled and cleaned shrimp in an ovenproof pie dish. Spread them out evenly. Dot generously with butter or margarine. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and oregano. Crush a garlic clove over all. Broil until pink and lightly brown. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and lemon juice. Serve on toast to absorb good-as-gold juice.

■ HOME-STYLE BACON DRESSING. Some like it hot, some like it cold, but all like it on crisp spring greens. Sauté 4 or 5 slices bacon. Drain off fat and crumble bacon. Beat 1 egg slightly. Add 2 tablespoons sugar. Mix with 1 tablespoon flour and ¼ teaspoon salt. Blend well. Add 2 tablespoons cider vinegar and 1¼ cups milk. Put in skillet with bacon. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until it is the consistency of thin custard sauce. Particularly zestful served on crisp garden lettuce, spinach or dandelion greens.

■ Cooked vegetables have shapes and like to keep them. Handle them carefully!

■ For times when you want a sweet drink to be a little special, your guests will acclaim this: Mix 2½ cups strong cold coffee and 5 tablespoons chocolate sauce into 1 pint vanilla ice cream. Serve in tall glasses. Makes 4 servings.

Banana Mallow Pie

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Here is how: Slice 2 or 3 bananas into baked and cooled 8 or 9-inch pastry shell or baked graham cracker crust.

Prepare 1 package instant vanilla pudding and pie filling according to pie directions on package. Pour over bananas and let stand for 5 minutes.

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Chill for 30 minutes and serve.

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SUNDAY IS A DAY OF REST

By WILL STANTON



There's something about Sunday that's different. On weekdays there's always a scramble to get the kids to school and the husband to work on time. Then the wife still has to feed the dog and stack the dishes before she has a chance to fix her hair and read the paper.

But on Sunday you don't have to get up early and shave—you can throw on an old robe and drink your coffee and relax. It's a time to think long thoughts—to recall youthful ambitions and consider present realities. About then you look at your wife and she looks at you and one of the kids comes downstairs headfirst with his collection of birds' eggs and it is brought home to you once more that you are a family man.

I don't recall the date, but it was the Sunday when this foreign agent was driving his Zeppelin over some shark-infested lagoon. He had just thrown out a couple of burlap sacks—one shaped like Annie and the other like Sandy. I put the paper aside, thinking of the vanity of worldly possessions.

Peg was looking at another section of the paper. "Did you happen to read Spouse 'n' Home?" she asked. "It's that column Hilda Dracket writes every week. This time it's a quiz about compatibility—you fill in the answers and then look up your score. We can skip the first one. 'Does he ever surprise you with flowers or candy for no good reason at all?' It would surprise me all right and it would certainly be for no good reason. Now the next one ——"

"Not so fast." I held up my hand. "Let's consider this from a slightly different angle." She was watching me suspiciously. "Many times," I said, "when I have been about to enter a florist shop I have stopped to look at the unnatural arrangements ——"

"Next time just walk in," she said, "without looking."

"When I compare this garish display," I went on, "with the natural beauties you have created here"—I waved toward the planter—"and there"—I indicated the African violets ——

"That's enough." Peg leaned over to pick up the ashtray that had somehow got brushed to the floor. "When you get to the candy store you'd better keep your hands in your pockets."

I smiled. "I suppose I'm just being a sentimentalist," I said, "but I can't help thinking of the candy you used to make for me when we were in school."

"Keep talking," she said.

"The Penuche Queen the fellows in the dorm called you. You should have seen them swarming around whenever I got back from a date, calling for fudge and taffy and tugging at my pockets."

"I always wondered what you did to your suits," she said. "I thought maybe you carried baseballs in the pockets."

"My only point was ——"

"You've made your point," she said. "Just one more question: what thoughts cross your mind when you pass a jewelry store?"

I smiled. "I'm glad you asked me that."

She nodded. "That's what I was afraid of."

"I've looked in those windows more often than not," I went on, "and I will agree that diamonds and emeralds have a certain cold beauty ——"

"But nothing like mamma cooks up at home—that's the part I want to hear."

I reached over and took her hand. "To me there's only one piece of jewelry that ever meant anything," I told her. "Oh, I'll admit that it's just a plain wedding band that hasn't much value ——"

"I knew better," Peg said, "but somehow I simply had to ask."

I squeezed her hand. "I'll bet you a quarter Hilda Dracket isn't holding hands with anybody," I remarked, "and here we are enjoying a quiet Sunday morning ——"

Peg sat up suddenly. "Where are all the kids?"

"Don't worry; they're down at the corner lot, looking for my fountain pen. I offered a dollar reward."

"Now wait just a minute"—she pulled her hand away—"you worked that one last week. You had the poor things hunting all Saturday morning and then you found your pen in your other suit."

"I gave them the reward anyway," I pointed out. "Everybody was satisfied."

"That was different," she said. "That was an honest mistake. But now to send them trudging through the weeds looking for a pen that isn't even there ——"

"Don't jump to conclusions," I told her. "I had a feeling we might need a little solitude this morning, so last night on the way to the party I threw a pen out the car window—just in case. Let's have the next question."

"Don't you feel there's something just a little underhanded ——" Peg acted a little disturbed.

I glanced down at the paper. "'Does he ever quote a line of poetry about your hair, your eyes, your lips?'" I thought for a minute. "There was a young lady from Merryfair," I said, "with a broad and expansive ——"

"Skip it," she said. "Anybody who would stoop to planting a fountain pen ——"

"My first impulse was to compare thee to a summer's day," I remarked. "Thy neck is as alabaster—a pillar of salt ——"

"A pillar of marble."

"Exactly. And when you come to scoring this, you might note that someone who tosses out scraps from Shakespeare and the Bible is a cut above your *Roses are red* faction."

"We keep trying to teach the children the importance of honesty and truth," she said. "Oh, well. Do you want some more coffee?"

"Might as well," I said. "The thing you forget is that truth is a two-way street. Suppose somebody has a new baby and one person tells the mother it's darling and the other one tells the truth. Which is the better citizen?"

She handed me my coffee. "You aren't making any sense at all."

I suppose I should have known better. To Peg all new babies are darling. It doesn't matter what kind they are—baby lizards, baby clams—they're all cute. It's only after they grow up and so on. "Let's have the next question," I said.

She picked up the paper. "'Do you both agree on national issues?' What's the matter"—she glanced up—"coffee too hot?"

I set down the cup. "No, the temperature's just about right."

"I see." Her expression became formal. "Well, if it doesn't taste like the kind mother used to make, I'm sorry."

"As a matter of fact," I observed, "it tastes exactly like the kind your mother used to make. If I closed my eyes I could almost believe you were using the same grounds. Now, what was the question?"

"You go ahead and read your paper."

"I hope I haven't said anything to upset you."

"Of course not." She went back to her section of the paper. "I know you never feel like yourself in the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

THE CHEAPEST WAY TO GO TO COLLEGE

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS
Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

"To get a good education, you must want it," said a San Antonio mother. "If you want it, you should be willing to pay for it."

This was a recurring refrain heard during 533 interviews conducted in all sections of the country for the *Ladies' Home Journal* by Dr. George Gallup's Public Opinion Surveys. It was also a very realistic refrain. There is no doubt that the cost of sending several children through college has reached a staggering amount.

What is the cheapest way to go to college? Measured in dollars only, probably the cheapest way is to: 1—live at home and commute to a state-supported university branch or junior college; or 2—attend a state or land-grant university in one's home state. Even among these, cost estimates range from under $1000 a year at a few Western and Southern state colleges to $2835 at M.I.T. and $3150 at Cornell, and it is often possible for Easterners to attend college more cheaply outside their own states.

Four-year costs at "prestige" colleges have reached $12,000, and most "medium-price" state universities now require $6000–$7200 for out-of-state students. The cost spiral at state and land-grant universities is a special concern, since they are a middle-income family's major hope. The $3000-a-year tag at prestige colleges almost rules them out for all but the well-to-do or the very smart. Now the high cost of even publicly supported universities is compounding the college problem of average families, and threatens to bar from college three groups especially—girls, minorities and low-income families (girls because their earnings are usually lower, and because when families must choose, they usually send their boys).

In the *Journal* survey, many questions were asked to get parental views on meeting the costs of college. Slightly more than half (53 percent) said they had a plan for putting money aside to pay for college. Most families expect their children to pay part of their way by working during summer vacations. But even these plans, if carried out, will not suffice to meet the full costs of college. Parents of college-bound students must face facts as they are today.

A special study made for the *Ladies' Home Journal* by the Joint Office of Institutional Research, based on most recent costs, reveals some of the following new facts and trends:

The great American tradition of working your way through college is fast becoming a legend. Student earnings are still important, but increasing academic demands are making it harder to spend many hours working for pay. Nor have available jobs increased as fast as enrollments.

The number of scholarships is increasing, but amounts are smaller than parents sometimes realize and, even when available, usually meet only about one fifth of today's costs.

The big trend is toward borrowing. But some of the burgeoning educational installment plans need to be shopped with care to avoid piling large finance charges on top of steep college fees.

Another noticeable trend is for mothers to work to help finance college for their children.

Tuition fees are the explosive force behind booming college costs. For the state and land-grant universities, tuition increases have averaged 48 percent just since 1958. For the "name" colleges increases are staggering, in dollars as well as percentage, a not uncommon jump being from $1100 to $1500 a year.

Board costs have risen less drastically—most often 10 to 20 percent.

If board costs remain relatively level, in line with the current general stability of living costs, but tuition continues to rise, parents must anticipate that college costs will continue to increase at the rate of perhaps 4 or 5 percent a year for at least the next few years.

A middle-income family with several children will still be able to finance a college education for them if a savings plan is started early and if all potential aids are explored. Attending college still is related more to determination, motivation and advance planning than to family income. A realistic plan, assuming costs of $1500 the first year, and rising 5 percent a year, might follow this formula:

Aim to have enough on hand for the first year through a combination of parents' and student's savings. If not possible, plan to have at least $1100 to finance the first term without outside work, and half the second term's expenses. For the student's remaining years in college it should be safe to expect him to provide about half the needed $1550–$1600 a year through summer work and a combination of work and aid.

This formula means that the parents would provide over four years about $3100 of the costs of college for a student at a typical medium-price university. Such a plan requiring $775 per year should be within reach of most families in the $6000–$10,000 income bracket. For example, the University of Massachusetts, where expenses run $1500 a year, found that the "middle" 1960 income of its students' families was $7600 (including salaries of both husband and wife before taxes). One out of five determined families even managed college with incomes of under $5500. Revealingly, the university found over 40 percent of mothers reported earnings—typically, $2500 a year.

But if $775 a year is not possible for moderate-income families or those with several children, the balance will have to come from scholarships, loans or additional student earnings.

Scholarships are increasingly available and should be applied for but, to repeat, are neither so plentiful nor so large as parents sometimes hope. For example, last year Ohio State had to turn down 3000 of 5000 scholarship applications. The University of Massachusetts was able to award only 72 scholarships to the 1150 prospective freshmen who applied for them.

Loans sometimes are the chief hope many colleges now hold out to needy students. Colleges often now group loans and scholarships together as "student aid" and tend to give even qualified scholarship applicants a combination of scholarship and loan.

Though loans are a major resource for financing college education, they still need to be selected and used with care to avoid 1—unnecessarily high finance charges, and 2—heavy debts that may influence a graduate to choose his career on the basis of quick income. Here are sources and comparative costs:

National Defense Act loans have become the main source. They are available at a true interest of 3 percent, which does not start accruing until a year after graduation. Another important feature is their availability to freshmen. College and state-sponsored loans sometimes are available only to students who have completed at least one term, sometimes more.

State long-term loans are especially prominent now in Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, North Dakota, Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Sometimes they are made through banks. Your state education department can tell you where to apply.

These are not always so reasonable as the National Defense loans or even colleges' own loans. The New York loans cost little. No interest is charged while the student is still in college, and only 3 percent thereafter. But Massachusetts Education Assistance loans cost a true interest rate of 5 percent while the student is still in school, and a finance charge of $4.50 per $100 after graduation—a true rate of about 9 percent. For a loan of $1200 for three years, the student would graduate with a debt of $1380, and the additional finance charge for three more years would raise it to $1566.

Colleges now tend to offer National Defense loans to students seeking long-term financing, and use their own loan funds for shorter or emergency loans. But many still make their own long-term loans too. The interest charges range from nothing at all to 5 percent at the colleges surveyed, with 3 to 4 the most typical. In the majority of cases, interest begins after graduation.

Installment loans are offered by a number of finance companies that have started their own "tuition-aid" or "educational-assistance" plans at true interest of often 8 to 10 percent and sometimes more.

Though you may sign up for a so-called $3000 or $4000 plan, the finance company really advances the money only as college bills come due. But you repay monthly out of income. You can devise your own interest-free plan by starting with a fund of perhaps $750, and then replenishing it each month. Working students often provide half or more of their expenses, earning $400–$500 during the school year, and another $400 during the summer. But students also are tending to borrow rather than take jobs that sacrifice study time for small return.

Most of the mothers interviewed in the Gallup survey for the *Journal* felt that loans were the best source of college funds. Two out of three mothers thought that if their sons or daughters were eligible for long-term governmental loans, they should accept them. Only one in six (18 percent) would advise them not to accept such loans. Many women felt that long-term loans would help teach young people responsibility; that knowing they will have to pay back the money might cause them to work harder. The chief reason cited against loans is that a debt of this kind is a millstone about the neck of any young person about to enter his life's work at the same time that he reaches marrying age.

Whether the money comes from savings, current income, loans or scholarships, going to college today costs a frightening amount of money. Nevertheless, college enrollments continue to burgeon in the United States. More than nine out of ten of our mothers hope their children will go to college, and their hopes made no distinction between sons and daughters.

Financing the college years with a minimum of strain requires an early start on savings—the earlier the better, to get the full help of compound interest in making funds grow. It requires an early start on planning, to explore all potential aids. Among the hopeful developments that brighten the prospects of moderate-income families are the interest of government, business and community organizations in providing more scholarships and loans, and the spread of junior colleges and two-year technical institutes.

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PICTORIAL PARADE

BETTE DAVIS

THE LONELY LIFE

an autobiography

I have always been driven by some distant music; a battle hymn, no doubt, for I have been at war from the beginning. I rode into the field with sword gleaming and standard flying. I was going to conquer the world.

I've never looked back before. I've never had the time and it has always seemed so dangerous. To look back is to relax one's vigil.

Any vogue has always bored me. I find no exception in the now stylish trip to the inner world of the psyche where mamma and papa are the villains of one's life. I could never afford this kind of vacation into self-pity and the transference of one's mistakes to another. Whatever I did, I did. My mistakes are mine. I alone am responsible.

If you hate your parents for willing you buck-teeth, have the teeth fixed or become a comic—only keep quiet about it.

My father's cavalier disappearance from our home when I was a small child certainly has significance. Consider my quartet of marriages. But his hypothetical perfection as a father might have bound me to him and spoiled other men for me. But why waste time hating your father when he had a father who had a father? The die was cast when daddy left us. My sister Bobby's world went up in smoke. Mine shifted on its axis. It's just as simple as that.

At thirty I learned what it means to be responsible for the outcome of the show. You must set the tempo, chart the course. You are a star. If you aim high, the pygmies will jump on your back and tug at your skirts. The people who call you a driving female will come along for the ride. If they weigh you down, you will fight them off. It is then you are called a bitch.

I do not regret one professional enemy I have made. Any actor who doesn't dare to make an enemy should get out of the business. I worked for my career and I'll protect it as I would my children—every inch of the way. I do not regret the dust I've kicked up. I always fought people my own size, and more often than not they were bigger.

A woman has to fly high and fight to reach the top. She should travel light—unburdened—but I've always done things the hard way. If I fell in love, I married. Had I been a European, I would have managed things differently.

I wanted to be married. I wanted a home. Ruthie, Bobby and I hadn't had one since I was seven years old. We were on the move for years—gypsies. Small wonder that—when I could—I acquired houses as other women acquire jewels.

It is true that I have lived with nerves exposed. My pulse has raced in endless crisis. But there is the positive side to the story. I have also marveled at life and exulted in struggle. I have never lost my initial wonder. To be aware that you're part of the flow—part of the whole miracle—is overwhelming.

Obviously, I have lived in a permanent state of rapture. I was never able to share it with a mate. It exhausted them. It evidently drove them mad; but I was as helpless as they. Once you've heard the sound of that distant music, you're deaf to everything else.

The Yankee in me is still appalled by my repeated attempts at marriage. Knowing that I failed at the impossible doesn't help. My mistake was the repeated trying.

What can you do when newspapers call your husband "Mr. Davis"? How helpless and yielding can a woman be when her weekly salary exceeds his annual income? What Mrs. could I have been to avoid this?

It is true that I never should have married, but I didn't want to live without a man. I was brought up to respect the conventions; love had to end in marriage. I'm afraid it did.

I am living alone for the first time in my life. Alone without the love of a man I always wanted. I knew I would end up this way. I have always said that I would end up a lonely old woman on a hill.

I've gone solo. Read your programs. Bette Davis in her no-man show!

The Davises of Marlborough, Wiltshire, bore arms with a golden stag on a red shield—the seal of an ancient Welsh tribe. The Pilgrim James Davis of Marlborough came to America and was made a freeman of Newbury, Massachusetts, on March 4, 1634. He and eleven others cleared the forest at the Indian village of Pentucket and founded the present city of Haverhill, Massachusetts. A selectman and representative of the general court, he was a Puritan and accused one John Godfrey of witchcraft.

No doubt he would disassociate himself from any responsibility. It is true that there is, as usual, another side to my story. The Keyes family who arrived in New England the same year from England intermarried with the Favors (Le Fievre), Huguenots who settled here in 1688 and helped found New Rochelle. They moved on to the shores of the Merrimac River, first at Bristol Hill and then in Lowell, Massachusetts.

The historic drive that propelled both Davises and Keyeses to establish churches and industries, administer colleges, captain clipper ships and fight both Indians and English was blended with the more sensual and aesthetic impulsions of the Favors, who have also sprinkled France

© 1962 by Bette Davis

BETTE DAVIS
THE LONELY LIFE
an autobiography

with actors and musicians. This mixture created the powerhouse I knew as my grandmother, Eugenia Favor.

She was five feet of TNT. Handsome, imperious, she ruled her house by divine right. Grandmother Favor's house on Chester Street in Lowell was a maple-shaded palace. Her motto was "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." This was more an admonition against pride than it was a directive against ambition. Grandmother Favor had no objection to that.



CULVER

"Here I am at six months with Ruthie, my mother." Father, Harlow Morrell Davis, was in Harvard Law School when Bette was born in 1908. They lived in Lowell, Massachusetts.

My mother, Ruthie, inherited Eugenia's energy and taste plus talents she relinquished in favor of her firstborn. She starred in school theatricals, edited her high-school magazine, painted and sketched with great delicacy. Mother studied elocution and dramatics with Miss Porter in Lowell. From the record, she astonished her audience at the Temple, Chautauqua's auditorium in Ocean Park, Maine, with a reading of Lew Wallace's "Tamerlane."



"Mother took this picture shortly after her divorce. She had made our look-alike dresses. I was 8, Bobby 7."

Ruthie was always an actress. Till the day of her death at seventy-six, she still was the star of the family.

Ruthie first met my father in Ocean Park, when she was seven. They came to know each other well in the succession of summer vacations that both families enjoyed at the popular resort. In 1905 mother was a beautiful young girl—accomplished, gay, graceful and filled with the joy of life. She was a painting by Mr. Sargent.

Harlow Morrell Davis was a brooding Roualt clown. Tall, gaunt—with a bulging forehead, rimless glasses and a Phi Beta key straight from Bates College. He was four times president of his class, champion debater and head of the athletic association. He had been accepted at Oxford, but declined when he discovered that he had to give up cigarettes. He was soon to enter Harvard Law School, where he could smoke his brilliant head off. Although his father was deacon of the Baptist Church in Augusta, Maine, my father was a nonbeliever. Of extremely serious mien, he had—early in life—an apparent hankering for fast horses and the beauty of Ruthie.



"George Arliss was truly 'The Man Who Played God' to Ruthie and me." He chose Bette as leading lady for film with that title after Universal failed to renew her option in 1932.

Father courted Mother with a flattering persistence that aroused interest if not love. But Grandmother Favor, after a discreet investigation of the Davis exchequer, decreed that it was a good match. Mother was friendly with Mrs. Davis, who frankly confided to Ruthie that her son was brilliant and utterly



It was 1937, her marriage to Harmon Nelson was ending. Bette at Hollywood party with tennis star Fred Perry. Others: Loretta Young, Clark Gable, Elizabeth Allen and the Gary Coopers.

disagreeable. She warned Mother, "He will make your life miserable, my dear"—but as usual, things were decided in Grandmother's favor.

On their wedding day, immediately after the ceremony, some happy things in white eyelet and wasp waists laughed gaily and in time-honored custom threw fistfuls of rice. Harlow Morrell Davis turned to them and said, "Damn you, I'll get you for this!" A rather startling reaction for a bridegroom. The new Mrs. Davis's heart sank.

After their honeymoon, they moved into Grandmother Favor's house in Lowell. Daddy



Bette's first movie role was at John Murray Anderson School of Dramatics. "There were classes in everything, including movies." She left to join Rochester, N.Y., stock company.

attended Harvard Law School. They were married on July first. Much to my father's distress, the following April fifth I was born.

They had not planned a family so quickly and Ruthie's "inefficiency" was a demerit. The first of many. Her inability to share his intellectual life became a source of irritation. Ruthie's naïve enthusiasm for life in general and the baby in particular was beyond his ken. Father's wit was a knife he sharpened on Mother.



UPI

"For the first time in years I had a part that really thrilled me," as Mildred in "Of Human Bondage."

We moved to Winchester, Massachusetts, and Mother compounded her felony by giving birth to my sister, Barbara. I was eighteen months old and ecstatic with my new "doll" for a day. I then, incredibly, removed Bobby from my crib and placed her face



"Elizabeth was my tankard of tea. I adored her." Ruthie, Bette's mother, visited her on set of "The Virgin Queen," as she visited at least once every movie her daughter worked in.

down on a chair nearby. When Mother and our nurse discovered Bobby, I explained, "I don't want dolly *here*." A few years later I cut her hair in scallops. As different as night and day as we are, Bobby and I have always been great friends.

Daddy believed that children should not sit at the dining-room table with grown-ups

until they were able to conduct an intelligent conversation. We were allowed to have dinner on Sundays, however, with the family. We were always banished in tears for some impropriety or lack of wit. Bobby and I were treated by daddy as a necessary evil. Daddy's mind was original and his only descent into banality was his sampler, "Children should be seen and not heard." If it had been up to my father, I could have made my name only in silent pictures.

In a supreme effort to make up for Daddy's



Louella Parsons, "always most encouraging," is on Bette's left in this picture made at huge party at Marion Davies's beach house. Others are Irene Dunne, William R. Hearst, Mary Brian.

boredom with us, Ruthie showered us with love. Mother was sunlit—Daddy the dark cloud. I cannot recall one moment of affection between my parents in our home.

Daddy, however, had another dimension.



"What can you do when newspapers call your husband Mr. Davis?" Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Nelson in Model T Ford he bought for $75 in '37. "It was his symbol of independence."

He was very generous with gifts to Ruthie. When Grandmother's fortunes ebbed, he put mother's brother Richard through Harvard and invited him to live with us. He helped to support others as well. Daddy cared nothing for the opinions of others—was solely prompted by his own code of ethics, which was very high.

My impression of my early childhood is a happy one—due completely to the efforts of my mother. There is a quick succession of bright moments. Aunt Mildred's wedding at our house on Cambridge Street in Winchester.



UPI

"I held the statue, but it was Ruthie's triumph." Miss Davis won Academy Award for Best Actress of 1938. With her are Jack Warner and Fay Bainter, Best Supporting Actress.

Bobby and I were flower girls and the Japanese lanterns hung from the maple trees, transforming our lawn into a fairyland. Those biting, cold, white days when Bobby and I would slide down the hill behind the house on our backsides—without our sleds. The kitchen—shiny and busy and expectant with custards and fruit pies. The flowers in the woods nearby, and our vegetable garden in the summer. The fresh colors and tastes of that garden! The first Cadillac Daddy brought home. The family outings on Sundays.

Grandmother Favor would hang out of the car and shriek, "Harlow, stop!"

The brakes would screech. "What's the matter?" Daddy would ask.



"I was glamorized beyond recognition in 'Fashion Follies of 1934'" with a platinum wig and false eyelashes.

"Children, do you see those apple blossoms. Ruthie, we simply have to take home some apple blossoms."

The Cadillac would look like a hearse on our return.

If I could never win my father, I completely conquered Ruthie. I became an absolute despot at the age of two. Partly to compensate for Father, but mostly through sheer terror, Ruthie surrendered. A tantrum got me what I wanted. My demands were frightening and unusual. My passion for



"I started work on what turned out to be my favorite of all the parts I've played." In this scene from "Dark Victory" Bette and Geraldine Fitzgerald are directed by Edmund Goulding.

order and perfection was unheard of in a child so young. An untied lace on a shoe, a wrinkle in a dress drove me into a fury.

One Sunday when I was dressed to visit Grandmother Favor, I turned blue with rage. Father raised his eyes to heaven and hands to ears. Mother looked for open safety pins. Nothing would quiet me until Ruthie removed my dress which had a wrinkle down the front and slipped a freshly starched one over my head. I was not only pacified but smiled—displaying my first tooth. I should have been paddled.



"The most beautiful baby ever born" was two days old when photographed. "B.D." was a May Day child.

Daddy spanked me only once, and at Mother's request. Bobby and I—at my instigation—had eaten some unripe grapes, forbidden to us, in our arbor. We had a Roman feast which ended classically. Ruthie said, "Harlow, I gave them castor oil. *You* can give them a spanking." He did!

Father did try. He took us to the circus once and it was a marvel to me until I noticed the long, green carpet that was placed in the ring to accommodate the parade of animals. The seam down the middle was crooked and it drove me mad. I was so disturbed by it that I



EUROPEAN

"When I married Merrill I made it contingent on our adopting more children." The Merrills visited New York City in 1954—left to right they're Gary, Mike, Margo, Bette and "B.D."

sat among all the laughing children, brooding like a Charles Addams monster. Order! Order! To this day I would walk over burning coals to straighten a picture or adjust a blind; but father simply decided I was an ungrateful brat. Father only knew that he had sacrificed an afternoon for nothing.

He was now, of course, graduated from Harvard and was a patent lawyer with the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston. He was on his way to becoming one of the most respected specialists in the patent field. His three women were

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Any woman is a very serious matter. But some women are more serious matters than others.



a taste for marriage

By KAATJE HURLBUT
ILLUSTRATED BY TED COCONIS

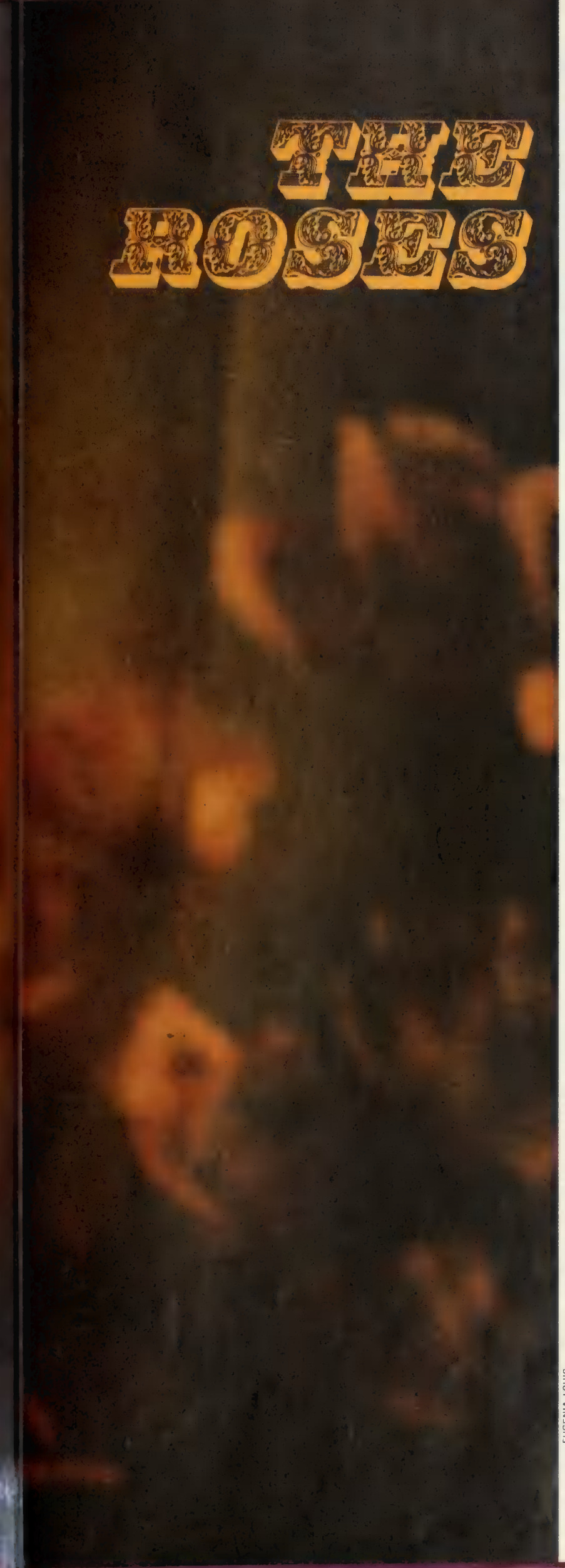
My grandfather and his son-in-law, my father, have a great thing in common: my mother, who at fifty is wispy, temperamental, and has pink hair. My grandfather scowls in fierce self-reproach now and then and says to my father: ☐ "Rob, I've spoiled that brat." ☐ "That's all right," says papa; "so have I." ☐ "I started it; you hadn't any choice." ☐ "I didn't want any choice," says papa. ☐ Then old papa, as we call my grandfather, looks at me, his only grandson, and says solemnly, "Watch—and learn." ☐ "Yes, sir," I say. "A woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the more you beat 'em, the better they be."

Long ago when old papa was young, he built himself a lodge up here in the mountains where he fished and hunted with his cronies. But it is no longer a retreat; with the years and the generations, it has grown. It rises and rambles in the woods beside the lake. We have always spent the summers here: my father and mother, old papa and my sisters and their children and husbands; and, of course, Stella, who has cooked for mother for thirty years. Though we are only twenty miles from town up here, we feel wonderfully cut off from the world; there's no other house for miles except a small cottage at the far end of the lake which old papa built a few years back so he could get away from everybody—but every time Stella had a meal ready, most of us were visiting old papa and Stella got so mad he had to come back to the lodge. So now the cottage is rented out each summer.

When we arrive in June—a caravan of cars and families—old papa thumps upstairs to the balcony which surrounds the huge main room. He looks down on us and shakes his head. "One woman, Rob," he says to papa, "has done this." (The woman, my

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The pearls, exquisite beyond belief,

transformed Mary Dane.

She was shy and unloved when they

came into her life—

to change it forever after.

By LEE MURDAUGH

There are philosophers who say that the soul is immutable: that "as it was in the beginning, so it shall be, henceforth and forevermore"; and they refer the curious and the doubtful to a vast literature which supports this view. The scholar, as he thumbs through the manuscripts, will find fables and tales of magical happenings, stories of men transformed into beasts and beasts into men, of worlds destroyed and worlds restored; and all this, and other marvels besides, without the soul of man being changed by so much as the weight of a hair. But such tales, as we know, come from the pens of storytellers, and who is to say whether a tale expresses truth, or merely is told in a way that avoids treading on God's toe?

Other philosophers insist that the soul does change. They ask, "Does not the soul have eternal life?" And they add, "Is it not true that life and change go hand in hand?"

The dispute is not resolved here. True, we tell of a woman who was transformed; but even as we sort out and arrange the things we know, the question remains: what kind of transformation? We know that we are concerned with a young woman named Mary Dane. We know of Mary Dane that she lived alone in a large, old-fashioned room. We know that for nine years she worked at the museum. We know the catalyst: pearls so rare as to be beyond price.

Mary Dane was changed by possession of the pearls. She could not resist their impact any more than she could have resisted the changes in mind and heart that would have taken place had she sprouted golden horns above her neat, dark brows. The pearls were beyond belief, beyond expectation, and they transformed Mary Dane. But as for what happened to Mary Dane's soul, we shall leave that to the philosophers.

There was a mirror in the room where Mary Dane lived. It reached from floor to ceiling, and was framed in a garland of flowers and leaves, tied with ribbons and graced by cupids. Long ago the flowers and the ribbons and the cupids had been thinly leafed in gold, but the years, with gentle, probing fingers, had taken bits of the gold to lay bare patches of the chalky base. Deep in the glass was a wavering, a shifting of image and movement, like a pool stroked by a wand.

Mary Dane stood before the mirror, and she was reflected in the watery glass, naked except for the pearls. They blushed across her breasts, and fell in a deep loop that rubbed at her knees.

Take off your clothes, Mary Dane, and wear the Roses next to your body. Get used to the feel of the pearls. Observe their color ——

The mirror's subtle flaws made for layers of light and shadow, and in the changing light a sea nymph moved, clothed in the jewels of the sea.

Was it only an hour before that the pearls had come? The uniformed messengers had demanded proof

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EUGENIA LOUIS

New Weapons against breast cancer...

Victories are being won in the fight against cancer, though the great victory—a *known*, complete cure—is still elusive. Twenty-five years ago, 160,000 Americans were alive and considered cured five years after their illness was diagnosed as cancer. This year the number of five-year cures will exceed 1,100,000, according to the American Cancer Society. Uterine cancer—for centuries the terror of women everywhere—is now virtually 100 percent curable because the simple, lifesaving "Pap" test enables it to be discovered early. If all women would have this painless, five-minute examination annually, victory over uterine cancer might well be total victory.

Progress has been slower against breast cancer. It leads all other forms of cancer as a cause of death in women. Each year it strikes more than 60,000 new victims in this country. Without early detection and treatment, half may die. But even in this fight we have new weapons: regular checkups and monthly self-examination help detect the cancer before it has begun to spread to other parts of the body (the greatest danger of breast cancer and the reason why its toll remains so stubbornly high); in the hopefully near future, special X rays to detect it even before it is discoverable to the touch; constantly progressing techniques of surgery and radiation. And the newest, most vibrantly hopeful weapon of all: chemotherapy.

This year the National Cancer Institute will spend $35,000,000 to "find, develop and put into use effective anticancer drugs." It will screen between 40,000 and 50,000 different compounds, find perhaps 400 to 600 worth further testing, reduce these to about 175, the number now undergoing actual clinical trial. Among these *may* be the great one, the cure. The hope is always there. But more likely, among these may be one, or possibly two, to add to the roster of twenty drugs proved effective against cancer. None is yet a proved cure. All have their dangers in any but the most expert hands. None will yet produce the great, longed-for miracle, but some *have* brought about the smaller but no less genuine miracles of prolonged life, relief from pain, ability to live a productive, close-to-normal existence. And for these drugs there are prayers of thanks. They come from cancer patients themselves and from the people who love them and feel deep gratitude for the great gift of the added years together.

Perhaps chemotherapy has made its most hopeful gains against childhood leukemia and the malignant lymphomas, its most sensational against a rare form of cancer called choriocarcinoma which, tragically, attacks pregnant women. Reporting results of tests of the drug Methotrexate in treating choriocarcinoma, the surgeon general of the United States said, "For the first time, it appears that a drug has cured cancer in man!" Recently, Methotrexate has shown promise in treating other forms of cancer as well.

There is evidence that Enovid ("The Pill"—an oral contraceptive) may be a control factor in breast and uterine cancer. Further studies are now under way.

Against breast cancer, some notable advances are on record.

Hormones: testosterone, a male sex horomone, is effective in treating breast-cancer patients who are premenopausal; diethylstilbestrol, a female sex hormone, is effective against breast cancer in postmenopausal women.

5-Fluorouracil (one of the newest drugs) appears to hold real hope. Nitrogen mustard has been known for some time, but a new, experimental use of it—combining it with surgery to kill cancer cells which might be dislodged into the system during the operation—reduced the death rate in one group of patients by 60 percent.

ThioTEPA, another anticancer drug known for some years, showed even more exciting results when used as an adjuvant to surgery. In recent tests, breast-cancer patients so treated had an eight-out-of-ten recovery rate, as opposed to a five-out-of-ten rate in patients treated with surgery alone. Results of another study showed that ThioTEPA had cut in half the likelihood of recurrence of the cancer. "The results are so striking," reported Dr. Warren H. Cole, past president of the American Cancer Society and one of the country's foremost cancer fighters, "that we might expect the procedure to become a routine one in cancer of the breast if the figures continue so favorable." Carefully controlled tests now under way across the nation are confidently expected to bear out results of the earlier studies.

Dr. Jeanne C. Bateman, of Washington, D.C., has been working with ThioTEPA for ten years. Most of her work lies with patients whose cancer was considered too far advanced to be helped by further surgery or radiation. "ThioTEPA is not a cure, it is a holding action," she says. But she feels that its importance in cancer can be compared with the importance of insulin in diabetes. "Insulin does not *cure* diabetes, but it does allow many diabetics to live comfortable, relatively normal lives."

Though she stresses "no miracle cures have occurred," many of her cases *appear* miraculous. The huge tumor of one "hopeless" breast-cancer patient began to shrink and heal at the end of two weeks of treatment. A month later, feeling well and in good spirits, the patient returned to a full-time job and a normal life. Another woman whose case was past the help of surgery or radiation responded so well to ThioTEPA that she was able to resume housekeeping plus her job as a schoolteacher, happy and grateful for "four more good years" of watching her children grow up. A pretty young mother developed what was described as "a very bad breast tumor" during pregnancy. After surgery she was given a course of chemotherapy. That was more than two years ago. "Mother and baby are doing fine," Dr. Bateman reports happily.

In discussing the value of chemotherapy in cancer, she says, "We do not yet have a cancer cure in the real sense of the word. But if we could change our thinking—think of cancer *not* as a fatal terminal state unless completely burned or cut out, but as a chronic disease which *can* be treated and often controlled—both patient and doctor would find morale improved and treatment easier. Our object, then, is to keep the patient ahead of the disease so that management of it will not be financially or psychologically destructive, there may be a good and useful survival, the patient may live to die by some other disease. We have reason for optimism. There are a growing number of ways in which many uncured cancers can be treated. And we can anticipate not only more effective anticancer agents in the near future, but also the true cure we have been searching for." END

By BETTY COE SPICER

Cancer's Worst enemy: ...early diagnosis

Fear shook me that weekend five Aprils ago when I learned that I would have to go to the hospital. I had had small lumps in my breasts before, no larger than peas, and they had soon disappeared—harmless cysts. But one morning, as I lolled in bed enjoying the weekend luxury of not having to go to the office, I rolled over and felt what I thought was a lump in the mattress. When I investigated, I found the lump, quite firm to the touch but painless, was in me!

The thought of cancer had never entered my mind in relation to myself. It was always some unfortunate thing that happened to someone else. I felt in excellent health, and no member of my family had ever had cancer. It seemed something remote. But I knew the importance of going immediately for a professional checkup, if only for the peace of mind that would come from having the doctor assure me that the lump was nothing to worry about and would go away. Breast cancer, one of the least dangerous of the genus if arrested early, is distressingly common among women.

Thank God I did go for a checkup right away. It saved my life. It didn't take the examining doctor at the clinic long to call in a specialist on the staff. He pulled no punches, for which I am grateful. "This condition indicates surgery," he said. "It is our only way of being sure. I cannot overemphasize that you must not delay. If you wish to obtain additional professional opinion from your own doctor, do so at once."

No nonsense about it. I appreciated his directness, but I still felt as though the bottom had dropped out of my world.

The surgeon I chose was kind and had a quiet composure that gave me the reassurance that carried me through the next six weeks. He credited me with enough intelligence to understand what he was telling me, and I did my best to co-operate. The doctor-patient relationship is a delicate balance of teamwork.

He explained that I would be given Pentothal Sodium as anesthetic. This is a magic potion which, when injected into your veins, carries you off to blissful unconsciousness and lets you wake up without a sick hangover. The first step would be to perform what is called a "frozen section." This involves removing some of the suspected tissue, "freezing" it instantly by chemical means to enable the pathologist to make a slice of infinitesimal thinness. It is examined under a microscope for guidance to further procedure. All this is done in the operating room while you "snooze."

"You must trust me," I had been told. "If the lump is benign, you will have a scar where I've cleaned it out and sewed up the skin. In time, it will fade to almost nothing. But if the growth proves to be malignant, it will probably require radical surgery—the removal of the breast to ensure that all the spreading cancerous cells are removed."

The next few days, waiting for my date with a hospital bed, were the worst I've ever known. I felt stunned. My independent and interesting life as a career woman in New York City was suddenly coming apart. I was a writer on the staff of one of the nation's top magazines, I had an attractive little apartment on the East River, and I had lots of friends. Nothing had prepared me to face such a frightening prospect alone.

I was quite sure the biopsy would show that my problem was just another harmless cyst of the kind I'd had before and I would emerge from the hospital none the worse for wear. *But what,* I asked myself, *are you going to do if you wake up after the operation and find that radical surgery has been performed? Go to pieces? What will it feel like and how will you behave? After all, there's no guaranty in spite of your ever-present optimism that it can't happen to you. It just may. So face it!*

That's when I decided that if it did happen to me I would accept it as a challenge and make the best of it.

Prayer, I found, calmed me and helped me to think clearly. At those moments when my heart would pound wildly and my throat would tighten with fear, I would sit quietly and pray—not always formal prayers, though the familiar ones like the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm seemed to have new meaning and strength-giving qualities. I remembered another: "God, give me the serenity to accept that which cannot be changed, courage to change that which should be changed, and the wisdom to distinguish one from the other."

The first few days in the hospital are a foggy memory. After the operation, I woke up in the recovery room. I felt no pain, only a warm coziness as though I were in a cocoon. I wasn't frightened or unhappy, just lazy. After a while I realized I really was in a cocoon—my right arm was strapped across my chest and I was enveloped in bandages like a mummy. *This is it,* I thought. *It's been done!*

But, first things first. *Now I must concentrate on getting well,* I told myself. *The problem of what I look like and what I can or cannot do comes later. Let's not panic!*

After a few groggy days, painless and timeless with the aid of drugs, I began to brighten up. My exercise consisted of trips to the bathroom—no bedpans for me! I began to enjoy food. With plenty of trial and error, I learned to use my left hand instead of the right for things like eating and combing my hair. I got interested in what was going on in the corridor outside.

Finally the bandages came off and the stitches came out, all with no more pain than a sharp pinprick. Then came laborious and dull exercises. You have to trace little paths with your fingertips up the wall, and you make a pencil mark at the height you reach each day. It's amazing how a thing so simple can seem so difficult, and how pleased you can be when the mark moves higher.

The doctor gave me a small sandbag to swing around in circles to stretch the muscles. This became the evening floor show when I demonstrated my progress to my friends.

I had underestimated my friends, as we often do. I knew they were busy with the constant demands of their professions and families and hardly felt I could expect more than deep concern and sympathy from them. As it turned out, I spent not one evening alone at the hospital. Not an afternoon passed that someone didn't phone. My name ascended heavenward in numberless prayers. My room looked like a flower show, and I had a fine selection of books, goodies and fancy nightgowns. I shall always remember that the warm strength of friendship offered at a difficult time is a golden gift. It should be accepted with grace and savored with gratitude.

I began to occupy some of my time in the hospital by mentally remodeling my wardrobe. I decided which sleeveless dresses and blouses would have cap sleeves added. And a real challenge to my designing talents: how to cope with a bathing CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

By ELAINE ST. MAUR HAYES

THE OLD DOG





When a prospective groom comes for the holidays with a ring in his pocket and winds up leaving a Labrador puppy under the tree, it's high time to cherchez la femme. BY DOROTHY BLACK

The old dog lay asleep in the empty nursery. There were no longer any children there to keep him company. The days were gone when he willingly became a seal, or a bull in a bullfight, or anything else that might be required of him. All that was left to him now was a familiar woolly mat on which the winter sun laid a comforting beam from time to time.

Lying there, the old dog dreamed of chasing hares through the heather, of games of hide-and-seek played in the rhododendron shrubberies before Serena and Amanda were too old for such things. Then his long legs would twitch with a galloping motion and he would give short, excited yelps. And sometimes he dreamed of the days when Serena no longer pushed him away, but loved and petted and spoiled him. Then he grinned in his sleep, showing a tooth.

He was shut up in the nursery because there was so much of him and because he was given to lying in inconvenient places where people fell over him. Mathilda, the maid, had gone right over him carrying the shepherd's pie the day Commander Stephen Gault came back from the Eastern tour, and that was very inconvenient. Stephen was courting Serena. Mrs. Blagdon particularly wanted everything to be just so. Not cottage pie all over the carpet.

Serena was beautiful. She was brilliant, too, making money doing modeling. Barney, the old dog, had had not a little to do with her success. They had made such a wonderful eye-catching picture, the slim fair girl, the huge dog. Press photographers never missed a chance. People always noticed Serena, but nobody noticed Amanda. She was only sixteen. Like Barney, on auspicious occasions she was in the way. Barney was too old, Amanda too young for parties.

"Something will have to be done about him before long," Serena said. Now she often eyed the old dog distastefully. "He is really getting quite disgusting," she said, and she turned him once and for all out of her room.

"How *can* you?" said Amanda, hating her. "He can't help being old. One day you'll be old too."

Serena laughed, knowing that was nonsense. She was nineteen and the sun was shining and she knew she would live forever.

For thirteen years Barney had slept at the foot of her bed and had gone with her wherever she went. He had been her gimmick. On her dressing table she still had the picture of him taken at the height of his show successes, but he slept alone now in the old nursery and she could not be bothered with him. Mostly he made the best of a bad job, but there were times when lonesomeness overcame him in the dark hours. Then he howled dismally.

"We shall have to have that dog put down," said Colonel Blagdon. "He kept me awake again last night."

Amanda had been eating baked Alaska, her favorite pudding, when her father said that. She laid down her fork and spoon, choking, and could not eat any more. The colonel noticed it and went on to make matters worse.

"They do it quite painlessly nowadays, and really it's kindest. No good being sentimental about these things once their back legs begin to go."

It was true about his back legs. They dithered a bit and were no longer what once they had been. Sometimes he still had spells of gallivanting puppyishness, when he bounced and chased his own tail, but he soon had to sit down.

Only that morning he had set out for a walk over the moors with them. Serena had been against taking him: "He'll just be a nuisance," she said, but Stephen said, "Let him come." He was fond of the old dog, because that had been the start of it all: a summer's day before he went off on his Eastern tour, and a slim fair girl sitting in the front seat of a car at the station, the huge dog beside her. In that moment he had known, the way men do, that here was something beckoning, though he had no notion what.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"Serena Blagdon," his mother said. "She's a brilliant girl. You see her pictures everywhere. I prefer the little one myself."

But she did not discourage him because she wanted him to marry. A sailor is better with an anchorage at home. She asked them all over to tea the following day, and Barney came too. In those days, where Serena went, there he went also.

All through that golden summer Stephen had seen a lot of her. They were not actually engaged, but Mrs. Blagdon hoped something would come of it, for bonnie lads are few. When his ship returned from the East, she asked him down for Christmas.

So here he was. There was snow on the hills and a nip in the air and they all set out over the moor. Barney got as far as the bridge across the river. Then he sat down.

"I told you so," Serena said crossly. "He must just wait here till we get back, that's all."

"Come, fellah . . . come along, boy," Stephen coaxed and Barney's bright eyes said, *I'd love to, but I* CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

He found her in the nursery with Barney.
That is how it would be, he thought.
When you needed her, there she would be.





SUMMER is in the air

and the hanging baskets that used to give an airlift-garden look to the verandas, porches and sun parlors of Victorian houses are returning to celebrate the new romantic revival in architecture and decoration which is taking place indoors and out. Once again the enterprising florist and greenhouse man will be able to furnish you with started baskets of ferns, fuchsias, geraniums, lantanas, begonias, petunias and other plants that droop over gracefully and take kindly to basket culture. You hang them from any overhead support you like, wherever they will be out of the withering wind. All of them are at their stunning best as conversation starters when suspended like living chandeliers above the terrace where you entertain. And a good drenching with the hose once or twice a day in dry weather is just about all the care they require. What if they do drip a little! By RICHARD PRATT

The closest to orchidlike of all the basket plants are the Lloydii begonias in the full-page picture. They come in pink, salmon, red, white; insist on shade.

The delicately pink-flowered plant attracting such charming attention here is the hanging-basket geranium, grown especially for the purpose.

As graceful in baskets as the scrutiny they are enjoying at the left below, petunias are profuse; also just about the easiest of basket plants to grow.

Like the great asparagus fern at the lower right, all the plants on these two pages are grown in regular baskets of wire lined with sphagnum moss.





JAMES MOORE; HANGING BASKETS BY FRANK OCKENDEN

By BRUCE CLERKE, Beauty Editor



CONANT

Sunglasses & summer makeup

Take special heed of this twosome. They've been declared necessities by both medical and fashion authorities who are aware of the devastating effects overexposure to the sun can have on your skin. Premature aging is the minimal of the adverse conditions it produces, and skin cancer, unfortunately, is not rare.

Once judged to be Nature's finest cure-all, the sun now turns out to be nothing more than a friendly enemy. How you handle your contacts with it can make you either its beneficiary with a lovely golden tan or its victim with dried-out prematurely aged skin. The very way the sun tans your skin is in itself an aging process, since it thickens the outer horny layer of skin. The darker the tan, the deeper the thickening and hardening process reaches. In time the connective tissues are damaged and your skin can lose its natural softness and elasticity. Happily, makeup puts your complexion behind both a protective and a pretty-making screen. A tinted emollient foundation will shade your skin from the sun and help replace natural oils being constantly dried away by the sun and heat. If you add face powder over your foundation you can add still another layer of screening protection to your complexion. Choose a sun-struck shade for both—tawny beige or honey color—and your audience will judge it to be your natural summer finish.

Anytime you keep close company with the sun—at the beach, on a boat, at a ball game or a picnic—you need to take extra



An early version of sunglasses: yellow lenses in wire frames.

PIX



Princess Grace has her prescription ground into her dark glasses.



The summer eye cooled with pale eye shadow; here a misty blue.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN ST. JOHN

EUROPEAN



Sophia Loren's curved glasses are a forecast of new shapes.



Sunny corals and gay pinks top the lipstick lists for summer.



EUROPEAN

Movie stars began it all; here, Joan Crawford behind dark glasses.



Good-quality lenses screen out harmful rays but not your audience.



UBLI-PIX

Audrey Hepburn finds oversize frames flattering to her small face.

precautions. Use a sun preparation that contains a chemical filter to separate you from most of the burning rays of the sun. Many of these products disappear completely and will work perfectly as an underlining for your makeup.

Lipsticks, besides signing you up for a prettier smile, also protect your lips from parching and the lines that come with overexposure. Incidentally, if your lips are particularly susceptible to sun blisters or if you develop slow-to-heal sores on your lips, be sure to see your doctor. He'll have definite recommendations to make concerning this sometimes precancerous condition.

Eye makeup, once considered only as a party prop, now comes out in the noonday sun to protect your eyes and the delicate skin that surrounds them. For instance, mascara coats and thickens your eyelashes and actually improves their ability to shade your eyes from sun and glare. Eye shadows supply cool insulation for eyelids, and when you use a creamy version it lends a bit of lubrication in the bargain. If you have problems with your makeup smudging in the summer you might try one of the new powdered eye shadows (you press them on with a puff or your fingertip) which have the advantage of not being affected by heat or humidity. In any case, since the skin around your eyes is virtually devoid of natural oil glands, you should use an eye oil or cream every night. Slide some on before you go off to the beach too.

Sunglasses, once a movie star's favorite disguise, are now standard summertime equipment for everyone. They help protect your eyes from the infrared rays of the sun, and act as a barrier against wind and glare as well.

You'll get the greatest protection from the darkest lenses (although any color adds some protection; the deeper the shade of glass, the greater the protection), and the quality of the lenses is most important. And try on as many pairs as need be to find a frame that is really comfortable for you. The trend seems to be toward bigger, more shielding glasses that stand a bit away from your face to allow for cooling air to circulate behind the frames. If you normally wear glasses, consider having your prescription made up into sunglasses for summertime use. END

By NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD

the enchantment of eating outdoors...

spit-barbecue a leg of lamb

In a shady backyard or a sunny patio, on a long stretch of beach or a tiny terrace—no matter where, you can be sure the food will taste better, the appetites will be bigger, if the cooking's done out-of-doors. A hundred days of summer lie ahead in which to enjoy this favorite American pastime. What could be a more glorious feast than a spit-barbecued leg of lamb? Turned over glowing coals, basted with spicy barbecue sauce, it will sizzle to tantalizing perfection while a creamy noodle casserole, hearty enough for the hungriest, waits on the buffet table. Pretty plastic plates are stacked there on individual trays. An exciting way to serve salad (here it's crisp greens, artichoke hearts and tart red peppers) is in pearly abalone shells. This fresh-air feast comes to a happy ending with wedges of cherry pie or cold fresh fruit.

SPIT-BARBECUED LEG OF LAMB

1 (7–8-lb.) leg of lamb

Chili Barbecue Sauce:

½ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic, crushed
¼ cup cooking oil
1 cup tomato purée
1 cup tomato sauce
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 tablespoon dry mustard
Pinch rosemary

Prepare the sauce early in the day. Cook onion and garlic in oil until tender but not brown. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Bring to the boiling point, lower heat and simmer for about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Buzz in a blender or rub through a sieve. The fire should be started in plenty of time to get a bed of ash-covered coals, briquettes or charcoal to cook over. Wipe the lamb with a damp cloth. Insert the spit in a line with the bone and as near to the bone as possible. Be sure the leg is evenly balanced on the spit so it will rotate freely and rhythmically. Insert a metal meat thermometer into the lamb if you wish. Attach the spit to the grill; it should revolve away from you. Brush the leg all over with the barbecue sauce and continue to brush at frequent intervals during the cooking process. Roast about 1½–2 hours, or until the meat thermometer registers 170° F., for rare lamb; 2–2½ hours, or until thermometer registers 175° F., for medium. Allow the meat to rest on the spit for 10–12 minutes to retain juices before removing both spit and thermometer. 8 servings. Note: A leg of lamb may be roasted on a rack in an open roasting pan in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., 20–35 minutes per pound. Baste it with the barbecue sauce for that same wonderful flavor.

COUNTRY NOODLE CASSEROLE

½ pound sliced bacon
1 package (1-lb.) very fine egg noodles or vermicelli noodles
3 cups cottage cheese
3 cups dairy sour cream
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 onions, minced
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
Dash liquid hot pepper seasoning
4 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons prepared horseradish
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
Extra sour cream, if you like

Fry bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towels and crumble. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until just tender, "al dente," according to package directions. Drain well. Mix all remaining ingredients, except Parmesan cheese and extra sour cream, in a large bowl. Add noodles and bacon and toss with two forks until well mixed. Turn into a deep 3½-quart buttered casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30–40 minutes or until heated through. Remove cover, sprinkle surface with ¼ cup Parmesan cheese, broil until golden. Serve remaining Parmesan to sprinkle over each portion, and extra sour cream if you wish. Makes 12 servings.

MENU. Spit-barbecued leg of lamb, country noodle casserole, green salad with artichoke hearts, French bread with sweet butter, cherry pie or fresh fruit, coffee.



NORMAN KARLSON



NORMAN KARLSON

Menu: Hot Consommé Madrilene, Glazed Salmon Jardiniere, Mixed-Vegetable Salad in Lettuce Cups, French Cheese Sticks, Cantonese Ginger-Ale Sherbet, Coffee

cold buffet on the patio

A magnificent whole cold salmon, cooked the day before, shimmers under its party glaze and is served with a creamy avocado sauce. A chilled salad of garden vegetables, and refreshing ginger-ale sherbet—icily delicious at only 61 calories a helping—round out this perfect warm-weather meal.

GLAZED SALMON JARDINIERE

1 (8–10-lb.) salmon, cleaned, head and tail removed
2 quarts court bouillon
2 egg whites and eggshells
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
Red food coloring
2–3 sprigs basil, tarragon or chervil
1 hard-cooked egg

Wrap the salmon in a piece of cheesecloth. Line a large roasting pan with heavy-duty aluminum foil; use enough to extend up the sides of the pan. Place salmon on foil and add court bouillon (use your favorite combination of ingredients). Cover pan tight with lid or foil. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., for 1½–2 hours, or until salmon flakes when touched with a fork; or simmer salmon in court bouillon in a large kettle, 10 minutes per pound. Cool. Lift fish from bouillon, remove skin and back-fin bones. Trim off brown parts. Chill well before glazing. Strain court bouillon; save 1 quart and heat with beaten

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



Menu: Macaroni Milanese, Cabana Salad, Italian Bread Sticks, Lemon-Meringue Tarts or Fresh Fruit, Iced Tea

One hot dish by the pool

Our one hot dish—all the better after a cool swim—is a luscious Italian-style casserole of ground beef, shell macaroni, plump tomatoes and zucchini. Young spinach adds a cheerful green to our crisp salad. For dessert, make little lemon-meringue tarts in the cool of the morning. Heat

MACARONI MILANESE

- ¼ cup cooking oil
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 pound mushrooms, wiped and sliced
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1 can (12-oz.) tomato juice
- 1 can (2-lb.-3-oz.) Italian plum tomatoes
- 1 can (3-oz.) flat anchovies
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon basil
- 1 tablespoon oregano
- 6–7 drops liquid hot pepper seasoning
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 pound zucchini, washed and sliced
- 1 package (1-lb.) macaroni shells
- 1 pound cherry tomatoes washed and stemmed

the oil in a 2½-quart skillet, electric frypan or saucepan. Sauté garlic and mushrooms until golden. Add ground beef; break up with a fork and brown lightly. Stir in tomato juice, plum tomatoes, drained, chopped anchovies, parsley, basil, oregano, liquid pepper seasoning and salt. Cover, simmer over low heat for 1½–2 hours, or until flavors are blended; stir occasionally. Add zucchini, cook 10–15 minutes or until

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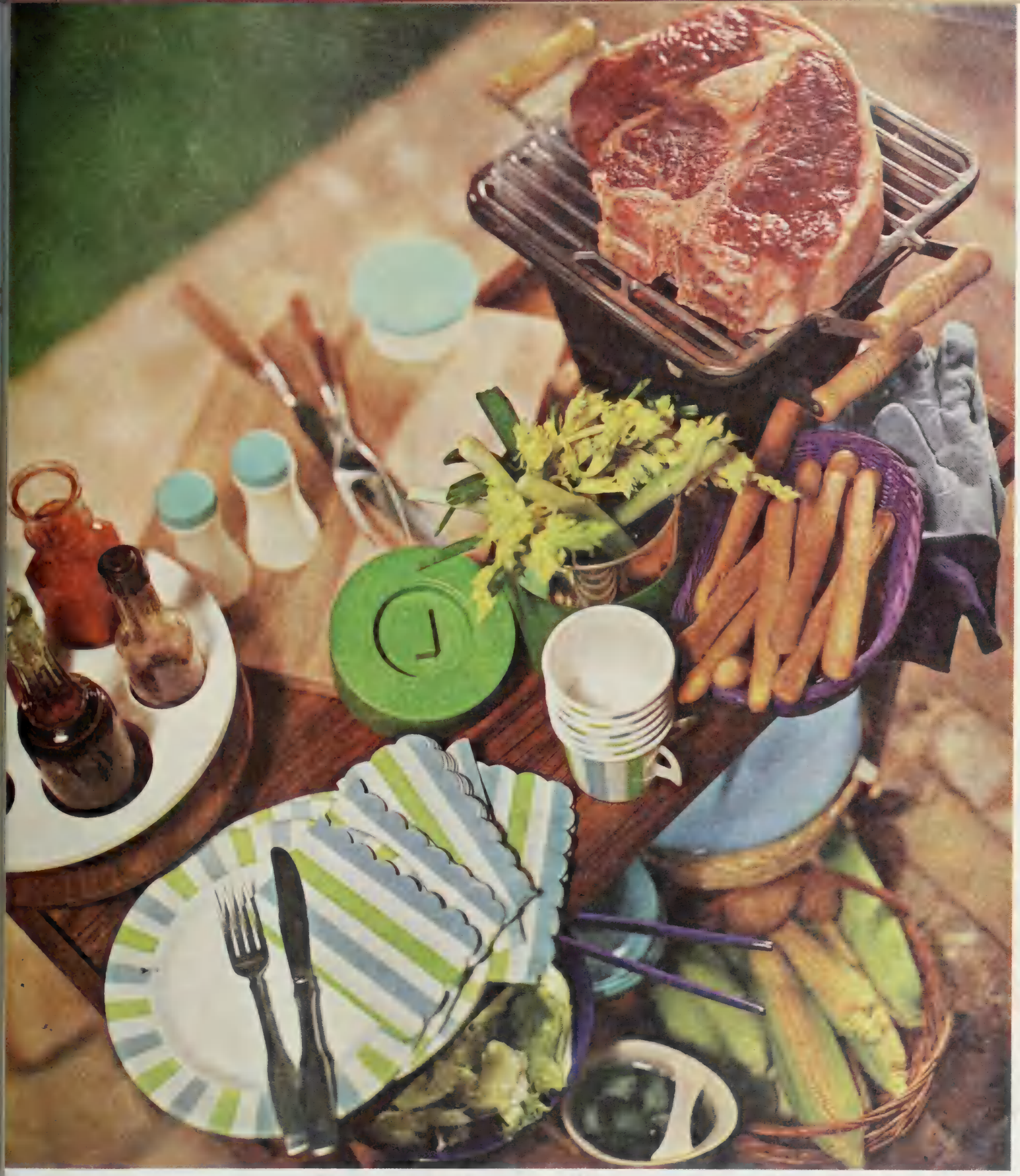
NORMAN KARLSON

Ready to pick up and take outdoors for dining: a basket packed with paper-thin plastic plates and matching paper napkins ($2 for 4 plates, 12 napkins). Bamboo-handled flatware is stainless steel ($1.40 for a knife, fork and spoon). Straws are stored in a stoppered bottle; plastic refrigerator boxes hold individual salads. The wood pedestal plate ($14) could serve cheese as well as cake. That pineapple is really a plastic ice bucket ($9.98). The vacuum jug has a convenient handle. Checked cloth is plastic.

Easy as a picnic...

Outdoor dining calls for carefree accessories. A Fourth of July cookout party or a casual family supper in the garden is more fun if you don't have to worry about a plate's bouncing on the ground, or food stains. You need lightweight, unbreakable dishes; disposable napkins, wipe-clean cloth and mats, stainless-steel flatware.

As our photographs show above and on page 91, it's easy to find colorful, inexpensive wares by scouting dime and department stores, Japanese and Mexican shops. Choose different kinds, and mix them as you would your china and glass. Your settings can be so pretty that, come winter, you will want to use them indoors.



All set for an outdoor barbecue: a teak serving cart ($45), accommodating a Japanese hibachi ($10) on its removable-tray top. If the wind shifts, the cart can be moved easily. Paper plates, cups and napkins pick up the colors of a canister filled with ice to keep raw vegetables crisp and, on the second shelf, of a ceramic casserole-in-a-basket and plastic salad bowls. Salad is served in a purple lacquer bowl ($2.98, plus $2.50 for matching servers). A walnut lazy Susan ($15) organizes sauce and dressing bottles.

Start with several sets of paper plates and napkins, plastic dishes and mats so that you can experiment with different color schemes. Add brilliant colors with lightweight lacquer bowls and trays or sturdy agateware plates and mugs.

Give your serving platters and bowls a rest. Invest in baskets for serving corn, fruit, rolls, raw vegetables, and in cutting boards for dispensing cold meats, cheeses, cake. Colorful, airtight canisters can store and serve crisp edibles such as potato chips, cookies, crackers.

For giving your picnic glamour at night, use candles in colored glass bottles (50 cents), or plant a flower bed with tapers poked in the soil.

The transportation problem can be solved with a picnic hamper that you keep packed and ready to go. Or you might use a cart on which to trundle food and dishes outdoors in one trip. Or if you set up individual trays (see page 91), the family can tote its own meals to the outdoor table.

By CYNTHIA KELLOGG
INTERIOR DECORATION EDITOR

all set for dining outdoors

Eating out-of-doors is a delightful art—easy and fun to further with the rainbow of colors and range of textures (from earthenware to milk glass) available to anyone who can afford to barbecue a steak. Shame on "second-best" china for nature's first-class show. Choose the colors for your outdoor tableware fearlessly. Anything goes with sky blue and grass green. Fern green and royal blue are a cool but dazzling duet. Shocking pink or raspberry red creates a party mood. Sunny yellows make eye-opening breakfast tables. Plain white, spiked with vivid plates and napkins, has a clean, sophisticated look. Our seven tables show you how to create color masterpieces with new, inexpensive tablewares. Pick a plate to start your color scheme, then repeat its colors strongly in accessories, and use lots of glass—nothing looks cooler. Dramatize white or one-color china with a cloth in a smashing color—perhaps even in a pattern. Buy fabric by the yard and hem for your own custom-made one-of-a-kind cloths, mats and napkins.



For chowder at a beach house, set a plastic-topped table in a nautical scheme of white bowls ($1.25), blue plates ($1.50), blue-and-white napkins. Serve lemonade in glasses with bamboo-wrapped handles ($3.50), fruit in a glass snifter.

JAMES MOORE



Romantic Mexican setting can be adapted for your porch: a hot-pink cloth is centered with a basket of paper roses and set with white ironstone (5-piece setting, $5.25), clear-glass goblets, wood-handled steel flatware (52 pieces, $24.95).



This umbrella-shaded luncheon oasis in the garden shows you how to make inexpensive china look like a million dollars—match the cloth and accessories to the color of its pattern. China, 5-piece setting, $7.95; shakers, $2.95; goblets, $2.



On a hot evening, use lots of cool glass in a pastel color scheme. You could start with ice-blue mats, add earthenware plates ($3), repeat their colors in blue glass bowls and saucers, lilac goblets. Plated flatware; 6-piece setting for $6.50.



A Victorian summerhouse suggests the old-fashioned charm of a fern-patterned cloth, which you could make. Use your sterling silver and white china, add blue glass—scalloped plates ($2), goblets ($1.50), a compote ($8.50) for flowers.



Saturday supper in the patio is festive with red plates ($1) and yellow napkins on a black-and-white cloth. Individual black-and-white Mexican-pottery bowls ($2 with lid) serve fruit, salad is in a matching bowl ($1.50), beans are in a pot.



Sunday brunch under an arbor tastes delicious against a yellow brick wall surrounded by greenery. Brown and yellow earthenware in a country pattern (5-piece setting, $2.95) blends with a cotton runner, green glass plates ($1.25).



SUMMER COVER-UPS

Our collection of summer cover-ups ranges from the most glamorous chiffon stole trimmed with matching ostrich feathers to the most practical hand-knit cardigan. We think the youngest look is the fluffy angora bolero that doubles for an evening wrap. The newest look is the sleeveless sweater hand-knit in variegated yarn (perfect later over a long-sleeved silk shirt). The prettiest look is the white cardigan with a floral design knit in. Any one of these charming cover-ups happily takes the place of a coat and looks far prettier. By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

1 Chiffon dress and stole, Vogue Design No. 5575.

2 White hand-knit cardigan, Journal Pattern No. 2965.

3 Sleeveless sweater, Journal Pattern No. 2966.

4 Fluffy angora bolero, Journal Pattern No. 2967.

5 Jersey and shantung, Vogue Design No. 5578.

See page 98 for Vogue dresses and order details.



2



3

LIONEL KAZAN



5



4

BRIDAL AND BEGUILING

BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Now is the time for the prettiest lingerie of your life. Gowns and peignoirs of the finest batiste, falling in soft drifts from feminine necklines . . . some above the knees, others reaching your pretty toes . . . some in ruffled cotton, others in sophisticated silks and chiffons. Practically all cottons wash and drip-dry in minutes. Your garden of dreams includes also flower-printed slips, petticoats and bras with baby-blue ribbons, nighttime wisps in pale yellow, lilac, illusive green.





Pastel stripes, delightful for morning or evening. A Malouf design for Perfect Negligee.

The fashion of ruffles in a young breakfast-time dotted swiss, ballerina length. By Flobert.

Full page: a pink-and-white printed silk surah, abstract pattern. Also a Malouf design.



JOHN STEWART





BRIDAL AND BEGUILING

Left: swiss-batiste gown and peignoir, soft and full, with sweetheart-rose embroidery.

Below: knee-ruffle gown in checked cotton, also for breakfast. Both are by Munsingwear.







Above: sheer and summery—pale yellow dotted-swiss gown and peignoir by Fischer. Ribbon-beaded bra and petticoat: bra of nylon satin with Lycra back by Ferreras for Warner; lace petticoat by Ferreras for Laros.

Right: yellow and green—new colors in Van Raalte's nylon-tricot gowns and peignoirs.

Full page: gown and romantic peignoir with a hood in swiss batiste. Sylvia Pedlar for Iris.

For more news on "under" fashions, see page 80

PHOTOGRAPHED AT ROUND HILL, MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA













How
to
dress well
on
practically
nothing!
by
Bet
Hart

Seaside Separates

For glorious, salty weekends, and her precious vacation, Barbara Journal chooses clothes as bright as her mood. Chalk white to accent with bright colors; practicality that will still dazzle a male eye! She'll want to dress for sailing or dancing out of the same small suitcase. The basis for it all: separates—in fabrics that need minimum care.

Separates in sea blue dotted in white. Full skirt has unpressed pleats, blouse has convertible collar to change with accessories. (Today crystal-blue beads are added.) She could fall overboard in this silky blend of Dacron and rayon, drip-dry in an hour. Skirt, $9.95; blouse, $5.95.

(Top right) Is there anything crisper than sharkskin on a summer's day? White slacks have side closing, immaculate fit. Today Barbara Journal wears the polka-dot blouse, boldly adds emerald-green scarf. White Arnel slacks, $7.95.

For evening, Barbara's polka-dot skirt goes formal when combined with white shoulder-buttoned blouse. Blouse is same fabric as slacks, could be worn as an overblouse with them too. $4.95.

A homely all-American favorite, the sweat shirt, makes any landlubber stunning when it's in bright pink. A marvelous contrast with white slacks, is a perfect beach cover-up. $3.95.

A bathing suit in wide turquoise and white stripes has little-boy shorts, a molded bodice. Important land note: it's a perfect fit out of water. $15.95.

Photographs by Frances McLaughlin-Gill
Separates by Majestic
Sweat shirt by Ship 'n' Shore
Bathing suit by Jantzen

souper sandwiches...family-size

quick 'n easy with Campbell's Soup

Chili Franks Prepare 1 package "brown and serve" French bread* as directed on package; split and toast. Meanwhile, combine 1 can Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup, ⅓ cup water, ¼ cup ketchup, ⅛ tsp. chili powder, 8 thinly sliced frankfurters. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; *cover edges completely*. Broil about 4 in. from heat, 7 min. or till hot. Garnish with pickle relish or pickles. 6 to 8 delicious servings to please your lucky family.



*Or split and toast 1 large loaf French bread or 6 frankfurter rolls.

Tuna Treat Prepare 1 package "brown and serve" French bread*; split and toast. Meanwhile, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery or Mushroom Soup, 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, 1 tbsp. chopped pimiento. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; *cover edges completely*. Broil about 4 in. from heat, 7 min. or till hot and bubbly. Garnish with 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs and 2 tbsp. chopped parsley. 6 to 8 servings.



Beef Eater Prepare 1 package "brown and serve" French bread*; split and toast. Mix 1½ lb. ground beef, 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup, ⅓ cup finely chopped onion, 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire, 1 tsp. prepared horseradish, 1 tsp. salt. Spread mixture evenly over toasted bread surfaces; *cover edges completely*. Broil about 4 in. from heat, 12 to 14 min. Top meat with 2 sliced tomatoes and 6 to 8 slices cheese. Broil till cheese melts. 6 to 8 servings.



Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*

THE LONELY LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

in the patent field. His three women were strangling him. The more yielding mother was, the more suffocating the marriage became.

When I was seven years old the whole family went to dinner at the Copley Plaza in Boston. Mother and Bobby and I were going to Florida for a vacation and Father was seeing us off. It was festive with a string orchestra, hot rolls on a silver wagon, and lemon sherbet.

The scene is still vivid to me. Mother and Daddy picked at their food and looked pale. Daddy was attentive and kind. Ruthie was quiet. It was a shadow play that ended when Daddy took us to the railway station. I remember he kissed Mother good-bye.

We all looked out the window and waved to Daddy. He looked sad as he waved back. I can still see him—standing alone, tall and thin, as the train began to move. He stood on the platform like a statue, receding, and then disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

Ruthie put her arms around us and watched the outskirts of Boston rush by. After we arrived in Florida she told us that Daddy wouldn't live with us anymore. Bobby cried her eyes out. I started planning our life without him, but I still cry if I hear a string orchestra.

Once a decision has been made, I go on from there. Daddy *didn't want us.*

When we returned from Florida, we lived in Newton. Daddy's monthly alimony check wouldn't go far and Mother decided she would have to go to work to give us a proper education. Bobby and I would have to be sent to a boarding school, since Mother would be working all the time.

Grandmother, who took the *Atlantic Monthly* and swore by it, found an ad for a school that met the necessary requirements: Crestalban, a farm school in the Berkshire Hills. The school was singular, small, healthful and in the country, which delighted both Mother and Grandmother.

Mother took a deep breath, put us in school and left her world for the jungle. Sheltered as she had been, this took courage. Through Grace Hospital in New York City she found a job as governess for three little boys on 78th Street (the same street I live on now). Thus began the years of struggle to raise her children. Being separated from us was hard; but there was no other way.

If Ruthie was impressed with Crestalban, so—later—were we. It was high up in the Great Divide between the Hoosac and Hoosatonic rivers. Huge red barns surrounded the long, white farmhouse. A brown-shingled schoolhouse was across the way. In winter all distances were covered by sleigh.

Along with our studies, we were taught sewing, cooking and housecleaning. Crestalban was on a farm with pigs, cows, horses and chickens. The food was good and plentiful, and at lunch French was spoken exclusively.

Eighteen hours of every day were spent out-of-doors. We had school out-of-doors and we slept outdoors on a sleeping porch. I believe my basic great health came from my years at Crestalban. My greatest delight were the naked snow baths I used to take every morning when possible. We had a Spartan routine and Mr. Emerson's self-reliance was the order of each day. I adored it.

In the evenings, we would sit around the fire and Miss Whiting, the principal, would read aloud to us while we did our mending. There were only thirteen students and we were soon a family. Bobby spent half her time denying that our parents were divorced and the other half convincing herself she wasn't lying. Her fantasy had Daddy out of town working for the United States Government and eager to rejoin us. She continued this through our college days. In Yankeeland in that day, divorce was considered a disgrace—something to be hidden.

I remember well that when Mother left us that first day of school the full meaning of our new life hit us. That first night at Crestalban, Bobby and I clung to each other like orphans in a storm.

My first Christmas there I was Santa Claus. It was my role for three years. The third time was almost the last. The tree was lighted by real candles, as there was no electricity at the school. That dates me! Under the tree were our gifts from the faculty and for one another. My curiosity got the better of me, and when I tried to find my presents the cotton batting on the sleeve of my costume caught fire. I started shaking it to put it out and managed only to spread the flame to my beard.

Suddenly I was screaming in terror. I heard voices, felt myself being wrapped in a rug and then silence all around me. Everyone was quite naturally panicked. When the rug was taken off, I decided to keep my eyes closed. Ever the actress! I would make believe I was blind. "Her eyes!" A shudder of delight went through me. I was in complete command of the moment. I had never known such power.

I eventually opened my eyes, to the relief of everyone. Bobby, who had been much impressed when she read *The Little Match Girl*, had turned away with tears streaming down her face expecting to find her sister a pile of ashes. The Whiting sisters told me to be a good sport and not spoil the Christmas festivity.

We left on the train the next morning for New York and our Christmas holiday. When we arrived at Grand Central Station Ruthie recognized only Bobby and the coat and hat she had bought me. The blisters by now were filled with cinders from the train.

A Japanese intern at the New York Hospital tenderly removed all the cinders with a tweezer and then removed all the burned skin. I looked brand-new before he greased and bandaged my face. He told Ruthie that there was only one way I would not be scarred for life: if my face was kept greased night and day. Ruthie knew what a scarred face would mean to my life. I can never thank her enough for four weeks of sleepless nights.

Uncle Paul, who was to become assistant rector of Grace Church and then minister of Trinity Episcopal in New York City was then the rector of the Episcopal church in White Plains. We stayed with his family for Christmas. Then Mother had to return to Miss Bennett's School in Millbrook, New York, where she was by now a housemother, and we returned to Crestalban. The next year Ruthie decided that this was the last time we would be separated. She took the bull by the horns and enrolled in Clarence White's School of Photography in New York City—on 128th Street. She enrolled us in P.S. 186 and moved us into a one-bedroom apartment at 144th Street and Broadway.

When Bobby and I saw the apartment with its dreary furniture and the sleazy pink lace curtains on the windows, we were stricken. We held our tongues and then hid in the bathroom. As if on cue we burst into tears. We didn't want to hurt Mother's feelings.

"Do you really think Mother thinks *this* is beautiful?"

"How can she do this to us?"

What little snobs we were. We also had lived in the country for three years and New York took a lot of getting used to—the New York that Ruthie could afford.

P.S. 186 looked like a big, brown fortress. Forbidding, impersonal. Each crowded classroom had fifty children—quite a change from Crestalban. When the classroom doors rolled back for assembly, the mass of children was terrifying to me. I can still smell the steam heat mingled with chalk and children.

Bobby and I both felt deceived and lost, but we adjusted and came to enjoy going to school there. The maze of middy blouses and bloomers became Esperanzas and Esthers. The knickers and Norfolk jackets were Seymour and Nuncio. Foreign to us, yes, but warm and friendly. When they asked us to go roller skating down the great hill from Broadway to Riverside Drive, we went. A right turn would extend the trip down a long incline parallel to the Hudson. For two cents we could buy paper cones filled with shaved ice and have it colored with sweet tonics of any hue or combinations we chose. A little Italian man with an umbrellaed stand on wheels would seek us out to sell his rainbowed wonders. How he made a profit I will never know.

Bobby and I liked our new friends and eventually adjusted to life in New York. By December, when the hill made perfect sledding, we all had a glorious time.

I enrolled in the cooking class at P.S. 186 and entered a citywide contest the New York Board of Education was sponsoring. I chose to make cookies for the contest.

My cookies were going to be the holy wafers with which I would commune with the greats of the world. I thought of nothing but cookies. It was my first contest. There were thousands of entries; I won first prize. I was in seventh heaven. The will to win was the one ingredient not to be found in *Fanny Farmer*.

Bobby and I attended Sunday school at the Congregational church nearby. Our beautiful teacher was the stand-in for Lillian Gish at the Biograph studios and her name was Una Merkel. I had a real crush on her.

During that winter I became a Girl Scout. I became the most dedicated Girl Scout that ever lived. I would have tripped an old lady in order to pick her up. I have never embraced a cause in my life. I tackle it. So with the Scouts. I brought home dozens of badges of merit and spread goodness, cheer and patriotism throughout Manhattan. In no time I was a golden eaglet with top honors. I also became a patrol leader. I worked my patrol like a top sergeant and I'm afraid I developed the reputation of one. When our patrol was chosen to march in the competitive dress parade for Mrs. Hoover at Madison Square Garden, we won. Now I could relax. I had to be the best. Nothing less ever satisfied me.

During this period, Ruthie's close friend, Myrtis Genthner, was often with us at the apartment on 144th Street. Myrtis was a great reader. She knew of my love of reading and helped me expand my taste. She helped me over the bridge between the Bobbsey Twins and the Corsican Brothers. The next bridge to the Karamazovs was easier. It was Myrtis who suggested, while she was reading Balzac's *La Cousine Bette*, that I change the spelling of my name "to set you apart, my dear." Hence Betty became Bette. The fact that M. Balzac's Lisbeth Fischer was a horror didn't come to my attention until I read the book some time later.

A life of ease is a difficult pursuit.

WILLIAM COWPER

When summer came, Ruthie sent us to Camp Mudjekeewis in Fryeburg, Maine. Miss Perkins and Miss Pride were the owners. We swam, rode, went on canoe trips, hiked up mountains and along country roads. A camp in Maine is a glorious experience and Mother gave it to us for three summers.

Miss Pride taught piano in East Orange, New Jersey, during the winter and Bobby, who had done so well under her tutelage, was given a chance to continue her studies. We now moved to East Orange. I was to have graduated from P.S. 186 in January, so I was six months short of high-school requirements. When I discovered that the Jersey girls who had failed to graduate from their own elementary schools because of bad grades were taking entrance exams in hopes of starting with their own classes, I got an idea. I went to the high school and asked to see the principal without telling Ruthie. I wanted to surprise her by passing entrance examinations for high school. The principal interviewed me—and as a result of my grades and the high regard for the New York school system, he gave me my chance.

Armed with a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk furnished by a thoughtful monitor, I took the day-long examinations.

That afternoon, Bobby had long since returned home from her public school and Ruthie started to worry about me. She knew I could take care of myself. But we *had* been in the city for only a day. At five o'clock I rushed in triumphantly. I had passed the examinations and I was a full-fledged freshman.

I did not find living in East Orange stimulating, however. I felt a tugging inside I could not explain to anyone, least of all myself.

We were living in a boardinghouse. Our rooms were on the top floor and we ate in the "dining hall" downstairs. This was our first experience in a boardinghouse.

I escaped into my books after school. Otherwise I was trapped. My energies were growing and there was no suitable outlet for them. My drive took the form of plain willfulness. I was not always the most agreeable of daughters. In fact, I was being a bad sport.

Ruthie, as usual, was making the best of everything and handling me with kid gloves. She recognized her own will in me and decided—after conferring with a doctor—that I was "a high-spirited racehorse and needed a free rein." She decided to let nature take its course. She had little choice. The filly became a bucking bronco.

I couldn't help the way I was acting. I felt like a misfit. I longed for something. My imagination took me round the world and I was stuck in a boardinghouse in East Orange, New Jersey.

Mother made plans to unstick me. Soon we were off, bag and baggage, back to New England. We stayed with my Uncle Myron and Aunt Mildred in Newtonville for a few days until Mother found us a place of our own.

I was entered immediately into the high school in Newton. I had the great good fortune on that first day, as a stranger to all, to hit a home run at baseball practice. I was immediately "rushed" by one and all, to be part of their gang. I have to add that was the one and only home run I ever hit during my two years at Newton High.

Mother rented an apartment in Newton, scrounged around for people to photograph by sending out announcements saying, "Portraits with a personality—at your home or mine."

A short time after entering Newton High School I attended my first dance in the gymnasium. I was apprehensive, as I was a newcomer and had no beau of my own. I remember well my corduroy jumper, my long yellow hair worn simply and hanging down my back, flat shoes, plus little or no dancing experience. I arrived in a bewildered state, and stood around for what seemed like hours praying someone would ask me to dance. Finally a sympathetic soul, aware of my predicament, did. We danced and danced and danced—not from his choice. Those were the days of "cutting in" and no other brave soul came to his rescue. I finally caught our reflection in a mirror and saw him gesturing wildly to the stag line to be rescued. At this point I pleaded something—I do not remember, probably to powder my nose—and fled home.

I burst into the apartment and had hysterics. "Ruthie, I'm a wallflower. I'll be one all my life." After calming me down, and hearing my complete tale of woe, she very cheerfully said, "Bette, I think it's time you put your hair up and started to dress like a young lady. Your little-girl days are over."

The next party I went to was in the evening. I came home from school and found hanging in my closet a long white full-skirted chiffon dress, trimmed in turquoise, with a low neckline—for me—just below the collarbone. Grandmother was there when I first tried it on. I was ecstatic. Grandmother, however, said, "Ruth, you might just as well let Bette go to the party in a nightgown."

Not even this dampened my spirits. That evening, hair piled high, cheeks bright pink with excitement, a long chiffon party dress, I really looked in the mirror for the first time—and can well remember being horrified when I admitted to my image, "You're pretty." I was fourteen and an unqualified triumph that evening. Every dance was taken; I was "cut in" on over and over; and even acquired two beaux that night—Gige Dunham and John Holt. Gige was the winner that evening—he walked me home.

How vivid it all still is. The harvest moon, bright orange, my own excitement, the newness of my first conquest. Gige asked if he could be my beau. I was dizzy with happiness. I must have said yes—judging by the dance programs and poems I have in my teenage scrapbook, signed with the name "Gige."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

PEACH PRINCESSE

bread pudding goes high style with the tree-ripe flavor of DEL MONTE PEACHES



Play fairy godmother to plain dessert with a hint of lemon, a fluff of meringue and best of all, the glow of tree-ripened DEL MONTE Peaches:

Pour 2 cups milk on 4 cups stale bread cubes. Add 2 egg yolks beaten with ½ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon. Stir in 2 Tbsp. butter, melted. Spread in well-greased 9″ baking dish, about 2″ deep. Set in a pan of hot water; bake in mod. oven (350°) 45 min.

Pour syrup from 1 No. 2½ can (1 lb. 13 oz.) DEL MONTE® Brand Peach Halves. (Look how tender and bright they are! But then, when you pick DEL MONTE, you know you can't go wrong. Best-liked peaches in the whole wide world.)

Meringue: Beat 2 egg whites with ¼ tsp. cream of tartar till soft peaks form and add ¼ cup sugar slowly, continuing to beat just till stiff and glossy. Take pudding from oven, swirl on the meringue, add the DEL MONTE Peaches. Return pudding to mod. hot oven (375°) about 15 min. to brown the meringue. Serve warm. Serves 6.

You'll be delighted with DEL MONTE Peaches, always—they look so pretty and taste so good. Why take less—any time?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

The social life in Newton was active and I merrily rushed to sleigh rides, hayrides, football games, picnics and dances in a lovely glow. I adored dancing always; and was fortunately a good dancer. Now no one was frantically signaling the stag line. Rereading the love letters I received during this period, also carefully saved in my scrapbook, I am convinced I slayed them. I had "it."

Love was a very real thing to me. I moved from crush to crush, always declaring myself eternally involved with the current one. Mother would attempt to break it up by inviting the current flame to be our house guest for a few days. Overexposure would usually accomplish what Ruthie set out to do—I would come running to her. "When is he going to go home? Will he *never* leave?" It never occurred to me why Ruthie had invited them in the first place.

It is a fact—I zealously guarded my own chastity. I also was a tease. On sleigh rides I would take a flashlight and wait until a couple were really in the throes of necking—and then flash it on them. I had been brought up according to what age I was at the moment. At fourteen beaux meant dancing, skating, toasting marshmallows, and so on. Anything beyond this I felt unsuitable to my years. I was part of a gang—and interestingly enough, found the boys of my age delighted that I was interested in something besides necking.

Bobby was even more dazed with my new life than I. I would catch her often just staring at me. I was the belle of every ball. I joined every club at school. I even organized a girls' football team. We were called the "Coffee-Colored Angels" for some forgotten reason and I was right tackle. Ruthie was happily ignorant of this, and Bobby was sworn to secrecy. We had sweat shirts with large C.C.A.'s on them. I hid mine in the closet.

The boys on the high-school varsity team laughed at us. Furious, we challenged them to referee a game. They roared with laughter, but they accepted.

It was a rainy day and we found ourselves playing in mud. The C.C.A.'s awed and horrified the varsity that day. We played football, we did. The next day a hysterical mother called Ruthie to say this had to stop. It did. That was the end of the Coffee-Colored Angels. We retired undefeated. I emerged head unbowed; we felt the C.C.A.'s had won the battle. The varsity did not laugh at us—they knew we were for real.

That spring Mother started thinking about where we would spend the summer. Ruthie was always the optimist and I never knew her not to feel that tomorrow would bring us all to the crest of the waves. I am just like her—and thank her for this.

She ran across an ad in a Boston paper: "A minister in Provincetown, on Cape Cod, will give a housekeeper and family free board." What could be more ideal?

Ruthie answered the ad and received response quickly. At the end of June we drove off to the Cape barely visible in the maze of valises, wicker baskets and photographic paraphernalia. One would have thought we were the most carefree family in New England.

Our summer in Provincetown was fun. Our Pastor Grant approved of us and we of him. One thing for sure, we went to church every Sunday.

That summer I met the local high-school football star. Jim Allen was a *next year's Harvard freshman!* I was fifteen and never before had had a prospective college man as a beau.

How wonderful that July was. And August. I stood on the edge of life, and Bobby watched with her earnest little face, her furrowed sunburned brow.

Bobby was always trying to catch up to me. I was a natural leader—she a follower.

Mother earned our keep in the reverend's home in Provincetown. She cooked for him, did his laundry, kept his house plus entertaining our house guests, my beaux in particular—Gige among them.

At the end of summer we returned to Newton for my sophomore year at Newton High. We lived that year on Lewis Terrace, in a two-family house. We were on the top floor. Mother continued her photography. I continued on my gay way with the friends I had met the year before. I supplemented the family income that year by posing for a sculptress on Beacon Hill in Boston.

I posed for a statue of Spring! My only difficulty was with a male assistant of the sculptress. He was, I know now, impersonal about the whole thing. But to me it was torture. Somewhere in Boston I stand—Spring! Naked! Standing on one foot hours at a time was not easy, but I was contributing to the family exchequer.

The following year Ruthie decided to put Bobby and me in a boarding school once more. Northfield Seminary was unique in that all races, creeds, colors were admissible. A sound reason for a choice of school. I remember with pleasure my roommate, Ducky Seafer. I remember with displeasure much else. Suffice it to say it was a bad choice for the Davis girls. We tried to write Ruthie happy letters, but we did not fool her at all. One great day she arrived at school and in less than a shake of a lamb's tail we were whisked away. We felt we were being released from a jail sentence.

We plunked ourselves once more on Uncle Myron and Aunt Mildred for the Christmas holidays, at the end of which Ruthie decided to send her two daughters to Cushing Acade in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, a coedu tional school she had once attended.

I felt at home at Cushing immediately. doubt a lot of my enthusiasm had to do w the presence of males. Bobby, who was ne so quickly at home in new surroundings, not love Cushing as I did. She was always my shadow. Nowadays two such totally ferent members of one family would not b the same school. Trying to keep up with popularity was detrimental to Bobby dur these years. As usual, I became part of activities. My goal, however—and I alw had to have a goal—was to be leading lady the senior play. I had two years to make

I was beginning to understand the machi tions of jealousy in my first year at Cushi was a good student, I was popular with boys, I was president of my sorority—in fa into everything. I was too much. I was start to make enemies, through no real fault of own. It has ever been thus through my ent life. My greatest heartbreak was the electi for president of the senior class. I will never f get Dr. Cowell, our principal, standing on platform in the assembly hall and reading results of the voting. Bette Davis: one vo this was a beginning of self-examination a guilt. I found it cruel and hard to understa I was thought to be "stuck up." I wasn't. I v just sure of myself. This is and always has be an unforgivable quality to the unsure.

One day early in the school year, Dr. Cow sent for me to come to his office. He sugges that I help earn my own way through sch by waiting on table. He had nothing but pra for Ruthie's efforts in our behalf, with whic genuinely agreed. I thanked him, left the offi and decided to write Mother immediately, cure in the knowledge she would *never* w her daughter to be a waitress.

To my amazement, a week later I receiv my *very* wise Mother's reply: "By all mea Bette; how wonderful of you. Thank you much."

At that point in my life I was very aware one's station in life. A waitress was on o level, a doctor another, and so on. I sat in room for hours contemplating what I thoug would be my disgrace in front of my fell students.

Next morning, up at six, I strode down t hill to the dormitory dining room assigned me. With head high and a forced smile on face, I started my career as a waitress at Cus ing Academy. After the initial shock, I start to learn how to be a good waitress—the best and found pleasure in serving well. I also fou friends I had never known before. Girls w had mistaken my efficiency and absorption whatever I was doing as a sign of conceit lik me for the first time.

As I think of Cushing, I am swept from o memory to another in a kind of montage. T sorority debates—which I won. I had inherit from Daddy an ability along these lines, p my ever-present doggedness to win. The ma hours of talks at meetings of the Christi Association, of which I was the president. T most famous of these meetings was attend by invitation from us, by young men of t freshman class at Dartmouth. It was indee heated and frank discussion period, deali with sex. Our guests entered into the spirit our earnestness and all benefited. They turned to college feeling those Cushing gi were no sissies. Actually it was a revolutiona idea and a rewarding one for all present.

My montage of Cushing, however, revol around becoming Ham's girl. I finally marri Ham. A senior and therefore at school o one year of my two there, he was a lone w as far as the girls were concerned. He w working his way through school by playi piano for our Saturday-night dances and t me later he had often noticed me at the danc but never imagined I would find him attra tive. Ham was tall, lean, dark curly-hair with a funny nose, beautiful brown eyes.

I first got to know Ham when he was giv the job of putting on an evening's entertai ment for the school. I showed up for r hearsals—he suggested I sing a song. chose a popular tune of the day, *Gee, I*

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEXT MONTH

Summer is a time to savor—to visit with yourself, to refresh your spirit. You're different in summer: prettier, freer, eager for new experience; you'll spend long golden afternoons reading and thinking about the *Journal*'s stunning Summer Issue. . . .

THE LUSCIOUS LOOK AND TASTES OF SUMMER—green shady hours in gardens, pools afloat with water lilies, the haze of distant birches. Rattan chairs on the terrace, friends talking over frosty glasses of lime punch from the Bahamas. Then, with the dusk and the flicker of fireflies, a sumptuous outdoor supper of steak, sweet corn slathered with chive butter, bright tomatoes happily mated with sour cream, and Devonshire Apricots for dessert. Is there a pleasanter way to entertain?



The absolutely perfect dress to drift through summer cool as ocean spray is

THE FOREVER DRESS

classically simple, simply classic! You'll look lovely after you've dipped into our summer beauty tips on hairdos to beat the humidity, the fresh face, pep-up exercises, and *appetizing lunches under three-hundred calories.*



103 WAYS TO KEEP COOL?

Believe it or not, our trio of geniuses has found them! Margaret Davidson, kitchen connoisseur; John Brenneman, home-building expert; and Cynthia Kellogg, who decorates the coolest, will clue you in on vital summertime matters like the *absolutely perfect* way to aim a fan.

A tale of two sisters, funny, tragic and unbearably exciting. ALL THE TEA IN CHINA, condensed novel by Katharine Topkins, will leave you spent, shaken in your hammock.

FEMININITY—DO YOU HAVE IT?

Do you care? Of course you care, and so does your husband. We dare you to resist taking the quiz. How feminine are you?

A DAY WITH DR. SPOCK? Yes, mother, there is a Dr. Spock, and the brilliant camera of Henri Cartier-Bresson reveals him as he lives and breathes. You'll even meet him as he cavorts on ice skates (on an indoor rink)!



EVERY WOMAN'S HOPE FOR PEACE is shared by every man, but it took a woman to say it. An American mother of three, she was a teenaged girl in Dresden, Germany, when the bombs fell. What was it like? What does she say to her children as she senses the world drifting toward holocaust again?

WHY DID THEY STEAL? Their parents were just as shocked and puzzled as you'll be when you read the true story of 17 boys who stole for thrills.

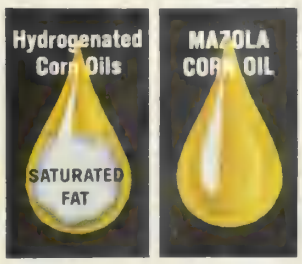
HEAT LIGHTNING—BETTE DAVIS. Part II of the slam-bang autobiography everybody is talking about.

More surprises in store: THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE, latest news and discoveries in medicine; THE HOSTESS WHO MAKES EVERYTHING LOOK EASY—in other words, the summer cool hostess; a delicious morsel of wit by Jane Goodsell; Harlan Miller's gone out on a limb as a handyman; and Dr. Spock writes on stepchildren.

Altogether a luscious summer *Journal*, an issue we predict will span the days of July and August for you like a good and trusted friend.

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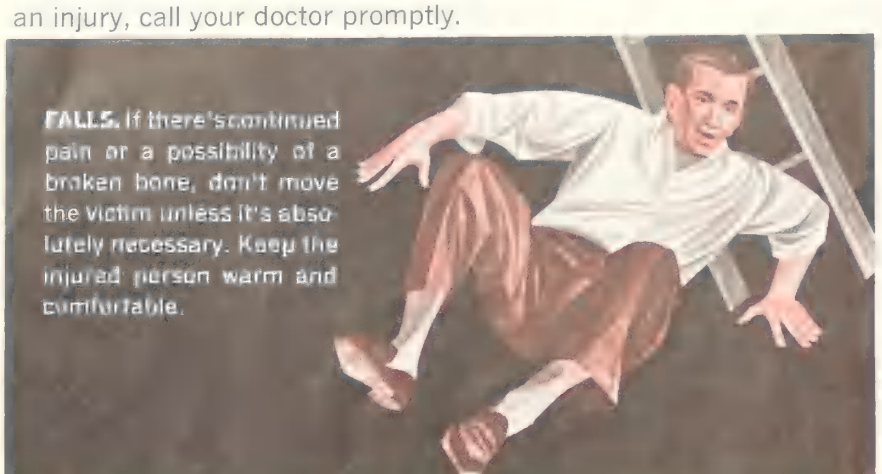


Do you know what to do... before the doctor comes?

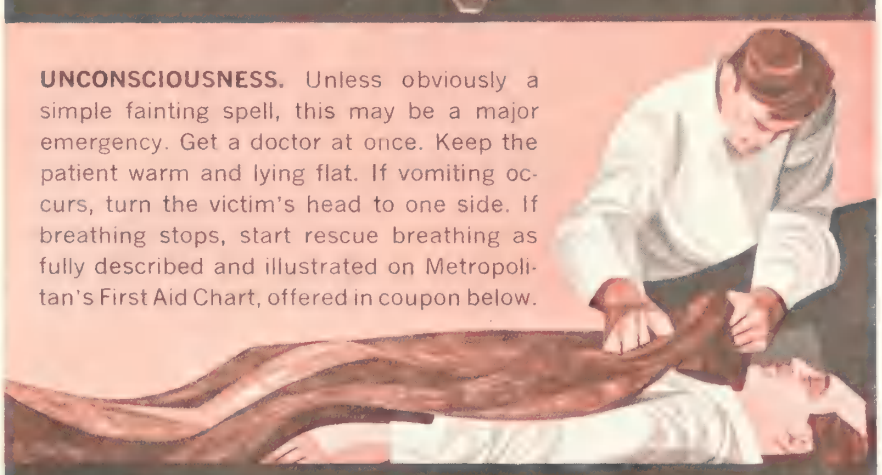
Like most of us, you probably haven't mastered the principles of first aid. You read about them, then forget them.

After an accident, there's no time to lose looking up first-aid treatment in a book. Be prepared to act quickly and surely.

Directions to follow in three common emergencies are given here. Study them—fix them in your mind permanently. And always remember this basic fact: When there's any doubt about the seriousness of an injury, call your doctor promptly.



FALLS. If there's continued pain or a possibility of a broken bone, don't move the victim unless it's absolutely necessary. Keep the injured person warm and comfortable.



UNCONSCIOUSNESS. Unless obviously a simple fainting spell, this may be a major emergency. Get a doctor at once. Keep the patient warm and lying flat. If vomiting occurs, turn the victim's head to one side. If breathing stops, start rescue breathing as fully described and illustrated on Metropolitan's First Aid Chart, offered in coupon below.



BURNS. If severe, apply wet sterile compresses or pieces of a freshly laundered sheet. Do not break blisters. Never clean the burned area. Get the patient to a doctor or a hospital as quickly as possible.

CHECK YOUR SUPPLIES. Keep the following fresh and handy: absorbent cotton, adhesive tape and bandages, petroleum jelly or mild burn ointment, antiseptic (ask your doctor which he prefers), aromatic spirits of ammonia (useful when someone faints), bicarbonate of soda to use in solution as an eyewash or gargle, scissors and tweezers.

KEEP ALL MEDICINES OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN . . .



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Mighty Blue for You. What a prophetic title. Ham sang *Paddlin' Madeline Home.* His was a truly beautiful voice. His only handicap for success was his lack of drive to reach the top.

Ham graduated that year. I have the program—each dance has an X. I danced every dance with him at the graduation ball. The night before I had played Lola Pratt in Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen;* Ham had played Willie. Rehearsals meant, of course, we saw a great deal of each other. The graduation song was *Moonlight and Roses* and the current great song of the day was *Always.* These were our songs—they still are mine.

I often wonder if when Ham hears them they make him travel back through the years also to that graduation in 1924, when we were so gloriously in love. My mother requested *Always* to be played at her funeral last July. How I cried—for all of us, each dead in different ways.

Mother was faced once more with the problem of where we would spend the summer. Ruthie and her sister Mildred had in the spring been on a motor trip in the area of Peterborough, New Hampshire. They were enchanted with the town.

Ruthie found out there was no photographer in this town—that Mariarden, a school of dance and the theater, was on the outskirts of town. She could very probably photograph events at the school. Early next morning Mother started the search for a house and, with her usual deserved good fortune, found a lovely two-hundred-year-old New England house—fireplace, brick floors and all.

Mother picked us up at Cushing after the close of school and drove us to Peterborough, car filled as always with the usual rigmarole, including our Boston terrier, Babs.

On our arrival at the magnificent house, Bobby and I ran from room to room inspecting the fireplaces and antiques that would be perfect "backgrounds for my subjects." Mother hung out her sign, "The Silhouette Shop," and thus our summer began.

Mother was stimulated by Peterborough. Bobby would be placed with a fine music teacher and Bette would study dancing at Mariarden. Next day off she went to Mrs. Guy Currier, director of Mariarden, to enroll me for the season.

Roshanara, the dancing instructress, was actually a Britisher named Jane Cradduck. She was a brilliant dancer and also a designer who had done the George Arliss production of *The Green Goddess.* I auditioned for her and she accepted me. The tuition was prohibitive, however, and I was placed more frugally with Marie Ware Laughton's Outdoor Players to learn nature dances à la Isadora Duncan.

One day during one of my dancing classes, on the green lawn circled by pines, Roshanara visited us. I can still see her, dark and stately, moving with that incredible grace.

The next day Ruthie received a letter: "*My dear Mrs. Davis:* Would you bring your daughter to see me at four o'clock today, Tuesday."

I read Mother's mind. "Now stop dreaming, Mother. She just can't believe I was that bad and wants to suggest that I take up crocheting."

But we were there at four sharp. Roshanara's dark eyes passed over me like a warm breeze.

"Mrs. Davis, I want Bette for a student. I saw her dance yesterday. She has talent."

Her crisp pronunciation was as surprising as her pronouncement. Ruthie's heart started to pound. Mine all but stopped.

Roshanara continued. "I do not mean to embarrass you. I know you are short of funds. Your daughter Barbara can play the piano. We need a rehearsal pianist three hours a day. I will pay Barbara five dollars a week and waive Bette's tuition."

Bobby was thrilled with the opportunity to contribute to the family exchequer and very expertly played for Roshanara's classes that summer.

I worked harder for the next eight weeks than I had ever thought possible. Heat or no heat, we danced eight hours a day every day and I loved every minute.

Mariarden was a magnificent setting for outdoor drama. The E. E. Clive Players of Boston performed for part of the season in the outdoor theater. The rest of the time the theater was at Roshanara's disposal.

Two weeks later, I made my first appearance with her company. I was one of the dancing fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* What a production it was! Roshanara arranged the ballet, Richard Whorf designed the sets and costumes. He also played Snug. Alan Mowbray was Lysander; May Ediss, Puck; Frank Arundel and Lucy Currier were Oberon and Titania; Cecil Clovelley, Flute; and our director, Frank Conroy, played Bottom. What a beautiful actor he has always been. He has the head of a falcon, and the heart!

My next appearance with Roshanara's company was as the Moth—a dance made famous by the Fuller dancers and performed before all the crowned heads of Europe.

As a moth, I wore a white silk gown whose immense wings were attached to balsam sticks which I held in my hands—and gave great extension to my arms. The effect was one mass of shimmering silk. I danced on a lighted, multicolored glass floor that turned me from blinding white to amber and blue to the eventual orange flame in which I fluttered to my final self-destruction. I remember the thrill of doing this that night in front of an audience—the applause thrilled me. Roshanara was pleased with me. I was quite naturally on Cloud Nine. Ruthie and Bobby—I suppose they were prejudiced, but I recall their looking at me afterward as if they'd never seen me before.

That evening after the performance Frank Conroy sought Ruthie out. "Mrs. Davis," he said, "I seldom tell a mother what I am going to tell you. You must see to it your daughter goes on the stage. She belongs there. She has something which comes across the footlights."

My senior year at Cushing is not so vivid in my mind as my junior year. I was voted the prettiest girl in the senior class at the end of the year. I did play the lead in the senior play. I can't remember, for the life of me, what the play was. I continued contributing to the family funds by waiting on table.

Ham was at Massachusetts Agricultural College—we corresponded frequently. He came to my graduation dance. When we said good night, we both felt it was an end of something—a parting of the ways, perhaps. No new boy had taken his place. During the Christmas holiday he visited us in Newton.

In order to have enough money to pay my tuition in toto, so that I could be given my diploma, Ruthie took all the pictures of the senior class for the yearbook. She photographed her subjects, developed the negatives and made the prints herself. My greatest incentive to become a success was the sight of my mother sitting in the Assembly Hall at my graduation. As I received my diploma, I looked down at her from the platform. She had developer poisoning, very apparent on her face—she weighed about ninety pounds. A braver, more exhausted mother was not there that day. I wanted to cry.

The summer after my graduation, we rented a tiny fishing shack in Perkins Cove in Ogunquit, Maine. The shack consisted of one large room with a fireplace, loads of atmosphere, a kitchen and one bedroom. Ruthie, as was always the case, gave Bobby and me the

KAUFMANN'S LAWS

By WALTER KAUFMANN

This is the first of Kaufmann's Laws:
The weakling always fails because
somebody else did wrong.
The second: Those who don't
despair
but grow when others are unfair
give proof that they are strong.

From the book "Cain and Other Poems," soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

bedroom and slept on the living-room couch.

This was a carefree summer. I took the Red Cross senior lifesaving test, the one girl in a blush of boys taking the course. I passed and wore my emblem proudly on my bathing suit. It was this summer that I met Marie Simpson, who was waiting on table at the Sparhawk Hotel, a student at Hood College in Maryland, and the definite belle of the beach. She had all the boys of Ogunquit gaga that summer. All but one—Fritz Hall. He was mine—a boy from Yale. I fell in love for the first time since knowing Ham. In a burst of honesty I sent Ham's fraternity pin back to him—with a full declaration of my newfound love.

That summer we met the Stanley Woodwards. Stanley is one of America's top marine painters. We have always remained friends—and in the years since I have bought many of his canvases. My favorite is a moonlight of the sea painted in Ogunquit—near where we lived.

When summer was over we returned to Newton. Bobby decided she would rather finish her high-school years at Newton High and live at home. We rented the top story of a two-family house on Cabot Street in Newton. The Stanley Woodwards—our newly found friends—lived on the lower floor.

This started a continuation of my blue-type period in East Orange. I cooked, kept house, missed Fritz—who was now at Yale—and at this point pictured myself in the white cottage with Fritz, not Ham. My chums of my gay Newton High days were involved with their own lives, and forgot the fact of my existence.

Ham drove down from Whitinsville during his Christmas holiday. Seeing him again made me forget Fritz. The boy nearby is a great factor with youth in love. A beau on hand is worth two in the bush. I remember sitting looking at our Christmas tree in the darkened living room and dreaming our dreams of the future—hopeless dreams at this point. It took money to go to New York and study for the theater. Money Mother just didn't have.

Ruthie took Bobby and me to the Jewett Playhouse in Boston that winter to see Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, starring Blanche Yurka, with Peg Entwhistle as Hedvig. It was my first serious theater and a whole new world opened up to me. I was thrilled with Miss Entwhistle's performance. There wasn't an emotion I didn't anticipate and share with her. As the play went on, I slipped farther and farther into this Norwegian family.

When "the little wild duck" shot herself in the breast, I died with her. I had no pulse whatsoever as Hedvig was carried from the stage in a little casket. It seemed as though everything in my life fell into place and I was in focus for the first time. There had been a glimmer here and there; but this was the vision. I knew now that more than anything—despite anything—I was going to become an actress.

"Mother! Someday I will play Hedvig."

Ruthie had a mission now. She went to see Daddy to tell him of my ambition to be an actress.

"Let her become a secretary. Bette could never be a successful actress." This was my second reason for succeeding—to prove Daddy wrong.

Aunt Mildred and Uncle Myron felt Ruthie was making a mistake, but they agreed to keep Bobby with them while we went to New York to storm Broadway.

Ruthie and I drove to New York in September, 1928, having made an appointment for an interview with Eva Le Gallienne to see if she would accept me as a student at her 14th Street theater.

Miss Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Company on 14th Street was then one of the bright hopes of the theater. Best of all, acceptance by the lady meant free tuition, since all her students paid their way by appearing in the company.

Our bags were left at Uncle Paul's house in New Rochelle, where we would be staying for the night. Our hopes were high as we entered the theater.

Miss Le Gallienne and her secretary soon arrived. She talked to me at length of my aims, background—asked me if I knew why students of the drama should study the movements of animals, where and how I would live in New York. I answered the last question by saying "With my mother." All this had made me feel very insecure, especially the question about the animals. I had no idea what that had to do with acting! I'm sure she felt in me a pride and a lack of yield that might become a difficult problem in a student; the truth probably was that as this was my first experience in a dark, unlighted backstage of a theater, I felt strange and uncomfortable. I'm sure I was very much on the defensive.

I have never functioned well when anyone is doubting my ability to do something. It made me feel stupid and I was not used to this. The frosting on the cake was her request for me to read the part of a Dutch lady of sixty-five as a test of



my acting prowess. A little heatedly I burst out. "That is why I want to come to your school, to learn how to play a part like this."

Silence was my reply. I gritted my teeth and started in—and drove myself to finish. I was politely thanked, told I would hear from the school in a few days, and dismissed.

Driving back to New Rochelle, I gave Ruthie a blow-by-blow description of my interview. I was positive I would never be accepted. We spent the night at Uncle Paul's and motored back to Newton the following day. This was the only dramatic school in New York Ruthie could have afforded. What would I do if I was turned down? A week later *the* letter came. Miss Le Gallienne felt I was not serious enough in my approach to the theater to warrant attendance at her school. I was heartbroken, furious, defeated.

Bobby was still attending Newton High School. Even she didn't know me. Her gay, zestful sister was a thing of the past. Mother decided we would go to Norwalk, Connecticut. As Fritz was at Yale nearby, she felt this would cheer me up. She had seen an ad for a photographic retoucher. She would try to get the job, have Bobby finish her senior year at Newton High.

Mother applied for the job and got it. We nested in. Mother would come back after work, eyes strained, back aching, but always cheerful. Something was around the corner for me. What, I didn't know—and I'm sure even she was whistling in the dark.

One morning I was awakened by Ruthie standing over my bed saying, "Get up, Bette—dress in your best. We're going to New York today." It was pouring and the wind was howling. Ruthie added, "Rain is your good-luck sign. Hurry."

We were on the train for New York in an hour. I knew one thing only—Ruthie had blood in her eye. She obviously meant business. We got into a taxi at the Grand Central Station and drove to 58th Street. The sign outside the building where we stopped said "Robert Milton-John Anderson School of the Theatre."

Without a word between us we went inside and directly to the office of Mr. Hugh Anderson—John Murray's brother—the manager of the school. Ruthie went into the inner office. I waited outside. Mr. Anderson told me later a woman named Mrs. Davis walked in, sat down, said, "My daughter Bette wants to be an actress. I haven't the money for her tuition, but will assure you you will eventually have it. Will you accept her as a student?" Mr. Anderson claims he was so stupefied that before he knew it, he had said yes. But accepted I was.

We returned to Norwalk that night. Mother gave up her job. We packed our things, put them in the car, and the next day drove back to New York. Mother once more looked for a job and was engaged as a housemother at St. Mary's School in Burlington, New Jersey.

I was registered in all my classes, assigned to a room in the brownstone boardinghouse next door with a fellow student, Virginia Conroy. We were not the right casting for each other—that was obvious at first glance—but we became fast friends. She was a Clara Bow type, a true flapper, and bounced constantly in rhythm to the jazz she always heard, whether the radio was on or not.

Our room was in utter chaos when I first saw it. Ginny didn't believe in picking up anything. Her ukulele was never far off; and she would sit playing by the hour, cross-legged on her bed—a John Held yogi singing, "Won't you do do do what you done done done before?" All this while I would be doing my best to do my voice lessons, memorize lines for next day's class or whatever. She was basically delicious—and a dear. She would often say, "Bette, you could be the bee's knees if you wouldn't take life so seriously."

I'm afraid I got much more out of school than Ginny did. The faculty included Martha Graham, Michael Mordkin, Robert Bell, George Currie—and of course John Murray Anderson. The first day I was there, and every day, Mr. Currie, our dramatic teacher, would deliver a scathing attack on the theater. He informed the seventy kids in our class that we were heading for the toughest, least glamorous life imaginable. His picture of the artist's life was a pointilism, whose dots of color were sweat, jealousy, competition, disillusionment, insecurity and more sweat.

The class was soon decimated. The little society girls folded up their tents and silently stole away. There were twelve of us left at the end of the semester.

Our instructress for dancing was Martha Graham. Her job was to teach us how to use our bodies properly: "To act is to dance!"

I worshiped her. She was all tension—lightning! Her burning dedication gave her spare body the power of ten men. If Roshanara was a mystic curve, Miss Graham was a straight line—a divining rod. Both were great, and both were aware of the universal. But Miss Graham was the true modern.

I feel that a dramatic school is important for the basic education it imparts. The alphabet must be learned. How to talk. How to move. How to sit and stand. One has to learn how to conduct oneself on a stage in a different manner than if it were his own living room. The alphabet! Fine. But knowing all the letters from *a* to *z* does not make one a writer. There are things that cannot be taught. Or rather, there are things that cannot be learned.

The present trend of the actor to personalize all tragedy and recall the moment in which his puppy was run over or her doll was broken in order to convey misery is sad to me. Although man has a basic repertoire of emotion, the subtleties in each individual are blessedly countless.

I am not a teacher. I only know that an actor feels. He galvanizes his energies and his faculties and then goes *out* of himself, not *in*. He pretends to be this other human being. Some part of him retains this knowledge; but he must suffer as the character just as he must move like him and speak like him.

Many of the girls and boys today come over quite genuinely and charmingly as themselves, which is an accomplishment of some sort. But take them out of their environment and they are lost. The classics are impossible for them. Any change of locale or time throws them.

They have simply learned to express themselves; and I'm terribly happy for them. When they learn to express the character, I shall applaud them. All the walking like a cat and flying like a bird isn't going to mean a thing if the actor meows in a Brooklyn accent or quacks like Donald Duck when he is supposed to be Francis Drake.

Some people never do anything on time, except buy. BOB HOPE

Then there's the question of style. Without it, there is no art. As personal as these troubled actors are, there is—aside from much of a muchness—the same of a sameness. They are all so busy revealing their own insides that, like all X-ray plates, one looks pretty much like the other. Their Godhead, the remarkably gifted Marlon Brando, may bring (as all true stars do) his own personal magnetism to every part; but his scope and projection are unarguable. He has always transcended the techniques he was taught. His consequent glamour and style have nothing to do with self-involvement, but rather radiation.

There was another girl who greedily devoured every class at Anderson's school with me. I think it was her name that first made me single her out as something special. Rosebud Blondell. She worked like a demon and had talent. Her father was a vaudevillian and she wanted to become a legitimate actress.

Rosebud changed her name to Joan later, and Joan Blondell arrived at Warners a year before I did.

My romantic life had come to an abrupt halt. Fritz had proposed marriage, and I had proudly worn his engagement ring for three days while he pleaded with me to give up all thoughts of the theater. John Murray Anderson had just announced in the press—with accompanying photographs—that I was the perfect, modern Venus, whatever that meant. The notoriety did not make Harlow Morrell Davis feel more like Jupiter, nor did it please the patrician Fritz.

I returned the ring and answered Ham's latest letter from Amherst. Ham had enclosed my Venus clipping with appropriately irreverent remarks that made me roar.

Mr. Anderson gave, every year, two five-hundred-dollar scholarships, one for a girl, one for a boy. This represented six months' free tuition. I made up my mind that I had to win the girl's scholarship.

By the end of the term I had won the role of Sylvia Fair in *The Famous Mrs. Fair* which Margalo Gillmore had played eight years before on Broadway. James Light, of the Provincetown Playhouse in the Village, was the director. As the term examination play, it was to be presented to an audience of the atrical visitors as well as parents and teachers

This play would determine whether or no I won the scholarship. Two days before th performance I developed a cold with threat ening laryngitis. The corner drugstore wa my second home. There wasn't a paten medicine or an old wives' tale I didn't try.

Sylvia Fair, because of World War I an the moral disintegration that followed it changes from a sweet, young thing to a bitte and corrupt woman. By the third act my voice was very hoarse. As the play neared its end I could hardly struggle through the last speeches. Sylvia's decay was now complete— down to her larynx. The entire audience assumed that I affected the whiskey baritone deliberately. They were stupefied by my vocal range. So was I.

The announcements as to who had won the scholarships were made that evening. Ruthie's face of gratitude when my name was read as the winner was worth a lot to me.

James Light about a week later sent for me to come to his office at the Provincetown Playhouse. He told me he was doing a new play later that spring and wanted me to play the girl in it. Was I willing to leave school and accept the part?

Having won the scholarship, I had a big decision to make. I went to Hugh Anderson—he did not hesitate to advise me to do the play with Mr. Light. I stayed a few more weeks and then was on my way to play my first professional part in the theater.

Complications arose—of what nature I never knew, but the play was postponed until fall. Having burned my bridges behind me, I could hardly go back to school. I decided to try to get another job.

Frank Conroy was in a Broadway play, so I wrote him asking him if he could introduce me to anyone who might be doing a play. He very generously sent me a letter of introduction to George Cukor, who was casting for a production of the play *Broadway* to be done in Rochester. The smallest part in the play was not cast and, as a favor to Conroy—and I think a bit fearfully after interviewing me—he gave me the part. A week's work. I was ecstatic.

I called Ruthie at St. Mary's. She came to New York to help me pack and to see me off on the train. As the train was pulling out she said, "Learn the part of Pearl. The actress playing the part is going to have an accident."

"Oh, Mother!" I said, laughing. "You and your hunches." But I started studying the part on the train.

George Cukor, eventually one of Hollywood's top directors, owned and ran the Lyceum Theater in Rochester, along with George Kondolf. If nothing else, Mr. Cukor increased my vocabulary greatly. Dorothy Burgess, the leading lady of the company, very kindly took me under her wing. She even translated Mr. Cukor's language for me. She was Fay Bainter's niece, besides being a talented actress. The play was a backstage melodrama that had been a big success in New York. I was one of several chorus girls. I almost swooned when I saw my costume—"teddies" and a brassière.

I had to learn to do the Charleston, and I was a romantic who preferred to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo.

How I wished Virginia Conroy were in Rochester with me. Why didn't I learn the Charleston while I was her roommate? I did the best I could, but never really mastered this intricate dance.

Rose Lerner was the actress who played Pearl and, according to Ruthie's prophecy, was headed for tragedy. I was letter-perfect in her part, and watched her like a hawk—I'm afraid hoping Ruthie was right.

We opened successfully on a Monday night. At the Wednesday matinee Rose Lerner twisted her ankle badly in a fall down a stairway, which was part of the business of the play. She finished the rest of the show. That evening, she played with a cane.

Next morning I got up at eight, dressed quickly, had breakfast, and went to the theater and waited. I was soon rewarded. Mr. Cukor arrived, yelled at his stage manager,

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SOLARCAINE STOPS PAIN OF SUNBURN

Acts on the skin nerves with benzocaine . . . used by doctors

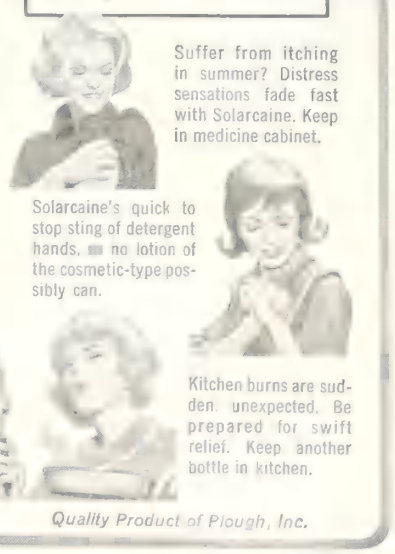
When you've been sunburned, you need more than ordinary salves or ointments—*you need something to stop pain fast!* That's the instant to apply Solarcaine. It acts on skin nerves. Stops pain with local anesthetic, benzocaine.

Solarcaine is quick. It cools, then lulls your distressed pain nerves. Moisturizes your skin too—helps prevent infection, aids healing. Relieves irritation, itching.

Solarcaine is white, greaseless, flows on without rubbing. Get the big size...save.

Now comes in both lotion and cream form!

Relieves itching, pain of detergent hands and burns



Quality Product of Plough, Inc.



Be inviting... so exciting... wear captivating lipstick colors by Cutex, approved by Oleg Cassini, the fashion advisor to America's most glamorous women. Super-smooth Cutex lipsticks are moisture-drenched, keep your lips soft and enticing. Choose from two special formulas, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin or extra-creamy Delicate by CUTEX®

NORTHAM WARREN CORP.

IN PRETTY SHAPE for summer...

In summer, because you wear less on the outside, your figure must appear at its very best. Your guaranty is an inside wardrobe with support, yet airy and almost weightless. Here are solutions for day or evening in watercolors and prints, containing Lycra power net and nylon tricot.



An impressionists' kind of print in pink—cool control in Lycra power net with a nonstretch panel, the bra in nylon sheer lined with nylon marquisette. A Hollywood Vassarette.



Brush strokes of lemon and gray blossoms—easy-to-move-in pantie of Lycra spandex power net with a front panel of nylon tricot. Matching bra is fully lined. By Formfit.



An all-in-one light enough for a summer shape—of Lycra power net with marquisette-and-lace top in a shadow green or white by Warner.



A bra and panty to sleep in, wake in—why not even exercise in? A summer delight of watery-pink nylon tricot and lace by Maidenform.

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"Get that dame who has the smallest part over here right away." He didn't even know my name.

I spoke up, "I'm here, Mr. Cukor."

He asked if I could learn the part by evening. I told him I already knew it. He said, "Come on up here. Do you know how to fall down a flight of stairs?"

Thanks to Martha Graham's class, all these physical tricks we had learned. I said "Yes."

He said, "Show me."

I did—and then we rehearsed. I knew every line and went on that night.

Saturday night brought an end to my contract, but Mr. Cukor was so pleased with my performance that he engaged me as the ingenue lead for the company the next season. God bless Ruthie's gypsy ways! . . .

After returning from Rochester, I started looking for a job for the summer. A casting director asked me if I was interested in summer stock. Indeed I was.

He gave me the name and address of the director of the Cape Playhouse for the coming season and made an appointment for me to go to his hotel next day at three o'clock. I, like Elsie Dinsmore, saw nothing out of line about this. When I arrived for the interview, the director was lathered for shaving, in his undershirt. He apologized for his dishabille, asked me many questions about my career up to this point—and finally, with no further requirements, gave me a job with the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts, for the summer. Ignorance *is* bliss! My delight knew no bounds.

The Cape Playhouse was, I believe, the first successful one of its kind and attracted such names as Peggy Wood, Violet Kemble Cooper, Basil Rathbone and Romney Brent as stars.

With Ruthie's usual luck, we found a cottage by the sea that we could almost afford. After unpacking and sprucing up a bit, I presented myself at the Playhouse. I asked the man in the box office if I could see Mr. Moore, the owner.

"I'm Mr. Moore."

"I'm Bette Davis, reporting for work. When do we start rehearsals?"

"Never heard of you," said Mr. Moore.

"I'm your new ingenue," I told him. "Your director hired me in New York. Mr. What's-his-name."

"But he had no authority to hire you! There must be some misunderstanding. The company is full for the season."

I was dumbfounded. Mr. Moore stared at me helplessly for a moment.

My voice shook. "He told me—I've come up here—rented a house for the summer ——"

It was obvious to him I was sincere, and I knew he felt sorry for me. "Well, if you—if you want to stay here, you can be an usher in the theater."

Usher or actress, I secretly memorized every part the ingenue had. I dreamed of sprained ankles nightly.

I fell in love this summer with a boy who has become famous. I don't think he'll mind my using his name: Henry Fonda. He played the juvenile lead in *The Barker* with Walter Huston as the father—and I was only the usher. He came for dinner at our cottage once. We served him his first steamed clams—in our book the greatest of gourmet treats. I don't know whether his instantaneous dislike of the clams rubbed off onto me—but he didn't return my passion. He *never* did. But that summer he was the most beautiful boy I had ever seen—and *such* a good actor. He still is, of course. His daughter, Jane, is such a replica of her father at that age that looking at her makes me feel older than I am.

The summer wore on and there wasn't a mishap in the cast. I watched and studied every play that was done. I knew every gesture, every cross. I heard they were going to do A. A. Milne's *Mr. Pim Passes By* with Laura Hope Crewes. The part of Dinah—an English girl—was perfect for me; the ingenue of the company was truly not the right type.

Laura Hope Crewes was not only starring in the play, but she was directing it as well. Miss Crewes had obviously felt the ingenue was not suitable, as she demanded from Mr. Moore that a young actress "who will be believable as an English girl" be produced—from New York if necessary. Mr. Moore, who had been most sympathetic to me all summer, introduced me to Miss Crewes as a possibility.

"Well, my dear, if you can play and sing the English ballad *I Passed by Your Window* by ten o'clock Monday morning, the part of Dinah is yours."

The ballad was not in the script; and no one in the theater knew it. My interview had been late Saturday afternoon. The nearest town was Hyannis, ten miles away, and would there be a music store in a tiny summer town? It was too late to order it from Boston. Ruthie, Bobby and I drove to Hyannis. There was a music store; but they had never heard of *I Passed by Your Window*.

I was suicidal at this point; but Ruthie . . . Ruthie! She had made up her mind that she'd find it.

"A church! An organist! A music teacher!"

We rushed from church to church—there were only two—in search of the organist. At the parish house of the Episcopal church, the organist, after three hours' searching, found a copy for me. All Saturday evening, and all day Sunday I practiced this song. I can still play it and remember every word of it.

Monday morning I arrived at rehearsal. Miss Crewes wafted one of her lovely hands toward the piano and I sat down to play—my heart pounding. When I was finished Miss Crewes congratulated me and, true to her word, the part of Dinah was mine.

The company was charming to me and thrilled that I had been given the chance to make the leap from aisle to stage. Miss Crewes, famous for the use of her lovely hands, made it clear from the start that no good ingenue waved her hands about. To tell me this was something. The Le Fievre blood didn't pulsate through my body for nothing. From birth it had been impossible for me to talk without using my hands. But I tried.

At dress rehearsal I concentrated on letting my hands hang like dead fish, but in an emotional moment I lost my head and moved my hand and arm forward slightly. I was stunned when I felt a definite slap on my wrist. I looked around, furious—Miss Crewes had done it. I not only counted ten—I counted fifty.

The opening was a great success. I received an ovation. We had a subscription audience—who were thrilled to see their usher turned into an actress. Best of all, Mr. Moore asked me to return the following season as the company ingenue.

Bobby had chosen to go to college in Ohio. I think she had a desire to establish an identity of her own. She was fast becoming Bette Davis's sister.

We tearfully parted and Mother and I drove to Rochester, to my job as ingenue with the Cukor-Kondolf Stock Company.

Ruthie found us another apartment, which turned out to be in the heart of the red-light district; but since the place was wildly inexpensive and near the theater, we saw no reason to move.

I met a boy named Charles Ainsley. He would always park at the end of the street; but, other than that, we couldn't have been more satisfied. Charlie risked his reputation nightly. He also kept my dressing room filled with yellow roses.

George Cukor and George Kondolf had now leased the Temple Theater and inaugurated their winter season with guest stars every week. The permanent company included Wallace Ford, Frank McHugh, designer Russel Wright, Walter Fohlmer, Helen Gilmore, Irma Irving, Benny Baker and Sam Blythe, a young man who played all the butlers and detective bits and raced around Rochester in a snappy blue Chrysler. We found out that Sam was a celebrity when, on opening night, a telegram and a big red apple arrived from his mother, Ethel Barrymore.

Our first play was *Excess Baggage*, by Jack McGowan. The backstage tale involved a high-wire walker and his pretty wife, played by Wallace Ford and Miriam Hopkins. I was a vaudevillian in the play—the wife of Frank McHugh. Miriam was the prettiest golden-

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Kotex is confidence

Let the party go on and on . . . you're without a worry.
For Kotex napkins have a special inner lining under that soft covering.
It's the napkin women trust for complete, long-lasting protection.



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REGULAR, SLENDERLINE OR SUPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

haired blonde I had ever seen. I will never forget her before a performance—emerging from a shower and simply tossing her curly hair dry. She was the envy of us all.

I won't say that our season was distinguished for drama; but I was learning my trade. We did *Cradle Snatchers* with Elizabeth Patterson and Marie Nordstrom; *Laff That Off; The Squall; The Man Who Came Back*, with Harland Tucker and Charlotte Wynters; and *Yellow*, with Louis Calhern.

There's no doubt about it. Working in a stock company will always be the greatest foundation for an acting career. An actor tackles a new part each week, and there's no time for nonsense. The necessary discipline, plus the confidence and the technique that are gained, can be found no other place. Crises are met and conquered. A tempo is created and sustained.

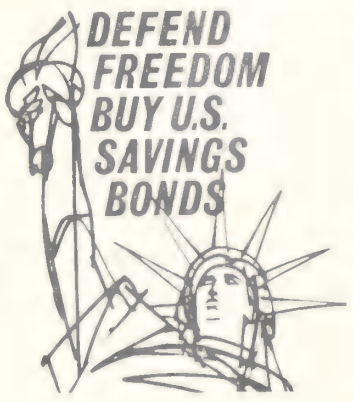
Every actor knows that stock can make you slick rather than profound; but you can't play a concerto until you know your scales. There's nothing wrong with facility—no matter what the artsy-craftsy claim. Stock gives an actor facility. It makes him a professional. Nothing can teach you to act like acting.

The young actors today have television series very often where for months they play only one part. They have a Broadway play—and if a success they play the same part over a long period. Then, if they're any good, Hollywood plucks them unripe from the vine—"stars" who cannot act. And it's not their fault. They've never been given a chance to learn.

The progress of acting careers, like everything else, has become so accelerated that amateurs are rewarded by international fame. There's gold in all this madness and the temptation is great. How many Brandos are there who will refuse—as he did—well-paying parts in plays that bore them or won't encourage their growth? Nobody wants to work. Everybody wants something for nothing. The easy way is usually the destructive way.

A good percentage of our lives is spent doing things we loathe. Marvelous! It puts starch in your spine.

I was blessed with energy and good health. I'm also a worker. I always was apt to be a know-it-all as well. When Mr. Cukor criticized my work, I would always have a reason why I did it my way. I alibied. Dorothy Burgess, the year before in Rochester, gave me some good advice:



"You're just a kid, Bette, and there's a great deal you don't know. You don't have to be perfect. Nobody expects you to be. Listen and learn. Don't be afraid to admit you're wrong."

In the production of *Yellow*, Louis Calhern, the star, was my lover. He was practically twice my height and age and he complained, "She looks more like my kid than my mistress." The cast could have been reshuffled; but it wasn't. Mr. Cukor fired me. I will never really know why. He never told me.

Ruthie refused to let me brood about the turn of events. She advised me to wire Jimmy Light.

The timing was perfect. Jimmy Light was more than ready for me. *The Earth Between* was to go into production immediately. I signed a run-of-the-play contract for thirty-five dollars a week.

The Provincetown Playhouse—a step below Washington Square Park on MacDougal Street—was already famous. Eugene O'Neill had been introduced there. Helen Hayes, Ann Harding and Katharine Cornell had had their start on this stage. Ruthie, of course, was already cutting my clippings. I was starting to be frightened. One could forgive a shiny new ingenue in a stock company almost anything. But this was the real thing; and I had to be good.

James Light and M. Eleanor Fitzgerald were operating the playhouse in the 1928–29 season. *The Earth Between* was a two-act study of Nebraska farm life; and—completely unbeknown to me—the play dealt with an incestuous relationship between Nat Jennings, a farmer, and Floy, his sixteen-year-old daughter. It did seem to me when I read the play that the widowed father's compensative demands on the child were excessive; but it never occurred to me how fully he wanted her to replace her mother. I had never bumped into Oedipus at dear old Cushing. *My father didn't even like me!*

Jimmy Light, treasuring my naïveté, never enlightened me as to what the play was about. What I didn't know wouldn't hurt me—it helped me. I was as innocent as the girl in the play.

Our curtain raiser was to be an O'Neill one-acter, *Before Breakfast*. Jimmy wisely chose a date for our opening that would not conflict with any uptown premiere. This assured the presence of the top-string New York critics.

I had to wear a rose as Floy; and Charlie sent one with a note: "I love you." It seemed I had everything. I was engaged to be married to Charlie. I had the promise of a career. I thought fleetingly of Le Gallienne. Then the words, "Let her become a secretary," blotted everything else out. I had to make it. The rain on the roof of the little theater comforted me.

The audience that evening was not in for a night of fun. By the time I was ready to go on, they had already watched Mary Blair, as the wife of a poverty-stricken Christopher St artist, nag her drunken, lazy offstage husb in a tragic *tour de force* that ended with weakling's cutting his throat while shav All of this *Before Breakfast*.

Virgil Geddes, an admirer of Mr. O'Ne had written *Earth Between*, a play in much same stark style. I recall nothing of that performance except the last scene in whi stood, weak-willed and yielding, in the wh field with my loving "pa." Suddenly there a clap of thunder and a frightening rumble vibrated throughout the building. I thou the rain had caused the roof to cave in. It the audience. It was applause.

The curtain fell and it was all over. The of the cast ran out from the wings to hands for the call. The curtain became a g eyelid, blinking. Up and down. Up and do And always that deafening thunder. Challee and Carroll Ashburn squeezed hands joyously as we gravely bowed.

I materialized somehow at my dressing ta in an ecstasy that has never quite been equa A blur of flowers and telegrams greeted my turn to the land of the living and my refle started to work again.

My tiny dressing room was bursting w excitement: Ruthie, Jimmy Light, Ma Shep Strudwick, Virgil Geddes. I wrote in scrapbook that it was a "night in a millio It was not the exaggeration of a twe year-old.

Just before I left my little cubbyhole sniffed the spring basket that brou memories of May Days in Winchester opened the envelope attached to the wic handle. There was simply an engraved nar Harlow Morrell Davis.

When I awakened, Ruthie was standing o my bed and throwing the morning papers me. We started reading them aloud.

Mr. O'Neill's curtain raiser was panned high heaven. I started skipping the texts looking for my name unabashedly. After that's what mattered. One after the othe the *News*, the *Graphic*, the *Sun*, *Telegr*



Mirror, Journal, Brooklyn Eagle—all were expressive in their praise. It had come to pass and each other was crying.

The Earth Between was scheduled to run for four weeks. The public lined up outside the theater, demanding an extension of our engagement. We were a hit.

I received my first fan letters. One was from an unholy student at Holy Cross; one from a math teacher in far-off Rockville Center; and the third from an actor named Dante who evidently thought of me as his Beatrice. He was appearing with Ethel Barrymore in *Kingdom of God.*

One evening after the performance a card was sent in to me. The name on it was Cecil Clovelly. He had come to ask if I would be interested in playing Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* on tour with Blanche Yurka. Interested! The joy on my face gave no need for an answer. Miss Yurka was going on tour with Ibsen repertory in a few weeks. Linda Watkins was not going on the road with them and they needed a replacement for her. I would, if approved by Miss Yurka, play Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* and Bolette in *Lady From the Sea.*

Next morning I raced, breathless, uptown to the Bijou Theater to meet the great star who wanted to see me. A woman of tremendous magnetism, Miss Yurka seemed like a giant bird of prey. Her long neck pressed forward and her glowing eyes devoured everything around her. After I read a few lines, she withdrew her neck and lowered her eyes in satisfaction. Her resonant voice could be remarkably gentle.

"That's fine, my dear. We'll have one week of rehearsal after you close in *The Earth Between.*"

I took the Fifth Avenue bus back to 8th Street and sat on the open top deck and watched with excitement the swath we were cutting through the city. Hedvig! I was truly in heaven.

There isn't a creature alive today who wouldn't tell me that it was anxiety that made me break out into a cold sweat and a pink rash that night. Today we see beneath the obvious. In 1929, we naïvely believed it was the measles. It wasn't until after the evening's performance that the doctor corroborated our diagnosis. It was the measles. How I got through that night is a mystery; I was truly feeling so sick.

By the time the last scene came, the spots were showing through my greasepaint.

Backstage I collapsed into my chair. The room was spinning. I bolted upright as Daddy walked into my dressing room. He was as formal as ever, and even more elegant. My head reeled as he discussed the play.

"Most interesting character analysis . . . Ashburn was excellent . . . that Burgess fellow was very fine . . . Geddes is under the influence of Robinson Jeffers . . . he has power——"

He never mentioned my performance!

I stared at him in disbelief. Daddy had barely changed. A little gray at the temples, attractively lined, the same really. He had reached the top at United Shoe Machinery Company and was now the leading patent consultant for the Government.

We sat looking at each other, strangers. Just as we'd always been. His voice became even more formal, more impersonal:

"Would—would you care to go out with me and have a little supper?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy. I feel wretched—really." The thought of food absolutely nauseated me.

He didn't believe me for one moment. "I see!"

I was just too weak to care. All I wanted to do was fall into bed. I fell into bed all right, and stayed there. I had the worst case of measles the doctor had seen. It was undignifying, uncomfortable; and I knew it was the end of my playing Hedvig. It was impossible to attend rehearsals next week and I was sure that Yurka would be forced to engage someone else. I decided that I might just as well die!

But Ruthie had other plans for me. She ran across 8th Street to the drugstore and called Cecil Clovelly. Mother swore that, with or without rehearsal, I would be ready to do the parts in two weeks! Dr. Davis guaranteed it.

The next fortnight was a nightmare. The measles had weakened my eyes and studying the script was impossible. I have always loathed being read to; and Ruthie sat at my bed and read it over and over until I thought I'd go mad. I couldn't eat. I was weak, irritable, and Mother became my victim. I threw the scripts across the room, in despair.

The rash started to fade, but my strength seemed gone forever. The doctor quite properly refused to release me from quarantine as the deadline approached; but I was possessed of a bug far more virulent than measles.

The tenth day was a Wednesday and a matinee day. I was due at nine-thirty in the morning for a rehearsal, and after one run-through I was to take over the torch from Linda in the relay race I had entered. *Lady From the Sea* was to finish out the last days of its New York engagement. At least I wouldn't have to tackle Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* until I had a few more days to convalesce.

Ruthie set the alarm clock for seven A.M. and I was unconscious by nine P.M. I dreamed that I was cured at Lourdes.

Considering our monomania, it is completely out of character that Ruthie forgot to set the thingumabob on the clock. We awakened at exactly the moment I was to have walked on stage. My guardian angel had betrayed me.

My own mother—my own flesh and blood, my Ruthie—had knifed me. This was the end. Clovelly would never understand and Yurka would banish me from theaters all over the world. I lay moribund, with Ruthie standing over me—grotesque in braids, flannel and treachery!

"Keep screaming! Don't give up! We can get there. I'll think of something. *Scream at me!*"

She pulled the bedclothes off me and dragged me off the bed. The next thing I knew we were standing at Sixth Avenue and 8th Street looking for a taxi. One can never find a free one in an emergency. We stood in the middle of the street—Ruthie waving a bottle of milk in one hand and a bottle of wine (to give me strength) in the other. The clock atop the tower of the Jefferson Courthouse shrieked ten o'clock and I went berserk. I bit mother right on the shoulder. My teeth dug into her flesh right through her woolen dress.

"There's a cab, Bette! Taxi! Taxi!"

We arrived at the theater at ten-thirty—one hour late; and Cecil Clovelly's face was stretched into a Benda mask of hatred.

Ruthie started to explain: "I set the clock. It's my fault. I forgot to set the alarm."

Cecil stabbed her with his eyes. "Think up a new one, Mrs. Davis!"

"Get out, Mother! And stay out!"

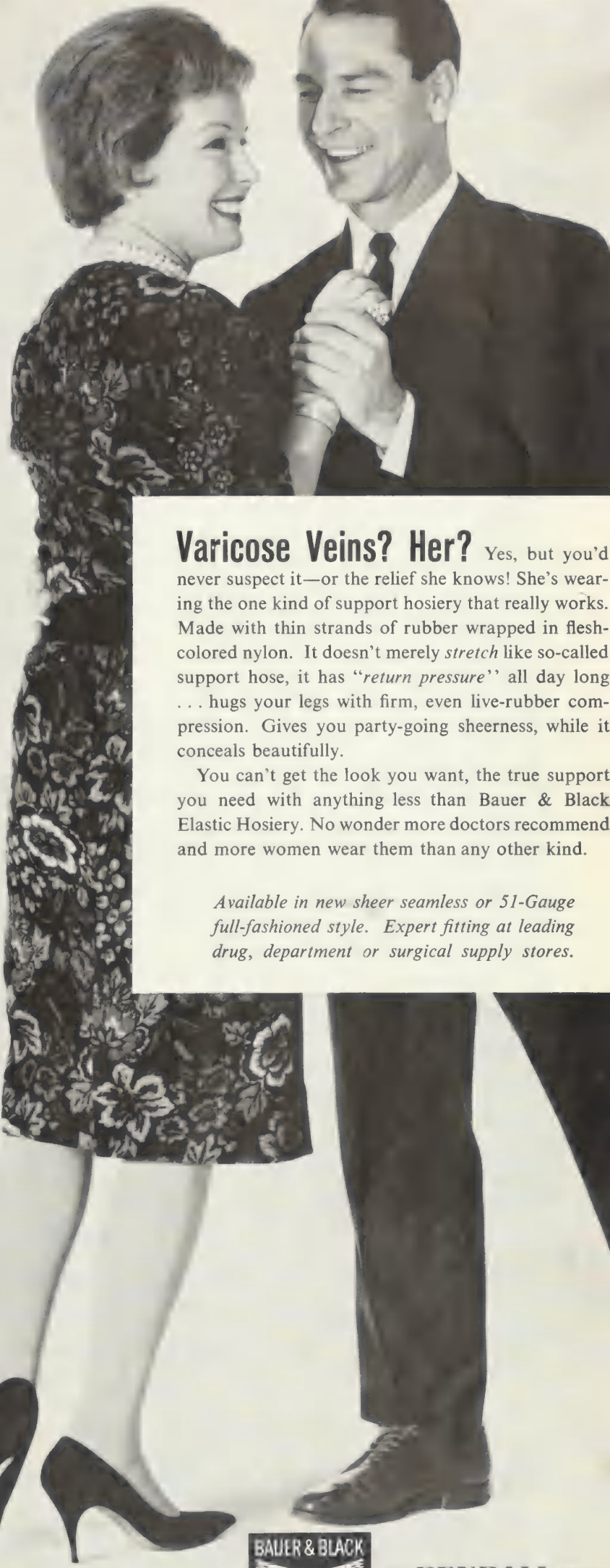
The director turned in surprise, and Ruthie with her two bottles—my formula for the day—obeyed. She sat at the stage door and I walked on stage.

The rehearsal went without a hitch and all was forgiven. Mother had done her job. I knew every line perfectly; and though I had still to see one piece of scenery or one prop, Cecil drummed the stage business into me.

My first appearance was to be at two-thirty. With rehearsal over, convinced now that I could do it, Cecil thanked Ruthie, which was more than I did. I didn't have a moment to think or feel anything but Bolette. And I was exhausted. We had rehearsed in the *Duck* set which was now to be "struck" so that *Lady*'s interior could be set up. I was handed Miss Watkins's costume and told to be ready for a luncheon during which Cecil would fill me in on further details.

I took one look at the costume and almost had a complete relapse. It was filthy and torn. And, of course, no one had thought of any necessary alteration. Just, "Here's your costume." I announced my displeasure, which was even more incredible, and crawled off to a lunch that I prayed I could keep down.

When I got back the dress was laid out for me, exquisitely cleaned and pressed, the muslin of its huge peasant sleeves crisp and white. The little high shoes of blue leather were shined and placed beneath them. A starched white cap with little wings was on the dressing table. The whole room was immaculate. It was the cure for all my troubles—and it wasn't the management at all. It was a wounded hobgoblin named Ruthie.



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I plaited my hair in long braids which I wound into a crown, dressed and went on stage to look over the set and go through my initial business, which was tricky. During my opening lines I had to raise a flag on a flagpole. I had to get the feel of the ramps I had to run up and down. I had visions of breaking my leg and being shot, once and for all.

There were so many things to be checked. Props I had only heard about. Suddenly the stage manager cleared the set. The strings were playing in the pit; and I realized that I was on. Up went the curtain.

The flagpole was in working order, but I was not. I started raising the flag looking calm and sweet in my peasant outfit, but I seemed to have no realization that I was to start the play.

Ruthie, who was in the front row, dug her nails into her hands and prayed. After what must have seemed an eternity to Ruthie I looked around in a surprised manner; it was at that moment I realized I started the play—and I did. The gates opened and Bolette started talking. I managed the ramps with no trouble and four acts went smoothly.

I had no such trouble with Hedvig. Miss Yurka staged *Wild Duck* herself; and after two days in town in *Lady*, we opened at the Boulevard Theater in Jackson Heights, Long Island. This was the beginning of a tour that was to take us to Philadelphia, to Washington and Boston.

I was gaining real experience as an actress. Every day my rapport with the audience grew, and with it my confidence. In Washington, President and Mrs. Coolidge were in the audience. They came back to congratulate us. It didn't matter that Blanche Yurka, after sharing applause with the rest of us, always took her solo calls. After all, she was the star.

The night we opened in Boston—my home town, and where I had first seen Hedvig played—was the night of nights. Daddy was there that night. As were Myron, Mildred, the Woodwards, so very many old school friends. Ruthie was, as usual, in the front row.

There was a letter from Charlie on my dressing table when I arrived to make up. I gaily opened the envelope. I read the note again. Charlie had broken our engagement. Just like that. His father disapproved of actresses . . . we were too young . . . knew I would understand . . . and forgive . . . helpless against them . . . so sorry!

There was a knock on the door and the doorman handed me a box. I opened it and found two gardenias with a note from Miss Yurka: "To the hometown girl." I had half an hour before the curtain went up. I couldn't let Ruthie down tonight. All her love, blood and sweat had to be proved worth it that night. I tore up the letter.

"Five minutes, Miss Davis!" *But why didn't he talk it over with me? I never want to see him again!*

Opening nights! The nightmare of all actors. Lotte Lehmann once told me, "It will grow worse, not better, as you grow older." She was right. It is always a kind of death before the curtain goes up. That night in Boston was no exception.

Once the curtain was up my only problems were Hedvig's, and all went smoothly. The curtain fell and the whole cast took its bow. The applause was tremendous. Miss Yurka stepped through the curtain for her solo curtain call. Starting to the wings, I was stopped by Cecil Clovelly. Everyone was to remain on stage in case another cast curtain was justified. There seemed to be no end to this particular performance. I watched Miss Yurka, her eyes cast down in humility as her public greeted her. Then up went the curtain again; and the whole cast once more joined the star. *The audience is certainly extremely responsive this evening.*

Suddenly Miss Yurka took my hand and led me to the footlights and the curtain fell behind us. This was a tremendous honor and most gracious of her. But then she let go of my hand, smiled and walked off the stage—leaving me alone.

The theater shook with applause and bravos. People actually stood on their seats and cheered—for *me*. I felt my face crumple and I started to cry.

The weight that was Charlie was lifted like a miracle. "Bravo! Bravo!" My first stardust. It is impossible to describe the sweetness of such a moment. Alone! All those marvelous people. My heart almost burst.

This was the true beginning of the one great durable romance of my life.

The Ibsen tour ended and Ruthie and I drove to Ohio to pick up Bobby and bring her home to be with us at the Cape for the second season.

My arrival at the Playhouse was a far cry from my earlier one. Mr. Moore had a dressing room ready for me this time. I was given the lead in *The Patsy*, my first comedy. I had nightmares every night during rehearsal that no one would laugh. I would wake up in a cold sweat. On opening night my first line got its laugh—and I relaxed. Comedy wasn't so different after all.

The next play after *The Patsy* was Bernard Shaw's *You Never Can Tell*. The imported star was an actor named Dodd Meehan. I was fascinated by him. He, realizing this, took full advantage of my adoration and had me cue him. This took time away from me to learn my own lines. I, evidently, was so in outer space that this did not worry me at all until I blew my lines umpteen times at the dress rehearsal. After the rehearsal Mr. Moore wanted to know what had happened to me. He said, "If you don't learn your lines we will have to cancel the opening tomorrow night."

I ran all the way back to our house. Ruthie, having been at the rehearsal, marched into my room with the script. Bobby was trying to comfort me, but I was beyond commiseration.

"Barbara! Put on a pot of coffee and get dinner ready. We'll join you in a little while. Up, young lady!"

I sat up obediently as Mother threw my "sides" to me.

"You're going to learn this part by tomorrow morning."

For fifteen hours straight I worked on the lines, Ruthie cuing me. At ten sharp Monday morning I arrived at the theater. That night we opened. I never missed a line. There was a bouquet waiting for me afterward and in it was a contract for the next summer.

It was fall again and Bobby left for college. Our charming little house and a fur coat for Bobby's Wisconsin winter had exhausted our funds. We started on our first year in the theater with no job.

During this period I entered my one and only contest—with the exception of the P.S. 186 one for cookies many years ago. This one did not turn out so successfully. A contract in Hollywood was offered to the girl who could look most like Vilma Banky. We studied photographs of her; Ruthie dressed my hair like hers—I was blond; I made myself up and to the Astor Hotel we went at the appointed hour. The winner was chosen instantaneously—a setup—the rest of us weren't even looked at. This was my first lesson in Hollywood-type publicity.

Had not an agent named Jane Broder come into my life at this point, heaven knows what else I wouldn't have tried to get a job. My luck again. She had two offers for me—the road tour of *Saturday's Children*, and an interview for a new show by Martin Flavin called *Broken Dishes*, starring Donald Meek. The part was the ingenue lead. I was interviewed by Mr. Flavin; the producer, Oscar Serlin; and the director, Marion Gering. They accepted me for the part.

Broken Dishes was an unpretentious little domestic comedy. Mr. Meek was the henpecked Mr. Bumpstead; I, his daughter Elaine; both of us eventually rebelled against the domineering Mrs. Bumpstead. I loved playing Elaine and Mr. Meek was an angel.

Grandmother came to New York for the opening and I will never forget how thrilled she was that night. She sat in a box, every inch a queen in her black lace with the high collar and her white hair shining in the dark. The flowers backstage in my dressing room were legion. Grandmother and Ruthie took them back to the apartment in a taxi while I went on to a party. I got home after two o'clock and there sat Grandmother still wide awake—waiting to see me before she went to bed. She died not long afterward. I was always grateful that she lived to know I had a good start on the road to success in my chosen profession.

My salary was $75 a week. It was doubled after three months of our run.

One night, after I felt I had given a particularly good performance, I came home beaming and told Ruthie how good I had been that night. I didn't know that Ruthie had been in the audience. She let me finish and then announced that I had given the worst performance I had ever given in the part.

She went on to say, "You enjoyed yourself too much." We didn't talk for days. But underneath, I knew she was right. The mo-



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nt an actor allows a part to take over and has fun, he never gives as good a performance.

The audience has paid to see you perform, have fun. Besides, you never know who's ng to be out front. One night Arthur rnblow Jr. was in our audience. Samuel ldwyn had sent him to see me as a posility for the leading lady in a film which nald Colman was to star in. Mr. Hornblow ered me a test for the part.

made the test at the Paramount Studio in oria. They sent it West for Mr. Goldwyn see. He bellowed, "Who did this to me?" When I saw it, I agreed with him. I had a oked front tooth that was not attractive the screen. My insecurity in a new medium s apparent.

By mutual, unspoken consent, the test was ored by everyone. It was brutally clear t the movies were not for me. I did decide have braces put on my teeth—in case I ever eived another invitation for a motionture test.

Broken Dishes ran successfully through the ing and I returned to the Cape "straight m her New York triumph." It was my rd season at Dennis. I was to join Mr. ek and the rest of the cast for a road tour the fall.

The Cape was as busy as ever. Again a play eek. I had quite forgotten what leisure was. asn't to know again for twenty years.

One Sunday evening Ruthie, Bobby and I nt to a movie in Hyannis Port. I suddenly let a whoop. I had seen the back of a neck r rows in front of us, silhouetted against screen. I knew it belonged to only one son: Harmon O. Nelson Jr. Ham!

Though we had seen or heard little of each er for four years, it was as if we had never n separated. We all went back to our tage after the movie and talked into the small hours.

Ham was leader of the Amherst band playfor the summer at the Old Mill Tavern. could see each other all summer. We would et after our work—walk on the beach—go a drive—sit around the house—talk of our ures. Ham had one more year of college. I s in the theater.

We were both growing up and marriage s no longer a distant possibility, but marge for Ham and me seemed out of the estion at this point. He came to see each y I did, and was impressed with me as an ress. That pleased me.

In September we said good-bye; back he nt to college, I to Baltimore, Maryland, to en the road tour of *Broken Dishes*.

A week later, when we were playing in ashington, I received a call from Oscar rlin. They needed a replacement for the genue in a new play, *Solid South*, starring chard Bennett. Mr. Bennett had three very nous daughters—Constance, Joan and rbara.

I really didn't want to leave Mr. Meek and *oken Dishes;* but an opportunity to follow my success with another Broadway play s something I couldn't ignore. The play s to open in New York in ten days. Once ain I would have day and night rehearsals d—from what I had heard—a rather diffilt coworker. Mr. Bennett's temperament s well known. It was with mixed feelings at I arrived at the theater to meet him.

He eyed me suspiciously as I walked down e aisle. "So! You look like one of those tresses who think all they need are eyes to t. My daughters are the same."

I had been on a train overnight—I was led. I looked right at him and said, "Mr. nnett, I'm very happy to return to Washgton immediately!"

He threw his head back and laughed. You'll do." From there on he and I were e best of friends.

The press was again very kind to me and e rest of the cast; but the critics perpetuated eir tempestuous romance with the star. The ghly respected Percy Hammond called *olid South* a "shiftless improvisation" and und Mr. Bennett's blustering old Major bllonsby "as shoddy an impersonation as a e player could give." Brooks Atkinson unrthed "enough mountebankery to make it palatable for unprincipled playgoers." Burns Mantle in the *News* thought (as everyone did) that the julep-drinking major was good fun "but not a faithful likeness of *any* human being."

We closed in two weeks because of "Mr. Bennett's indisposition." Our contracts were canceled by "Act of God." Not Jehovah, however. This one's name was Bacchus.

During this limited appearance, David Werner, a talent scout for Universal Pictures, came to a performance. Universal had purchased Preston Sturges's play, *Strictly Dishonorable*, and Carl Laemmle, the head of Universal, thought I might be right for the young girl. I consented to take another test, and was offered a contract at $300 a week.

I was serious about not wanting to leave the theater. However, with the show closed, I was out of a job. It was either Hollywood or job hunting again.

It was understood that my first film would be the girl in *Strictly Dishonorable*. This was the only thing that was not incorporated in the twenty-pound contract.

"That's understood, Miss Davis . . . there are technicalities . . . the property is still being negotiated ——"

My decision had been made. My moving finger writ and, having writ, tapped nervously as all my friends warned me that what I had spelled out was a sentence that would make San Quentin a vacation spot.

"*You*, Bette! Do you really think you'll be given a chance to do anything worthwhile?" . . . "Now you've done it. Darling! Don't you know you can't lick them there and you won't want to join them?"

After all, I wasn't some jazzed-up little thing. If they wanted another Jean Harlow, they couldn't expect that from me. *There are good actresses out there: Ruth Chatterton, Garbo, Jeanne Eagles, Claudette Colbert. I'll be in Strictly Dishonorable. Universal has great plans for me!*



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I heard the first of their plans when I kept an appointment to see Mr. Laemmle's publicity people. The gentlemen looked me over across the great desk and through the upraised soles of their shoes. Our dialogue was a revelation.

"Now about your name."

"What about my name?"

"No glamour. Bette Davis, ugh! We've given a lot of thought to it and we've come up with the perfect name: Bettina Dawes."

"*Bettina Dawes!* I refuse to be called . . . 'Between the drawers' all my life!" I told these geniuses.

They did laugh and they did skip any more discussions about changing my name.

There were things to be done before Mother and I could leave for the coast. Our car, for one. "But dearest, the down payment is negligible" had long since become a monthly "How are we going to meet the payments?" Ruthie had just put another $300 into the car and now we were going away. She was lucky enough to sell the car back to the dealers and realized $50 on it instead of $150, which she had hoped for.

We boarded the train for California—two rather frightened people. I remember sitting on the observation platform as we pulled out of Chicago and feeling I would never see my beloved East and my friends ever again. Hollywood seemed to be the end of the world.

After five days—that's how long it took in 1930 to cross the country—Ruthie and I arrived at the Los Angeles station. Mr. Werner had told me in New York the studio would send a car and get us settled in a hotel. We waited half an hour. No one came.

We took a taxi to the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. We signed for a room and called the studio. They were horrified. They'd sent a car and a representative to meet us. They hadn't seen anyone who looked like an actress!

Ruthie and I went to a real-estate office to ask about finding a house. Mrs. Carr was the broker. After we informed her of our top price, she said. "I know just what you want. But *first* you've simply got to see the *most* adorable house. It's far too expensive but, as newcomers to California, you'll be fascinated with the place. It's on Alta Loma Terrace."

Well! It was the sweetest house I had ever seen in my life. Completely furnished, replete with linens, silver, china and a grand piano, it had everything, including a beautiful outside porch which we learned was called a patio. From it we could see the Hollywood Bowl. Flowers were wildly abundant and it was midwinter. Ruthie and I looked at each other wretchedly while Mrs. Carr hummed innocently to herself.

Ruthie got me alone for a moment. "Can you borrow on your salary?"

"No! Mother, I can't."

It was impossible to find any other house that would compare. I was heartbroken that we couldn't take it. Mother told Mrs. Carr that we would let her know on Monday, which was sheer insanity. What could we let her know? That we had only enough to live on until my first week's salary—and that was already half spent.

When we left Mrs. Carr, Ruthie was positive we were going to live there. "I'm going to wire your father. It's the least he can do at this point. What's more, we need a car out here."

As we talked she somehow steered me to a car agency. In a moment the two hobos from the East were sitting in an adorable green phaeton.

"You look just right, Bette, sitting at that wheel."

"We'll be sitting in jail if you keep going on this way."

We left the showroom after Mother repeated her promise to get in touch with the salesman on Monday. It was the day I was to report to the studio and I was nervous.

Now Mother tried her wiles on me again. She thought the sight of the car would encourage my borrowing money from the studio. "*All* you have to do is *show* them your *contract*."

"*No*, Mother!"

Back at the hotel we had such a to-do that Ruthie called downstairs to complain of the noise, hoping to throw the management off the scent. I was tired and went to bed. It wasn't until months later that I discovered what Mother was up to while I slept.

Carl Milliken, governor of Maine ten years before, was an old friend of the family; and Ruthie had heard he was in Hollywood, staying at the Roosevelt Hotel. She called the hotel at five-thirty in the morning to be sure he was registered there. He was. Carl always played tennis with his Japanese teacher at seven A.M. and Ruthie dressed herself hurriedly. I awoke as she was sneaking out. In semiconsciousness, I asked where she was going. "For a walk," was her reply.

I learned later that Mother ran from Vine Street to the Roosevelt Hotel and "ran into" Carl as he was leaving for the tennis court. His surprise at seeing her was tempered by his fright of her expression. When he asked what was wrong, Ruthie simply said, "I need five hundred dollars immediately." Now we're all New Englanders and we like to know *why* someone wants $500. Ruthie explained that we needed a place to live and a car to get us around. The loan would be for a short while. Carl—eager to get on with his tennis—peeled off five bills and handed them to her.

Ruthie now went to Western Union, where she paid someone to write out a message from Father. The telegram sounded exactly like him. WIRE RECEIVED. SENDING MONEY. NEVER ASK AGAIN. HARLOW M. DAVIS. The wire was slipped under our door. As I was reading it, Moth came back to the room and read it too.

In two days we had become the pro owners of Alta Loma Terrace and a gre phaeton with yellow wheels. On Monday drove to the studio. Word had spread that "Davis girl" had arrived and, one by o studio executives found reasons for wander into and out of the reception room. I wait and waited, and at last Mr. Laemmle open his door and I was ushered into his office.

I was wearing no makeup except lipstick had never plucked an eyebrow. I had ne even seen the inside of a beauty parlor. hair was worn simply with a knot in back. Laemmle's face was a study. That he v immediately convinced I was not right *Strictly Dishonorable* was apparent to me.

Mr. Laemmle later said, "She has as m sex appeal as Slim Summerville!" I was in

outer office and heard the remark. It took a long time to regain my composure.

After a tour of the lot, I was photograp in the still gallery, introduced to official was told the studio would call me tomor and arrange for some tests. It was rumore the lot that Bette Davis was "a little br wren." I think Mr. Werner was sent to Sibe

I crawled back to exotic Alta Loma moodily surveyed the Hollywood Bowl. *E rado!* The flowers were scentless, the sun lentless! I loathed the whole place and c like a baby. Ruthie was sure that every was happening for the best. She was sure I had nothing to worry about.

During what was laughingly called holidays, I was called to the studio. On Mr. Laemmle's relatives was given his directorial assignment on a film called *H in Hand*, starring Walter Huston. I was moved from the shelf and sent to wardr where I was dressed in a cotton dress much revealing in front. I complained about t but nothing was done about it. Hot and barrassed, I was rushed down to the set w the dark little director stopped brooding enough to glare at me and say to one of assistants, "What do you think of these who show their chests and think they can

THE JOURNAL AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

The *Journal* is happy to announce tha it is the first women's magazine to b printed in a Braille edition. Beginnin with our April, 1962, issue, it is now being published by Volunteers Servic for the Blind, 332 South 13th Street Philadelphia 7, Pa. Inquiries concern ing subscriptions may be sent to them

Volunteers Service, as its name sug gests, is able to carry forward its valu able work of publishing books an periodicals for the blind thanks largely to devoted volunteer help.

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obs?" This was my first meeting with William Wyler. He gave the part to Helen Chandler nd back on the shelf went I.

Then word reached me that Universal had ought Booth Tarkington's story, *The Flirt*, nd I was being considered for it. When Hobart Henley, the director, sent for me, I felt ny chance had come. But it was not yet my lay. Sidney Fox was given the lead opposite he star, Conrad Nagel, and I was cast as her ister.

The Flirt was called *Gambling Daughters* by he time we started work. It should have been alled off. The cast, besides Mr. Nagel and idney Fox, included Humphrey Bogart (also n his debut), Zasu Pitts, Charles Winninger, ummerville. It was a tale of Midwestern rovincialism and Miss Fox and I were sis-ers—she the hellion, I the timid mouse. I was o virtuous, so plain, so noble that it turned ny stomach. The title was again changed, this ime permanently, to *Bad Sister*.

Bad Sister had a sneak preview in San Bernardino and Ruthie and I attended it. We eft before it was over and drove home in ilence.

According to all existing Hollywood stan-ards, my face was not photogenic. Embar-assment always made me have a one-sided mile; and since I was constantly embarrassed n front of a camera, I constantly smiled in a ne-sided manner. My hair, my clothes! They adn't cared. It was as if they dared you to be ood. No one bothered to help.

I had been in Eldorado for three months nd it was option time. I got the shock of my fe when I was called to Mr. Laemmle's office nd told that I was to be kept on for another hree months. It was several weeks before I iscovered what reawakened his interest. It vasn't the fact that the critics had miracu-ously spoken favorably of my work in *Bad ister*. No. Karl Freund, the cameraman on he picture, saved the day by telling Mr. aemmle that "Davis has lovely eyes."

The head of the studio might have been im-ressed by Karl Freund's observation, but ord soon got to me that Mr. Laemmle—ption or no—had announced that "the kid ight be all right in certain roles, but what udience would ever believe that the hero ould want to get *her* at the fade-out?"

Ruthie worked overtime in an effort to keep ny spirits up. I was discouraged. I was aching o work, but my energies had no outlet. It was rue that my training and my dedication im-ressed no one; wherever I turned I was re-uffed.

While I spent countless days posing in bath-ng suits and evening dresses for fan maga-ines, I spent my evenings at Grauman's or the antages watching the movies from a new antage point. If I couldn't learn on the set, 'd learn from the finished pictures themselves. uddenly films were broken down to scenes nd fragments, long shots and close-ups. I be-ame aware of editing and transitions. Unlike ost of my fellow actors who had made the egira West, I couldn't look down on a edium which could put a hundred million eople in a trance. It was the charlatans for hom I had contempt. Now that pictures were alking, I had a vision that someday they ight say something. There were moments hen they almost did.

I was under contract as a motion-picture ctress and I had to learn my craft with Ruthie nd Bobby in the dark of a balcony. I watched Garbo now as a colleague, not as the mysteri-us Swedish beauty. Her instinct, her mastery ver the machine was pure witchcraft. I can-ot analyze this woman's acting. I only know hat no one else so effectively worked in front f a camera. John Barrymore, George Arliss, uth Chatterton all galvanized the screen. It truck me that, rather than being a stepchild of he theater, the motion picture was heir ap-arent. Certainly the artistic and communica-ive potential was stunning. Something told me hat this was not the graveyard of my dreams, ut just a valley I must suffer. My despair dis-olved into hope.

As if in answer to my newfound sense of estiny, John Stahl, one of Universal's direc-ors, stared at me in the commissary one uncheon. He had been searching for a girl to omplete the cast of his latest picture. Mr. Stahl saw me over a hot-roast-beef sandwich and French-fried potatoes and summoned me to his set, where he cast me as another sister in the screen adaptation of Charles Norris's novel *Seed*, a plea for birth control that was too controversial for Hollywood and all but ignored in the film. The theme and I met the same fate. As one of John Boles and Lois Wilson's five children who got in the way of papa's literary career, I might just as well have been arrested at the source.

There was no makeup man for me, no attempt was made to light me properly, and I felt like a church mouse next to the soignée Genevieve Tobin, who broke up our dull but happy home. But I did my thankless job and kept my mouth shut. It was actually encouraging to play with Miss Wilson, a lovely actress, and Miss Tobin, whose work, like her appearance, had such polish. Working in a picture with John Stahl as a director gave me hope also. He was a talented man.

Universal, now irrevocably convinced that they had been duped, made the best of a bad bargain and cast me in Robert Sherwood's *Waterloo Bridge*, in which Mae Clarke played Myra opposite Douglass Montgomery's Roy. I was his gentle sister, Janet. Universal's step-child had played three sisters and not a Mascha amongst them.

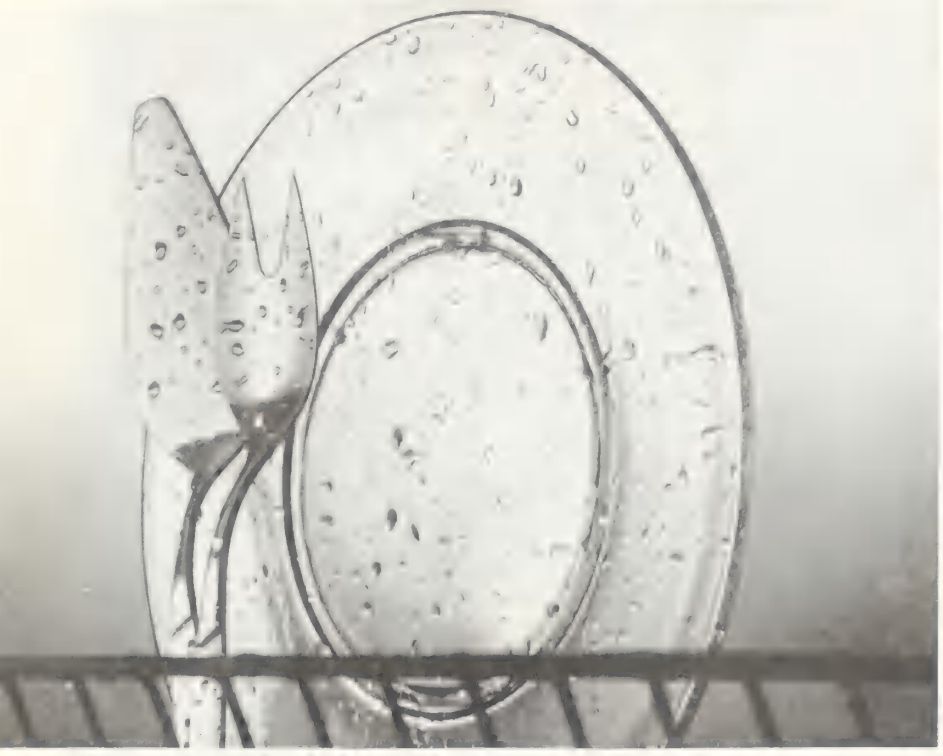
Now—in a burst of generosity that was not a little suspect—Mr. Laemmle lent me to RKO to play the ingenue in Phillips H. Lord's screen debut as his own Seth Parker in *Way Back Home*. Mr. Laemmle obviously had no intention of using me again, but I was on the payroll until option time. Ignoring Polonius's advice, he again lent me out—this time to Columbia. I appeared in *The Menace*, opposite Walter Byron and H. B. Warner.

The next loan-out was produced by Benjamin F. Zeidman and the picture was aptly named *Hell's House*, a story of juvenile delinquency which took about five minutes to make although it seemed like an eternity.



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God's eye might be on the sparrow, but it was certainly ignoring the little brown wren. Six movies were under my belt. The next role would be it. The next one would be the part to prove I really knew how to act. And then it happened. Universal did not take up my option. There is no question that this was the low point in my career. I'm not a good loser. I obviously would have to return to New York with my tail between my legs. I hadn't made it.

The studio contractually had to pay our fare back to New York. We made the reservations, arranged to sell the car, packed our trunks. The day before we were to board the train, our phone rang.

Ruthie answered. I heard her say, "George who? . . . Arliss? . . . Bette, it's for you—it's George Arliss."

As I went to the phone I wondered which friend was ribbing us. Very elegantly I said to the supposed George Arliss—in a very broad British accent—"Yes, Mr. Arliss, and what can I do for you?"

A beautiful English voice, slightly taken aback, said, "Is this Miss Bette Davis? This is Mr. George Arliss."

He managed to get through to me that he was for real, that Murray Kinnell, who was in *The Menace* with me, had suggested my name as a possibility for a part in his next picture. He wondered if I could be at Warner Brothers at three o'clock that afternoon.

Could I be? Try and stop me! The sky was blue again. The grass was green. An Arliss picture!

The premiere of a George Arliss film had the glamour and tone of a New York opening. Awesome as he was to me, I really felt I was meeting one of my own when I entered Mr. Arliss's office; I respected him as an artist and knew that, lucky or not, I would be able to relate to him on a level unheard of in my recent dealings.

Mr. Arliss rose to greet me with all the courtliness for which he was famous. His fabulous face, incredibly contorted, opened like a flower and his monocle dropped on its ribbon to his narrow chest as he said, "How do you do, Miss Davis. *So nice of you to come!* Please sit down. My friend Murray Kinnell believes that you would be an excellent choice for the leading lady in my next film."

"I don't know how he could tell, Mr. Arliss, from that dreadful picture."

But what was I saying? Whose side was I on? Mr. Arliss laughed. "Mr. Kinnell is a most discerning fellow. Tell me, my dear. How long were you on the stage?"

"For three years, Mr. Arliss."

"H'm-m!" The tips of his fingers touched in church-steeple fashion. "Just enough to rub the edges off."

He then looked up at and through me in the manner of a kind diagnostician seeking out the cause of his patient's pain. His small dark eyes had an ancient sadness; but his taut, triangular mouth seemed always to be repressing an irrepressible mirth. The suspense was agonizing.

I suspect that Mr. Arliss had twenty-twenty vision because he hummed a sound of satisfaction, turned away and replaced his monocle.

"The part is yours. Go to the casting office right away. They will take you to the wardrobe department."

I finally found my voice, thanked him in the understatement of the century, and got out of the office without falling in a dead faint. By the time I got to the wardrobe department I couldn't control myself any longer. I started literally jumping up and down and screaming, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it." I even hugged several perfect strangers.

The next morning I reported for rehearsal. Mr. Arliss, through Murray Kinnell, had thrown me the lifeline just as I was going down. Like Pearl White, I was snatched from the jaws of death. Because failure to me is a death. I knew that after all this time, this was my chance. I was going to appear opposite an actor of tremendous stature along with such fine players as Violet Heming, Louise Closser Hale, Ivan Simpson and Oscar Apfel.

Mr. Arliss personally augmented my direction, supervised my makeup and wardrobe, and showed me every conceivable considera tion. He was turning the little brown wre into a bluebird. For the first time care wa taken with me by the makeup man, the hair dresser and the wardrobe department. What difference this can make.

The Man Who Played God opened with great fanfare at Warners' Western Theate and was a great success throughout the coun try. The critics couldn't understand the chang that had come over me. It was awfully simple I had a good part with a fine cast, a fine pro duction, and my makeup and clothes an camera work were the best.

Warners picked up my option and Ruthie Bobby and I breathed a sigh of relief. Al thoughts of packing were forgotten for a least another year.

I was cast immediately in a Barbara Stan wyck picture at Warners. This was the firs time in Hollywood the powers had shown an recognition of my work. It was a source o tremendous satisfaction.

Before starting the Arliss film, I had beer introduced to the Warners publicity men headed by Charles Einfeld. Studio press agent

HAPPINESS

By MALCOLM LOWRY

Blue mountains with snow and
blue, cold, rough water,
A wild sky full of stars at rising
And Venus and the gibbous moon
at sunrise,
Gulls following a motorboat
against the wind,
Trees with branches rooted in
air—
Sitting in the sun at noon with the
furiously
Smoking shadow of the shack
chimney—
Eagles drive downwind in one,
Terns blow backward,
A new kind of tobacco at eleven,
And my love returning on the
four o'clock bus—
My God, why have You given this
to us?

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are your shield, your fortress against the world. How they maintain their sanity and loyalty in the face of the characters they work with is a major mystery. There is nothing they do not know about you. And they take the bad with the good, always poised to shield you from the press. I was to get to know many of these men well and will always be in their debt.

But this was my beginning and I started to serve my apprenticeship. The Stanwyck picture was a remake of Edna Ferber's *So Big*. William Wellman graphically picturized the toilworn land and farmers of the Midwest. I played opposite Salina's weak-willed son. I was an artist who leads her sweetheart back to his destiny and his mother's dream. A newcomer to Hollywood made his first film appearance at the end of the picture. He was a handsome Irishman straight from Dublin's great Abbey Players, George Brent. He was a young man of immense charm.

We were cast in Ruth Chatterton's first picture for Warner Brothers. They raided Paramount and signed not only Miss Chatterton but William Powell and Kay Francis. As a matter of fact, I worked on the Chatterton film in the daytime and the Stanwyck film at night for a week!

Miss Chatterton had always been one of my favorite actresses. She chose for her first film at Warners *The Rich Are Always With Us*, a drawing-room comedy. We were all terribly rich and Miss Chatterton, being the star, was the richest of us all. Although John Miljan was Miss Chatterton's husband, he was playing around with Adrienne Dore. Miss Chat-

terton was in love with George Brent. I was in love with Mr. Brent, both on the screen and off—in both cases unsuccessfully. I didn't get George and neither did Miss Chatterton on the screen—but she did off. They were married shortly after the completion of the film.

I fared the best to date in *The Rich Are Always With Us*, and not without the help of Ernie Haller, my first fine cameraman, who remained my favorite throughout my career. Louella Parsons, who had been encouraging about my work from *Bad Sister* on, was delighted with my great change in appearance, although she became obsessed with what she called my "heavily beaded lashes and over-rouged mouth." Oddly enough, they were to become my trademarks.

Everyone seemed startled by my change of personality, which had very little to do with me but with the part I was playing. The little brown wren could become a peacock if the situation demanded.

Mr. Arliss had made some suggestions regarding my hair. A lighter hue of blond and a slick coiffure did wonders for me, although my apparent resemblance to Constance Bennett, much as I admired her, distressed me no end. I had no desire to look like anyone else, and every fan magazine reveled in a triptych of Bennett, Carole Lombard and myself with the captions "Hollywood Look Alikes" . . . "Couldn't They Be Sisters?" Miss Bennett must have loathed us. Thank God, all that ended and we emerged as three entirely different personalities, which we certainly were from the outset.

My mail started to grow and it became pleasantly impossible to go anywhere without recognition. Ruthie blossomed with my growing celebrity. It looked now as if we were going to make it in Hollywood. George Arliss was truly "the man who played God" to Ruthie and me.

The Hollywood males had discovered me and some of them were fun. It was not necessarily a compliment that they surrounded me. I was on the way up. The male ego with few exceptions is elephantine to start with. Add to it a movie contract and it soars through space and into eternal orbit around itself. All those misplaced drives. Mine was going on all cylinders, aiming for the top of the Hollywood Hills.

Drive is considered aggression today; I knew it then as purpose. I looked around at the glamour stars of the day. They brought the public in. They were the backbone of the entire picture business. To me they were not actresses but personalities. I don't underestimate them to this day. But I wanted much more.

My next picture for Warners was a political satire in which Warren William and I made the intensely bewildered Guy Kibbee a most willing and incapable mayor of a big town. The picture was light in mood, but had a rolltop-desk authenticity in its political skulduggery that called for an earthy but urban representation of the girl.

Although Ruthie and I dreamed that someday Warners would give me the glossy productions that MGM gave its players, I felt that the girl I was playing would never have a hairdo by Sidney Guileroff or a nineteen-piece suit with a supersonic collar by Adrian. This was the period when Joan Crawford would start every film as a little factory worker who punched the time clock in a simple, stunning black Molyneux with white piping (someone's idea of poverty) and then ended with her marrying the boss, who now allowed her to deck herself out in tremendous buttons, cuffs, and shoes with bows (someone's idea of wealth). A change of coiffure with each outfit kept her so busy it was a wonder she had time to forward the plot. All this was hardly Miss Crawford's fault, and the public adored it. Hollywood had its own reality and the Misses Crawford, Shearer and Dietrich were gorgeously glamorous. Their magnetism drew the people into the theaters.

Part of me envied them. They were so beautiful. I knew it was possible with my ambitions for acting rather than glamour that I might never equal their popularity. But I was I!

Ham came to California that summer after he graduated from college. After my two years in Hollywood, Ham stood taller and more genuine than ever. He was home, New England, stability. I had been homesick for the world I had been brought up in. We were living at Zuma Beach, Bobby, Ruthie and I. I was self-conscious of my increasing fame and tried to make light of it to Ham, fearing he would suddenly feel inferior.

Ruthie talked to me seriously one day during Ham's visit. Obviously my virginity concerned her greatly, almost as greatly as it did my beaux. It concerned me even more. I had not stopped working in eighteen months and Ruthie found me more high-strung than ever.

"You can't go on like this. You and Ham have been in love for years. Marry him!"

Ruthie now had another cause, and one evening at dinner she led a chorus of friends and family in a campaign that nominated, elected and seated Harmon O. Nelson Jr. as my husband. The next day, Ham and I and Ruthie and Bobby drove to Yuma, Arizona, where the Reverend Mr. Schalbaugh of the Indian Mission married us. We drove back to Zuma Beach right after the ceremony.

I was Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson Jr. I now had the work and the man I loved—the best of two worlds. It never occurred to me that they would or could collide. All my dreams were coming true. Our "dream cottage"—that stage set I had conjured up back at Cushing—was a house on Horn Avenue in Hollywood. It was a white, ivy-covered little English house. The guesthouse in the back was occupied by mother and Bobby.

I wanted us all to be together. Even though I was now married and was correctly functioning as a female, still Ruthie found it hard to relinquish the remains. She had been in charge of me for 26 years and it was hard for her to realize my husband now had that right. I also found it hard to get away from my family. It was undeniable that I preferred being a captive, rebellious Palomine to a free one. Ham was in a most awkward situation.

Bobby's security seemed shattered by my marriage. She felt she had lost me and her anxieties took on the proportions of a nervous breakdown. Ruthie went east with her and rented a house near Dover, Massachusetts. Since I continued to work at breakneck speed, leaving the house at six-thirty A.M., and Ham was working with an orchestra and returned home at four A.M., we were reduced to writing notes for a while.

The daily pressures under which I worked were so great that I would arrive home ready to explode. Like the businessman who comes home at six o'clock, irritated, exhausted, eager to be soothed by a well-run household and a soft-spoken wife, I would walk through the door to find Ham in his slippers, relaxing. Ham, like his father, was the pipe-and-slipper type of husband.

Ham was working hard; it wasn't his fault that he wasn't making much money. Warners were slowly increasing my salary and, of course, there was very little equity in our incomes. This didn't matter in the least to me. I had a deep belief that a woman shared everything with her husband. And I wanted desperately for my marriage to work. I wanted to defer to my husband, but heaven help me, I came home ready to explode and I often did.

Ruthie always took my side when a quarrel ensued. She took my side whether I was right or not. She knew how important my work was and refused to have me upset by any domestic pressures. No doubt Ham had his hands full, but so did I.

When Ham and I moved to a house on Franklyn Avenue, I hired my first maid, Dell Pfeiffer. Dell was large of body and of soul. She was a great cook, could clean better with one hand and a hangover than any three people; and she loved me and I her in the years she was with me. She moved from house to house, never questioning, always adjusting to new circumstances—and there were many; the most difficult thing for her was to get used to my having a new name, and she went through this a few times.

My disturbances, as she called them, were what Dell loved and learned to manage so well. There were tensions. There were battles. Ham had known that my career was growing,



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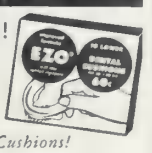
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BOYS

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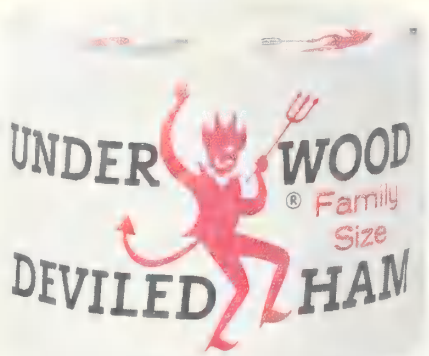
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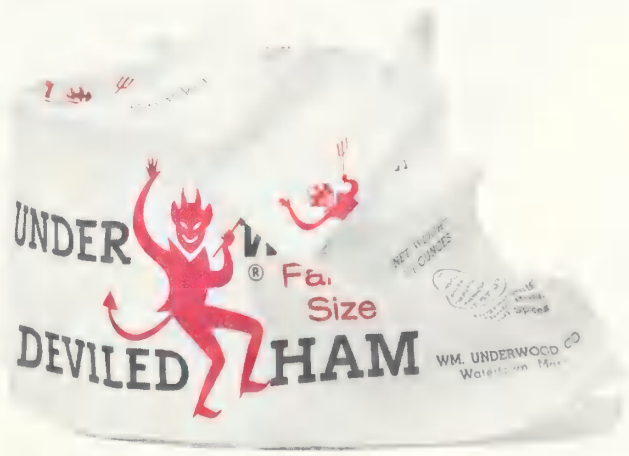
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and he had found it exciting and wonderful. He was proud of me. He had no idea how time-consuming and enervating it was. I wasn't earning money for nothing. I was working constantly and very hard.

Although my name was growing by leaps and bounds, I was well aware that I was not being given an opportunity to grow as an artist. It's true that we all had more creature comforts than we had dreamed of. Ruthie was able to buy her automobiles without the old concern for monthly payments, but *my* drive needed new highways and I realized that I would have to help pave them myself. What I wanted couldn't be achieved from nine to six, six days a week. I worried about my stagnant career twenty-four hours a day. And I brought my worries home with me. I adored my husband, but there were times when he was as distantly related to my present crises as a fur trader in the Yukon.

Mr. Arliss again materialized like a genie to cast me in *The Working Man*, as his spoiled daughter. And again with Adolfi at the helm, Mr. Arliss directed me to advantage.

The Working Man was another big success and Darryl Zanuck decided that it was time to give me the glamour-star treatment. It was a great mistake. I wasn't ready to be billed as a star. I wasn't the type to be glamorized in the usual way. In an ecstasy of poor taste and a burst of misspent energy, I was made over and cast as the star of a piece of junk called *Ex-Lady*, which was supposed to be provocative and provoked anyone of sensibility to nausea. It is a part of my career that my unconscious tastefully hoards. I only recall that from the daily shooting to the billboards, falsely picturing me half naked, my shame was exceeded only by my fury.

It was at this point that I heard that John Ford was going to make *Mary of Scotland*, starring Katharine Hepburn, practically the only girl of my generation for whom I had admiration and envy. I would have given anything to look like Katie Hepburn. I still would. Now she was to play Mary Queen of the Scots with John Ford as the director.

I had read, because of my fascination for her, every biography or play written about Queen Elizabeth. I had read the play about Mary Queen of Scots, in which Elizabeth appeared, which was to be transported to the screen. I took it upon myself without studio permission to go to John Ford, who simply laughed in my face. It is possible that he was not as unimpressed as he seemed and simply had been told by Warners to send me home; but, whatever the reason, he just laughed and told me I talked too much.

Florence Eldridge, Mrs. Fredric March, played Queen Elizabeth and I went into a picture called *The Bureau of Missing Persons*—which was appropriate-enough title, I guess. I was beginning to understand why Jimmy Cagney was on suspension for refusing to play a certain part; and I even understood Ann Dvorak for disappearing from town because an infant in one of her films was earning more money than she. Our contracts were outrageous and the security I had dreamed of on Broadway had become the safety of a prison. I was being handed crumbs by the studio financially as well as artistically.

About this time I discovered that I was pregnant and all studio problems were forgotten for the time being. My marvelous news was greeted by Ham with the businesslike, "You're much too busy to have a baby. It would be stupid to jeopardize your career!"

I was dumbfounded.

Then he came to the point. "You don't think I'm going to have *you* pay the hospital bills for *my* baby."

You, I, mine! My dream of marriage had no such departments. It was absurd. It was *our* baby and *our* money. I was certain that Mother would be just as shocked as I; but Ruthie and Ham made a united front against me.

Certainly I saw the validity of their arguments. It was stupid, without my husband's consent, to burden myself in my professional struggle. I understood everything intellectually. I was wretched emotionally.

I did as I was told!

In the combined July-August issue of Ladies' Home Journal—the Summer Issue—Bette Davis continues her story of success and failure in her professional and personal life: how she won her first Oscar; about her long and costly legal battle—a losing one—with Warner Brothers; and the end of her romance.

CANCER'S WORST ENEMY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

suit! Wide straps and a waterproof cloth flower pinned at the shoulder seemed a good idea. What really happened, of course, is that I didn't have to remodel anything. I wear sleeveless dresses easily, and with careful shopping for a bathing suit that will cover a bra with a falsy, I'm able to swim as I always did. I have two types of falsies—one for daily wear and another for swimming that doesn't get waterlogged and drag me down to the bottom.

Soon I decided that as a single female in the highly competitive world of business and sex, I wasn't going to give up. Having lost some of my feminine curves, I'd just have to be that much more amusing, charming and interesting to make up for it.

Obviously, external appearances would be taken care of with a falsy, but I know of no mental falsy. I was appalled to learn that thousands who have had breast cancer and have undergone successful surgery suffer mental depression and physical misery afterward because of their mental attitude toward it. I determined I would not be one of those dismal women who think life has been cruel to them and never let their friends forget it. But hiding the calamity seemed even worse. A happy medium had to be found.

I made sure that everyone at my office knew exactly what had been done to me and that I wasn't embarrassed about it. I made a point of referring to it somewhere between the first and second predinner martini on an early date with the man I later married. Now we're so adjusted to it that he even makes little private jokes and teases me about it sometimes. As he pointed out, he didn't want Brigitte Bardot anyway.

I found that talking about "my operation" as casually as if I'd had my tonsils removed diminished its terrifying proportions. And it soon disappeared as a topic of interest to everyone, including me. My only reference to the episode these days is made when I think it will help someone else who is facing the same frightening thing.

My life has taken on new enchantment with a happy second marriage, a twelve-year-old stepson, and a contented household to run. I have never felt better. I do everything I did before. I swim with the same stroke, I do all my housework, I do my own gardening—everything. The only things I find too strenuous and difficult are tennis and bowling, and those I'll do without.

I've learned to live with tight muscles in my side and shoulder that feel as though I'm wearing a light harness. Yet now that a few years have passed, I'm practically never aware of it. It's really not any worse than a snug girdle, and we all get used to that.

There's a bonus for a woman in my age bracket, the forties. The removal of the ovaries (which is done in a subsequent operation as a means of eliminating the supply of hormones to the breasts) brings about menopause without any of the attendant annoyances that plague us when Mother Nature does the job. The change is immediate, and if entered into without groundless fear or expectation of difficulty, it is a delight. A short period of "warm flushes," which can be controlled and eased with a pill if needed, is the worst of it. Naturally, in a younger woman with childbearing years still before her, the mental adjustment is a much more complex job. Yet if it saves her life, the effect of the operation must be accepted.

Now each additional year that passes healthily since the operation is added proof of cure. And my record is no great exception. The odds are in favor of the cancer patient in these days of medical advancement. The major requisite is that it be found early. END

easy as a picnic...

Continued from page 61

NORMAN KARLSON



Wouldn't your ladies' club be enchanted with a pink table doors? You can keep it practical with plastic mats, light- ght lacquer baskets for berries. Mat, $1; plate, $2; 4 bever- sets (ceramic tumbler, lacquered saucer and spoon), $11.



Floral patterns are always in season for summer settings. We chose a flowered plastic plate (from a dinnerware set for 4, $18.95) and cotton napkin (for you to make), then echoed their cool blues in a raffia tray ($5), striped goblet (8 for $11).



Tour through Japanese shops can inspire an Oriental setting; haps a teak tray ($5.50), bamboo mug ($1), corn forks (8 $2.50). For color, add linen napkins and one of the new per-thin plastic plates (set of 4 with 12 paper napkins, $2).



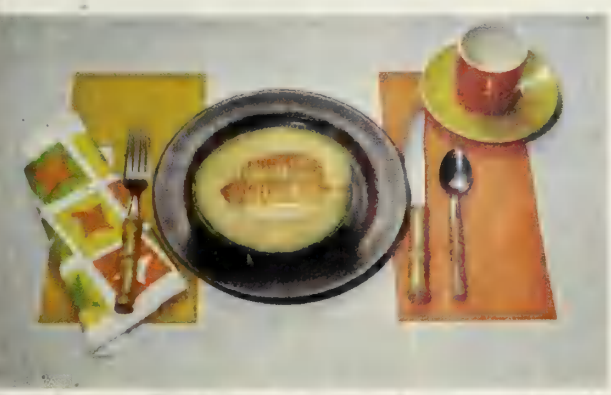
Featherweight accessories will make it easy to carry meals outdoors; for example, a wicker tray ($2.20), jewel-tone straw mat (79 cents), wafer-thin Mexican tin plate (4 for $5). The polka dot tumbler ($1) and the colorful flatware are plastic.



tterned plates give a ready-made color scheme. We keyed fabric mat and napkin and an insulated mug to fruits on plastic plate (from a dinnerware set for four, $18.95). eorgian pattern in steel flatware, 6-piece setting, $11.50.



The intense colors of such practical, inexpensive wares as lacquer and plastic will tempt you to experiment with bolder color schemes than you use in your dining room. Lacquer bowl, 75 cents; tray, 79 cents; plastic mat, $1; paper plate, 30 for $1.



Woods look wonderful with citrus colors, here provided by old mmer standbys, paper mats and napkins (set of 16 each, 2). Matching ceramic demitasse cup and saucer is $2.50. acacia-wood plate, hand-carved in Manila, costs $2.50.



See how handsome a plain paper plate and plastic cup from a dime store are if you match their colors to a tray (ticking in plastic, $5) and napkin. Wood shakers from a dime store, 88 cents; steel flatware with nylon handles, $4.70 a setting.

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And this new washer has water-saving settings for medium and small loads, too. The General Electric Filter-Flo® washing system leaves no lint-fuzz on your clothes—works for every load you wash.

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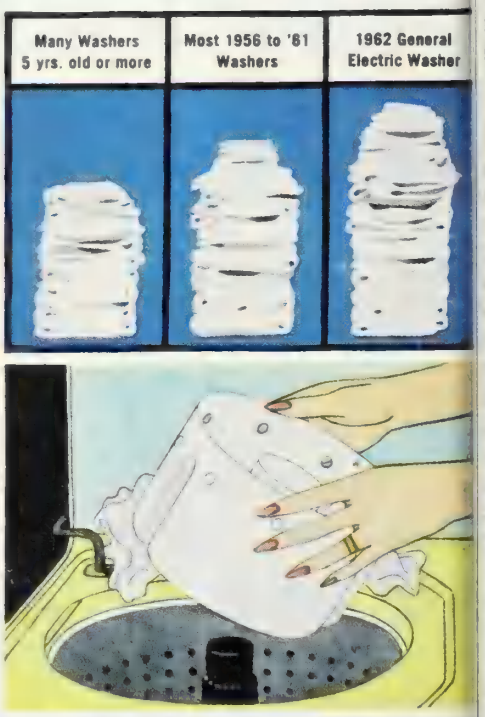
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A Matter of Life or Death:

Seat Belts

The car sped along the quiet country road. The driver, well-known surgeon and research scientist Dr. I. S. Ravdin, was homeward bound. For just a second his eyes closed. In that second his car left the road, struck a telephone pole, caromed off a second and came to rest against a third. The car was practically demolished, but the doctor survived without serious injury. He knows exactly why. Some months before the accident he had equipped his car with seat belts. He was wearing one that day. Sharing what he felt to be important, lifesaving knowledge, he wrote a letter to the *Medical Tribune*, concluding, "I believe that seat belts should be made mandatory as rapidly as possible."

There are 61,700,000 automobiles registered in the United States. The first nine months of 1961 saw 27,100 Americans die in automobile accidents and 950,000 disabling injuries. In one age group, the 15-to-25-year-olds, such accidents are a leading cause of death. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff points out, "The automobile, in its comparatively brief lifetime, has destroyed more Americans than all the wars we have fought since Lexington and Concord."

Suggested causes of this carnage on wheels range from excessive speed to alcohol (one study of fatal accidents showed 73 percent of drivers had been drinking), "tailgating," or following the car ahead too closely (an insurance company investigating 7000 rear-end crashes cited tailgating in 32 percent of them), drowsiness or inattentiveness. "Loss of control" is a general heading; under it fall such varied items as mechanical defects, one-handed steering, lighting cigarettes while driving, tuning the radio, disciplining the children, swatting at insects. Illness, poor eyesight, tension and anger, drugs (among them tranquilizers, amphetamine, antihistamines), driving with windows closed and allowing dangerous carbon-monoxide fumes to fill the car—all these contribute to accidents.

There are blunter theories. A former president of the American Medical Association blamed "human laziness, apathy, carelessness and ignorance" for most accidents. Asked what he considered the greatest handicap the average driver suffers from, one traffic-safety expert snapped, "The illusion that he is a better-than-average driver!" Nine out of ten automobile drivers do think that they are better than the other fellow, according to pollsters, and admit to it pridefully when they're questioned.

The causes of death and injury on the highway may be debatable, but no one argues the need to do a better job of preventing them. Expert studies are resulting in such large-scale aids as new laws and better enforcement, stiffer requirements for drivers' licenses (license tests every five years to discover possible vision or hearing loss, frequent tests for older drivers), driver-education programs, safer planning and construction of highways. All this takes time. One simple, immediate step you can take to guard your life and the lives of your family is to install seat belts in your car *and use them every time you use the car.*

A combined study by the National Safety Council, the United States Public Health Service and the American Medical Association finds seat belts "the most effective single item of protection equipment available to reduce the toll of traffic injuries and deaths." Others: door locks that do not spring open on impact, padded dashboard, a recessed-post steering wheel. In a collision you have an 80 percent better chance of avoiding death if a seat belt keeps you from being thrown out of the car. Seat belts also help prevent "buffeting" deaths and injuries inside the car.

Says A.M.A. president Dr. Leonard W. Larson, "If seat belts were used throughout the country, more than 5000 lives could be saved yearly and serious injury reduced by more than half."

Dr. Robert A. Wolf, of the Cornell University automotive crash-injury research program, says, "Seat belts installed and used in all cars could bring about *at least* a 35 percent reduction of major-to-fatal injuries."

One special study conducted by Dr. Alfred L. Moseley, chief investigator, research on fatal highway accidents, Harvard Medical School, showed that seven out of ten fatal accidents he had carefully analyzed might not have been fatal if seat belts had been worn. "It isn't enough just to install seat belts and then not use them because 'I'm only going a few blocks,'" says Dr. Moseley (who also advocates a program to teach drivers how to deal with split-second highway emergencies). "If they aren't in use before the emergency arrives they can't save you."

Famed British racing driver Sir Donald Campbell survived a 300-mile-an-hour crash on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah because he was wearing seat belt and shoulder harness. It is reliably reported that two even more famous Britishers, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, have had seat belts installed in their cars.

With all this evidence in favor of seat belts as a safety factor, why aren't more Americans using them? In part, the answer is "They are." One manufacturer reports selling 21,300 seat belts a month. Last year monthly sales averaged 6000. Some states and some departments of the Federal Government now require that seat belts be installed in all state-owned or departmental cars. A number of states now have legislation demanding that seat-belt anchorages be a part of all new cars sold in the state. This year the Auto Industry's Highway Safety Committee will distribute 140,000 posters to promote use of seat belts. Sports-car devotees—and their number is growing—are apt to be converts to the seat belt, and to pass the word along.

What are the most common objections to seat belts? How valid are they?

"Suppose my car caught fire and I couldn't get out because of a seat belt?"

Fire occurs in only two tenths of 1 percent of injury-producing accidents.

"Why do I need seat belts? Most of my driving is on neighborhood errands. I never drive fast."

In 1958, 66 percent of all fatalities occurred within 25 miles of the driver's home, and 47 percent happened at speeds below 40 miles an hour.

"They're expensive."

Average cost of seat belts, installed: $12 to $15 each. "Less than the cost of one day's hospitalization," says Dr. Moseley.

"They're hard to fasten and unfasten."

New fasteners are extremely simple.

"Hard to install."

If you are handy with tools you can install them yourself.

"Seat belts are confining, uncomfortable."

Actually, studies show that they relieve fatigue on long trips, improve posture.

"My children would never wear them."

They will if you make a game of it ("Fasten seat belts for takeoff!"), tell them that racing drivers, forest rangers, FBI men wear them.

But probably the most convincing argument is the simple statement of the great scientist who fell asleep—just for a second—at the wheel of his car:

"I never could have walked away from the accident had I not been wearing a seat belt." END

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When used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



COLD BUFFET ON THE PATIO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

egg whites and crushed eggshells, simmer 10 minutes. Strain through double thickness of cheesecloth. Stir in the gelatin and heat to dissolve. Add a few drops red food coloring to tint pale pink. Chill about 1 cup until thick and syrupy. Cover salmon with glaze, chill until set. Arrange sprigs of fresh herb with decorations cut from thinly sliced egg white and egg yolk on the glaze. Chill another cup of glaze until thick and syrupy, then pour over the fish to "seal" the decorations. Chill, then pour over another cup of glaze. Serve cold with lettuce cups filled with cooked mixed vegetables: peas, diced carrots, cut green beans and baby Limas marinated and chilled in French dressing, also tomato wedges. Serve with Sauce Jardiniere. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

SAUCE JARDINIERE

- 2 cups coarsely chopped celery
- 2 cups water
- 1 large ripe avocado
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- ¾ cup finely chopped, peeled, seeded cucumber
- 2–3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Cook celery with water, then buzz with peeled, pitted avocado and lemon juice in blender until smooth. Add salt, onion juice and mayonnaise and mix until smooth. Chill well. Stir in finely chopped cucumber and parsley just before serving. Makes about 12 servings.

FRENCH CHEESE STICKS

- ⅓ cup shortening
- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon cayenne
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 1½ cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 2 tablespoons ice water
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon cold water

Cut shortening into flour with a pastry blender or two knives until it resembles fine crumbs. Stir in the salt, cayenne, paprika and 1 cup cheese. Sprinkle in the ice water and mix with two forks until pastry comes together in a ball. Chill slightly. Roll out in a rectangle ¼"–⅓" thick on a slightly floured board. Brush surface with a mixture of beaten egg yolk and the cold water. Sprinkle remaining ½ cup cheese over ⅔ of the pastry; pat cheese onto pastry, then fold up envelope fashion. Roll out again into a rectangle 6" wide and ¼"–⅓" thick. Brush surface with egg-yolk mixture. Cut into strips 6" long, ¼"–⅓" wide. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in hot oven, 425° F., for 10–12 minutes or until "puffed" and golden. Cool on wire rack. Reheat for a few minutes in a slow oven, 300° F., before serving. Makes 2 dozen.

CANTONESE GINGER-ALE SHERBET

- ⅔ cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice
- ¼ cup pineapple juice
- 2 pints noncaloric ginger ale
- 2 egg whites

Heat ⅔ cup sugar, the water and gelatin until gelatin is dissolved. Cool and add orange juice, lemon juice, pineapple juice and ginger ale. Freeze until almost firm. Remove and beat until mushy and return to freezer. When quite firm, break up into chunks, add egg whites, beaten with 2 tablespoons sugar until soft peaks form, and quickly beat again. Refreeze. Makes 12 servings; only 61 calories per serving.

ONE HOT DISH BY THE POOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

crisp-tender. Cook macaroni shells in boiling salted water according to package direction. Drain and mix with zucchini sauce. Add cherry tomatoes for the last few minutes of cooking. Sprinkle grated Parmesan cheese over each serving, if you like. Makes 8–10 servings.

CABANA SALAD

- 3 ounces cream cheese
- 3 ounces blue cheese
- Dash liquid hot pepper seasoning
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
- Few drops Angostura bitters
- ½ red onion, peeled and diced very small
- 3 quarts washed and chilled mixed salad greens; include some young fresh spinach leaves

Allow cream cheese to soften at room temperature. Crumble blue cheese and add to cream cheese with liquid pepper seasoning, garlic salt and Angostura. Blend thoroughly with a spoon. Using a rounded ¼ teaspoon as a measure, drop spoonfuls on a tray. Chill enough so you can handle the mixture. Roll the tiny spoonfuls into balls, then roll balls in diced red onion to coat all over. Chill again. Just before serving, toss cheese balls lightly with mixed salad greens and add French dressing to your taste. Makes 10 servings.

A TASTE FOR MARRIAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

mother; *this*, the rest of us.) "If you need any help ——"

Papa winks at him. "Stand by."

I have three older sisters: Belle, who has a couple of boys around seven; Claire, who has three very small girls with pink hair like mother's; and Janie, who is not married. The girls' husbands are here weekends and vacations; they get the honored-guest treatment throughout the summer. Smart boys.

Janie is different from Belle and Claire. It isn't that she is older by a couple of years, because she looks younger. But she has a look of happiness—she doesn't laugh as much as they do, but she smiles more. Belle and Claire do a lot of talking about things; Janie muses.

"Why don't you get married?" Belle asked her not long ago.

"The world," Claire put in, "is alive with men."

Janie smiled. "Then all I need is a reason."

Belle is very frank. "I should think being twenty-nine would be reason enough."

"Should you?" Janie said—smiling.

Well, maybe time has been the main problem. During the school year Janie has divided her time between being librarian at the university and tutoring me; during the summers she has been equally well occupied. It begins when she and Stella go up to the lodge a few days before the rest of us and catch mice, stock the pantry, make beds, poke snakes out of the chimney and scrub and clean and so forth. By the time we arrive everything is in fine shape. Mother hugs Janie and says, right in front of all of us, "Darling, you're the best child I have!" (This is a remark she usually makes to each of us in private, adding, "But don't tell the others I said that.")

At this point Janie's summer occupation begins in earnest. Nobody except Janie, according to mother, is able to tint mother's hair the exact shade of pink required and make it look natural. Whenever Belle or Claire enrages Stella by disagreeing with her as to what the children should eat and how it should be cooked, only Janie can restore Stella's good humor, such as it is. When Belle's boys, Flyn and Johnny, disappear with the boat, only Janie knows where to look for them. Only Janie can lure Claire's three little horrors to the table or naps or bed at night without rebellion. When my mother gets into a tantrum because somebody left a building toy in papa's favorite chair and papa sat on it, only Janie can calm her down and get a reprieve for the criminal. When papa, at last, becomes coldly furious with the whole family, including mother, for taking advantage of Janie and making a slave of her, only Janie can convince papa that she wouldn't trade places with anybody. Janie's idea of bliss, actually, is to lie face down on a big warm rock overlooking the lake, and sleep. She has averaged about three naps a summer.

Well, that's the way it used to be.

Three days before we left town this year—ve were expecting Janie any minute—mother eceived a wire: "Visiting friends this week. Will join you at the lodge on Friday afternoon. Will write you there. Love to papa and everybody. Janie." My mother was mystified and a ittle shaken, but brave.

When we arrived at the lodge there was othing in the pantry but mice; the place melled of mothballs and mildew; the furniure was ghostly in dust covers; there were nakes in the chimney and dead leaves clogging the gutters. We gathered in the big room nd looked around us, shocked and silent. All but Stella, who has a dry sense of humor.) Mother's jaunty determination to carry on vithout Janie (for two long days) collapsed. She hung her pink head, gasped a pitiful little ob and wailed, "Oh, Robbie!"

Even papa's automatic my-darling-what-is-he-matter reflex was slow. "My darling, vhat ——"

"How could she!" she wept on papa's shoulder. "To go off visiting at a time like this—ow could she *do* this to me?"

Papa looked distressed as he always does vhen mother weeps (no matter how often); Belle and Claire looked miserable, as they always do when papa is distressed; Stella tapped ne foot and looked at the ceiling; and old apa shut himself in his room.

"Please, *please*, don't cry," papa said. and I'll do anything in the world for you."

"Me! I'm not thinking of myself," she wept. I'm thinking of *you*." She turned dramatically to the rest of us and held out helpless ands. "What's going to become of my poor Robbie? No lunch for him, no bedroom ready or him, the place in a mess!"

"Now mother, I'll make papa's bed and idy up the room," Claire said.

"Don't worry about papa's lunch. I'll help Stella," Belle said.

"And these poor neglected little children ——" Mother gestured tragically toward Belle's boys and Claire's three little girls, who vere looking unconcerned.

I said, "I'll take the kids swimming, mother."

"And poor old papa ——"

"And I'll see to old papa's luggage."

In the midst of the intense activity that followed, mother stood in the middle of the room drying her eyes and breathing little phrases: 'Such nice children . . . yes, love, that goes upstairs . . . no, pet, that belongs in the kitchen . . . oh, thank you, dear—so thoughtful. . . . Robbie darling, are you all right?"

Somehow we got through the day. Old papa appeared only once on the balcony. He looked over the banister and caught papa's eye. Papa's answering glance said, *It's touch and go; take it easy*. By night things were reasonably normal—except nobody dared mention Janie.

The next morning—Friday—dawned with a certain tension. The weekend was beginning and the girls' husbands would arrive in the evening; the real-estate agent had called saying he was sending up a prospective tenant for the cottage—and it was the day Janie was expected. Mother's mood was still extremely delicate. Breakfast found us reflective—but careful.

Claire's youngest, Suzie, about two, kept saying, "Janie?"

"Sh-h," everybody said—except mother, who pretended not to hear and went on opening papa's eggs.

"Janie?" More plaintive.

"Sh-h." Louder.

The talk was general, which was the only kind of talk safe from mention of Janie.

"What this family needs," Belle said thoughtfully, and everybody stiffened—but she didn't say "Janie"—"is an analyst." Belle majored in psychology in school. "A family analyst, like a family lawyer or a family doctor." Then she appeared to think this over and added, "I don't know, though. An analysis of this family might be a catastrophe."

Claire, whose infants are two, three and four, and who is expecting another, sighed, "What's one more?"

Papa, having forbidden Belle to practice psychology out loud on the family, patted Claire on the shoulder and gave Belle a severe look. "What this family needs," he said, "is another nice little girl." It isn't just that he dotes on females, but Belle's boys frosted the banister with his pressurized shaving cream this morning before they slid down.

"All any family needs," mother said—she was a little sulky—"is an angel like Robbie."

Papa has a certain noncommittal smile for some of mother's remarks. He smiled, and leaned over and kissed her.

"In biblical days," Claire said, "the patriarch told the family what to do and they did it. That seems so nice and simple." Claire likes things simple.

"Ha!" said old papa up in his room. His one concession to conviviality is to open his door at mealtime, but he won't come down.

"What do you mean, *ha?*" Claire said. "It would simplify everything." (Belle gave her a pitying look.)

"If you mean me, I haven't the energy, darling," old papa said to Claire. "Having great-grandchildren has devitalized me—I was afraid it would. Anyhow," he added, "you people don't need a patriarch; there's more than one way to skin a cat. If you don't believe it, watch your papa."

Papa laughed in a private way that he has.

"Well, I think the whole thing is very dangerous," I said.

"Family life?" asked Belle.

"Well—marriage," I said.

Papa shrugged. "Hunting big game is dangerous—but some people have a taste for it."

Although we had moved a comfortable distance from any specific mention of Janie, her absence was, you might say, still present. Mother sighed a long quivering sigh.

"Here it is only breakfast time and I'm exhausted already thinking about all the things to be done!"

Papa took her hand and said, "Nonsense! I want you to relax and leave everything to me. I'm not going to allow you to exhaust yourself with all this tedious drudgery."

"But Robbie! Paint the boat and clean the gutters and string the clotheslines . . . and the tenant coming . . . and the boys coming tonight . . . and the leak in the porch roof and beds and lawn furniture —— Why, I wouldn't dream of letting you ——"

"Leave it to me," papa said firmly.

"How can you children *sit* there," she said indignantly, "and *dream* of letting your poor papa ——" She was spluttering.

"We wouldn't, mother ——"

"We will ——"

"We're on our way."

While I was stirring copper paint for the boat, hiding in the bushes from Claire's infants who had promised to help, Belle slipped up to me and said, "You know most of Janie's friends at the university, don't you? Who's she visiting?"

"How should I know? There are about a thousand."

"Male or female?"

"Both."

"Well, get on with your chores, little brother—and get used to them. This is only the beginning."

"What do you know about this?" I asked.

"I know Janie. There's only one thing that would make her forget her family for five minutes."

"Some guy? She would have told us."

"Janie doesn't talk much. 'And them what don't talk, acts.' Jung, I believe. Help me string this clothesline."

"I'm stirring paint. Hey, Flynt, Johnny! Help your mother!"

They were up a tree. "We're up here," Johnny said.

"Well, come down."

"Oh, who do you think you are, Janie or somebody?" Flynt said.

"You wait till your old man gets here tonight, buster. Work your psychology on your boys, Belle."

"Threats are quicker. Come down, boys, or I'll come up."

"Ha! You can't climb a tree."

"Want to find out?"

Pause. "No. We're coming."

The three horrors found me. "We want to paint."

"Go away."

"No."



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Belfast

"Claire! Come get these kids."

From somewhere upstairs in the lodge she yelled, "I'm busy." I thought, *I might as well be married as the way I am.*

During the course of the morning mother paid little visits to each scene of activity, managing somehow to look harried and exhausted in an immaculate green linen dress, and said to each one of us in a confidential manner:

"Oh, my darling, I *don't* know what I'd do without you. You know, you're the best child I have—but don't tell the others. Are you *sure* you're not working too hard?"

By lunchtime, things were in pretty good shape.

Even under favorable conditions, lunchtime at the lodge is hectic. Claire's infants are just-before naps and way-past-ready. Mother is tense for fear they will annoy papa. Actually I think she is jealous when they fight to have lunch in his lap and smear him with strawberry-jam kisses. But today conditions were unfavorable. Janie was coming—probably. I had been down to the mailbox and had the letter in my pocket; I was waiting for the best psychological moment to give it to mother. And then, too, the prospective tenant was due.

We have to be careful about tenants. We've never forgotten the quiet, well-bred Robinsons who turned out to be food faddists. They spent the summer trying to convert us to tiger's milk and seaweed, and frightened mother half to death with tales of mass starvation due to plain cooking; they would always call at mealtime and grimly watch us eat. After the Robinsons, Janie always handled the tenants—she has a way of anticipating people. The letter was burning a hole in my pocket.

By the time lunch was under way, Suzie, who had bitten one of her sisters and was put in a high chair, finally reached the stage of fatigue where she put her head on the tray and sobbed. Papa's reflex functioned: "What's the matter, my darling?" Too punchy to think, she wailed, "Janie." Mother, probably in mutual sympathy, took her on her lap, saying, "Don't cry, baby. Your papa is coming tonight. Isn't that nice? And maybe"—mother bit her lip—"maybe Janie will come." She sniffled.

I handed over the letter.

"The door," said Stella, pausing behind my chair with a tray of iced tea. I went to the door.

"Have you come about the cottage, sir?" I asked politely, sizing him up.

"Why—ah, yes," he said tentatively. The noncommittal type, I thought: hard to please. But a nice-looking old guy, about thirty-three; big, good smile, good tweed jacket. He didn't look like a deadbeat or a food faddist.

"Just in time for lunch. Come in," I said.

As we approached the far end of the room where the table was, mother had just handed Suzie to papa so she could open Janie's letter. Suzie had upset papa's tea and Stella was mopping it up. Everyone was tensely watching mother as she began to read the first page. But they all looked up at the approach of the tenant—except mother, who read on. The girls flipped slightly, and brightened; they began stirring and murmuring. Papa held out his hand around Suzie and said, "Forgive me for not getting up."

"This is Mr. ——" I looked at him.

"Carpenter," he said, and shook hands with papa. The girls chimed sweetly how-do-you-do and won't you-sit-between-us, Mr. Carpenter? He did. Suzie, turning in papa's lap to stare—as the other children stared—upset the second glass of tea Stella had brought papa. The tenant got up and lifted Suzie out of papa's lap and sat down with her in his own. She howled, but they started a conversation above the din.

"I understand from the agency that you have children, Mr.—ah ——" Papa lost the name as he glanced at mother, who had a funny look on her face as she read.

"Yes," said the tenant, "I have two children. Here, sweetheart," he said to Suzie and handed her a pencil and an envelope to scribble on.

While papa was saying that the rent was payable in advance, but that it would be sixty dollars more for the season because we had had installed an automatic washer and clothes dryer, mother had turned to page three. As she read she put her hand to her throat.

"With a family," said papa to the tenant, "I think you'll agree it's worth the extra consideration. Your wife will, anyhow."

"I do agree, sir, but you see ——" He didn't get to finish, for papa was staring at mother.

"My darling, what is the matter?" No reflex, this; it came from the heart.

She was sitting bolt upright, clutching the pages of the letter to her bosom, while silent tears streamed down her cheeks. Papa jumped up from his chair and put his arms around her, saying things to her. Suddenly he took her by the shoulders and said, "Is anything the matter with Janie?" He shook her. "Answer me this minute!"

"Janie!" Suzie howled at the top of her lungs.

Claire and Belle turned white. Flynt and Johnny stopped eating. Stella came out of the kitchen. Old papa came out on the balcony.

Gasping against her rising sobs, mother kept trying to speak. "My poor child," she whispered tragically at last, "has lost her mind. She is insane. Completely, hopelessly insane."

The relief was almost unbearable—we practically fell apart. People are always insane when they disagree with my mother, or do anything against her wishes. She is very tolerant of them; she is kind; she wishes them well, but . . . they are insane—completely and hopelessly. Of course they recover as soon as they see mother's viewpoint; and the recovery average is high, because my mother can be formidably persuasive.

Janie would recover. She always recovered, because my mother could do anything in the world with Janie. She always had.

Papa had taken the pages from mother and sat down again to read them while mother held a flowered handkerchief to her mouth. Flynt and Johnny stared round-eyed at Belle, who winked at them by way of reassurance: Claire's two other infants were trying to join Suzie in the tenant's lap; Claire continued calmly to eat her lunch; Stella retired. But old papa stood by on the balcony.

As papa read each page he handed it on and it passed around the table. Mother kept giving him tragic glances, but he was too engrossed to pay any attention. Finally she turned in her chair and looked up.

"Papa," she said to old papa, "have you heard what has happened to my poor child?"

Old papa lighted a cigarette and blew the smoke upward. "Um-h'm," he said dryly; "understand she's lost her mind."

"Completely," she said, "and ——"

"Hopelessly. Yes. Well. Too bad. Janie had a good mind."

"My child, papa! My last remaining child! My—my favorite!" She turned defiantly to Belle and Claire and me and flung it at us. "Yes! My favorite!" We looked down; it was no time to laugh.

"May I ask," old papa said, "what form of insanity she is exhibiting?"

"She—she's going to be . . . married!" She broke down in a fit of abandoned weeping and buried her face in her hands. Old papa grinned from ear to ear and executed a little jig on the balcony—a pantomime of joy. Papa, smiling as he read, glanced up at him. The glance held some wordless communication. Old papa recovered himself and folded his arms and frowned sternly. He continued to stand by.

As I began to read the page of the letter papa handed me, Stella poked me in the back. "Another man about the cottage."

"Another one?" Still holding the page, reading, I went over to the door and let in a nice-looking guy with a couple of kids. The three of them advanced, stopped, stared at mother and retreated a couple of steps. "It's all right," I said, perhaps a little nonchalantly; "if you'll take a chair, we'll be with you in a minute." I couldn't take my eyes off the letter.

"He is the most beautiful person in the whole world." Janie's swift, slanted handwriting dashed across the page. "Except papa, and he reminds me of papa. I guess that's one of the million reasons I love him so much. I don't know *why* he loves me so much, and that's what makes it a wonderful thing. Do you know what he does? *He waits on me.* Isn't it funny—I've never been waited on in my life and I love it. I'll be so lazy you won't know me! He teaches here at the university ——"

The second tenant and his kids retreated another step as mother burst forth again: "Not only is my last remaining child, except one, leaving me forever," she wailed, surrounded by three children and five grandchildren, "but she is selling herself into *slavery.* This—this *man*—this *monster*—has *children!*"

"—— such lovely children!" (Page seven of the letter.) "They've been with their grandmother, and don't remember their mother who died when they were babies. Elizabeth is Flynt's age and Anne is a year younger. And pretty! You'll adore them, especially papa. It's marvelous to start right off with my own family (we're being married right away) and not have to wait for children. Think of it! I have my *own* children. Now I won't have to borrow Belle's and Claire's and pretend they're mine."

"A slave!" cried mother. "A poor slave is all she'll be!"

Please read—

A Very Personal Note

NEXT MONTH the JOURNAL will go on vacation—with you!

One gala Summer Issue of the JOURNAL will appear in place of the July and August issues. There will also be a large Winter Issue for the months of January and February, making a total of ten issues of the JOURNAL each year. (See page 107 for details on how to purchase a 12-issue subscription for the 10-issue price.)

All subscriptions will be extended two issues for each year presently paid in advance.

If you buy your JOURNAL at a newsstand, you will find the Summer Issue on sale during July and August at the regular single-copy price of 35 cents.

—The Editor

Papa glanced up toward the balcony and caught old papa's eye. They exchanged one of their wordless communications. Papa's glance clearly stated, *Fire one!*

The room and everybody in it jumped as old papa boomed out, "*Slave!* Ha! Out of the frying pan into the fire! What do you think she's been around here for years?"

Mother gasped and spun around to stare at old papa. Papa lighted a cigarette and just before the smoke obscured his face he nodded to old papa again: *Fire two.*

Old papa bellowed, "That child has waited on you hand and foot! She's done everything around here from dye your hair to bring up your grandchildren. You just know a good thing when you've got it, and you don't want to let it go!"

The second tenant and his kids had moved as far as the door now. The first tenant, with Claire's three in his lap and Belle's boys hanging over the back of his chair, was whispering with the children and handing out peppermint he had fished from his pockets.

"If you stand in that child's way," old papa went on, "or make her feel guilty, fifty years old or not, over my knee you'll go!" He raised his arm above his head and waggled his finger. "It's high time somebody took you in hand!"

"Robbie!" Mother was breathless. "Do you hear what papa is saying to me? Are you going to *let* him say these things?"

"He is your father, my dear," papa swered piously. Mother stared at him ur lieving for a moment before she dropped pink head and buried her face in her har Papa nodded once more to old papa—so thing like *Let 'er rip!* And old papa took a This time for the bull's-eye.

"I'd like to know," he shouted, "what's matter with Rob that, in thirty years, he has been able to straighten you out! What kine a man is he, if he *is* a man?"

She was out of her chair like a tigress—eyes blazing green fire, fists clenched and bos heaving. "*How dare you!*" Her voice was l and trembling with rage as she crossed room and stood just below him, glaring "How dare you say a thing like that ab Robbie? *Let me tell you something* ——"

While she told him, papa leaned back i chair and blew smoke rings. The first ten watched papa, his eyes dancing with admi tion; the second tenant and his children h the door open now but waited, apparently mute fascination, to hear what it was moth was going to say.

The gist of what she said was that papa w a prince among men and an angel among hu bands; that old papa was an interfering bul she didn't care if he *was* her father; that s wasn't going to *allow* him to stir up trouble a happy, loving family, so he needn't try—could just stop *right now.* And she wanted h to know that Janie was going to have the mo fabulous wedding since the Queen of She and that anybody who tried to stand in h way would have *her* (mother) to deal wit And as for Janie's poor little motherless ch dren, just let *any*body *dare* so much as *imp* that they weren't welcome in this family! Wh they were her grandchildren, *that's* what th were—and how did old papa like *that!*

Then she tossed her head and turned h back on him. She addressed the table. O papa had lost his mind. He was insane. Con pletely and hopelessly. They must be very kir to him, but simply not take notice of anythir he said.

The last page of Janie's letter dashed along "I know you will love Andrew. He will lov you too. Take care of him till I get there. H will arrive about noon on Friday. I'll come o the two-thirty train. Andrew will meet me a the station. My love to you all, especiall papa."

There were two postscripts. One read: "I the cottage hasn't been rented, could Andre and the children and I have it this summer? The second one read: "Mother dear, don't b cross with me for sending Andrew on ahea to break the ice. I think if he meets you b himself for the first time, he will see you as yo really are—so sweet and wonderful—and ther won't be any—forgive me, mother—scenes."

I put the page down and looked at the tw tenants. Mother had just discovered their pres ence. She wavered between embarrassmen and confusion. Confusion won.

"Is one of you—but which one of you ——"

The second tenant and his children simpl backed through the door and shut it. Mothe turned to the first one.

"You?"

He nodded. "Me."

"He's Andrew," Flynt announced proudly

Johnny said, "He's going to meet Janie's train and we're going with him."

"So are we," shrieked Claire's infants and began standing up in his lap.

At the end of ten minutes which spun like a merry-go-round in a madhouse, mother had hugged and kissed everybody in the entire family, including Andrew (and old papa, who had not only recovered his sanity, but had come downstairs). But she was close to tears again.

"My next-to-last child married! I'm afraid I'm getting to be middle-aged," she said wistfully.

Old papa said, "I wouldn't try to convince anybody." And he winked at papa.

"Sometimes I think you are both laughing at me," she said.

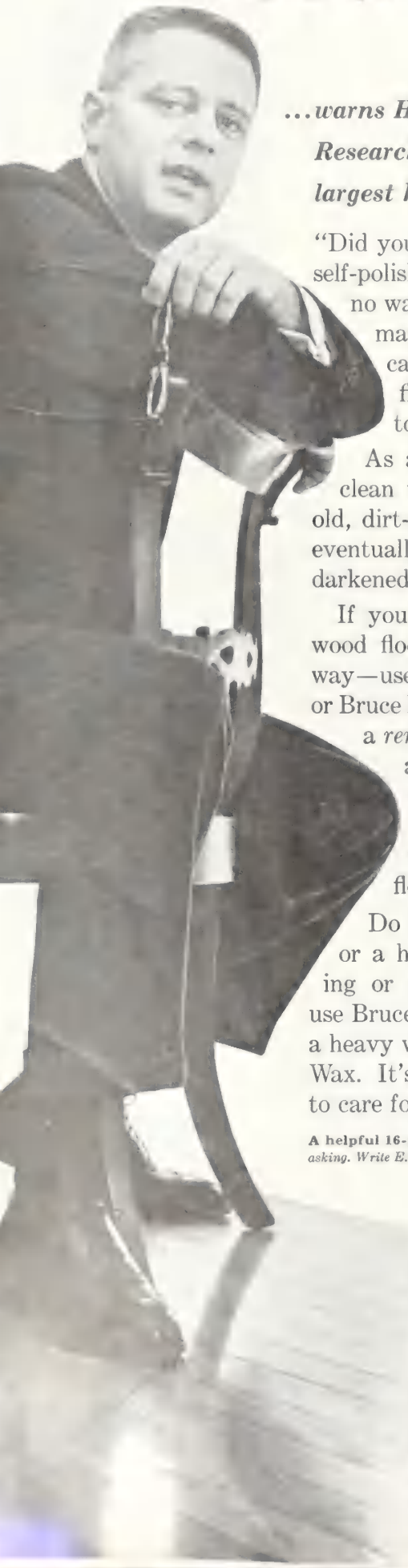
"Nonsense, darling." Papa put his arm around her. "You are a very serious matter. Of course, any woman is. But some," he added, "are a more serious matter than others."

END



Chiffon is the soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, soft, twin-ply tissue.

"Kitchen waxes discolor wood floors!"



...warns Henry M. Tobey, Research Director of the world's largest hardwood floor maker...

"Did you know that many of today's self-polishing waxes contain little or no wax at all? They are made primarily of *synthetic plastics* which cannot be removed from wood floors without causing damage to the finish and wood.

As a result, you keep putting clean wax on top of the layers of old, dirt-embedded wax pile-up until eventually your wood floor becomes darkened and discolored.

If you want to take care of your wood floors the right way—the safe way—use either Bruce Cleaning Wax or Bruce Floor Cleaner. Each contains a *removable* liquid paste wax and a wood floor cleaner. They clean; remove old, soiled wax; and leave a new coat of paste wax protection on your floor—all at the same time!

Do you like a light coat of wax or a heavy one? For lighter waxing or cleaning extra dirty floors, use Bruce Floor Cleaner. If you want a heavy wax coat, get Bruce Cleaning Wax. It's the best, safest, easiest way to care for wood floors."

A helpful 16-page booklet *on wood floor care is yours for the asking. Write E. L. Bruce Co., Dept. L-3, Memphis, Tenn.*



OLD FOLKS at HOME

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

Yesterday I went to visit a friend in one of those fine chain nursing homes. We had a good talk, and I managed to get almost all the way out keeping my glance straight ahead. I did not peek into private rooms, or private lives. I did not want to see from each doorway the eager, painful swing of heads, the sharp squashed hope on each face which found me a stranger.

I was stopped at the door by an old man in a wheelchair. He looked up at me out of eyes covered with fog. He asked in a voice as faint as far rain, "Will you kiss me, please?"

I did, and, thank God, I didn't hesitate.

All the rest of the day I walked with fury. I knew the man, I knew his son, his daughter-in-law, his proud quartet of grandchildren. I knew their civic place, their big home and social accomplishments.

The nurse had asked me, "Will you come to see him again? Could you? Nobody comes to see him, ever. It's killing him."

Not his body dying, alone. That he could bear. His spirit, unwanted, discarded, dying in fragments because, in truth, there is no room for him.

I am still angry.

Old Mrs. Ames had a stroke, sudden, violent, in the middle of a sentence. It left her unable to communicate, gone on her right side and wildly afraid.

The doctor said to her daughter-in-law, "Send her to the hospital for the length of her insurance, then to a nursing home. It would be hard on you to help her come back. We don't want two sick people around here."

So, off went Mrs. Ames, nothing to protest with except her agonized fearful eyes. The hospital was full and busy. She stayed there quite a while. She managed to sit up again, to take a few steps hanging on to the rails of a steel walker. To say a few words thickly: "I'm fine. Better, thank you." All her friends came to see her—once.

The nursing home was beautifully graded and planted outside, immaculate and hushed inside. The food was excellent. The nurses were kind and sunny. For half an hour a day, one of them helped Mrs. Ames to dress and walked her up and down the hall, to prove it could be done.

No callers came. Except during the week her daughter-in-law was in and out a pair of times on her way to somewhere; and once a week all of them came, her son and the sullen, forced grandchildren, eyes clipping back and forth to their watches.

Had Mrs. Ames been deeply gone in illness, of course, trained personnel would have had to care for her. But Mrs. Ames and a solid majority of the patients in nursing homes can do small things for themselves. They could even do small things for others, given the chance.

To be at home is a big thing. Just to go to bed at night, and know that in the other rooms around yours is your own family if you need them in the dark hours. To know, even, that should you die in your sleep no stranger will find you in the morning.

To wake in the morning, full of aches and confusion, and be oriented by the sounds of grandchildren getting ready for school, son or daughter showering for the day, cooking smells coming from a home kitchen, can mean the difference between a day of living and a day of depression.

But how many get that chance?

In the night, after the great and terrible shock, let Mrs. Ames's son be in the room with her, as she so often was with him when he was young and afraid. Let her son's hand touch her when she stirs, wh her eyes plead, *Will it be all right?* Let h say, "It's all right, mother."

Take that first process of trying to e Let her have someone she loves and trus who loves her, say, "Open, hold, etc swallow." Let her try to talk in a stra new muffled voice. "All right?" Let grandchild say, "Good, nana, I understa you."

Let them all say, substituting a stro arm, a warm hand for the cold walker ba "Try, dear. You can do it."

And the first bath. How much easier i is given by known hands. Later, when M Ames sits up for guests, who can possib measure how important the careful makeu the foundation to cover new circles a lines, the lipstick, the pin curls and ma cures are to the suddenly thin and wrinkl face and hands, the disturbed hair, t troubled self-respect?

Who can possibly measure what it mea to get slowly, slowly into a car and go the supermarket for the special delicacie

Old Mrs. Ames and the little man in t wheelchair are repeated thousandsf everywhere today. Sons, daughters, grar children work overtime, use their savin sometimes borrow, to send the stricken o away to "give her the best."

They have reasons. The house is t small. The husband wants his wife to free in the evening. It's too hard on you people and their friends to live in the au of age and poor health.

The simple truth, though, when boil down to essence is: it costs too much. P tience, kindliness, gentleness, firmne strength, time. It takes all of them—fr the heart outward. The gift of self is t greatest, hardest of all to give.

Our ancestors broke their backs to mai tain their self-respect and considered debt, no matter to whom, a thing to paid first. And their debt to their paren aged and ill, or even to second-cous spinster ladies, was one they paid witho considering themselves strained, or nob

They did not demand a built-in contra which said the old folks would always cheerful, charming, brave and appreci tive, either. They accepted them as hum beings, ornery even when well, more stu born and resistant, often, when illness them. But our ancestors, reaching back in their memories, could find pictures of ther buxom, strong, sure, a source of help ar even joy, in better, younger days.

Old Mrs. Ames's children can do t same thing. If they'll remember. If they try. Her grandchildren, to whom she re by the hour when they were small, now c read to her.

The schools cannot raise our children f us and set personal examples of unselfis ness and decency for them. The Gover ment cannot pay our way or make our d cisions for us as to patriotism, honesty, i tegrity. The churches cannot practice r religion for us. The libraries cannot po knowledge into us. The scientists cann design a heart for us. Teachers cannot gi us pride. Space cannot show us tr democracy. God Himself cannot lift above the level of the delicately co structed thinking, feeling animal.

We have to do it ourselves!

My mother had a stroke almost a ye ago. She can dress herself completely e cept for garters, lipstick, pearl neckla and earrings. Today she is going out wit a well friend of hers to visit the "poor ol souls" in several nursing homes. EN

Talk About CHEESE!

By ELAINE HANNA

There are endless varieties of native-born and foreign cheeses to suit every taste and mood—mellow Monterey Jack, nutty Parmesan, Pennsylvania pot cheese, or a shelfful of Cheddars, each a specialty of its own home state. Here are some of the *Journal*'s favorite and popular cheese recipes—try them soon and discover a new world of exciting flavors.

CHEESE-AND-DEVILED-HAM SOUFFLÉ

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
4 eggs, separated
¼ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan
1 can (4½-oz.) deviled ham
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Dash cayenne

(1) Make a thick cream sauce with the first three ingredients. (2) Stir in slightly beaten egg yolks, cheeses, ham, salt, paprika and cayenne. (3) Cook and stir 5 minutes. Taste for salt. Cool. (4) Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Fold into cheese-ham mixture. Spoon into a 1½-quart soufflé dish. (5) Bake in a slow oven, 325° F., for about 45 minutes, or until just set, "puffed" and golden on top. Makes 5–6 servings.

CHEESE-MUSHROOM RAREBIT

1 quart hot medium cream sauce
1 pound mushrooms, sliced
2 onions, chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 pound sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
¾ teaspoon dry mustard
4 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

(1) Sauté mushrooms and onions in butter or margarine until pale golden. (2) Add to cream sauce with cheese. (3) Mix mustard and Worcestershire sauce, add to sauce with salt and pepper. (4) Cook and stir until cheese melts. Serve over slices of toasted French bread. Makes 5–6 servings.

CHEESE-AND-EGG SALAD

2 ounces Edam cheese, peeled and diced
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2–3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
2–3 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
½ cup dairy sour cream
1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ cup French dressing
¼ cup water
Lettuce cups

(1) Mix Edam cheese, eggs, pimiento and sweet pickle. (2) Blend together in a bowl the sour cream, mustard, horseradish, salt, pepper, curry powder, French dressing and water. (3) Toss cheese-egg mixture and sour-cream dressing together. Cover with saran or aluminum foil and chill. Serve in crisp lettuce cups. Makes 4–6 servings.

SHRIMP-AND-CHEESE PIE

1 (9″) unbaked pie shell
2 ounces Swiss cheese, grated
2 ounces processed Gruyère cheese, grated
1 tablespoon flour
8 ounces cooked, shelled, deveined shrimp
3 eggs
1 cup light cream
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Dash cayenne
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan

(1) Toss Swiss and Gruyère cheeses with flour. (2) Spread ¾ of cheese mixture in pie shell. (3) Chop shrimp and add. (4) Cover with remaining cheese mixture. (5) Beat remaining ingredients except Parmesan together and pour into pie shell. Sprinkle Parmesan over top. (6) Bake in hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes; reduce heat to slow, 325° F., and continue baking about 30 minutes or until a silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let stand 10 minutes before serving. Serve warm. Makes 6 servings.

CREAM CHEESE, CHIVES AND RED CAVIAR

2 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese
2 ounces blue cheese, crumbled
1 tablespoon grated onion
2 tablespoons cream
5 tablespoons chopped chives
1 jar (4-oz.) red caviar

(1) Blend cheeses, onion and cream until smooth. (2) Stir in the chives. (3) Form mixture into a mound, make a depression in top and fill with caviar just before serving. Serve with crackers, as an hors d'oeuvre. Makes 1 cup.

NEAPOLITAN BAKED LASAGNE

1 pound lasagne noodles
3 (10¼ oz.) cans spaghetti sauce with meat
½ cup grated Parmesan
8 ounces ricotta cheese
1 pound Mozzarella, sliced, or pizza cheese
Salt
Pepper
Pinch crushed red chili peppers

(1) Cook noodles in boiling salted water according to package directions until just tender ("al dente"). Drain. (2) Pour 1 cup spaghetti sauce into a shallow 3-quart casserole. Cover with ⅓ of the noodles, sprinkle with 2–3 tablespoons Parmesan, 1 cup sauce, about ⅓ cup ricotta, ⅓ of the slices of Mozzarella. Season with salt and pepper. (3) Continue to alternate layers of ingredients until all are used (you'll have three layers). End with a final spreading of sauce, Parmesan and chili peppers. (4) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 30–35 minutes until hot and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

CROQUE MONSIEUR

2 cups grated Swiss cheese
½ cup cream
10 slices bread
5 thin slices cooked ham
2 eggs, beaten
Butter or margarine

Swiss-Cheese Sauce:
1 cup hot medium cream sauce
¾ cup grated Swiss cheese
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash cayenne

(1) Beat cheese and cream in mixer to form a smooth paste. (2) Trim crusts from bread. (3) Spread each slice with cheese mixture. (4) Put 1 slice ham between 2 slices bread (cheese sides together). (5) Dip the 5 sandwiches into beaten egg and sauté in hot butter or margarine until golden on both sides. Serve with a generous ladling of hot Swiss-cheese sauce. (6) *Sauce:* Add cheese and seasonings to sauce. Cook, stirring, until cheese melts.

PINEAPPLE CHEESECAKE

2 cups graham-cracker crumbs
½ cup sugar
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
2 (8-oz.) packages cream cheese, softened
2 eggs
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup drained, crushed pineapple
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup dairy sour cream
2 teaspoons vanilla

(1) Mix crumbs, sugar and butter or margarine. Press into bottom and up sides of a 9″ spring-form pan to form a crust. (2) Cream the cheese until smooth. (3) Beat eggs slightly with ½ cup sugar, add pineapple, flour and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Blend cheese and egg mixture. (4) Pour into crust and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for 20 minutes. Remove, let stand 15 minutes. (5) Combine sour cream, remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Spread on top of baked filling. (6) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 10 minutes more. Cool, chill overnight before serving. Makes 8–10 servings.





Failure?

■ When we set out to create Low Calorie Shasta, we set up two goals. First, it should taste just as good as regular Shasta. Second, it should have less than five calories per can.

We achieved goal number one, hands down. Low Calorie Shasta tastes great. In fact, even to educated palates, it is indistinguishable from regular Shasta.

On goal number two, however, we failed. Even though we cut sugar out entirely (we use Sucaryl®), we could only get the calorie count down to six per can. Six, not five. But on the other hand, what's one calorie between friends?

ROOT BEER/ORANGE/COLA/LEMON-LIME/GRAPE/BLACK CHERRY/CREME/GINGER

it hasta be SHASTA

All Too Soon

The February rain predicted for evening had already begun: no afternoon walk for the baby and me. Disappointed, I sat down in the nursery chair and began to plan how to spend the hours before preparing dinner. Ironing? Polish silver? I had one eye on the baby, my fourth, and suddenly it struck me how amusing his antics were. He looked adorable sitting on the rug straight-backed, wide at the base like a little pyramid, hair curly and damp from exertion. With a yelp of delight he headed for a stuffed animal under the bathinet, after which he began to tour the room, stopping to pat or stroke each piece of furniture, as though to put himself in touch with the structure of everything around him. As he crawled, his parted lips dribbled a little trail of silver behind him on the rug, like a snail. Having completed his exploration, he sat in the middle of the room and began his familiar squawk of boredom. I picked him up and took him to the window. There, his feet against the sill and body pressing against me, we watched the drops creep down the pane and a bedraggled dog shake himself over a lady on the corner.

When I set him down again I gave him the closed can of baby powder to play with. Then I shut the door, sat and leaned my head against the chair, thinking, *For the first time in a long while, I'm here for no other reason than to be with him. Not to pick him up to go somewhere, to take his brother to the dentist or sister to a lesson; he's not on his way to his pen, high chair or bed. For once I'll just enjoy him and he me.*

As I sat quietly watching and answering his repeated "Da?" I realized how little time I had left for such enjoyment. All too soon his body would no longer be round and soft, nor his mannerisms the enchanting ones of babyhood; he would no longer want to be held and played with. Why was I so often in a hurry to change his diapers, put on his little shoes, pull on his snowsuit, in the evening to pop him into his crib?

In every part of my life I was continually thinking ahead, rather than enjoying the task in hand. When had I last stopped to look out at the garden, or waited—quietly accessible—for the children to come and talk, to find my attention undividedly theirs?

I resolved that afternoon that everything I did for my baby and with him, I would do for the pleasure in the doing; so for the rest of the family too. I must recollect myself, not squander the enjoyment of the life I had chosen to live. When making a bed, instead of thinking, *Now after this I will throw in the wash, vacuum the living room, and then it will be time for the baby's bath,* I would enjoy smoothing the pillows, pulling straight the sheets. I would take pleasure in the smell of suds and steam while getting the wash into the machine; enjoy the look of the chosen things in the room to be cleaned rather than attack the cleaning of them; see the form and color of vegetables, savor flavors and smells, get satisfaction out of deft peeling, chopping, beating.

There is no reason why the places in which one's day is accomplished should not give visual pleasure. I remember an exhibition of Japanese artifacts: a sewing box, a child's writing case, a shelf. Each article had been exquisite in its own right, perfectly shaped, painted in a marvelously light and delicate fashion; to mend a tear or take out a pencil must have been a constant delight. *So,* I thought, *let the bowl you break eggs in be a pretty bowl; hang prints or keep a flower arrangement where you can glance at them as you wash the dishes, and use your good china so that the washing is not a chore; in every room have books, pictures and objects you love to pick up, glance through, hold. Let your house, your work, your child be your satisfaction; they are already your choice.*

Since that day my life has seemed invested with a tranquillity I would scarcely have thought possible with four small children. Keeping house is *not* a trap. A woman who by small but continuous efforts creates an atmosphere of contentment and order, where life may be simply enjoyed and lovely things used for the pleasure they give in themselves, realizes her full potentiality. Her greatest possibilities for growth and contribution to society consist in transmitting learning, wisdom, order and beauty not to the world at large but personally—by example mainly—to a few: her family.

END

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SUGAR

The Promised Land flowed with milk and honey. The beloved one in the Song of Solomon has milk and honey under her tongue. The story of how the sweet tooth has sought gratification is a long and varied one, still continued into the scientific present. In the beginning, when man's food was all provided by the fruits of nature, without benefit of tools or cookery, it seems that wild honey was his great dietary luxury. Bees are pictured in Egyptian hieroglyphics and tomb paintings as early as 5510 B.C., and honey was used in temple worship in 2500 B.C. A Stone Age drawing in a Spanish cave shows a man robbing a wild-bee tree. Fossil bees are found all over Europe, and in early England rents were paid in honey, and a record of all hives was kept in the Domesday Book. Honey was the chief ingredient of two great fermented Anglo-Saxon drinks, mead and metheglyn. It was believed to have mystical virtues and was early used as a love philter. In India it was the basis of soma, the drink of the gods, and a drop was placed on the tongue of newborn b babes.

In early Christian symbolism, the b was the emblem of virginity, and all voti candles had to be made from beeswa Even today the old folklore lingers on the idea that bees, when disturbed swarming, will single out an unchas person and sting him.

In Greece and Rome old philosophe retired to their farms and kept bees, ar the "honey of Hymettus" is still fragra in old poetry.

Not until man became an inventive ar tool-using animal did cane sugar begin supplement and then to supersede t ancient sweet. But the knowledge of can too, dates to prehistoric times, when u doubtedly it was chewed long before i juice was boiled and crystallized into wh we now know as sugar. It, too, had mag qualities. Nature myths grew up about as with other valuable foods. It w thought medicinal, a digestive and a pr moter of sexual vigor. Religious rites a tended its planting. It was the first foo eaten by Buddha after his long fast and h enlightenment.

The earliest recorded data about sug cane is from India, dated 325 B.C., and cane mill is mentioned in Buddhist liter ture not later than A.D. 100. In the six century sugar makers, "boilers of t cane," were found in Northern Beng Rice pudding with sugar, a ferment drink with sugar and spice are mention there; and at Delhi, sherbet—sugar wat cooled with snow.

Sugar boiling was known to men Southeast China by A.D. 640. Mar Polo in his *Travels* describes their clev work, and their hard sugar, which th called "stone honey." The art of sug boiling traveled into Persia in the six century. Then by the outreaching ar conquering Arabs it was spread throug the Mediterranean world.

Later on, in the fifteenth century, the pow erful seagoing Spanish and Portugue carried cane culture into Northern Afri and the Madeira, Cape Verde and Cana islands and finally into the New Worl

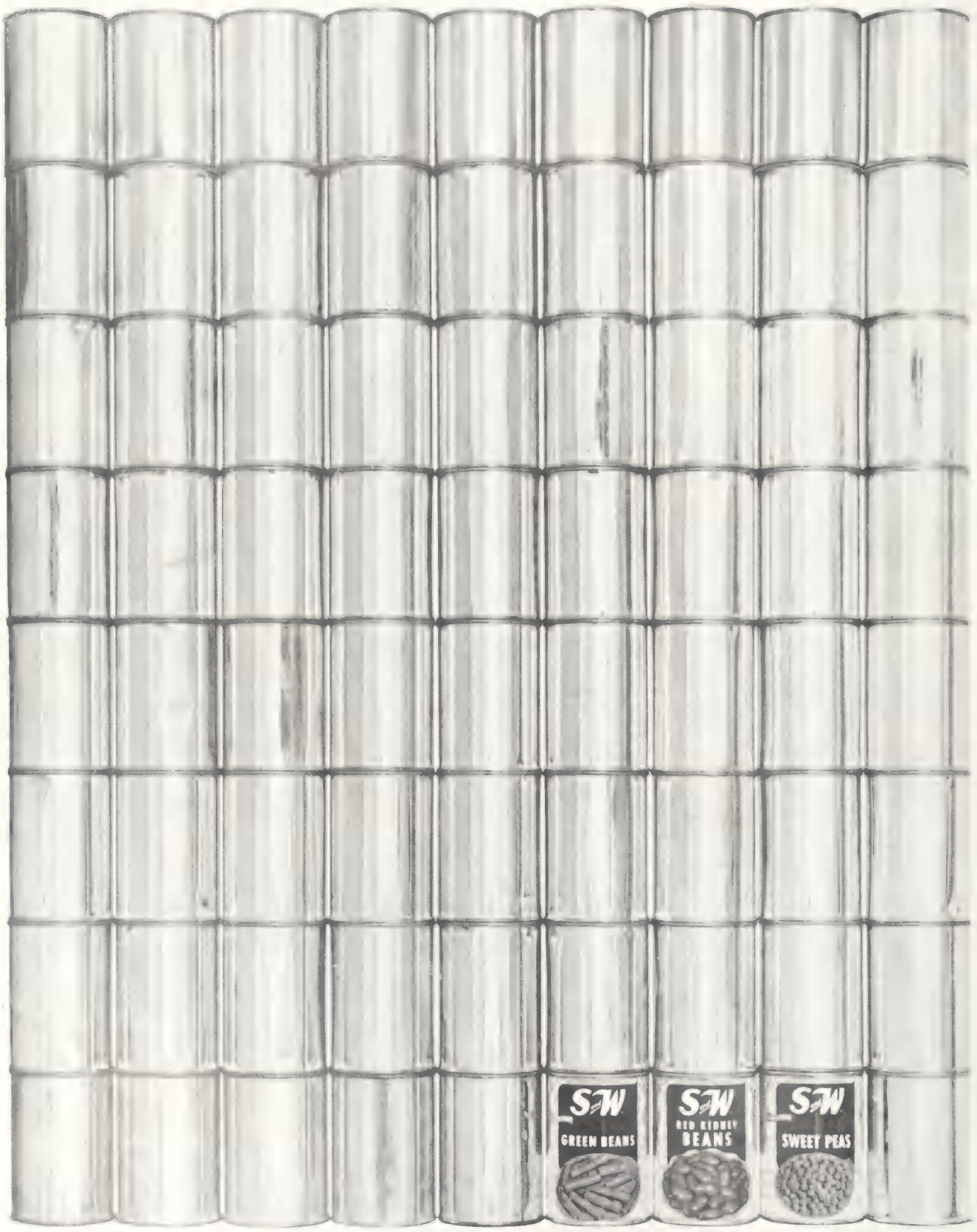
In the fifteenth century sugar began supersede honey in England. It was st a costly luxury, "prestige food," a pour of sugar being priced at one or two pound Cookery as a high art had come in wi the Normans, and now the banquets the rich culminated in fantastically ela orate pastries and confections built of t fine white sweet. Pastry cooks have be knighted for their artistic "creations" fine sugar and "gum dragon." With t importation of tea, coffee and chocolat and the fashionable era of the coffeehous in England, the consumption of sugar w greatly increased.

The whole history of sugar as one of t great modern commodities is a story human progress in chemical, mechanic and agricultural science. Like all such h man tales, it has its dark and secret unde tones; in this case, the knowledge that t traffic in human slavery grew with sug cultivation, and died away only with t rise of laborsaving machinery.

The description of modern processes sugar growing and manufacturing, m chines and methods is a story by itself— great story, showing how a desired foo has been made accessible to all but t very poorest of the world's people.

Long gone are the days when a "loa of hard white sweetness was a disti guished gift to be given to your lord of t manor, or even to your queen.

MARY K. BLACKMA



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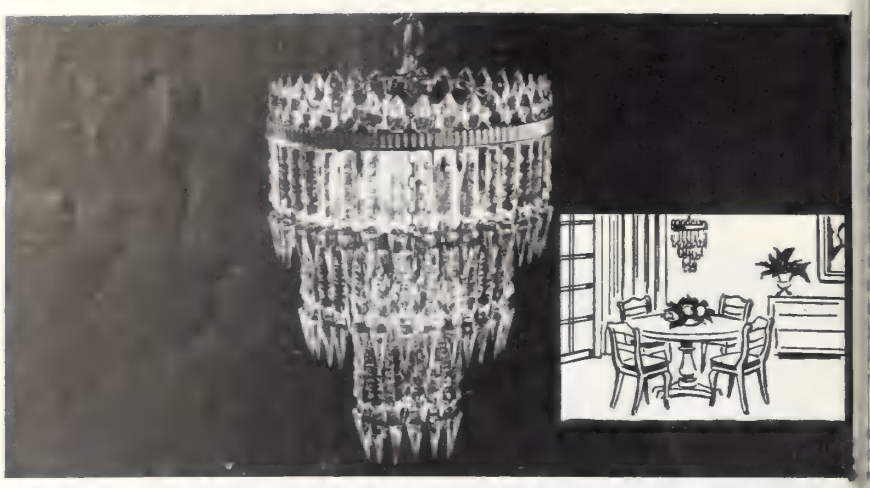
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E ROSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

identity, and they saw to it that Mary ne signed her name in two places. They nt away then, and in her hands was the nder package.

Mary Dane knew what the package con-ned, but she stood for long minutes, staring its brown outer wrappings. She knew that ide she would find the glowing, rose-colored and which her grandmother's mother called e Roses," and which the family spoke of as rannie's pink pearls." Except that no one ew they were pearls.

The Roses are insured, Mary Dane, but if you nt to wear them without danger to them or to u, their value must be secret. The Roses are so ectacular in color that everyone takes it for anted that they are "beads." As for me, I al-ys enjoyed my little joke, knowing privately t I was worth more than a quarter of a million llars standing on my two bare feet.

Afterward, in remembering that day, Mary ne thought of it as having the qualities of a eam. She could remember standing before mirror, clothed only in the Roses. She uld remember sitting on a small stool, look-g through the bankbooks that recorded her ne years of work, frugality, savings. She re-embered making note of the total she had ved, $6294.17, and calculating roughly that she were to save that amount every nine ars for the next three hundred and sixty ars, she might by then have saved enough buy the Roses.

Slipping through her mind, like words on tape, were passages from Grannie Winship's letter:

You must not think, Mary Dane, that the Roses are a gift made "in anticipation of death." True, the family will gather in September to celebrate my 105th birthday, but I have no intention of going either to heaven or hell at any time in the near future.

I am giving the Roses to you because you have the complexion for them, and I am giving them now, while you are young enough to get some good out of them. I was twenty-five years old when they came to me, and they changed my life. They will do as much for you, if you let them.

If you let them ——

Soon after dusk had deepened into dark, sleep came to Mary Dane. In her sleep she dreamed, and the fantasies of the night touched and shaped the waking dreams closest to her heart. One vision she saw whole: a children's museum in the park, its gardens and buildings stretching north from the reservoir; and children—curious, exploratory, absorbed.

In this dream of a dream, a young man walked toward her. His body was angular, the planes of his face sharply defined. His hair was carefully smoothed, except for a maverick lock that sprang upright from his scalp to lead an independent life of its own. Mary Dane's heart thudded, and she was awake.

That tuft of hair, burning red in the mid-morning sunlight that flooded the museum's cafeteria, signaled to Mary Dane that Dr. Bill Bullard, curator of Peloponnesian Culture, was about to have his coffee break. Mary had slipped away from Ancient Euphrates Civilizations early enough to get to the cafeteria ahead of him, and she was able to observe Dr. Bullard as he selected a cruller and coffee.

Dr. Bullard was, she could tell, in an introspective mood. This meant, if the evidence of countless observations meant anything, that he would find an empty table, silently ingest his cruller and coffee, and ponder the questions that burdened him. These moods were not frequent. Instead of sitting alone, Dr. Bullard usually sought the company of this or that group of his fellow employees and engaged with them in museum shop talk and gossip. Mary Dane was often a member of one group or another favored by Dr. Bullard; a circumstance, had he known it, that was traceable to the care with which she placed herself with people whose company Dr. Bullard enjoyed.

Her strategy, Mary Dane reflected, had put them on the easy and familiar terms of people who often meet, but without intent or purpose. Mary Dane thought fleetingly of this stalemate in her relations with Dr. Bullard. Twenty-four hours earlier she would have thought the problem through, exploring possibilities and probabilities, and devising ingenious remedies which she would not have had the courage to apply. But the Mary Dane of yesterday, thoughtful and timid, had disappeared. In her place was a girl invested in the radiance of a quarter of a million dollars in pearls massed at her throat; a girl who tingled with expectancy, who felt alive to the soles of her feet, and who was already halfway to the table where Bill Bullard was settling himself with his cruller, his coffee and his thoughts. A dozen steps more, and she slipped into the chair across from him.

"Bill!" Mary Dane's voice was charged with excitement. "Bill, you've *got* to help me!"

The cry for help is woman's oldest gambit, and one of the most effective yet devised for setting in motion that infinitely variable ritual by which man is brought to the altar. The gambit was not unfamiliar to the young curator, for Bill, like most marriageable men, had been the target of more than one practiced huntress. Bill Bullard did not recognize, however, that he was hearing once again the old, the reliable, the tried and the true; for it was being employed by one who had long established herself as a nonpredator.

"What's the trouble?" Dr. Bullard glanced at Mary Dane. He saw, with surprise, that the Mary Dane who sat across from him was not the quiet, rather colorless girl who had become a familiar figure in the museum's routine activities. What was different? *She's charged up about something.* He lowered his gaze, but felt impelled to look at her again. *She's sort of surrounded by light. . . .* And he was feeling, unaccountably, a little silly.

"It's the children's museum, Bill. I've got a plan." She was staring at him intently, and as he returned her gaze he found himself recalling the day when, as a little boy, he had come upon a fence crowned by morning glories, and had stood for a long while, absorbed in their heavenly blue. *Morning glories. I'll be darned!* He felt an unreasoning pique and, with equal illogic, a sharp sense of loss.

"Children's museum?" Bill was pouring more sugar into his coffee than usual. "The one in Brooklyn? What about it?"

"No, Bill! They've got one in Brooklyn. I'm talking about one right here in Central Park. There are swarms of kids west of the park, and in Harlem, and on the upper East Side. Thousands and thousands of kids! We need a children's museum in the park, up at the north end where the kids are."

Dr. Bill Bullard, museum curator, was interested. He agreed that a children's museum in that crowded area would be a civic asset. "When did you get this idea?" . . . . *And when,* he added silently and unbidden, *when did you*——But he stopped short of clothing the thought with words.

"Years ago, Bill. It was right after I started working for the museum. I took a walk along some of the side streets. Bill, you never in your life saw so many children!"

In the next ten minutes Dr. Bullard learned more about Mary Dane than he had discovered in the six years he had spent at the museum. There was no mistaking either her dedication or her solid understanding of her subject. The curator listened with deep interest and a sense of revelation to her account of trips she had made to Hartford and Brooklyn to study the children's museums in those communities; of her correspondence with administrators of children's museums around the world; of the graduate work she had done in museum administration; of her collection of books, pamphlets, photographs, sketches and other materials that dealt with the planning, organization, exhibit arrangement and operation of children's museums. And as Dr. Bullard, the curator, listened with professional interest, young Bill Bullard noted the subtle changes of expression that animated her face, the delicate curve of her cheek, the exquisite reflection of color cast by the pearls against her skin.

"And just think, Bill!" The morning glories had turned to blue fire. "Here I've been all these years, just studying about it, and dreaming about it, and not doing one darned thing to make it happen!"

"It's not an easy thing to make happen." In an effort to escape the sensations that stirred him, Dr. Bullard took refuge in sweeping and somewhat pontifical observations. "After all, Mary Dane, there's the enormous inertia of a big town to contend with. The bigger the city, the more crippling the inertia. In a town this size it's almost impossible to get anybody to listen, much less do anything." He forced himself to stop by clamping his teeth together. *She will think I'm an ass.* Bill was skidding toward the quicksands of caring what she thought. In an instinctive braking action, he gestured toward the empty cups. "I'll get us some more coffee."

As Bill moved toward the counter, Mary Dane caressed the Roses with her fingertips. "*They changed my life.*" Mary Dane restrained an almost irrepressible urge to spring from her chair and dance in an abandon of joy. She looked at her coworkers, clustered at tables about the room. *What on earth would they think if I did?* It would certainly give them something new to talk about: "*Did you see Mary Dane? In the cafeteria, drunk as an owl!*"

At the counter, Bill Bullard was giving the cashier fourteen cents. Mary Dane's thoughts darted off at a tangent. *I must remember to take the Roses to Tiffany's.* Into her mind had popped a passage from her great-grandmother's letter.

The Roses need to be restrung about every five years. This is important when pearls are worn every day. Tiffany's has been doing this work for

COMMENCEMENT NOSEGAY

circa 1910

By ELIZABETH HENLEY

Children go and the grandmothers pass—
What do we keep to the end of it all?
A moss rose flattened to lace by glass,
A heathery sprig—and none to recall
Sun on the hill or a brown-eyed lass.
"Keep," says the handwriting slant and small,
But life returns like a rose to the grass.

What's last parted of all they amass?
Crumbles and dust from cartons fall
Trunks there were, locked and bound with brass.
Nobody wants what no closet wall
Expands for, holding the senior class
Grave and so fair by some nameless hall—
The heart has limits, and locks no less.

Let him who asks us where are the snows
Of yesteryear be the first to cast
The stack of yearbooks that glacial grows—
I send not back the wreaths that last
And cannot bear to, goodness knows.
Saving and storing a rose of the past,
Life returns to the grass like a rose.

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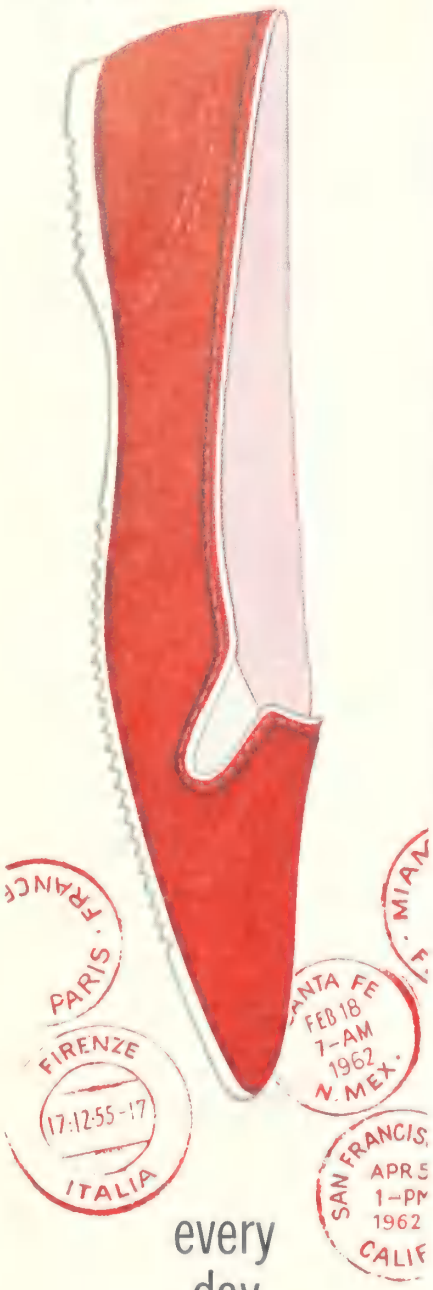
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me for three generations, and you can always depend on the people at Tiffany's to be discreet. It's about time to take them back again.

Bill Bullard set the cups of fresh coffee on the table, and placed himself once again across from Mary Dane.

"What's this plan of yours?"

Mary Dane told him. "I've got six thousand dollars in the bank, Bill. It's taken me nine years to save it. I'm going to take five thousand dollars of that money and use it to start 'The Fund for a Children's Museum in Central Park,' *But*"—and she leaned toward him—"that five thousand dollars won't be worth five cents—I mean the fund could sit there and grow moss, and we'd never see the museum built—unless we used that money as bait. We have to use it as bait, not just to attract more money but as bait to get the public all stirred up about it." *We*. With a two-letter word Mary Dane had drawn Bill into partnership.

"You see, Bill, if we can get the right kind of publicity—all about the hardworking employee who saved, and saved, and saved for years, and now is putting most of her savings into a fund to build a museum for the kids of Manhattan—if we play it for all it's worth—we can whip up a human-interest campaign that will raise all the money we need, and shake them off their chairs at City Hall too."

Bill nodded, and she could see the quick understanding in his eyes. She unfolded her plan further. Bill, she pointed out, with his family and professional connections, could open the right doors. "Suppose you were a Rockefeller, or a Guggenheim, or a Vanderbilt—or a Bullard," and she smiled at him, "and a poor, hardworking girl—that's me—called to see you and asked you to donate some money for a children's museum, and if you knew that the poor, hardworking girl had given five thousand dollars of her own money—could you say 'No'? No," she answered her own question, "you could not say 'No.' The thing's a natural, Bill."

"Mary Dane." Bill paused, and seemed to have trouble finding the words he wanted to use. "Mary Dane, it's a great idea . . . and it *could* work—at least, I think it could—and I'm willing to help. But are you sure you ought to do it? Don't misunderstand me." He reached across and gripped his hand around hers. "I think you're wonderful to want to do it. But is it . . . well, sensible? You'd be giving away about eighty-five percent of everything you've got."

"Not really!" There was gaiety in her smile. "Just eighty-five percent of my *money*. I have some other worldly goods, you know. I've got a bed, and an easy chair, and clothes, and, of course, my crown jewels!" She laughed as she touched the pearls. Her smile faded, and she spoke seriously. "Anyway, Bill, what good is the money where it is now? Oh, I know it's being invested in municipal bonds, or public utilities, or some other worthy enterprise; but it's *my* money, and isn't it better to use it for something that means a lot to me?" They were silent, and then she spoke slowly. "It's like all this studying I've been doing. I've been collecting information, bit by bit, and storing it away, just the way I've been saving money. I'll bet I know more about children's museums than almost anybody in the country. And what have I been doing with what I've learned? Nothing. Not one thing! Shouldn't I *use* what I know?" She was smiling again. "It's the thing to do, Bill, I'm positive. I'm sure of it."

"If you are sure, Mary Dane, all right."

Bill Bullard, in a significant upgrading of cafeteria etiquette, moved around the table to hold Mary Dane's chair, and through his action effectively informed three women and one sensitive young man, fellow employees all, that something interesting was afoot. At the elevator the two parted, Bill to return to Peloponnesian Culture, Mary to the Ancient Euphrates; but the parting did not occur before Bill had arranged to call for Mary Dane at seven o'clock that evening. There was, they agreed, much to talk about. Both could see quite plainly that a general plan should be developed before any move was made. Too much time had already been lost—another point on which both concurred. Wouldn't it be sensible to get started right away? Neither Mary Dane nor Bill attempted to oppose a conclusion based so patently on logic.

As Mary Dane floated through stardust, thirty minutes late from her coffee break, the clock in the hall registered 10:45 A.M., thus recording a time less than twenty-four hours since Mary Dane had become owner of the Roses; and already the tempo and rhythm of her life had changed. But what about Mary Dane? Were changes to be found in the girl herself? More important, did she have, either inborn or newly acquired, the quality which some call stamina, others think of as courage, but which, in final analysis, is a kind of tough-mindedness? Whatever its name, it was a quality she soon would need.

Swept forward by the momentum of events, Mary Dane gave little thought to demands that the future might impose. There was nothing, in these busy weeks, to forewarn her. Bill, as a key force in the campaign, more than fulfilled her hopes and expectations. She had known that Bill, as a member of the old and well-to-do Bullard family, would be an ally of first importance; but not until Mary Dane was given an inside view of money and power in action did she have any notion of how vast was the Bullard wealth, how far-ranging and potent the family's influence.

Bill's first move was to recruit Ivor Rodman. Ivor Rodman's name meant nothing to the policeman on the beat, to the clerk at the counter, to the housewife at her chores. Only at top corporate levels did the name have meaning, and the meaning there was such that Ivor Rodman turned away many more clients than he agreed to serve. Bill telephoned Rodman's daughter, Helen, wangled an invitation to dinner, and in an after-dinner checkers game with Helen's father recounted the story of Mary Dane, the dream museum, the $5000, and what Mary proposed to do.

"My word!" Rodman's deep chuckle echoed richly under his vest, and his well-padded midsection undulated gently. "The girl's either crazy or a genius, and dam
if you can tell the difference these days!
moved a man on the checkerboard, fo
Bill's man to jump. "Who's going to ha
the campaign?" Almost as an afterthoug
captured three of Bill's men and removed
from play.

"I thought you might give me some ad
on that." Bill advanced a man to the far
row, and Rodman crowned him.

"I suppose," Rodman rumbled, "yo
looking for somebody who'll do the job
nothing." He moved a man out of the pat
danger.

"Well, that would be asking a lot." Bill
vanced one of his kings. "A guy would h
to be pretty public-spirited."

"Some are," and the basso tones vibr
the crystal at Rodman's elbow, "and so
aren't."

Rodman won the game by capturing
last of Bill's kings. But Bill had captu
Rodman.

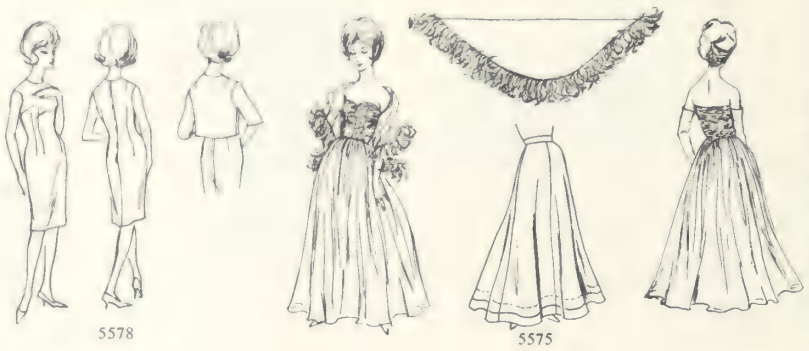
At two o'clock on the following Sunday,
took Mary Dane to the Rodman apartm
They found the dwelling surrounded by t
and wreathed in a patch of cloud that drif
toward the river. Fifty-two stories bel
traffic muttered faintly.

Mary Dane and Rodman took to each ot
immediately and without reserve. With
sure touch of a Barnum or a Houdini, R
man arranged the show for maximum eff
thoroughly coached Mary in her role, and
a pace for the campaign that demanded
Mary Dane all the mental and physical agi
at her command. The three days she took fr
the campaign to fly home for Grannie W
ship's birthday came as a welcome breath

During her first two days at home, a priv
talk with Grannie Winship was impossib
but the glittering silence that stretched
tween the young woman and the old added
own touch of spice to the festivities. On

SUMMER COVER-UPS

Vogue Designs and Journal Patterns shown on pages 64 and 65.



Vogue Design No. 5578. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for jacket, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5575. One-piece dress, stole and petticoat; 10–18 (31–38); $2.00, in Canada $2.20. Version shown requires 8¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress and scarf, 2½ yards of ostrich-feather trimming, size 14.

The dresses shown with Journal sweater patterns Nos. 2965, 2966 and 2967 are Vogue Design Nos. 9988, 5544 and 5360 respectively.

Buy Vogue Designs at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. (*Calif. and Pa. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

Journal Pattern No. 2965. White hand-knit cardigan; 25c.
Journal Pattern No. 2966. Sleeveless sweater; 25c.
Journal Pattern No. 2967. Fluffy angora bolero to knit; 25c.

Order Journal Patterns from: Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.*
*Pennsylvania residents please add 4% state sales tax.

ird day they sat together in Grannie Winship's sitting room.

The old lady sat in a rocker, and she moved owly back and forth as she listened to Mary ane's account of what had been happening nce the gift of the Roses. Mary Dane deribed her meetings with New York's mayor, e superintendent of schools, the parks comissioner, the borough president; her appearnces on TV; her speeches at fund-raising ncheons; the feature stories that had apeared in newspapers and magazines; the otices on subway-car cards—all the endless zzle-dazzle of an Ivor Rodman campaign. nd at its hub, Mary Dane.

"Oh, Grannie!" Mary Dane hugged her nees. "It's absolutely the most wonderful, the ost exciting, the most thrilling thing in the orld! The children will get their museum. ou'll see!"

"Tell me more about that young man." A mile plucked at Grannie Winship's lips.

"Bill?" Mary was silent for a few moments, nd the color in her cheeks matched the color f the pearls. "Bill. Well, Grannie, how can you ell about a man? He's . . . well, he's taken me nder his wing, you might say. And we spend lot of time together. If it hadn't been for ill ——" Mary Dane collected her thoughts, nd the old lady continued rocking. "He's aken me to his aunt's house twice. His parents re dead. His Aunt Paul. That's a funny name or a woman, isn't it?" Mary Dane caught Grannie Winship's glance. "And when he ut me on the plane"—she spoke with a ush—"he kissed me!"

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"Well, thank goodness!" And in the room Grannie Winship's laughter sounded delicate nd high, like the ringing of a glass bell.

Mary Dane moved her head, as if to avoid cobweb. "Of course Bill doesn't know what n awful fraud I am. I mean, he doesn't know he Roses are real. Like everybody else in New York, Bill thinks I'm a poor little church mouse with a heart as big as all outdoors. Little Miss Bigheart—that's me!"

"Does it worry you?" The rocking chair was still.

"Maybe. I haven't had time to think about t, if you want to know the truth." Mary Dane tared into the fire that burned low in the grate. "But I can tell you one thing, Grannie. And this I'm sure of. If I had it to do all over gain, I'd do exactly what I've done!"

Laughter was heard again in the room, and he motion of the chair resumed. "You're my rue child, Mary Dane. Do what you have to do, and let the devil take the hindmost!"

"That's fine advice for a girl to get from her grannie!" Mary Dane's mood lightened.

"I'm only preaching what I practiced." The old woman smiled into the flames. "If I hadn't," and her voice was casual, "there'd be no Roses for you. There would be no Mary Dane."

"You mean it, don't you, Grannie?" Mary Dane looked curiously at the delicate old figure, elegantly gowned in a dress of sprigged silk. "You know," and her voice was wondering, "I've been taking the Roses for granted, as if . . . well, as if you'd picked them off the family tree. But our family has never been that rich! How *did* you get the Roses?"

There was a long silence in the room, and it settled around them like a comfortable cloak. And then Mrs. Winship was talking, her tones clear and fragile. "This was frontier country in 1881. Marriageable girls were scarce, and your great-grandfather thought he was mighty lucky to win the pretty widow from back East. During the forty years we were married, I sometimes spoke of my first husband, Elmer, and your great-grandfather approved, because he thought it showed a proper respect for the dead. He never found out that there had been no Elmer."

No Elmer? Mary Dane had not spoken aloud. The words were an echo in her mind.

"From the time I was fifteen years old, Mary Dane, until two weeks beyond my twenty-fifth birthday, people knew me as Bernadine Dunston."

Mary Dane felt giddy. Bernadine Dunston? She felt her jaw loosen. Mary Dane was showing the classic symptoms of stupefaction.

"Grannie?" Her voice faltered. "Bernadine Dunston?"

"Yes, Mary Dane. I was one of the Celestial Three. The Divine Sarah, the Heavenly Eleanora, the Angelic Bernadine." The old lady laughed, and her laughter was a shower of splintered glass. "The Celestial Three! How we hated each other!" She rocked more vigorously. "Oh, I fooled 'em! They thought I was dead."

Mary Dane's mouth felt dry.

"In the ten years I was Bernadine Dunston I acquired a good deal of money, and I put it away. Hid it, you know. I knew the day would come when I would want to get away." She nodded at her great-granddaughter. "I had jewels enough for a queen. And then Dom Jaime gave me the Roses. It was time for Bernadine to die."

"According to the history books, she was kidnaped and killed." Mary Dane gave a helpless laugh. "By the Bulgarians, for heaven's sake!"

"My dear, *Candide* gave me the idea. I was determined that when Bernadine Dunston died, it should be nothing less impressive than kidnap and murder by the Bulgars." Grannie Winship nodded to herself with satisfaction. "I was not without imagination, but Voltaire did help."

The old lady glanced sharply at Mary Dane. "Since I've told you this much, I may as well tell you the rest." She paused, as if debating the wisdom of saying more; but the floodgates of memory had been opened.

Mary Dane was spellbound. Bernhardt, Duse, Dunston—names to conjure with. New York, London, Paris, Rome. Vienna. Constantinople. Dukes and grand dukes, princes, grandees. A descendant of the Pharaohs.

The spell was broken. Mary Dane took a deep breath. She knew with an intense and blinding conviction that she was listening to fantasy. *Why, the poor old girl's making it all up.* And there was a kind of pity in her mind.

The old voice went on, but Mary Dane no longer heard the words. *Poor old girl. Mad as a hatter!* In an instinctive gesture, Mary Dane touched the pearls at her throat. The Roses. Mary Dane closed her eyes, but she knew that a chasm yawned at her feet. *The Roses are fantasy too. "Everyone takes it for granted that they are beads." Beads are what they are.*

The chasm was real enough. It stretched before her, and around her, and the sides dropped straight to the abyss. Once over the edge, and you were gone. *But why step over the edge?* She didn't know where the question came from, but it steadied her. Another question came. *So what if the Roses are beads?* And then she asked a question of herself: *Would you go back to where you were?* She knew she would not. She opened her eyes, and the chasm was gone.

Grannie Winship had stopped her narrative, and was gazing with concern at Mary Dane. "I haven't dismayed you, have I, child?"

"It's just that I'm overwhelmed!" And then she laughed, and in her laughter the glass bell found an echo. "But Grannie, can you imagine what the church circle would have to say about Bernadine Dunston!"

Grannie Winship's eyes gleamed with merriment. "Don't think I haven't amused myself with that thought many a time!" Her tone became serious. "But no one must know, Mary Dane. Reporters would descend on us and nothing would be private anymore. Someone would be sure to find out about the Roses, and then they'd have to go into a vault. And you've learned how wonderful it is to wear them."

Tears stung the girl's eyes. She lifted her great-grandmother's hand and kissed the delicate, crepey skin. "I don't know that I'll ever be able to tell you how much the Roses mean to me." She was silent a moment. "How much they will always mean."

There was one thing still to be done, she thought, and she did it the next day. She and Bill were in the little room the museum had assigned to her. "I have," she said, "a confession to make."

He thought she had never looked lovelier.

Mary Dane told him the story of the Roses. All of it. As she finished describing the scene with Grannie Winship, Bill took her hand in his. She looked at him swiftly, and he saw that her eyes sparkled not with tears, but with mirth.

"Dear Bill!" she patted his hand. "Don't feel sorry for me!" She gestured toward the pearls. "Look at them. They *are* lovely, aren't they?" He nodded, and she went on. "And they did shake me loose from dead center, didn't they?" Again he nodded. "And we're going to get that museum for the kids, aren't we?"

"Mary Dane," said Bill, "when are we going to get married?"

The telephone rang, and Mary answered. When she replaced the receiver, she looked thoughtfully at Bill. "I may as well tell you," she said. "That was Tiffany's. Grannie wrote them and asked them to remind me to bring in the pearls. The man says they've checked their records, and it's been six years since they've restrung the Roses." END



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1964

Sara Stevens began planning for college when she was a high-school freshman. She won a scholarship and got a job at the University of Colorado in Boulder, thus paying most of her own expenses. She confidently looks forward to both a career and marriage.

1966

Bill Stevens, graduating from Academy High School this month, faces the difficult and expensive trek to a law degree—six or seven years of college work. He expects to earn a part of his way, but plans to buckle down to studies during his freshman year.

1968

Cathy Stevens is a sophomore at Academy High School. Her chief concern is getting "halfway decent grades." If she attends college, she can expect costs to be higher than for her sister or brother—and the competition for jobs will be keener.



1981

For Mike Stevens, college is remote but nonetheless certain from his father's point of view. At three, he is about ready to buckle down to nursery school, but his parents aren't forgetting that when he is ready for college, costs will have at least doubled.



HERE COMES COLLEGE— WHO'LL PAY THE BILLS?



When the family gathers around Major and Mrs. Randolph Stevens, chances are the talk will be about college—ways and means. Their goal: college for all, with the emphasis on self-reliance.

By GLENN WHITE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

This month a mature eighteen-year-old, Bill Stevens, will be graduated from Academy High School, a public school on the Air Force Academy's 17,500-acre grounds in Colorado. Bill Stevens is headed for college and both he and his parents, Major and Mrs. Randolph Stevens, take college seriously. Last fall, the big senior year, Bill gave up an almost certain place on the Academy High School football team in order to bring up his grades and graduate in the upper half of his class.

Bill will enter the University of Colorado at Boulder in September. He will take pre-law courses and get set for the long haul of six or seven years to a law degree. He knows it won't be easy and his parents know it won't be cheap. His sister Sara, a piquant beauty and a scholarship student, is a sophomore at the university; his sister Cathy, a sweet sixteen, is a sophomore at Academy High and next year she will begin planning for college too.

Major and Mrs. Stevens want to give all their children the opportunity to go to college. Where there is a will, they believe, there is a way.

"A girl should have enough education to enable her to take care of herself," Mary Stevens said, "if she wants to or needs to. A boy almost has to have some training beyond high school if he is to progress in any occupation. For most, this means college. Paying for it is the problem."

For Mary Stevens and her husband—she calls him "Jack," his Air Force colleagues call him "Steve"—the problem has some unusual complications. They have five children—Mike, Cathy, Bill, Sara and Susan—ranging in age from three years to twenty-five. (Their oldest daughter, Susan, lives in Sacramento and has four children of her own.) Major Stevens, an Air Force Reserve officer, must retire in 1967, when he will have had twenty years of active duty. He will then be only fifty years old and will receive a pension equal to one half his base pay. Although he is glad to have this security, retirement does not seem so alluring to him as it once did.

When the Stevenses came to the Air Force Academy in 1958 (after a tour of duty in the Philippines), Mary Stevens planned to take a job, mostly to help build a cash reserve for their children's college expenses. How else would they ever be able to pay for their education? Her husband's pay as a captain then was $525 monthly. Sara, Bill and Cathy were teenagers—they certainly did not need her attention during the day. She couldn't think of a single reason why she shouldn't

go to work in an attempt to fatten the family bank account.

A reason occurred to her a little more than seven months later. Michael Kent Stevens was born in January, 1959. He changed his mother's plans to work and altered the family's long-range financial structure completely. Mike's first cost was slight—only $5.50, the price of Mary's food during her five-day hospital stay. But it was clear she would not be earning any extra money for the family in the near future—"and for thirteen years I'd have to go to Halloween parties and PTA meetings all over again!"

She feels the delights of having Mike more than compensate, of course. With new zest she is already planning *his* college education. At forty-five Mary Stevens, mother of five children, grandmother of four, wears a size-nine dress and looks and acts almost as young as her daughters. She acquired another grandson six months after Mike was born, and she took Mike with her when she went to Sacramento to assist her daughter. ("Maybe you think that wasn't a houseful of babies!")

Major Stevens doesn't look, act or feel like a man approaching retirement either. After a recent trip to Sacramento, Mike started calling him "grandpa," as the grandchildren had done. Major Stevens let this pass a few times, then he spoke a little sharply to Mike. "Son," he said, "I'm not your grandpa!"

Mike seemed about to cry and looked at his mother.

"Don't look at me," she said. "I'm not your grandma!"

Fortunately, Major Stevens's mother, from Red Oak, Iowa, was visiting them at the time. Mike turned to her. "Will *you* be my grandma?" he implored.

Sara Stevens planned to help herself to a college education from the moment she entered Academy High School. So far her plans have worked well. "I decided when I was a freshman in high school that I would win a scholarship to college," she said, "and I did. You don't have to be any great brain to win a scholarship." She maintained a B-plus average through high school and was awarded a tuition scholarship—$232.00 per year for residents of Colorado. The scholarship will pay her full tuition for four years if she maintains a B average.

Realistically, she never seriously considered going elsewhere than the University of Colorado at Boulder. She could have commuted to Colorado College in Colorado Springs, a private college about ten miles from her home on the Air Force Academy grounds, but tuition alone there costs more than room, board and tuition at the university. Sara is certain the university is the biggest educational bargain available to her. She didn't even give a thought to leaving Colorado, a state she loves. Her home is there, the climate and scenery suit her—and so does Air Force Cadet John Patton. As she pointed out, many girls go to college in Colorado with only one of those attractions in mind.

Having acquired free tuition under her own power, Sara applied to the university employment service and got a job working twenty hours a week as a switchboard operator. For this she receives room and board at Farrand Hall, which otherwise would cost her parents $790 a year. In addition, she earns $250 to $300 during summer vacations as a paid nurse's aide at a Colorado Springs hospital and this summer, she hopes, as a children's camp counselor and pool lifeguard, for which Red Cross training has qualified her.

Thus Sara earns the major portion of all her college expenses. Her parents contribute $20 monthly, plus "incidentals" and all her clothes, two thirds of which her mother makes. Mary Stevens has always made most of her own and her daughters' dresses and skirts. One way Sara knows she has grown up is that she is no longer ashamed to say, when someone asks her where she got that dress, "My mother made it." She now says it at every opportunity and with a great deal of pride—as well she might. She has an expert private dressmaker and many dresses her classmates envy. She even gets a little exasperated with Cathy, who occasionally wants to buy "a dress with a high-class label." "Why don't you just buy some labels and sew them on the dresses mother makes for you?" she asked her.

It is unusual for a girl to work and earn as large a share of college expenses her first year as Sara did. In her father's opinion, it is not to be recommended. He thinks her grades slumped because she tried to do too much, and she had some illnesses that might have been avoided by a little more sleep. "It's a mistake we won't make again," her father said. "We won't let the others work their first year in college if we can avoid it. A student should have a clear shot at studies, especially when things are new and difficult."

Major Stevens is also of the opinion that boys are less expensive to raise than girls, but it looks now as if Bill's college education will cost the family much more than Sara's. Bill does not have a scholarship and it will be even more necessary for him to concentrate on studies, as his high-school grades were not so high as Sara's. He has talked about taking a year off to earn some money and "to grow up," but Sara doesn't think he should. "He certainly has more ability than most freshmen, as far as thinking is concerned," is her sisterly evaluation.

Bill will work to contribute to his support after his first year and during summer months. He has saved nearly $700 from summer jobs—as a ranch hand and by caddying and doing maintenance work on the Air Force Academy golf course. Sometimes he has substituted for Cathy on a baby-sitting job—an occupation that provides her with all the extra money she needs as a high-school student. If he needs it, he will probably be able to get a grant or loan for a part of his college expenses from the Education Fund of the Air Force Aid Society, or from other college loan funds.

"I believe in borrowing, if necessary, for college expenses," Major Stevens said. "I don't know what people have against it, but it is a fact that there is at present no run on college loan funds. Some say it is bad to be graduated from college in debt. Well, it makes more sense than being in debt for a new car." He and Mary were both in debt for college when he got his bachelor's degree, but the total was only $800. They were married for four years before they owned a secondhand car. They have two now because they need them—a 1958 Plymouth station wagon and a 1953 Ford.

When Sara was uncertain how she would fare financially her freshman year, she applied for a loan from the Air Force Aid Society. As with many college loan funds, the application was processed through the College Scholarship Service, an activity of the College Entrance Examination Board (Box 176, Princeton, New Jersey). The form provided by this Service requires a complete and detailed summary of a family's total income and resources, the names and ages of all children and *their* assets, the year and make of family automobiles, indebtedness, savings accounts and other financial details, all of which must be itemized and explained. The College Scholarship Service, acting as a clearinghouse, then forwards the completed form, as directed, to a particular loan fund. On the basis of this information, the directors of the fund determine how much money, if any, will be loaned or granted to the applicant. Unless real need is shown, none will be granted.

Applications for loans under the National Defense Education Act are made through the directors of student aid of the colleges which accept it, and a similar rigid evaluation is made of the student's need for money. These special loans are repayable at low rates of interest, beginning usually after the student has been graduated from college. (Under the provisions of the National Defense Education Act, up to 50 percent of the loan is forgiven if the student becomes a teacher.) There are, of course, many commercial sources from which a family can borrow money, at regular interest rates, for college expenses merely by showing ability to repay on a prescribed schedule. This amounts to "installment buying" of a college education and can be started in advance or extended over a period longer than four years.

Major Stevens noted that Bill must also consider his obligations for military service, as must every physically able youth who is subject to a draft call. Deferments are usually given to college students, but they are just that—deferments. If a student has not otherwise planned for military service, he may be drafted after he has completed college. In some colleges there are both Army and Navy Officers' Training Programs which will help finance a college education for a limited number of specially qualified young men. Bill, brought up as an Air Force "brat," thinks he would prefer the Navy and plans to enroll in the Naval R.O.T.C. at the University of Colorado, if he qualifies and is selected.

Bill has not tried for an appointment to the Air Force Academy, although on the surface it would appear that an appointment to any of the national military academies would be the "cheapest way to go to college." Air Force cadets not only study tuition-free, but are fed, clothed and paid by the United States Government. Both the admission standards and the training are rigorous, and Bill is not certain that he wants a solely military career. "That is the only reason for any boy to seek an appointment to the academy," Major Stevens said. "Every year we have boys washing out who say, 'I didn't want to come here in the first place, but my parents thought it would be a cheap way for me to get a college education.' Those parents couldn't be more mistaken."



"What, if anything, does Plato have to say about cornercutting, budget-stretching, penny-pinching, et cetera?"

Most parents and many prospective candidates are surprised to learn that the Air Force Academy does not have an airstrip or airplanes. Pilot training for cadets does not begin until after graduation, and in the future nearly half of the graduates will not become fliers but aeronautical engineers and space scientists. Bill thinks a law degree may possibly help him to qualify for a reserve commission in the Navy and equip him for a civilian career more to his liking.

Cathy will not be ready for college until the September following Sara's graduation. If she attends college for four years and Bill continues with law, Major and Mrs. Stevens face at least six more years of having two children in college at the same time. They will then have an interim of several years before Mike is old enough, sometime around 1976—eight years after his father's "retirement."

The monetary system of military life is entirely different from that of civilians. There is no secret about anyone's salary—his rank discloses it. It is a fixed income with no ups or downs. There is hardly any pressure to "keep up with the Joneses," for even if the Joneses have additional income they hold their standard of living to that which is common for their rank. The salary, housing and subsistence allowances of a military man add up to considerably more purchasing power than an equal amount of income for a civilian. (These advantages have little meaning when the military man must be separated from his family or risk his life in the performance of his duties, as is frequently the case.)

Last August Major Stevens underwent an operation on his back to correct some misplaced cartilage in his spinal column. He estimates that similar surgery and hospitalization would cost a civilian at least $2000, but the Air Force supplies, without charge, all necessary medical care for him and most of it for the rest of his family.

"That's a tremendous help," Mary Stevens noted. "We have had quite a lot of hospitalization, and we have to pay only the cost of meals—$1.10 a day."

Four years ago, Major Stevens's mother bought them a fifteen-foot vacation trailer—"No Rancho Yetto"—which sleeps five. It was secondhand but in almost new condition, and it cost $850. The Stevenses figure it has saved them that much on vacation bills—and it is still worth $500 or more. Most of their vacations and many weekends in nearby mountains cost them no more than a little extra gasoline. "We eat the same food we would eat at home," Mary said, "and I can be ready to go in less than thirty minutes after a trip to the commissary."

"It's a cheap way to have family vacations," Major Stevens said. "The money we save will pay a few school bills. I like trailer vacations and so far the family has gone along. I used to say Mary enjoyed camping only if she could have a comfortable bed and hot and cold running water, but now she's getting tougher and I'm getting softer."

Not long ago, Mary Stevens took a family vote on whether she should take a job. The others unanimously and somewhat emotionally decreed that she must stay at home with Mike. Nevertheless, she is reasonably certain that when Mike is old enough for nursery school she will go to work, possibly at the academy nursery school. Most of her income she thinks could be diverted to college expenses and thus solve all their problems while giving her a great feeling of accomplishment.

She herself is not a college graduate, having eloped with Jack during her sophomore year when she was nineteen. They intended to keep their marriage secret until both had finished college, but the next year she found herself pregnant and had to give up college in order to take care of their first daughter, Susan. Jack continued and got his bachelor's degree from Iowa State in 1938. During the five years after the war, when he was not on active duty, he taught at a prep school for West Point at Newburgh, New York, and also completed requirements for a master's degree

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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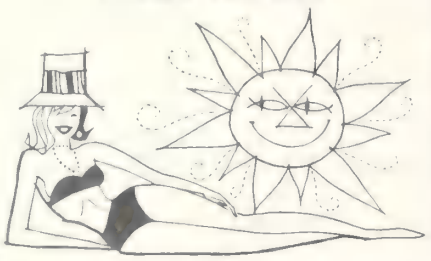
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

in educational counseling at Columbia University.

Susan did not attend college, but married instead at the age of eighteen. Her parents thus have no practical grounds for opposing early marriage and they don't. "A girl should marry when she is in love and ready to marry," Mary Stevens said. "She may be ready to assume the responsibilities of marriage at eighteen, as Susan was, or she might not be ready at twenty-five. Age has very little to do with it."

Sara is "pinned" (engaged to be engaged) to Air Force Cadet John Patton, but even if they decide to marry, they can't until after he has been graduated from the academy. They now say they will wait until he has completed flight training also—two years from now if all goes well.

"For some reason, both high-school and college boys around here *hate* cadets, or pretend to," Sara reported. "They call them 'zoomies,' 'flyboys' and 'space apes.' I don't know why—maybe it's because the uniform attracts girls—but if a girl dates a cadet, civilian boys tend to ignore her." She met John Patton several years ago when she accompanied several other high-school girls to a dancing class at the academy. Cadet underclassmen were under orders to attend the class and to dance with the girls. John asked her to dance and they found they had so much in common "knocking the whole horrible system" that they soon became good friends. Cathy is eager to offer her sympathy to some cadet (her father occasionally brings one home) because she feels "a cadet really needs it."

Sara says she and Bill understand each other "as old friends, not as brother and sister—we can talk objectively." This is not the way it was a few years ago when they squared off with boxing gloves. ("Sara might still win," Bill says glumly. She is about half his size now.) According to Sara, this acceptance as a person is more difficult to achieve with one's parents: "It's hard for them to give up the parent-child image and respect a daughter's opinions." More than anything else at the moment, she wants respect for her opinions. Cathy wants better grades and more boys to ask her for dates. As Sara got both when she was in high school, Cathy often turns to her rather than to her mother for advice. "Why shouldn't she?" Sara asked. "After all, mother isn't dating—I hope!"

"The trouble with teenagers," her father intoned, "is that they are too critical of their parents' opinions." He has been a teacher or adviser to young people all his professional life, beginning in 1938 as a high-school math teacher in Grant, Iowa. (At a salary of $110 monthly!) He taught in several other public high schools and one private prep school; his work with the Air Force has always been largely educational. At the Air Force Academy his primary duties are those of a cadet counselor (Assistant Director of the Candidate Advisory Service). It is his job to help boys stay in the academy, once they get in. "I know youngsters," Major Stevens said. "I've counseled lots of them—and I try to be just as objective in counseling my own children as I am with others."

The trouble with objectively counseling one's own children, Major Stevens concedes, is that it doesn't work—at least, it doesn't work the same way it does with other people's children. And it's not because father pays the bills but because emotions *are* involved, even though he tries to be objective.

One time during Sara's freshman year at the University of Colorado, she became despondent about life in general and college in particular. She wrote a long letter to her father telling him so. Two days later she was awakened at seven in the morning to answer the telephone.

"Hi-yuh, lover," a male voice said.

Still sleepy, Sara answered, "Forget it, boy." She was in no mood for love at seven A.M. She was about to hang up when she recognized her father's voice. He proposed to drive the 75 miles from the Air Force Academy to Boulder, pulling "No Rancho Yetto," and take her for an overnight trip to the mountains. To this she agreed, and father and daughter spent most of Saturday and Sunday talking and walking by an isolated mountain stream. "I don't know what all he told me," Sara said, "but I do remember I fell into the icy water trying to get across the stream—and he didn't tell me to change clothes."

Mary Stevens said, "We have problems—but no troubles. Each year we realize more sharply that the time is drawing near when Mike will be the only one at home with us. I don't mean that to sound sad—think of the excuses we'll have to travel when they're all scattered!"

And who can say what Mike's college expenses will be in 1976?

SUNDAY IS A DAY OF REST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

morning until you've had a chance to finish the comics."

"I believe the question was about national issues," I said, "and it's my opinion that the way people throw tin cans and candy wrappers along our highways is a disgrace. Not to mention our national parks. What's the next one?"

"Local and domestic issues," Peg said. "Well, you won't find any cans or papers thrown around this house—I'm not sure about the local parks."

I picked up a candy wrapper from under the couch and threw it in the fireplace.

Peg studied me thoughtfully. "Did it occur to you that there was anything sneaky about setting a trap like that?"

"Look," I said, "the last time you cleaned the room you happened to miss a little scrap of paper. Does that make us incompatible? OK, then—why make an issue out of something that happened two or three months ago? Let's have the next question."

Peg folded the newspaper and put it on the table. "I'm glad you reminded me. Do you remember the day last week when I was downtown and you got supper for the kids?"

I couldn't quite see what reminded her of that, but I nodded anyhow. "I fixed them hot dogs and wild rice and jelly doughnuts," I told her.

"That's the time. I got the impression from something Stevie said that they ate off the kitchen table. I don't mean *at* the table, you understand ——"

Well, when you have a bunch of enthusiastic eaters like our kids, you have to wash the tabletop anyway, so why wash a lot of dishes too? "You know how kids are," I told Peg, "they get some crazy notions."

"That's what I understand." She appeared satisfied to let the matter drop.

It seemed to me that I had scored pretty well so far in the quiz, but I didn't feel like forcing my luck.

"You know," I said, "I wonder if people don't tend to overdo this notion of compatibility? This idea of a man and woman going down the road of life, each holding the handle of the power mower."

"That reminds me," she said. "Our mower seemed to have an awful lot of vibration the last time I used it. I think that you ought to look at it."

"Let me put it in a different way," I said. "The foundation of a marriage is consideration—a concern for the happiness of the other person. Now, if getting a high score on this quiz would make you happy, then that's what I want."

"It isn't the score that counts," she said, "it's how you play the game."

"There may be times when we have little differences of opinion," I said, "but you may have noticed I never argue very hard. To me it's more important that you're happy—I'd rather let you win."

"I see," she said. "That's how you want to play the game. You want it to look as if my arguments are never any good—that you have to let me win. Well, I think that's deceitful and underhanded."

I studied my cigarette for a minute and then crushed it out. "You're quite right," I said.

"Oh, no, you don't," she said, "you're not handing me any victory this time. I can win this argument all by myself and you know it. So go ahead—give me your side."

"That's what I was trying to tell you—I don't have any side. You have all the facts, all the logic—what can I do except concede?"

"It seems to me the least you could do is go down fighting," she said. "You might give me that much satisfaction."

I couldn't think of anything to say—as head of the household I was a failure and not yet forty.

"I'm going down to the drugstore," I said; "is there anything you want?" She said she couldn't think of a thing. I went upstairs and got dressed and got out the car. The kids were all on the corner lot when I went by, looking for the pen. I stopped at the drugstore and then went back and talked to the kids. After that I parked down by the river for a while and then went home. Peg was making potato salad in the kitchen.

"I'll peel the hard-boiled eggs for you," I told her.

"Fine," she said, "but that one isn't cooked—that one either."

"You should have spoken a little sooner," I said.

"Never mind, I'll put them in a bowl. Did you have a nice ride?"

"Just fair." I happened to glance over to the shelf and noticed a big bunch of blackeyed Susans there. "Well, where did you get the bouquet?"

"The kids," she said. "They gave me the sack of jelly beans there on the table, and these." She brushed back her hair to show me the earrings.

"Well, flowers, candy and jewelry," I said. "You seem to be pretty popular."

"The kids were loaded—they said they found six fountain pens." She looked at me expectantly.

"Yes," I said, "that's true. You see, I got to thinking about what you had said about their tramping around in the dust and weeds. So when I got to the drugstore, they were closing out these pens at half price and I thought that maybe I should give the kids a sporting chance."

"That's about the way I had it figured, but I couldn't quite decide what prompted all the gifts."

"I'm as baffled as you are," I told her. "There's only one possibility I can think of. When I was paying them off I happened to be humming that song—'*M is for the many something or other; O is only that she's growing old*'—you know the way you do sometimes."

"Yes, I know," she said, "I catch myself humming it all the time."

I felt the coffeepot and poured myself half a cup. That's all there was. I took a swallow and smacked my lips. Peg started peeling onions. She doesn't especially like them in potato salad, but I do.

"The trouble is," I remarked, "people don't always know how to express themselves—you know—about love and happiness and things like that."

She shook her head. "The only mistake is in expecting everyone to express themselves in the same way. Some people send fancy valentines, some send comic ones—that's the only difference." She had peeled three onions. She lifted her apron to wipe her eyes and then reached up and got two more onions. "Why don't you go in and read your paper?"

"OK," I said. "I've been wondering how Annie's going to get herself out of that sack."

"I don't know," Peg said. She reached her arm over to wipe her eyes on her sleeve. "Somehow I think she'll manage."

"Come to think of it," I said, "she's been in some kind of jam every Sunday for the last fifty years. And she always manages to get out of it some way or other."

Peg looked up at me, smiling through her tears. "You're right," she said. "Maybe the little red-haired tyke has a lesson for us all."

END

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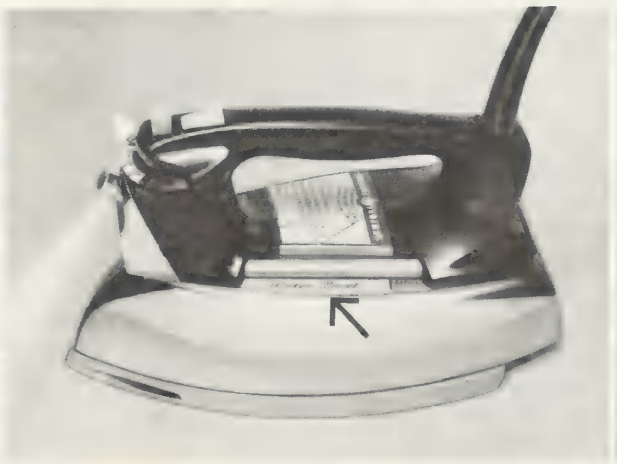
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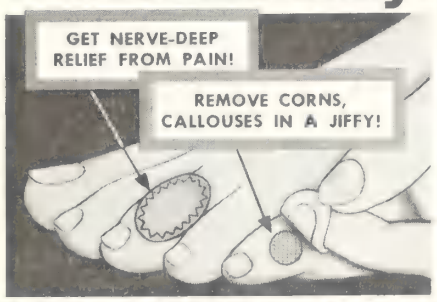


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THE OLD DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

can't. "He'll get his death of cold sitting there in the snow."

Stephen was bothered.

It was then Amanda stopped suddenly, saying she had twisted her knee. "I'll go back and take Barney with me. You two go on," she said. She knew that was what Serena had wanted. It had been silly of Stephen to try to include either of them in the party.

"Don't worry. She hasn't really hurt her knee, or anything else. It's just an excuse." Serena laughed. "She's sloppy about the old dog."

Stephen let them go, but he stopped more than once to watch the two small dots getting smaller and smaller on the white background of snow, going back to the house.

The Christmas tree stood in a corner of the drawing room. It glittered with silver balls and tinsel chains, and the usual fairy leaning rather crooked on top. The one expensive box of crackers the colonel had brought from London had been carefully arranged to go as far as possible, and under the tree were stacked parcels done up in gaudy paper, tied with silver and gold and red string. There were the family's presents to one another and to Mathilda, who had been with them more than twenty years and if she had ever had any other home did not remember it. And there, presently, Stephen would lay his offerings.

No one was supposed to touch the parcels once they were under the tree, until the colonel handed them round on Christmas night. Amanda had already crept down to take a look at hers and Serena had been more than once to find out whether Stephen's offering had been laid on the heap, because that was the most exciting Christmas present. She wanted to hold it and feel it and guess if it was what she hoped it would be. A ring. She loved her work, but she wanted to get married and what could be better than marrying a sailor, away so much that she could have the best of both worlds? For a time, at any rate.

She crept down again that night after lights out, to look. It still wasn't there. There was something soft and squashy from him for Mrs. Blagdon, and what was obviously cheroots for the colonel and a box of chocolates, very suitably, for Amanda. But for her, so far, nothing. Probably, thought Serena, he thought it too risky to put anything of real value there under the tree. After all, there could be a burglar. She went back to bed.

The small, square parcel she was looking for still reposed among Stephen's ties in the dressing-table drawer, and it was a ring. He could not say why he had this strange reluctance to part with it and he never thought of burglars, until the old dog howled dismally around one A.M. and he heard footsteps on the stairs.

As there was no handy weapon of defense in his bedroom, he picked up a long Wazari knife on his way through the hall. The colonel had brought it back with him from the Frontier.

The old dog had stopped howling, but Stephen saw a chink of light under a door at the end of the passage. He went in and collided with Amanda, who was just coming out, the old dog beside her.

"Hush, it's only me," she said urgently. "He gets lonely and howls and then father is angry. So I come down and take him up with me."

"I thought he was Serena's bodyguard."

"He always has slept in her room and gone everywhere with her, but now she's turned him out and he can't understand why, poor Barney. He snores, Serena says. And smells." She patted his head gently when she had to say that cruel word.

"And does he?" asked Stephen, half solemn, half laughing.

"Well, perhaps a little. I don't really mind. I can't bear to hear him howling, or to have them talk about how painlessly they do it nowadays." Her voice shook when she said that, and she changed the subject quickly. "What are you doing with that knife?" she asked uneasily.

"Preparing to attack the burglar. What do you suppose would happen if we crept down to the kitchen and made some tea?"

The kitchen fire still glowed red in the old-fashioned range. There were a basket chair and a rocking chair and a scrubbed wooden table. Nothing modern. Nothing shiny and white. Mathilda liked things to be the way they had always been. There was a rag rug and Barney lay on it. Stephen felt oddly happy and at home, brewing tea in a strange kitchen, and he looked at Amanda, seeing her for the first time. She wasn't pretty, like Serena, and she certainly wasn't brilliant.

She's gentle, he thought, *and kind.*

And sitting there by candlelight opposite her, he thought of things that had not struck him before.

A day will come, he thought, *when I shall grow old, and for all I know my legs may go too. Snoring is something that can happen to anyone; and heaven help me, I might even be a little smelly. One can't be sure. No one knows what lies ahead for him.*

In a dream the old dog yelped suddenly. Amanda stooped and laid a comforting hand on him. Stephen knew it was what she had done often before when doggy demons pounced in the darkness and he thought, *I have my demons, too, and there will often be great need for a comforting hand to hold in the night.*

"Serena wants a golden Labrador," Amanda was saying. "She's seen a puppy. He's awfully sweet, but I think it would break Barney's heart."

"Don't worry. I'll think of something," said Stephen. What could he possibly think of? she wondered, but she clutched at the hope.

"Oh, Stephen—can you?"

"You leave it to me," he said.

That night he dreamed a very curious dream. Serena came to him saying, "I'm sorry, Steve, but I've found someone else," and with her was a handsome young man in a good suit, the only strange thing about him being his long silken floppy ears and hazel golden-Labrador eyes.

"Someone woke me up last night roaring with laughter," said the colonel angrily at breakfast.

"Well, that wasn't Barney, anyway," Amanda said comfortably.

Stephen helped himself to sausages off the hot plate, with the happy feeling of one who has teetered on the brink of an abyss and got home safe after all.

On Christmas Eve Mrs. Blagdon gave a cocktail party. It had been originally intended that Serena's engagement to Stephen would be announced then, but the affair seemed to hang fire, so nothing was said about that. Serena had a new dress made of pink-champagne taffeta. Amanda had a Saxe-blue dress that had once been Serena's, let down.

"The mark won't show in the lamplight," said Mrs. Blagdon, and thought happily that anyway it did not matter. Not to one who was sixteen.

Stephen was late coming down to the party. He had had a long and complicated telephone call to Worthing, where his mother now lived in a convenient flat. He ran into Serena in the hall.

"I was looking for you," she told him gaily. "You must come and see! The sweetest thing. Look, that's the dog I mean to have next." And then she said crossly, "What is there to laugh at?"

How could she know that the plump golden puppy sitting in somebody's motorcar was the image of the young man of his preposterous dream? She could not know and it was best she shouldn't!

It wasn't difficult to find the puppy's owner, since people tend to resemble the pets they keep. It wasn't difficult to arrange a purchase price, for there had been a litter of eight.

When he had everything fixed, Stephen looked for Amanda. She had been around for a while in her Saxe-blue alteration, but now she had disappeared. He found her in the old nursery with Barney, who did not like company either. She was sitting on the floor beside him, stroking his large head. That is how it would be, Stephen thought. When you wanted her, there she would be.

"I've fixed it," he told her. "You needn't worry anymore. My mother will have him in Worthing. She doesn't mind about his being old. She's a bit old herself. They'll keep each other company, and you can go along and see him whenever you feel like it and write and tell me how he's getting on."

He took the paw Barney obligingly offered him and shook it warmly.

"One good turn deserves another," said Stephen.

Amanda did not know what he meant, and her mother was calling her to help clear the glasses, so there wasn't time to ask; and anyway, sheer relief always made her slightly tearful.

Later that night Stephen finally rearranged his presents. For Mrs. Blagdon, the Indian scarf. For Amanda, the chocolates. And for Serena, the fat golden-Labrador puppy which was to be delivered early on Christmas morning in a wicker basket.

The ring he took out of its case and stood for a little while, looking at it thoughtfully. The stone was exactly the color of Amanda's eyes. Funny he had never noticed that before. He shut the case with a snap and put the little box aside with his passport and traveler's checks and one or two other things not needed meantime.

END

TO A NEW GRANDMOTHER

By BARBARA ROHDE

So this is how you felt when you held me,
Small bundle on the bed, arms everywhere,
Mouth searching for the sweet warm harmony
Of love, a blot of brush-black hair.

Please teach me now those secret-mother-things
That I should know: the language of the cries,
The soft-strong hands, the midnight voice that brings
A blaze of daylight to the nightmare's eyes.

Give me that world I left behind your door
Where paper dolls had hearts and tops could spin,
Where Alice played with Dinah on the floor,
And every looking glass would let her in.

Now I am mother, I am child. The old
Eyes see you new again, majestic, warm.
Then, mother, daughter, take my hands, behold
The blessed chain of women that we form.

To Our Readers:

On March 26, 1962, after more than eighteen months of study, our Company announced that it is changing the traditional pattern of issuance of The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and The American Home. However, **ALL SUBSCRIBERS WILL OF COURSE RECEIVE THE FULL NUMBER OF COPIES FOR WHICH THEY SUBSCRIBED** and the Company will automatically extend the expiration dates of subscriptions accordingly.

During July and August, 1962, **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** will be issued five times during the ten-week period covering the Independence Day through Labor Day issues. The first such combined issue will be dated June 30–July 7. Regular weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 8 (on sale September 4, 1962). As in previous years, we shall combine the last two issues in December into a single issue. Beginning in 1963 we shall also combine the first two issues in January into a single issue. Altogether, this means 45 issues in a normal year.

The July and August, 1962 issues of **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** will be combined into a single Summer issue. The January and February, 1963 issues will be combined into a single Winter issue.

THE AMERICAN HOME will be issued in a new and larger page size effective with the Summer, 1962 issue, which replaces the July and August issues. In 1963 the January and February issues will also be combined into a single Winter issue.

THE COMBINED ISSUES of each of these three Curtis magazines will be bigger and better than would have been feasible under the previous pattern of issuance, and these changes were considered preferable to the price increases that would otherwise have been necessary in order to meet rising costs. The single copy price of The Saturday Evening Post remains at 20¢, Ladies' Home Journal and American Home remain at 35¢ each.

The subscription prices per year will also remain as at present, but for 45 instead of 52 issues of the Post, and for 10 instead of 12 issues of the Journal or American Home.

However, **IF YOU ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION (New or Renewal) BEFORE JULY 1, 1962**, your subscription will be entered to receive 52 copies in the case of The Saturday Evening Post, 12 copies in the case of Ladies' Home Journal or The American Home, for each year of your subscription.

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